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Harper's *Magazine*

INFLATION — WHEN AND HOW?

BY JOHN T. FLYNN

AMID the confused conversational murmurs of the drawing-rooms of the elect this word "inflation" now sounds at intervals like the pulsing thumps of the tympani in the orchestra. Several old gentlemen in the Union League Club, who went back to sleep when they were finally assured the Roosevelt fifty-nine cent dollar was just a merry quip, have been reawakened. This thing "inflation" has been roosting in the closet of the celebrated House of Have these last two thousand eight hundred years. It has been rattling its bones every decade in all that long haunt. Now from the closet comes again that ominous sound. And of course occupants of the House are profoundly disturbed. They want to know when the skeleton is going to reassume its flesh and vitality and walk out; how it is going to do this; what it is going to do to them, and what they can do to defend themselves against its destructive antics.

Of course inflation is called repudiation. That is what it is. And repudiation is a very ugly word. Our very best citizens have assured us that our going off the gold standard was an act of national perfidy. And anyone will tell you that repudiation is just one of those things that is not done by the right people. Yet I seem to recall the Metropolitan Opera Association being caught a couple of years ago with a number of very oppressive pre-depression salary contracts with a lot of mere singers—just minstrels, you might say. The contracts were burdensome, but they were sacred. So the opera company just went through the formality of bankruptcy and all the sacred contracts went up in so much stage smoke. Then shortly after this the sponsors reorganized under another name and made it known to the singers that they were prepared to enter into some new sacred contracts with them, but on what you might call a devalued basis. What

makes this incident interesting is that you could travel from Forty-second Street to Beersheba without meeting so much blue blood and so many "right" people as compose the association which devalued those contracts. And, by the way, have you ever been caught in one of those merry little comedies known as a railroad reorganization carried on by some of our industrial peerage?

I mention the matter merely because it may throw some light on the religious aspects of the sacred contract when one of the parties finds himself in a hole. Moreover, we have an infinite capacity in America for putting on little shows like inflation in such glamorous and alluring colors that, for a while at least, everybody may just love it. We shall not call it inflation. We shall call it recovery. In fact, already a pamphlet has appeared with a best-seller circulation called *Inflation—What To Do About It*. But as you read it you discover to your surprise and delight that inflation, after all, is nothing more than recovery.

Should it come, the President will go on the air and tell "my friends" that he is about to produce the rabbit to end rabbits. There will be a big parade on Fifth Avenue, reviewed by the American Bankers Association. The marching columns will swing along behind banners bearing the new insignia of recovery—not the Blue Eagle, but the Golden Eagle, and above it the proud legend: "We do our party of the first part." That devil, the money theorist, will prove that he can quote scripture to his purpose. He will invoke Leviticus 25:4 and Deuteronomy 15:1. Perhaps we may call the inflation the Lord's Release. Never fear, we shall manage it in the most patriotic and pious spirit. All of this is offered for the benefit of the wish-fulfillers who fondly suppose that inflation will not come because of the

inherent "honesty" and the "ingrained good sense" of the American people.

II

This word inflation is a very loose one. One man will ask you: "What did we have in 1928 and 1929? Wasn't that inflation?" Another—in fact so exalted an academic personage as Dr. Kemmerer—will tell you that we are in inflation now. Senator Elmer Thomas, the arch price-raiser from Oklahoma, and Father Coughlin, the exponent of silver remonetization, will tell you that they are opposed to inflation. Representative Goldsborough of Maryland, who favors the government's buying up all the government bonds with reserve currency, will tell you that his plan is not inflation. Then there are different kinds and grades of inflation—credit inflation, gold inflation, currency inflation, commodity inflation, capital inflation, and other sorts.

Some of this confusion arises, I think, out of the failure to distinguish between money and money income. We may have an inflation of currency without an inflation of money income. In 1929 we had \$4,746,296,384 of currency in circulation, but our money income and purchasing power were large. In 1933, we had \$5,720,754,384 of currency, but our money income and purchasing power were at their lowest point. Our currency was 20 per cent greater, but our money income had been cut in half.

How is our money income produced? Where does your money income come from? It is derived from your job, your investments, your business. It is produced by business at the same time that business is producing goods and services. The money income of the community is that outlay of money which is made in the process of producing goods and services. A derby

factory makes a given number of derbies every week and a certain amount of money income. Therefore our whole business machine is doing two things—it is producing goods and services and producing money income or purchasing power.

Now without going farther into this matter—which we might do to the extent of several volumes without exhausting it—I venture to suggest that whenever, by some process, we are producing money income in excess of the amount produced in the ordinary processes of production we have inflation of money income. To put it another way, we are inflating our money income when, in addition to that which is made in the course of making goods and services, we find some means of creating an additional amount.

How may this be done? By the simple process of credit. By means of credit we can introduce into the economic bloodstream a large amount of money income. To buy the things we have manufactured, therefore, there will be all the money income produced in that process plus all that we have created by borrowing.

Mr. John Maynard Keynes would put the matter differently. Unhappily, all the people who are paid for making goods do not spend their money to buy goods. They save some of it. What they save, therefore, is not available for purchasing things. If all the money saved by the community in a year were to be tucked away in mattresses, then the purchasing power of the community would be diminished by that amount. But it is not, as a rule, thus hidden. It is put into savings banks or commercial banks. It may then be loaned out to men who will spend it. The savings, instead of being hoarded, are invested. If all the nation's savings are invested they are returned to the stream of spending and will be available to buy goods. Mr. Keynes

insists that if all the savings of the nation are invested, then the result will be that all the money income produced in the processes of industry and commerce will be made available for spending. He then lays down the proposition that where investment equals savings we have a state of equilibrium. Where investment exceeds savings, that is, where we invest all that we save and then invest more besides, we have a condition of disequilibrium. We are creating more money income than is being produced in the process of making goods and services. In subscribing to this I would insist upon several modifications. But for the purpose of this discussion, Mr. Keynes' formula may be accepted as a mild statement of the case.

But how can we invest more than we save? The miracle is accomplished through the modern wizardry of bank credit. The banking system as a whole—what is called the closed banking system—can actually lend more money than is put into it. When a banker lends you \$5,000 he does not give you cash. He gives you credit for \$5,000 in your deposit book. Thus the loan actually increases the deposits of the bank by \$5,000. Let us look at an actual case.

Bank A has \$1,000,000 in deposits. Bank B has \$1,000,000 in deposits. The total is \$2,000,000. You borrow \$100,000 from Bank A. The banker writes in your bank book a deposit credit of \$100,000. The deposits of Bank A are now \$1,100,000. The two banks—Banks A and B—have now a total of deposits of \$2,100,000 instead of \$2,000,000. Of course you do not leave the \$100,000 in the bank. You draw it out to buy a building or erect a plant. But as fast as you make checks against it they are redeposited in Bank A or Bank B, so that the total deposits remain \$2,100,000 until your loan has been repaid or cancelled.

This is the alchemy which was going on in the nineteen-twenties. As Mr. Coolidge dozed in the White House, securities were being issued for billions. The buyers of the securities were purchasing them with money borrowed from the banks. Billions in income were being created. This income was available for the purchase of goods. It was income conjured out of the air, and of course the inevitable end of it was that it returned to the air from whence it came. But at the time we called it prosperity. It was income inflation. Now we yearn to have it back under the name of recovery. But it is a state of disequilibrium by whatever name you call it.

If we have recovery, therefore, it will be when the tide of investment begins to rise. No amount of "share-the-work," no thirty-hour weeks, no price agreements or production control under NRA or AAA can budge this sluggish society of ours into the usual recovery processes of the capitalist money economy. This will take place when there is a persistent rise in investment in excess of savings. This has not occurred yet. You will be able to recognize it by two signs.

One is the increase in capital investments. But it must be true investment. Last February (the latest month for which accurate figures are available) new securities were authorized to the extent of \$33,743,133. But of this amount less than \$3,000,000 was new investment. The balance represented securities exchanged for old securities or to obtain funds with which to buy existing securities. Less than three million dollars was available to go into new roads, buildings, machinery.

The other guide post to watch for is the amount of new private construction. Pay no attention to the headlines about coming building

booms. Building actually contracted for is all that counts.

Seek ye, therefore, the news about these two things—growing new investment and new private construction. Then you will know that recovery is at hand; that income inflation according to the capitalist pattern of private credit, generally known by the alias of prosperity, is about to creep out from behind its corner.

When that economic anabolism—that process by which blood-making inside the economic carcass goes forward through the technic of investment—comes to a pause or slows down, then it is necessary for our poor pallid system to have a transfusion. When it will not make its own blood, the life-giving fluid must come from some other source. And of course inevitably the donor must be that much despised meddler and interferer—the government. Income must be supplied. And as investment withdraws from the job of furnishing the necessary marginal income between depression and prosperity, the government must step in with a substitute. That substitute consists in the crude stratagem of putting up money.

This the government may do in one of three ways. It may turn banker and lend to private business for investment. Or it may become itself an official investor and set up in the business of building dams, roads, forests, schools and jails, post offices, houses. This goes by the name of public works. Or it may just pay money out in doles. Our more or less bewildered government has been doing all three of these.

In order to carry out these policies, which consist of course in flooding money into the economic bloodstream, the government must get the blood from somewhere. This money the government may obtain either by (1) borrowing or (2) creation.

To borrow the money the govern-

ment must go to the people and sell them bonds. The people must buy the bonds and pay for them out of their own savings. This will be true borrowing. But this our government has not done, save on a very modest and ineffectual scale.

To create the money, the government may proceed in one of at least two ways. It may just indulge in a pure, unvarnished job of engraving. That is, like the Lord in "Green Pastures," it may "rare back and pass a miracle"—set the printing presses going and turn out treasury notes by billions. However, it may create this money by a different process. It may resort to a kind of comedy in which the miracle of bank credit will be relied on. Instead of printing money, the government may borrow it from the banks. And the banks can lend it without lending any large part of what they have on hand. They may lend the government and have, after they lend, more than they had before. It is like giving away your cake and not only having it but actually seeing it multiply in the pantry. The government sells a billion dollars of government bonds to the banks. The banks receive the bonds and give the government credit for a deposit for the amount of the bonds. The deposits of the banks are increased by the sum of one billion dollars, by the sheer act of lending a billion to the government. Of course the government draws it all out and pays it to Tom, Dick, and Harry for relief. But these fellows promptly take it to the store, the shopkeeper deposits it, and thus in a day or two or three it is all back in the banks again.

In the last year the government borrowed for relief and other purposes over \$3,600,000,000. It borrowed almost all of it from the banks. And at the end of the year the banks held in deposits nearly three billion dollars

more than they did at the beginning of the year.

If our benevolent government were to go to work upon its printing presses we should quickly enough see that the processes of inflation had begun. But it has chosen, not to print money, but to create bank money.

III

We come close now to the end of our effort to lift, at least a little, the veil of the future. The hope of the government has been that the banks, with all this newly created bank money, would in time be driven to lend it, and thus revitalize the investment mechanism of the country. But this has not taken place. Now the government is preparing to pour in another four and a half billion. Four billion last year served merely to give a little lift to business. Perhaps another four billion this year may ignite the laggard spark and set business forward upon its own blood-making. As business takes up the load, the government, it is assumed, can slowly withdraw. But it will be seen how far business must go before it will take up the burden carried by the government. Business must supply at least four billion dollars of *new* investment this year to equal the government's effort. And there is no evidence that business will perform even a fraction of that. This is what private business must do to take over that blood-giving of the government which has served merely to keep us afloat. It must do much more to produce that degree of income inflation which may go by the name of prosperity.

If then you would know when the government's recovery effort is yielding results, watch government borrowing and spending and private investment. When government borrowing and spending begin to recede and pri-

vate investment begins to rise and this phenomenon continues for an appreciable length of time, then you will know that the chemicals are beginning to work. Recovery will be here when government borrowing stops and private borrowing has taken its place. It is a pretty poor and transient kind of recovery; but with that we are not concerned here.

But if it does not work we shall find ourselves at the next stage. The government will be confronted with the choice of (1) continuing its borrowing, (2) resorting to taxation, or (3) outright inflation of the currency. The debate on these alternatives is beginning now. Obviously the moment must arrive when borrowing must be brought to an end.

There is something disarming about the naïveté of the person who jauntily assures you that you are troubling yourself unduly about government borrowing; that we are not nearly at the limit of our government's capacity to borrow, after which he asks you to "look at England!" England, with less than half of our population, owes at least \$32,000,000,000, or more than we owe now. At this rate we could easily owe \$65,000,000,000 before we reached England's record. However, England has already found it necessary to repudiate some \$4,000,000,000 of her external debt. This would bring her debt down to about \$28,000,000,000 still in effect. The American debt is now \$28,800,000,000. To this must be added four billions of home and farm mortgages which the government has assumed and another \$4,500,000,000 to be incurred before July. That makes \$37,300,000,000. But there is also about ten billion of our State and city debt which would be included in the British national debt. Thus for the purposes of comparison we must compare \$47,300,000,000 of American debt with \$28,000,000,000 of English debt,

so that we are much closer to England's debt than we suppose.

But have these optimists considered the price in taxation which the Englishman pays for that debt? On your \$10,000 net income in America you would pay a tax of \$480, with plenty of generous loopholes for escaping some of it, while in England you would pay \$1,862. Here the \$5,000 man escapes with a hundred dollars. In England he would be asked for \$710.

Much as we grumble about taxes in America we are not accustomed to them. Long before the English taxing level is reached we shall hear horrified cries of pain and protest from the martyrs who are asked to pay. We shall do some taxing, to be sure. But shall we lift the tax levy to a point where we can cease government borrowing and continue to meet the demands upon our bounty out of current revenues? One may be pardoned for doubting this. Already we have an interest burden of nearly a billion dollars a year. If we should get our debt up to \$56,000,000,000—double the English burden—we should face the prospect of paying two billion dollars a year—not in relief or doles, but in interest on the money we borrowed to pay doles.

It is inevitable then that we shall rise against further borrowing. The banks may be depended on to resist as forcibly as they dare. The starch is all out of the bankers. They coo very softly when they go to Washington. Hence their protest may be feeble. But they are settling into a state of profound apprehension. The whole weight of responsible economic opinion—economists of almost every school—will be thrown against further borrowing. And at this moment the nation swarms with inflationists—currency inflationists of various schools. Congress itself has been inflationary for several years, has passed more than one inflationary measure. A move-

ment in Congress for "paying as we go"—handling the depression on a cash basis—is taking form.

Therefore we may look for a serious blast against continuing the battle against our economic woes by building up further government debt. When that time comes the choice will be narrowed down to two courses—either to turn to drastic income taxation or to inflate the currency.

I have not very much faith in the effectiveness of income taxation in America for the simple reason that it will not go far enough. It will take the form of soaking the rich—delivering a blow at those in the upper brackets. Such taxation, to be effective, will have to touch everyone who has an income. There will be tremendous resistance to that. An income tax and some sales taxes perhaps may be passed to provide some part of the funds needed. But there will still be a huge deficit to be covered by some other device. To cover that the government must borrow or print money. My guess is that it will do both without seeming to do either. The machinery is already at hand.

There is nothing to prevent the Treasury from issuing bonds bearing a nominal interest—say half a per cent or quarter of a per cent or less—and selling them to the Federal Reserve System. The Reserve banks can pay for them with reserve currency under existing law so long as their gold reserve is sufficient to supply a forty per cent gold base for such currency. As matters stand now the Reserve banks could issue over eight billion dollars in Reserve currency. The government could provide additional gold for these banks out of its own gold reserves to increase greatly this possible issue.

The one thing which stands in the way of that now is the fact that the government does not control the mech-

anism in the Reserve System for expanding or contracting the bond-buying operations of the board. That is in the hands of a committee of governors of the banks who are the representatives of the bankers. A bill is pending which will change that. It will put the open-market operations of the board in the hands of the Reserve Board appointed by the President. If that bill passes, the decks will be clear for any kind of monetary policy the Administration may be forced to adopt. I think we have seen enough of the Administration to conclude that it will adopt the easiest policy in any given situation. When, therefore, the pressure against further borrowing becomes difficult to resist; when the demand for inflation becomes sufficiently irresistible—and it grows more powerful every day; when the conviction settles upon the people that despite all the elaborate stratagems and the grandiose promises, nothing substantial has been accomplished, then the government will resort to central bank currency.

The inflationists have been hopelessly divided in their theories of inflation. The silverites, the greenbackers, the price stabilizers, and others were almost in as severe disagreement with one another as they were with the New York bankers. But they have now united under a common flag. Now all are pledged to a central bank scheme. The essentials of that scheme—namely control of the money mechanisms of the central bank—can be obtained without demolishing the Reserve System. Capture of it by the government will be sufficient, and that is already in process of achievement. We now see the government drifting in the same direction as the inflationists.

The effect of the policy will be this: that the government may expand the currency without seeming to do so. To print money in the greenback fash-

ion is an outmoded crudity. The government can continue to borrow—but do its borrowing literally from itself, issuing treasury bonds bearing little or no interest and selling them to the Reserve System or central bank for credits which may be translated into Reserve currency if necessary.

From all of the foregoing it is possible to form some opinion of when, if ever, this will take place. Apparently it is not a reasonable possibility for another year. The President has already arranged to borrow four and a half billion dollars. These loans should be completed by July. That will be enough to carry us along as we have been going for another year. The question, therefore, may not arise until toward the beginning of 1936 and, for a decision, even later.

Next we may also conclude that if the decision is for a resort to currency inflation through central bank operations it will be gradual—not at all violent. At first it will be merely enough to take up the slack produced by reducing government bank credits. It will not, therefore, make any very sudden change in the price structure. It will, however, have a profound effect upon private investment. That will be seriously discouraged. It will introduce a definite and convinced uncertainty into the money situation. And this always puts a stop to private investment.

In its first stage this kind of inflation is the same as income inflation through investment. National income is expanded and prices tend to rise. But after this first stage the course is very different. And this is why those who make predictions about what will happen in the event of sheer currency inflation, when they really mean income inflation or investment inflation, go astray.

In the case of ordinary investment inflation the whole economic structure

swells to activity; investment is encouraged, and production is expanded generally. But in currency inflation investment is immediately discouraged. Production of consumers' goods expands, as it did in April to July, 1933. But slowly this assumes a new form. The expansion is gradually narrowed to a more restricted area of production. One by one those industries in which the productive process is long drawn out are crippled. Such industries depend on credit, and as prices are rising and the value of the dollar is falling, credit tends to be limited more and more to shorter and shorter periods. Hence after a while the expansion of production is found only in those industries where the interval between production and distribution is shortest.

As this phenomenon gathers force, prices of those things in which production has been halted tend to rise. In the end almost all kinds of production are discouraged. Hence there is intensive and, after a while, panicky buying. This, however, is not healthy buying energy, but money in flight. The velocity of the dollar increases, thus increasing the inflation and prices. But people will be bidding for goods already in existence, rather than for goods that are being produced. If all this is true, inflation clearly cannot be compared with expansion and cannot be regarded as in any sense a recovery process.

IV

All of this then offers us a clue as to the plight of the man with a little money caught in an inflation. But before examining this, I think it important to venture the opinion that inflation, if it comes to us, will not assume any such horrendous proportions as was found in Germany. The conditions of the two countries are wholly different. Germany was a defeated nation, her industries exhausted, the

spirit of her people prostrate. Inflation had already made an astounding advance during the War, but the economy continued to be controlled because the war psychology ruled the nation and the government could impose its will. Once the government was broken and the war effort became a horrifying failure the inflation began to break its bounds. There was imposed an appalling external debt for reparations. The country's credit was gone. Her bank resources were paralyzed.

This is not our case. Our resources are immense. We have suffered no such catastrophe. Our gold reserve is enormous. If inflation comes it will have its brief course and will be checked. How far it might go is difficult to say. But it will not in any sense be grotesque. Therefore, the hope of piling up great fortunes by speculating in land values and equities is greatly reduced. It cannot come for another year and after that it will be some time before its effect is serious.

The hopes held out for those who have savings are illusory. Investment in bonds and mortgages if inflation comes will of course be disastrous. Investment in common stocks is recommended highly. But which common stocks? Can you answer? Can anyone answer? Stocks of those corporations with large bonded indebtedness would be the ideal ones, because inflation is supposed to wipe out or reduce bonded indebtedness. But corporations with large bonded indebtedness are for the most part in trouble. And they may crack before inflation can wipe out the bonds. Moreover, inflation can so upset the economy of a nation that corporations may be ruined and equities wiped out.

How about buying commodities? What commodities? If production in the heavy industries is killed off by inflation, obviously you cannot afford to

buy the commodities which serve as raw materials for those industries. Commodities for quick consumption are the only ones to buy. But in that case they must be sold quickly too. This forces you to the necessity of continuing the speculation in commodities. It imposes upon you the task of detecting the moment at which the inflation is going to collapse. And you will be a wise speculator if you can detect that. And you know that you are not a wise speculator; that you are not a speculator at all. The collapse of the inflation almost invariably wipes out all the profits made by the commodity speculators up to the moment of collapse.

Buy real estate? Land or buildings? If land, remember you will have to answer for the carrying charges. And they may be very high. Interest, it may be, will not rise, but taxes will, and may devastate you. And buying land for cash will do you no good if you plan to hold the land. After the inflation is over you may actually find it worth less than when you bought it. And if you plan to buy in order to sell before the inflation ends, you may find yourself in difficulty. Because if you succeed you will still have the problem of reinvesting your money. And you may not succeed, because selling vacant land will be difficult when credit is stifled. Those farmers who bought land in the great war-credit inflation of 1916 to 1919 were far worse off when it was over than their brothers who remained within their own little acres.

Put the money in foreign currency? What foreign currency? It is not so long ago people were buying Belgian belgas and French francs. The belga has toppled already and it is now plain they would have been wiser to have left their funds in American dollars.

The simple truth is that what to do with your money is a problem of spec-

ulation. You can probably make a great deal of money out of the inflation if you will speculate as it progresses. But this brings up the important question—do you know how to speculate? The answer is no. You do not know and you will probably lose everything if you attempt it. If inflation comes you are simply at the mercy of the elements.

A far wiser course is to attempt to prevent it. If it comes it will oppress workers, investors, the thrifty and the thriftless. The notion that it is a device for taking from the thrifty to give to the thriftless is a mistake. It takes from all. No one will suffer more than that vast population which is

included in the classification “thriftless”—those who, though they may be industrious, have not mastered the art of making and saving money. And there is only one way to prevent inflation and that is to turn now to the grim arts of taxation.

I do not mean the government must cease to spend money. It dare not do that. But it must get its funds out of current revenues and provide them through heavy income taxes. That may be very annoying to those who still have incomes. But it is a necessity so imperious that these people have no choice now save between losing some of their incomes by taxation or, in the end, all of them by borrowing.





A LITTLE NIGHT-MUSIC

BY GERALD W. JOHNSON

WHEN I was a boy it was part of the destiny of the American female child to spend countless hours incarcerated in the parlor, pounding the piano. This torture was inflicted with as calm an indifference to the feelings of the victim as was the binding of the feet of the Chinese female child, and for the same purpose—to increase her social prestige when she grew up. For in those days the music intended to smooth the ways when a party was launched had to be handmade, and the girl who was not competent to assist in its making was socially disabled.

To-day that is no longer true. With all that has been said about the effect of the talking machine and the radio on the art of music almost no attention has been paid to their influence on the emancipation of women, or at least of little girls from what was frequently drudgery of an appalling type. The child with no real liking for music who, nevertheless, had to learn to play the piano was a truly pitiable figure, and her release is no inconsiderable triumph of modern science.

At the same time this freedom was bought at a price which many musicians and social philosophers have denounced as too high. For one thing, it has played hob with the piano industry. For another, it has made teaching music ever more precarious as a means of livelihood. But the gravest charge against mechanical music is that it tends to separate the art still farther from the lives of the American

people, making it a mere accessory to other pleasures, not much more significant in itself than the wax that smooths the floor for dancers. People began to foresee the time when the practice of music would be confined to a handful of highly skilled professionals, playing in broadcasting studios or before recording apparatus in talking-machine factories.

I confess that for some years I was one who entertained this view, forgetting that the mere fact that it is logical is pretty good evidence that it is false. For in this illogical world that which is patently inevitable practically never happens. It is true that there are now thousands of middle-class homes without a piano—a condition unimaginable in my youth. It is true that it is much more difficult to make a living by teaching music than it was thirty years ago. It is true that music as an "accomplishment" is no longer necessarily part of the education of every young woman of good family. But that all this has had any bad effect on music as an art remains to be proved. My reasons for doubting it are, I confess, highly particular; but that they fairly represent the general I have no doubt whatever.

It comes from having listened recently, for the second time, to Mozart's "*Eine Kleine Nachtmusik*" played by a competent orchestra. A year or two earlier I had heard the string section of the Boston Symphony Orchestra play it with Koussevitsky conducting.

Needless to say, it was superbly done. Not long ago I heard it again. This time the orchestra was composed of students in a music conservatory. Their performance was not to be compared with that of the great professional orchestra of course; but it had an effect on me that the Bostonians never approached. As far as I was concerned, the first performance was entertainment—of a very superior order, to be sure, but merely entertainment, whereas the latter, for reasons that I hope to set out, and perhaps to make clear, was music.

It is all based on half a dozen brutal, nay, murderous assaults on the blameless Mozart. These were not grudge fights. Nobody had anything against the composer. On the contrary, he was murdered with the greatest respect and in a spirit of high idealism—as a matter of fact in pursuance of a program of popular education. If there is anything that is beyond peradventure soundly American, it is the principle that any sort of crime may be committed with impunity if it is done in pursuance of a program of popular education. The idea in this case was to encourage children with musical talent by giving them an opportunity to put their music lessons to some use; to this end small neighborhood ensembles were to be organized throughout the city, in which parents would play with their children. I still think that, like the notion of repatriating American Negroes in Liberia, it was a grand idea, even if it hasn't worked out exactly as it was intended to work.

Our own ensemble, in pursuance of this plan, chose to attack "*Eine Kleine Nachtmusik*." I don't know why. It wasn't my idea, because, while this work is one of Mozart's lighter efforts, it is still Mozart, which means that there is a lot in it which is going to make the average amateur musician perspire profusely before he produces

anything like what the composer intended. My own vote was cast in favor of "The Sunshine of Your Smile." Now there is an opus that offers a musician of my capacity a chance to shine. It is almost the equal of a good, sound hymn tune in the number of opportunities it offers for lingering, languishing, dying-duck effects, whereas this swift, bright, sinewy music of Mozart's ruthlessly demands attention to business. However, I was overruled, and Mozart it was.

Our ensemble, you observe, was organized originally for children. It consists, at present, of a psychiatrist, an M.D., a dentist, a kindergarten teacher, a housewife, a newspaper man, three little girls, and a woman who shows up strangely in this galley, for she is a professional violinist. The average age of the members must be well up in the thirties. The main function of the three little girls so far is to demonstrate to the others how the third violin part may be played demurely and dutifully, just as it was written. The function of the professional is somewhat indeterminate; in the beginning it was believed that she was to act as director; but that was before the strength of character of our group was demonstrated. We are bold, determined people. We will not be put upon. In the first place we employ a couple of flutes and a piano to play music written for strings alone; and in the second place we play with a single-minded resolution known only to amateurs of the most extreme type, altogether foreign to professionals. If the flutes, for example, finish a movement and quit three measures ahead of everyone else, why that only goes to show their superior speed and endurance. Thus the energies of the professional have been almost entirely consumed in incessantly biting off her words; for she is grimly determined, even under the most extreme provo-

cation, to remember that she is a lady.

Of all her original aspirations for the ensemble, Charity—her real name isn't Charity, but call her that, because she suffereth long and is kind—retains only one. In the second movement of "*Eine Kleine Nachtmusik*" Mozart wrote seven and a half measures and then put in a repeat sign, meaning go back to the beginning and play it over again. If you will observe closely, you will see Charity at about the sixth measure beginning to draw a long breath, which she discharges on the second beat of the eighth measure in a wild shout of "Repeat!" Some day, some sweet if distant day, she is confident, every instrument without exception will revert to the beginning, instead of playing the rest of that eighth measure before it can be stopped. It may never happen, but at any rate it is something to look forward to; and what is life without something to look forward to?

Careful study of the foregoing may lead you to understand why it is that our ensemble plays in strict privacy; but it may leave you still bemused as to why it plays at all. Obviously, love of music alone is not the explanation, for every house in the block can be, and is filled with better music every time someone twists the dial of the radio. Personal vanity is not the motive, since we permit no audiences and have no present ambition to appear in public. Parental interest is not all of it, because two of the three children present are sent by parents who do not play. I dismiss with contempt the canard that our real motive is to beat down real estate values in our neighborhood; but to make the real motive plain is neither simple nor easy.

For ensemble playing, if the music is really worth while, is work. We have been struggling for an hour and a half, and things have come to a halt while Charity explains for the eight-

ieth time exactly where a certain *de-crescendo* ought to begin. She lays aside the ruler she has been using for a baton and borrows a pencil to mark the place on the various parts. I lay the flute on my knees and gently pinch my lip, trying to restore the circulation, while the psychanalyst beside me alternately bends and straightens his arms, for the same purpose. We look over the music-stand at Charity—a harassed woman if ever there was one. Ygg, the kindergartner—her real name isn't Yggdrasil, either, but as pianist she supports the whole works, so it is as appropriate as Charity—Ygg puts her hands down flat on the piano-bench beside her, and gently shifts her weight from one to the other; after a hard day's work she has come miles to be here. The dentist and the M.D. sigh in unison and tighten a peg each on their violins. The housewife, flushed, shifts her cello slightly and drags back the hair that has fallen down over her face during the last rapid passage. Only the three little girls sit properly in their places and listen gravely while Charity lectures. Iron women, they—ah, youth, youth . . .

Not one of us belongs to the army of the unemployed. Each of us has done a day's labor at one task or another. Even the children have been in school. What are we doing here, now that night has fallen, working even harder than we did all day? Playing Mozart? Bah! I remember, ruefully, that the time is one hundred and thirty-two beats to the minute and that just ahead lies a staccato run of two measures and a half in sixteenth notes, spattered with accidentals from end to end. When I hit that I shall blow up. I always do. Apparently I always shall. It seems to be a case of what Gilbert called "weakness of intellects." I know how it should be played; I can play it, in fact, have played it time and again in practice, but there is a hex upon me

and when I hit it I shall blow up. Is that playing Mozart? Again, bah!

II

But consider this: I am a newspaper man, not a musician, and during the impending wrestling bout that staccato run is as certain to get the best of me as the angel was to put Jacob out of business at Peniel. Nevertheless, so long as the hopeless contest rages I shall in no wise trouble my head about whether the Administration is spending four millions or four billions or four trillions, nor about the Far Eastern situation, nor about the menaces of Fascism and Communism. Over there the dentist and the M.D., as they desperately struggle to attain a high E flat simultaneously, will give no heed to caries or appendectomies or the grisly specter of State medicine. Mozart will drive Montessori out of Ygg's head, and soap, servants and darning-cotton out of the housewife's; and the psychanalyst will worry over no inhibitions and reaction-times save those that affect his own fingers.

What Charity gets out of it, I don't know. She has worked all day in a great conservatory where music is served with a skill and singleness of purpose foreign to our group; so to spend the evening playing music is a busman's holiday for her. But Charity is more than a musician exclusively; she is gifted with humor and with curiosity about life as well as tone. No doubt with us she sees and hears things that never happen in the conservatory, and that she probably never imagined could happen anywhere. Sometimes I am inclined to suspect that Charity may be learning more than any of us; only she is much too polite to say what it is.

That, though, is speculation. What I know, beyond peradventure, is that when we have played from eight to ten,

and the dismembered fragments of poor Mozart are scattered to the four winds, those of us who are not musicians come back to the affairs of our ordinary lives a trifle confused and uncertain, as one who says, "Well, let's see now, where were we?" We have stepped out of our ordinary lives. We have divested ourselves for two hours of our ordinary emotions, anxieties, and perplexities. Our very lack of skill insures this. Were we all highly skilled musicians we might—although I doubt it—play "*Eine Kleine Nachtmusik*" with half our minds still engaged in reviewing the follies, failures, and futilities of the preceding hours of daylight; but as it is, it takes all our mental resources to grapple successfully with the problem of just when Charity is going to shout "Repeat!" Not a brain-cell is left to harbor the corroding worries of the working day.

This is enough to justify our labors, but it is by no means all. Even in our ensemble minor miracles occur now and then. Not an evening do we play together without playing a few measures correctly. And the delighted surprise that this occasions is an emotional experience denied to real musicians. They may feel the delight, but it is not accentuated by surprise: that is one of the few compensations vouchsafed the amateur for his low estate. Granted that it usually lasts for a matter of seconds, rather than minutes, that instant is great when the clamor suddenly and inexplicably resolves itself into order, form, and beauty. It is infinitely greater than perfect music which you hear sitting in the audience at a concert, for you are a part of it. This instrument in your hands, this inanimate thing of lifeless wood and metal, by your agency has suddenly come alive, has become one of these strong voices singing together. Then you play a D sharp instead of the D that was called

for and the miracle vanishes. But it has happened; for a moment the thick veil of your own ineptitude has been whisked aside and you have had a flashing glimpse of the splendor that might be: And is there a kick in it? Now, I ask you!

But even if this happened more rarely than it does, there would remain one powerful reason, aside from the pursuance of a program of popular education, to induce our ensemble to continue its labors. The best reason for the existence of an amateur organization of this sort is not that its members may play music, but that they may hear music in some other than the physiological sense. Set up vibrations in the air at the rate of four hundred and forty a second, and a physicist, a Deems Taylor, a Hottentot, you and I, and a trained seal will all hear the A above middle C; but to assume that we all hear the same thing is to assume too much—very much too much. For hearing does not consist solely of the sensations conveyed by the auditory nerves to certain brain cells—that is to say, while it may do so to a physiologist, it doesn't to you and me and a trained seal. To us, hearing involves not only the auditory sensations themselves, but also their associations; and the associations you and I attach to sounds are, I trust, different from those attached to them by the seal.

I venture to doubt that any amount of training makes much difference in one's emotional response to music, which is, after all, the factor that separates genuine musicians from the rest of the world. Every concert-goer has learned that it is possible for a man to attain an amazing technical competence without much emotional response; but such players never reach the top flight. They may become startling virtuosi but not great musicians.

But for the ordinary amateur, whose

emotional response is sufficiently great to make him enjoy music but not enough to make him a musician, laboring at some master-work enormously enriches his experience in hearing it, because it gives him a new appreciation of excellence. And what is an educated, a cultivated, a civilized man if not one who has a keen appreciation of excellence in many fields?

The man who never sat behind the wheel of a motor car may think he knows what good driving is, but he doesn't; and he who never sat under a conductor's baton has not much better comprehension of what really fine ensemble playing is. The baton need not be Stokowski's or Toscanini's. For the amateur with any imagination the equivalent of Charity's ruler will serve excellently. I know—did I not sit and listen to "*Eine Kleine Nachtmusik*" the other night?

When I heard it before, with Koussevitsky conducting, I went along as a mere hitch-hiker, so to speak, totally ignorant of the road, and with only a tourist's mild interest in its loops and curves, hairpin turns, long climbs toward a shining sky, and breath-taking swoops down into the depths. But this time I knew it well. At least half a dozen times in the previous three months our ensemble had started out bravely and jauntily on that tempting highroad. What matter that we had frequently, not to say invariably, piled into the ditch ere long? What matter that we practically never took one of its dizzy curves without running off onto the shoulder, hitting a few projecting rocks and roots, and rattling and careening horribly before we swung back to the smooth surface again? That simply meant that we could appreciate the excellence of a really competent performance.

And did we ride! There is not much music more gay and jocund than the opening movement of this work.

The semicircle of shining instruments and white shirtfronts, punctuated by the conductor's straight black back like an exclamation point in the middle; the expectant hush over the house; the pause with the baton raised vertically, motionless; its swift downward swoop, the instant burst of sound, and the sudden awed, incredulous realization that they had hit it, yes, by George, they hit it all together and all on the key—what a moment!

And then to ride with an expert driver handling a splendid machine along a way that one has traveled over and over again, laboriously and precariously—to travel at ease and yet recognizing every rise and fall, every twist and turn, knowing intimately and inwardly applauding every danger skillfully avoided, every curve dextrously rounded, is well worth all our evening's labors. Here now, the orchestra is well into it; here is that *sforzando* where the flutes blew out a gasket last Saturday night—they have taken it at forty-five miles an hour and without a quiver! There is that *cre-scendo* rising to a high whole note where the cello threw a tire the time before that—with a swoop and a triumphant scream from twenty strings they are over it and gone. Now they are approaching that hairpin turn where the second fiddle forgot that the key was G and played four F naturals in quick succession, and poor Charity had to be dragged out of the wreck and fanned with a towel to bring her to. No such disaster is thinkable with this powerful racer. Finale; and they bring up with a fine, smooth flourish without a jar or a squeal from the brakes.

The first movement, the allegro, of "*Eine Kleine Nachtmusik*" is followed by a romance, marked *andante*, that is as soft and sensuous as the first was bright and crystalline. Here Mozart let himself go. It is easy to fabricate

program notes for this incomparable serenade; indeed, it is almost impossible not to believe that the jaunty, laughing allegro was to awaken the beloved, the minuet to entertain her, and the rondo to bid her a gay good-night. Which means of course that the aim and object of the whole was to form a perfect setting for the love song that is the romance. And when Mozart set himself to write a love song, he didn't write merely, "Affectionately yours," and let it go at that. He starts with two short notes like a sob in the throat and then breaks into a long, wavering cry that is at once an avowal, a pæan of praise and triumph, and a passionate appeal, and which sinks again into crooning tenderness. And this theme he embroiders endlessly, constantly adding to its richness and magnificence, turning back again and again to emphasize it by restatement, but never for an instant concealing or disguising the flaming passion that is at its heart.

Leaning over to say so to Charity, sitting next to me, I inadvertently touched her shoulder, whereupon she started out of her reverie and automatically snapped, "Repeat!" But the orchestra had already begun to do so—all of them at the same time—so I altered my comment. I said that I judged this music, on the whole, to be unfit for a Sunday-school picnic; and she said, "Decidedly so," and sank into reverie again.

But for once I understood a musician at a concert, at least in part. I had attended concerts with musicians before that, and I was aware of course that they were hearing things in the pattern of tone that were far beyond my duller ears and untrained understanding. That is still true and will always be true of course, since I possess neither the auditory mechanism nor the emotional temperament that go to make a musician. But whereas

before our ensemble started its murderous career, a musician listening to Mozart's serenade would have seemed to me like a Chinaman listening to Chinese, to-day he is like a Frenchman listening to French; the point being that I know not a word of Chinese, but understand French about as well as I understand music—that is to say, well enough to know that I am missing nine-tenths of a great language, and to envy the fellow who is getting it all.

You may reasonably infer that this is maddening, and you will be quite right. But isn't it just the things that madden us that fill us with awareness of being alive? The goal that is in sight but beyond our reach is our torture, but also our deep delight.

If it is not so, then all I can say is that there is evidently a touch of insanity affecting our group; for I am quite sure that the best machine not merely that a radio engineer ever built, but that one ever imagined, would not dissuade us from toiling on toward a goal that we shall never reach. The radio very efficiently supplies all the party music necessary; thus it has released from the necessity of learning music those thousands of people whose real interest is in the party, not in the music. This obvious boon to parties has worked to the damage of music as a profession; but it may be plausibly argued that it has worked to the advantage of music as an art by drawing away from it people who are not interested in it as an art, but only as an adjunct to social gaieties.

And those who remain faithful are unshakable in their devotion. I do not mean the born musicians, to whom music is life, but such amateurs as we are. Nothing can deter us, because our motive is low. It is not the praiseworthy motive that drives many people to suffer through innumerable classical concerts, to wit, the acquisition of culture. It is not the altruistic motive

of contributing to the pleasure of others by playing while they dance. Still less is it the pious motive of enriching and adorning religious services. Our motive is nothing more than the unexalted desire to have a grand time. But this is the most durable of all motives; there is not the least reason to fear that mechanized music will have any effect on it.

And if we are slightly insane, we have plenty of company. For my part, I believe that within the past five years the remnants of the population to whom making music is infinitely more fun than listening to the radio are beginning to draw together. I know that the number of neighborhood ensembles in our town to-day is greater than it has been at any time since the advent of mechanized music scattered those that existed twenty years ago; and although the number of amateur players is smaller than it was in the old days, I believe that their interest is more sincere and, therefore, more likely to be permanent.

And I suspect that they are playing, or will soon be playing, better music than they played in the old days, when the real interest of half their number was in something outside the music itself. In this I am once more arguing from the particular to the general, which is dangerous, but not necessarily wrong. For I know what it means to hear played superbly something that you have been playing badly; I know that it means, among other things, getting five times as much fun for the price of your concert ticket as you used to get. So I am glad, after all, that we took up Mozart instead of sticking to tunes that I can play; for I have heard "*Eine Kleine Nachtmusik*" played well, and am likely to hear it again, whereas I consider quite remote the chance that Koussevitsky will ever put "The Sunshine of Your Smile" on one of his programs.



OUR CHOICE IN THE FAR EAST

AN ALLIANCE WITH ENGLAND—OR WITHDRAWAL

BY NATHANIEL PEFFER

THE tenor of recent voices across the sea is unmistakable. The harmony is eloquent and moving—moving in a direction unprecedented for America. Now, it can be said with full conviction that there will be no entangling alliances. The ancestral ban still lies heavy on us. But the times and the country have become more subtle since Washington uttered his historic warning; words have become more elastic, and America has learned never to call anything by its right name. Did not Woodrow Wilson conceive “voluntary conscription”? And who shall say that one of his successors will not conceive a “democratic fascism”? Why not then alliances that do not entangle?

It may be confidently assumed that the traditions of the country and the sensibilities of the people will not be violated. No recalcitrant Senator will have occasion to summon the Iowan and Kansan to witness that we are being seduced by the wily foreign diplomat. But there may very well be a happy meeting of minds. There is a respectable precedent. Could not Sir Edward Grey stand up in the House of Commons in 1913 and say that there was no alliance with France that imposed any obligation on the English people? It was true. There was no alliance. Only the General Staffs of the two countries had met and parted in full concord on what their respective armies would do when the German

army moved westward from the Rhine. So too there may be a fortuitous concurrence of thought between the British and American navies whereby, without written specifications or formal pledges, each will know just what to do when the Japanese navy moves on Manila and the Borneo oil fields and Japanese troops land in Tientsin. The British base at Singapore, for example: need it be nominated in a bond that American fighting ships will be given hospitality there—and oil?

The nuances of the words across the sea are, as I say, none too elusive. The words may vary but the tone is always the same, though more clear, vigorous, and insistent since the failure of the naval conference at London, the abrogation of the naval limitation treaty by the Japanese, and the preliminaries of a naval race on the Pacific. From the august sounding board of the Royal Institute of International Affairs General Smuts, the South African elder statesman, who often gives the pitch for the Empire when the world's ears are to be caught, has declared that the Empire's Far Eastern policy must conform to the “general American orientation.” Specifically: “a practical policy of co-operation between them [Great Britain and the United States] in the Pacific for the maintenance of the integrity of China and future peace would be the most important step that could be taken in international af-

fairs." The Marquess of Lothian has spoken in the same vein in his usual svelte accents and with the persuasiveness that has made him an effective spokesman of British liberalism and won him honored place in American publications. Captain Anthony Eden, the British Cabinet's general assignment man on high politics and armament negotiations, has classified the development of "close cordial friendship with the United States" as one of the special objects of the British government.

On this side of the Atlantic, personages of equally respectable station have not echoed these words. To do so would be indiscreet. The tabus are still too strict; but the words find a sympathetic harbor in their thoughts. It has now come to this: the right people on both sides are saying the same thing. Barkis is willin', and we don't mind either.

All of this is as it should be except that we ought to abandon our pretenses. Far from making the traditional argument against becoming involved with other countries, I am making the point that we ought to proceed at once with the conclusion of an alliance with Great Britain for joint action against Japan—call it joint action in the Pacific if national habit and diplomatic ritual constrain us to euphemisms. For if we are going to play the game of high politics we might as well play it to win. To win we must abide by the rules: big navies, naval bases, diplomatic stratagems, and alliances. Whether the game is one in which there can be only losers is another matter. If we enter at all it is presumably because we think the stake worth while. The choice is between not playing it at all and playing it successfully. The time has come then when we must decide either to give up what we call our policy in the Far East or prepare ourselves to carry it out

with the smallest sacrifice of American lives and resources.

II

That we are now going in for high politics is obvious. Not in Europe, since Europe does not concern us directly. We make no great renunciations in looking indifferently on the rearming of Germany and the subsequent diplomatic convolutions. We risk nothing—or so we think, despite the year 1917. But we manifest no indifference to what happens in the Far East. There we act, not as we act in Europe but as European Powers act in Europe. For Asia is our area of interest, and we have been acting vigorously and unremittingly. The lull that followed the conclusion of the Manchurian episode was only an interlude. The Roosevelt Administration was momentarily occupied with inaugurating successive new dispensations at home. When circumstances in the Far East called for action it resumed where the preceding Administration had left off. It was as uncompromising in refusing naval parity to Japan as the preceding Administration had been in acknowledging the alienation of Manchuria by Japan. And when the Japanese government in 1934 issued the warning to the Western Powers to keep hands off in China, the Roosevelt Administration countered immediately with a declaration to the effect that the United States would not do so. There has been no break in the continuity of America's interest and attitude in the Far East. There is an American policy, prosecuted as all modern nations prosecute national policies. It may be briefly defined as the determination to prevent Japan's farther advance in China.

Now this policy is more than a declaration of general principles. It has neither the historic acceptance nor the

geographical immunity of the Monroe Doctrine. It demands concrete action. It must be backed up if it is not to be nullified. And the acceleration of the drift of events in the Far East is such that we must either back up our stand or withdraw within the next few years, perhaps within the next year. For Japan is equally determined to press its advance in China. It will do so unless forcibly restrained. It is doing so now.

For two years Japan has exercised a kind of potential supervision over North China by means of a subtle terrorism over Chinese officials who are not complaisant. The Chinese authorities enjoy at best a sort of distant autonomy. The final word is Japan's. This situation the Japanese are now bent on extending over all of China. Under cover of an attempt at general reconciliation with China, the Japanese have for months been trying to force China to accept what is equivalent to the status of protectorate. The exact terms have been kept unclear. In all probability they are not very explicit even as put to the Chinese. In the East explicitness is always superfluous. But their general purport is clear enough. China would have to accept Japanese guidance or tutelage. Translated into action, it would mean the effectuation of the statement made by the Japanese Foreign Office Spokesman in 1934, the warning to the West to keep hands off in China. The West would take its hands off because China would be compelled to thrust them off. China would contract loans only from Japan, would appoint Japanese military and civil "advisers," would apply only to Japan for financial and technical assistance in such efforts to develop the country as the building of railways and exploitation of natural resources, and would channel all its trade to Japan.

Whether or not Japan succeeds in the present effort to impose such a re-

gime on China and whether ultimately it uses diplomatic pressure, military threats, or actual force, it is bent on bringing about such a relationship. And whenever it chooses to force the issue it will succeed, at least so far as China is concerned. China cannot help itself. In that event in so far as the Western Powers are not excluded from China entirely, they will remain on Japanese sufferance. Out of the benefits, profits, and wealth arising from the development of China they will get little, if anything. In that event also the United States must accede to the involuntary liquidation of its policy or it must take measures, forcible measures if necessary, to validate its policy. In other words, it must waive the policy or fight.

It is the most rudimentary wisdom then for the United States to come to some decision now while there is still an element of choice, before it has given hostages of the kind that nations fight to redeem even though they regret having given them. We must make up our minds whether we are prepared to acquiesce in the establishment of Japanese control over China, even at the price of losing all prospect of increasing our trade there, or are prepared to prevent Japan from establishing control, even at the price of using force.

If we choose the first of these alternatives there is no point in our intransigence over a few thousand tons of naval tonnage for Japan, our periodic protests against Japan's encroachment, and our determined declarations of intent to maintain the *status quo*, the independence of China, the Open Door, equality of trading rights, and the "sanctity of treaties," whatever that may mean. Why there is any peculiar sanctity in Far Eastern treaties as contradistinguished from the sanctity of European treaties, say the Versailles Treaty (the violation of which leaves

us wholly unmoved) has never been adequately explained. We shall simply accept the preponderance of power in the Far East as it is, leave the relations between Japan and China to the ultimate working out of forces between them, and acknowledge that the present phase of the century-old struggle for supremacy in the Far East ends with Japanese mastery. And we shall forfeit our expectations of a material share in the Chinese market and the returns from investments in developing the country's resources.

If we choose the second alternative, if, that is, we decide that it is worth while stopping Japan, then there is no point in not preparing ourselves to resist as effectively as possible, in neglecting to add to our military strength and align as many Powers as possible on our side by one means or another—alliance, threat, concessions, or purchase of favors.

By every indication it is the second course that we intend to pursue. We are doing so. There has been no sign of any intention to recede. Practically the whole of the American navy is holding "maneuvers" this month in the Pacific; a new naval building program is under way; an air line is being planned across the Pacific with bases within easy striking distance of the Japanese mandated islands; the American government gave sympathetic hearing to an official British proposal for a joint loan to China which would prevent it from falling into Japan's clutches to relieve its present financial stress. There is an unswerving projection of the line America has followed for a generation. We do not mean to let our opportunities in the Far East go to Japan by default.

III

Since we do not, which is to say since we mean to resist Japan, the cor-

ollary suggests itself. The sooner we make an alliance with Great Britain the better. Sentimental devotion to an ancient tabu can be discarded. The point of emphasis in the tabu was the entanglements, not the alliances. The entanglement we have anyway; we may as well have the alliance. Then we may at least be able to extricate ourselves less painfully. The spirit has already been violated. Why cling to the letter? Isolation has become an empty phrase. There is no isolation. The condition indispensable to isolation is the absence of any external interest, ambition, or commitment. That condition is no longer present for America. We have a foreign policy, the formulation of a foreign interest, and we cannot escape all the accompaniments. They are unlovely and they deprive us of our prescriptive right to thank God that we are not as other nations, but they are inseparable. Power politics may be ugly, but the ugliness inheres in the condition that gives rise to it. It cannot be played with scruples, niceties, or regard for social precepts, even those stated in the sonorous phrases to which we are now addicted—international interdependence, co-operation, etc. Power politics and social morality are mutually exclusive. The first must be abstained from altogether or the second violated; for the conventions have been fixed by international practice and precedent. To embark on power politics without following the accepted practices surely is stupid and may be suicidal. Once embarked on, there is no choice as to methods. There is choice only between hypocritical profession and intellectual honesty as to motives. The latter has a value all its own, a sanitative property badly needed in American national life. Having determined our ends, we ought presumably to be intelligent in the means we take to attain them; and if

only as a matter of inner national health it were better if we were also honest with ourselves about what we were doing and why. At any rate the American people would have at least the outward appearances of giving consent.

There are no serious obstacles to an Anglo-American alliance as such. The two nations have common interests in the Pacific. Rather, they have one common interest—the elimination of Japan, which is a danger to both. And there would be no validity to the stock reproach against American diplomacy, that it is always pulling British chestnuts out of the fire. In the first instance Great Britain has more to lose from Japanese hegemony over China than has the United States. It has territorial possessions on Chinese soil, while the United States has none, and its present economic interest is larger. Also the Eastern extremity of its empire is adjacent to China and would be imperilled, while the United States has only the Philippines. Finally, an alliance would have the advantage for Great Britain of leaving it free to devote itself to the more pressing concerns of Europe. Its Eastern frontier would be made secure by America. Vulnerable because of an empire stretched across two hemispheres, Great Britain's strategy always has been to peg the Eastern Hemisphere by an alliance with the second strongest Power in the East against the strongest. Therefore it had an alliance with Japan against Russia before the World War. Now it can serve the same purpose by an alliance with the United States against Japan, correctly construing the United States as an Eastern Power. (Soviet Russia, being communist, is out of bounds.)

Superficially, Great Britain would be the greater beneficiary from such an alliance, but only superficially. While it is to Great Britain's advan-

tage to maintain the *status quo* in the Far East and the United States would be forwarding that object, Great Britain would also be plighting itself for something which it counts on getting anyway; since the premise of all European thinking about the Far East is that the United States will not permit Japan to make any radical change in the Far East. In a crisis the United States is confidently expected to intervene, with or without an ally. While the alliance would guarantee Great Britain's present position, it would also safeguard America's future interest.

For as a Power with what it considers vital interests in the Far East, the United States too is vulnerable. Unless it has the assistance of some Power with an Eastern position it cannot protect those interests except under the heaviest handicaps. It must send a fleet four thousand miles from its home base to operate perhaps two thousand miles from the nearest effective base, which is at Hawaii. To do so successfully against Japan it would have to have a fleet incomparably larger than Japan's and even so would face heavy odds. The fleet could be intercepted by the Japanese on the way out to the Far East and forced to go into action after a long voyage, with little warning, with men strained by a long vigil and fuel nearly exhausted.

With Great Britain as an ally, many of these handicaps would be materially reduced. There would be additional ships. The attention of the Japanese fleet would be divided. The Philippines would have a longer period of immunity, since Hongkong would have to be dealt with. Most of all, the strength of the American fleet would be vastly increased if it could count on the use of the Singapore base for fuel, munitions, supplies, and repairs. That America would win finally in a war with Japan is hardly to

be doubted; but an ally would mean the difference between a long, hard, and costly war and a shorter and relatively easy one. It would diminish the amount of actual fighting necessary and allow time for the forced suspension of Japanese overseas commerce to undermine Japan's economic structure. And the end of a relatively easy war would leave China freed of the Japanese menace, Japan itself reduced to the status of a minor Power, and Eastern Asia open to American economic penetration. Not only British chestnuts would be pulled out of the fire. America's own interest would be served at least as much as Great Britain's, perhaps more.

It might even be that ultimately the economic interests Great Britain has built up in China since the middle of the eighteenth century would be jeopardized by the United States as much as they are now by Japan. This is a fact of which the British are well aware; the British may muddle from day to day, but in the long course their diplomacy is sure, direct, and far-sighted. Why then do they make tenders for "co-operation for the common aim of peace"? On two principles. First: sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof. Second: on the axiom on which all European Powers act—that America's ineptitude is Europe's protection. This axiom is based on sound observation. It can be amply documented out of the events of post-war years.

The World War ended with America in a position of unchallengeable supremacy. It held almost the whole world's gold supply. Its industrial structure was unimpaired. Its manpower was reduced by a negligible fraction, physically stimulated rather than exhausted by the effects of the War. Financially it held the whole world in bondage. Commercially it had almost a free field for years. Diplomatically

it held all the counters and could dictate the moves. All that England had been in the nineteenth century and more, much more, America was for the better part of the decade following the War.

And then what? America held all the counters but bungled every move. Its bankers were gauche amateurs in international finance. Its industrialists went swarming over the world with all the arts of the big builders and the big talk that breaks down the resistance of a domestic public long anæsthetized into helplessness. They threw up gorgeous and glittering structures that toppled at the first pressure, for they knew not even the rudiments of foreign trading that the plodding, unprogressive British overseas business men had learned two generations before. Against Scottish bankers and Lancashire commercial agents slick sales talk and the spectacular surface were of little avail. The high-pressure executives quietly closed their offices and came home, and Mr. Hoover's commercial attachés followed them. The giant twisting thunderbolts in his fist was only a gawky fumbling boy who had not learned yet what the world was about. Perhaps there is a principle of balance in nature which was at work. Had America been endowed with skill and knowledge and wisdom proportionate to its power, the whole world would have been held in servitude, which would have been bad both for the world and for America. Instead, at the moment of its power America was all thumbs, and the balance was redressed. The axiom of America's congenital ineptitude may be only a deduction from temporary phenomena, however, and Europe may be too over-confident in its sense of immunity. The lean years have come, and, goaded by need, America will learn. But for the present Europe will not fear America in the Far East. It

will continue to count on America to talk big and bungle.

IV

The argument that has been made in this article has been framed entirely in terms of war. Why not? Since the actions and the setting are wholly in the category of conflict, why should not the words be out of the lexicon of conflict? This is precisely what is at issue. It states perhaps the most decisive choice that the American nation must make in the near future, and the first essential is to recognize what the issue is and what are the alternatives.

The proposal for an Anglo-American alliance precipitates the issue and puts the alternatives. If a logical case cannot be made for such an alliance then every step the American government has been taking in the Far East in the past few years is both illogical and dangerous. If, conversely, the policy and the acts of the American government in the Far East can be justified in logic and wisdom, then no sound argument can be made against an alliance. Then an alliance is not only advantageous but imperative, an alliance with some Power, any Power; and in practical politics this can mean only Great Britain.

The proposal for an alliance has the further merit of focussing the Far East and America's role there for the American people in full visibility. Precisely because it would represent so sharp a break with American tradition and practice, it would lead to questioning out of which clarification of public opinion might come. Of the intricacies and high ceremonials of diplomacy, the protests, notes, and *aides mémoire*, the majority even of well-informed men can make little. They constitute a serial story of which the previous instalments are forgotten when each new one appears. But the

simple, stark fact of an alliance can be grasped. The question, Why? emerges of itself. And that leads naturally to the fundamental question.

What exactly are we doing in the Far East and why? What do we intend to do and are we prepared to pay the cost? Are we going to try to stop Japan at any price? Are we willing to go to war to protect our treaty rights in China and preserve our share of the Chinese market? How much do we sacrifice if we waive all economic opportunity in the Far East, and can we stand the sacrifice?

The answer can be reached by conscious deliberation, as in a rational world it would be, considering the human risks involved; or it can come by inertia.

If it comes by inertia there is little doubt what it will be. And just this is our danger, that we shall let it drift on inertia, indulging our national reluctance ever to make a choice between alternatives both of which are unpleasant, our weakness for believing that we can extricate ourselves from a dilemma by closing our eyes and pretending not to see that both horns are disagreeable. It is a harmless and amiable weakness in situations that are not dangerous. If it is indulged in this one, there can be little doubt what the result will be. We shall drift into war, whether we meant to or not and without even the intelligent precautions for self-preservation.

For America it comes to this: withdrawal to preoccupation with our domestic concerns again, or *realpolitik* with all that goes with it. The first means letting events in the Far East take their natural course. Then we shall permit Japan to get ascendancy over China if it can. That means in turn that we shall resign ourselves to a diminution in our trade with China (exports amounting to \$200,000,000 in normal times and \$100,000,000 in the

worst years of the depression) and, still more, forego all opportunity to get the additional trade which China inevitably offers and which our whole history shows we have counted on, from Fillmore and Daniel Webster to Franklin Roosevelt and Hull. We shall forego that opportunity, depression or no depression, unemployment or no unemployment. For that is the stake in the Far East, and the loss of it is the price we must pay. If we choose *realpolitik* because we do not wish to pay that price, then let us pursue it un-

sentimentally, realistically, with all the relentlessness that it calls for and all the resources that it offers. Most of all, let us array on our side as much force as possible.

I suspect that we shall not be willing to pay the price of the first and that we shall choose *realpolitik*, even if we do not admit it to ourselves. I suggest, therefore, the alliance—but a forthright, avowed alliance and not the deceptive subterfuge of “understandings.”

THE RETURN

BY LAWRENCE LEE

T*HIS is no country new to any sense:
The stars are down as a sudden scatter of leaves.
In hills a red cock crows to light
And treads his hens. The immense
Long-furrowed earth receives
A cloudless morning and turns bright.*

*By touch I know its clay and jutting stone.
Taste, hearing, sight, and smell have gathered in
Something as symbol that cries out:
“This country is our own.
Here the known lands begin,
Familiar rivers wind about.”*

*What shining thing is paler than late stars,
Smaller than a cock's cry far among the hills?
Light falls on fields that little change,
And on rocks no weather mars.
The alteration is in our wills;
It is ourselves that have grown strange.*



BARGAINING WITH WRITERS

RANDOM NOTES OF AN AUTHORS' AGENT

BY CURTIS BROWN

MANY years occupied largely with the finances of literature have brought to my view very few publishers to whom Byron's "Now Barabbas was a publisher" would apply. Some there were who were mean and shortsighted—which is pretty much the same thing. Some were jealous of what were called "literary agents"—a doubtful name—and went beyond the limits of fair play to shortcircuit them. Some made shameful contracts with inexperienced authors. But "by and large," as they used to say in New England, publishers the world over have been, so far as my experience goes, a notably high class of business men. As a rule it is the pretty small sort of author who talks in these days of "the crooked publishers." The truth—and I hope I don't get into trouble for telling it—is that the average of financial integrity among authors is by no means as high as that among publishers.

There, I've said it now! But who else could say it with impartiality except one who stands between the two, in equal and intimate contact with both?

One widely published novelist came to me once and said: "I am going to change my publisher, and wish your firm to arrange it. My present publisher is no good. My sales should be twenty thousand copies, and he has let them drop to ten, and I suppose I must accept terms from the new publisher based on that figure."

I asked to see her royalty reports from the publisher about to be bereaved, but she said she had lost them. The figures were rather surprising, and before standing sponsor for them we investigated the previous sales, and found that the lady had never had a sale of over four thousand; that her sales had been going down steadily, and that she had had half-a-dozen publishers, all of whom had lost money on her through advancing too much.

I asked her to come and see me again, and told her I must decline to report her sales as being ten thousand, and to ask an advance in accordance. She said: "But I thought that was what you were for." She went away in wrath and proclaimed far and wide the inefficiency of my firm and the complete incompetence of its head.

One famous author, now dead, lived luxuriously for years by going from one publisher to another, misrepresenting his sales on the strength of the gorgeous reviews he always got. Finally his position was that of Dick Swiveller—there wasn't a street left for him to walk in, except Henrietta Street, where my office is. He came to me, and said he was writing better than ever; but all the publishers on both sides of the Atlantic seemed to have a "down" on him. Did I know of a new and rich one?

However, these were extreme cases, and not numerous enough to embitter

life or to decrease respect for authors as a class.

A memory pleasant to recall is that of an interview with Mary Cholmondeley to report on my negotiations with John Murray the Fourth for her next novel. The terms were liberal indeed—sometimes in those pre-war days royalties on novels by successful authors rose to thirty-three and one-third per cent of the published price—and I was happy and proud; and Mr. Murray (that was before he became Sir John) was happy too.

I communicated the proposed arrangement to Miss Cholmondeley and awaited approbation.

"That will *never* do," she said, with a kind of horror. "I cannot think of accepting such terms!"

I had met with similar unreasonableness before, but hardly expected it from that gentle, gracious lady.

"What's wrong with them?"

"Wrong! They are far too high. I am sure dear Mr. Murray would lose money, and I could not allow that."

As I recall it, Mr. Murray had to join hands with me in persuading her that I hadn't taken advantage of his innocence in extracting from him, a Scotsman, higher royalties than he could afford to pay.

How different was Miss Cholmondeley's first publishing experience. She sold her first novel, *Red Pottage*, outright, for all rights throughout the world, for, I think she told me, £100, or about \$500. There will be many elderly readers who will remember how that novel suddenly went to the top of what in these days we would call the "best sellers." The astonished publisher could not turn out editions fast enough, and the book went even better in America. Money poured in on him from all directions, and authors rained on him, in the belief that he could perform for them the miracle he had wrought for *Red Pottage*.

Miss Cholmondeley, happy in her success, began to be embarrassed by friendly suppositions that she was reaping a fortune.

Now the publisher was an amiable and eminently honest man. I came to know him well afterward, and liked him, and even found him rather lovable in some ways. But he lacked imagination. He sent to Miss Cholmondeley a check for either £100 or £200 more, as an honorarium, and felt that he had done a noble deed. Not another penny would he pay, for a bargain was a bargain.

Of course Miss Cholmondeley left him as soon as she could, and the story got about among the authors—and a great publishing opportunity was lost.

II

Mrs. Humphry Ward was a great lady too—majestic indeed—and her fight for money at the time I came into contact with her was beginning to be almost tragic. Her sales were losing some of their splendor; she had a big house in Grosvenor Gardens, near the American Embassy, and a still more expensive establishment out at Tring, and was practically the sole support of her family. Her publisher, Reginald Smith, who had been attentive to her every whim, had come to a tragic end, and she looked to me to transfer her to another publisher and restore the failing fortunes by obtaining large advances on high royalties on both sides of the Atlantic, as well as great sums for serial rights. She was sure that her forthcoming novel would sell as well as anything she had ever written if the publisher did his duty.

It was a trying business to satisfy her, for she had no doubt whatever of the permanence of her powers and position. At last a contract was put through with Sir Godfrey Collins, involving the first offer of the British

rights of her next succeeding novel at terms to be agreed upon. All went well until the time came to arrange terms for that next novel. I told her what I thought we could get, and she approved, and Sir Godfrey was liberal. The contract was being drawn up when Sir Godfrey, evidently much perturbed, asked me to come and see him. He said: "You brought Mrs. Humphry Ward to me; it was fully understood that this new book was to come through you; the terms are those you arranged for the previous book. Yet Mrs. Ward informs me that, although she is entirely satisfied with you, and entertains the friendliest feelings for you, she prefers to arrange for this book with Collins Sons & Co. direct, as she feels that she cannot afford to pay your commission. If I agree, and you should bring suit against her, you would probably win. But I beg of you not to do that. She is determined to have her own way and, rather than oppose her, I propose to pay the lost commission out of my own pocket and say nothing."

It was the kindly thought of a very kindly man, and Sir Godfrey was astonished, and perhaps even a little hurt when I refused. Even in the peculiar circumstances, it didn't seem quite right to take money from a publisher except for the sale of his books to another publisher. I am glad I let that commission go, for it brought a good friend for life.

Some time later we had an inquiry for the film rights of one of Mrs. Humphry Ward's earlier and most successful novels. The film market was in its first burst of opulence in those happy days of film silence, and I told Mrs. Ward I thought we could get £4,000 for the rights, judging by other deals recently made. That was evidently more than she had expected, as she promptly agreed that I should have power to accept that price at once

if it could be attained. "A sale at that price would mean," she reflected sadly, "that you would get £400 commission?"

"Yes," I said firmly, "it would."

As is the way of most film transactions, the actress who thought she saw a part for herself in Mrs. Ward's novel changed her mind, and so the film producer no longer wanted it. We tried elsewhere in vain; and presently Mrs. Ward said that we had had sufficient opportunity without producing results, and she would now undertake to sell the film rights for herself. Six months later I heard that she was offering the rights at £3,000, with intimation that less would be accepted. All to no avail.

Then, suddenly, the film star who had originally "seen herself" as the heroine of the novel, and then lost sight of herself, began to yearn for the part again, and the more she yearned the more determined she became that the film rights of that novel must be bought for her at any price. I quoted £6,000, and the offer was instantly accepted. Mrs. Ward was overjoyed and I was the recipient of rare praise. The deal went through quickly, and I sent Mrs. Ward a check for £6,000 less our ten per cent commission. She acknowledged receipt, and added: "But, my dear Mr. Curtis Brown, you have deducted £600 commission, whereas I understood it was to be £400."

After I had sufficiently calmed down to be coherent, I pointed out to her that she had authorized me to sell at £4,000 and if she preferred, I would still do so, in which case the commission would indeed be £400.

She saw the point and said: "Oh! Ah! Doubtless it would be preferable to adhere to the present arrangement."

Even before the dear old firm of Smith Elder & Co. disappeared, I was called in for some reason to negotiate

in 1915 what proved to be Mrs. Ward's last contract with them. It was for *Lady Connie*. It was a trying business, intervening between an author who was at that time of the foremost importance, and her publisher, who had been her personal friend and, as he believed, had met her wishes in every possible way. I laid all the facts before the courtly Reginald Smith, and he said: "As she feels that way about it, I think I would rather deal with her through you." So that was all right, and what I believed to be a happy conclusion on both sides was reached—all but the signing.

I was tired out, and suddenly decided to take a steamer from London to Mogador, calling at Gibraltar, Tangier, and Casablanca, and at the Canaries and Madeira on the way back. I said good-by to "Henrietta," as the staff calls the office in Henrietta Street, on a Thursday night, went home and packed and started on the Friday afternoon for the steamer's docks down below the Tower. The thickest, blackest fog since the early days of "London Particulars" came on. Cabby had to get out and lead his horse most of the way, and we arrived at the docks long after the time set for sailing, to be informed that there was no hope of departure that night. Next morning the fog was almost as black as ever, and it was decided that there was no possibility of sailing until that Saturday night, and that we might as well grope our way back up town again.

I appeared in the office like a ghost at ten that morning, to be informed that the Ward deal had suddenly gone all wrong the previous day. At that time I had a partner—long since gathered to his fathers, rest his soul—who had a singular ability for mistaking molehills for mountains, and insisting that they *were* mountains, and must be climbed with all alpine accessories.

Reginald Smith was so irritated by this attitude over some eleventh-hour point arising after I had left that he declared the whole thing, involving large sums, flatly off. I hurried over to see him, smoothed out the difficulties, got his signature to the contract, and turned up to lunch with my astonished family, blessing that fog as, maybe, no fog was ever blessed before.

III

George Moore was another author who yielded at that time much entertainment from his financial maneuvers. Behind that pink baby-face, with its pale-blue eyes and general blandness, lay a wily intention to get the best service out of you, compare it with the best anyone else could yield, and then make use of the results to his own advantage, if possible.

He would have found nothing offensive in this way of putting it. He took an impish and unashamed delight in it. I never knew another writer whose conscience was so exclusively concentrated on his craftsmanship as to be unavailable elsewhere.

He was at his best one afternoon when Michael Joseph and I called at the famous house in Ebury Street to talk with him about plans for the publication of *Aphrodite in Aulis*. Our suggestions were excellent, so he said. He agreed with them and with all the proposed arrangements so completely that there was no use in further discussing sordid business—something that he loathed and never understood, he informed us. What followed was a series of chuckling reminiscences of romantic episodes, told with the utmost frankness, and not to be repeated. One gathered that butterflies, being artists, should have no sense of obligation to the lovely flowers they had visited. He prattled on and on, and we gurgled with delight.

A few days later he wrote that he had quite changed his mind about the arrangements to which he had agreed, and would accept our plans but fulfil them himself direct, and would not trouble us further! Unfortunately for him, the business had progressed so far that he found it impossible to carry out his amiable scheme of intercepting commissions. There was too much in writing. He said he had never heard of such infamy, and hurried off to his solicitor, who told him we must receive the stipulated payment for our work. But that afternoon in Ebury Street was worth more than the commission; so we regarded the transaction as distinctly plus.

To this day such of George Moore's works as we arranged for bring in steady royalties, scarcely varying from year to year—thanks to that concentrated conscience. He took so much pains with his work that he almost illustrated a remark Oliver Herford once dropped in a little group of writers who were telling how much trouble they took with their work. One said he sometimes took weeks working over a single chapter; another said, "That's nothing. I sometimes spend days struggling with a single paragraph." "And I," said Oliver in his far-away voice, "frequently spend months polishing a single word."

There was an instructive phase of this business of authors and money in the case of Commander Peary. His position after coming back with the North Pole in his pocket, so to speak, was much the same as that of Colonel Lindbergh years later after his solo flight over the Atlantic. He was indeed on the top of the world. He had arranged for his American rights, but had been told that our London office could best look after his European rights. He put everything in our hands unreservedly, he said. We can-

vassed the leading publishers, to find out who was most keenly interested in Peary's book and would be likely to produce the best results for it; and reported accordingly to the gallant explorer, who had meanwhile come over to England to keep an eye on the proceedings.

He was horrified. "Don't you know," he exclaimed, "that the only way to treat a work of this kind is to put it up to auction? I insist that you inform every leading publisher in England that you are prepared to entertain bids, and that the highest bidder as to advance and royalties will get the book. That is the only way to do business, and I am surprised that I have to break this news to you."

We followed instructions, and of course every publisher who had previously expressed interest at once withdrew, saying it would be undignified and uneconomic to put up a bid, only to have it used, as was evidently the author's intention, for the purpose of boosting another competitor.

Perhaps "demure" is the right word to describe the spirit in which the sheaf of prompt responses was submitted to the eager Commander. He was a good sportsman, and said: "Well, I guess you were right. Go ahead in your own way."

It took some diplomacy to go back to the publishers and explain; but they were friendly and appreciative of our troubles, and the book was eventually sold to the firm we had originally picked out as offering the best market.

One of the most famous living authors encouraged us to make a contract with a fine old American publishing house for his next three novels. He had made some reputation in America, and then dropped out by changing his style and subject, and it was a strain to get him restarted in the new guise.

After great efforts and many disappointments, a small American publisher was persuaded to venture, and after three or four novels, published with unexpected success, the author decided he wished to go to a bigger house. By that time the author, re-established, was in a position to be stiff about terms. We struggled with the American house—concessions here and concessions there, costly cables, the author constantly thinking of new provisos when we thought we had reached an agreement; and finally great rejoicings when all seemed settled and the contract was signed by the American publisher and sent to the distinguished author for signature. Then silence. Impassioned appeals, of no avail. Then it developed that he had taken our hard-won contract to another American publisher and said: "Will you give me these terms, dealing of course direct with me?" The publisher said that he would—not knowing anything of the blood and sweat that had gone to the devising of those terms—and we were briefly informed that our deal was off. We had been used as cat's-paws, with no recompense for severe and costly labors. However, that sort of thing didn't happen often.

In 1920 or thereabouts I went to the War Department in Washington to ask General Pershing if he would write his reminiscences. He was cool, calm, collected, and immaculately dressed. Yes, he proposed to write his Memoirs. I told him of the proposals we had for him. He had every appearance of liking the look of them, and I sallied forth, feeling that a great day's work had been done.

Later on, one after another, four of the leading American publishers have told me of how they walked out of the General's room in the War Department in Washington just as I did, with the certainty that they had se-

cured that book. He gave me to understand quite definitely that he would do nothing about the book and serial rights throughout the world before letting me know and giving me an opportunity to provide estimates as soon as the work was more advanced and we could know approximately how many words it would make and when it would be ready. From time to time we exchanged cheerful, hopeful letters about it—and then it was announced that the sale had been made direct to a publisher not known to have been in the running, and at terms not uninfluenced by the proposals of the suitors who had each supposed that he was successful.

Well, the winning American publisher acquired all book rights, and turned the business of arranging the British and Continental rights over to us, so disappointment was not as deep as it might have been. But one cherishes the memory of the stories of the unsuccessful suitors—for each told me exactly the same tale.

IV

I shall not part with my Shaw correspondence, though it appears that it is worth large sums. In general it bears out the theory that the basic Shaw practice was to stand any accepted doctrine on its head and encourage it to attract attention by kicking its heels in the air—much as Oscar Wilde used to do. He wrote once that we agent fellows *always* used to do thus and thus—it was some technical point about contracts—and we ought to be so ashamed that we would never show our heads again. Some two years later there was another clash, and Shaw wrote that we agent fellows *always* did so-and-so—exactly the opposite of what he had said before.

I thought I had him at last, and wrote simply stating that on such a date he had written thus, and that on

such a date he had written the following complete contradiction, and what about it?

Did I have him? Not at all. I received in reply a post card with his portrait on it, saying:

My dear C.B.

How old are you?

G.B.S.

There was of course nothing further to be said—but I cherish that post card.

Later on there was a book about G.B.S. by his devoted admirer, Professor Archibald Henderson, who was a client of ours, and who asked us to put through a contract for him, conjointly with G.B.S., with the English publisher. He sent to us the general terms he wished to have incorporated, including some clauses that seemed queer and impracticable. We sent the contract on to the English publisher, and he in turn sent it on to G.B.S., as his approval was necessary. He got back a scorching letter from Shaw to the effect that anyone could see in this contract the complete idiocy of letting any agent have anything to do with a contract, and that as evidence of that complete idiocy he would point out clauses so and so. The publisher was disturbed and asked what should be done about it. We wrote to Professor Henderson in America, giving details, and pointing out that the queer offending clauses were those on which he had especially insisted. He replied that they were copied from clauses that G.B.S. had himself devised for a previous contract concerning a joint work, demanding that they should be inserted.

Presently we got a revised contract from G.B.S., who wrote as follows:

Dear Mr. Curtis Brown:

... Possibly you got hold of the old Harper agreement which I discarded: anyhow your version reintroduced all its errors. I ought to get a commission on Professor Henderson's share for doing all the work for him;

and you ought to pay me a handsome fee for presenting you, as I shall, with a model agreement. You think, as all agents and most publishers do, that a private contract is an Act of Parliament, and can make law. All these libel clauses are rubbish: if a publisher commits a murder he will be hanged for it even if he has a contract stipulating that the author shall take his place on the scaffold. Such a contract only adds evidence of conspiracy and premeditation to the evidence of murder. What an author *can* do is to make himself liable for damages if he takes the publisher in with a *hidden* libel or a plagiarism.

There are other technical points; but the agreement is wrong on all of them.

I take a sort of paternal delight in your success as an agent; but you have learnt nothing and forgotten everything.

Faithfully,

G. BERNARD SHAW.

Yet I know of a journalist in hard luck whom G.B.S. kept going for a long time by giving him gorgeous interviews, largely rewritten by G.B.S. himself and officially authorized by him, which brought remarkable sums of money from American and English magazines. It is easy to give away money, but rare indeed is the author who will give his brains to help someone in distress—as May Sinclair, for example, so often did.

We in London could usually tell when a progressive American magazine had a bright new editor, for one of his first inquiries would be if we couldn't get for him an article by the Prince of Wales and also one by George Bernard Shaw, "price to be determined." Of course the Prince of Wales proposals went into the waste-paper basket; but for a time the G.B.S. proposals went on to him, only to be answered thus: "Why should you be an intermediary? If the editor wants anything from me, let him apply direct. Or if he prefers to come through you, let him pay you for your trouble."

After a while we learned to forward all applications to Mr. Shaw and express the devout hope that he would

deal with them himself, with our compliments. He has cost us a lot of time and trouble in one way and another, but I think I am right in saying we never got a penny out of it, although, bless him, I hope he has had many pennies.

Also I have had some fun out of it, by writing to him thus:

Dear Mr. Bernard Shaw:

I am telling ——— to approach you direct—with pleasure and without fee. So many authors find that it saves time and money to deal through us that he took it for granted, I suppose, that you were equally enlightened.

This was in answer to the following letter from him, with an application from an editor for an article:

Many thanks. Tell ——— that you will put him into communication with me for a fee of (say) ten guineas. If the idiot has not sense enough to apply to me directly he should pay the expenses of his detour. Meanwhile I am mute.

G. BERNARD SHAW.

On another occasion an author sent to him for criticism a contract the author had received from a publisher before it had been submitted to us, although we had the business in hand. It came to us from G.B.S. with this characteristic comment:

Dear Mr. Curtis Brown:

As usual I have taken the liberty of putting through ———'s agreement with ——— for you. All you have to do is to assure ——— that you couldn't have done it better yourself, and go ahead with the rest of the business.

The draft agreement submitted by ——— was of course full of the customary attempts to poach on your domain by a string of agency clauses. All these I have struck out: and in the agreement as redrafted the publisher is confined to his own business and the agency field left completely free for you.

Faithfully,

G. BERNARD SHAW.

P.S. When I have written myself out you will have to take me on as a partner.

Here is another letter that came in

answer to some inquiry about film rights before the advent of the talkies:

Dear Mr. Curtis Brown:

What an impatient person you are! I haven't answered a letter for months: I am busy on a new book.

I do not let my plays be filmed, because (a) the film kills the play, as nobody will go to see it in the theatre when they consider they have seen it already on the screen, and (b) it kills the author, too, because as his play is horribly dull with the dialogue left out, people who had suffered the infliction would fly in horror from any book or play by the same hand. But I am glad to hear that British films are prosperous enough to compete with the figures offered by the Americans.

Many thanks for writing about it. When the managers and film people and the rest have exhausted all their powers of direct persuasion, they go to you, and pretend they have never mentioned it before.

I remember that American club. It finally told me that it didn't care what I talked about, or whether I talked about anything at all; they only wanted to see the animal. I shall have it out with Mrs. Curtis Brown next time we meet.

Faithfully,

G. BERNARD SHAW.

The last paragraph refers to the American Women's Club in London. My wife, as president, had obtained a promise from the great man to speak at the club, but he found one excuse after another for not delivering that address, and the hope had to be surrendered.

V

The general popular-fiction public of the kind that "reads what it likes" without noticing the author's name has some strange ideas about reviewing. A club friend at the head of an important firm, and highly intelligent about political questions, saw a glowing review of a novel he had happened to read and dislike. He thrust the offending review at me and said: "I know you have something or other to do with publishing. Tell me what the author had to pay to get that notice in."

"Not a penny, I am certain," I said.

"Oh, that explains something I never realized before. So it's the publisher of the book who pays for the reviews of it."

I thought at first that he was trying to be funny, but on taking him to task, found that he was quite serious and simple-minded about it.

Having had a personal interest in the reviews of thousands of books, I have naturally watched them closely, and have no hesitation in saying that nearly all of the serious attempts at weighing were clearly well-meaning and honest. Their writers' prejudices would often stick out; but the prejudice was usually on the side of encouragement. The great bulk of the authors' press-cuttings that used to pour in consisted of nothing but hasty "notices" and not real reviews. It never appeared that reviews were of as much importance to an author as he thought, unless they were strikingly and intelligently enthusiastic.

I recall a remarkable instance of such a review. Dr. Lion Feuchtwanger's tremendous novel, *Jew Süß*, attracted almost no attention when published here. It was twice the size of an ordinary novel, and the publisher was in despair. He had disposed of exactly 110 copies to the booksellers when along came Arnold Bennett's burst of eloquence about it, with an equally outstanding long review in the *Times Literary Supplement*, and in a month the sales of *Jew Süß* jumped to 4,000, and six months later they had reached 25,000, and were still going strong, helped thereto by Matheson Lang's stage version and subsequently by the film version.

Incidentally, this great novel was not a success in its native Germany, although published before the Nazis came to power and expelled the author and seized his property. Neither did it sell so well in America, where its

rugged original title was belittled to *Power*.

All this talk about publishers not pushing and reviewers having an axe to grind seems rather pitiful from behind the scenes. Where there is so much smoke there is doubtless a little fire; but it looks to me as if it were only an occasional bonfire, and that the real fact is that a book thrives on what Reader A. says to Reader B., in answer to the question that graces every gathering of those interested in books: "Have you read anything good lately?" If A. is enthusiastic about something, and B., on trying it, is equally so, then both of them become missionaries to the rest of the alphabet, and we have a progression that makes a "best-seller." The publisher with his pushing is responsible for starting off as many A.'s as possible. He can at least lead them to water. If they refuse to drink he cannot be blamed for refusing to spend more money, unless it appears that his original outburst of energy was inadequate or misdirected.

The horrid truth is that advertising can do no more at first than launch a book. Whether that book floats or not depends on the book itself. If it does float, then the more attention called to its merits the better. If it doesn't float—if the A.'s refuse to talk about it to the B.'s—there is something wrong with the selling qualities of the book. Maybe it is ahead of its time; maybe it is too good—that is the reason I mostly hear—or maybe, as with the majority of non-floaters, it lacks the qualities that cause its earliest readers to exclaim to their friends: "You must get this." Everything seems to depend on that. Stephen Crane's *Red Badge of Courage* had the quality to stir up Mr. Gladstone into becoming a first-class champion. So did Mrs. Webb's *Precious Bane* move Stanley Baldwin to become the source of her first real success. So

did *Jew Süss* back up Arnold Bennett's wholehearted enthusiasm.

It makes me laugh to hear the new young authors of to-day who think they know of the minor workings of the Fleet Streets of London, New York, and elsewhere, talking of universal corruption and log-rolling, exactly as the fledglings did forty years ago. It was known to them, just as it is now, that practically every good review was paid for in cash or kind. Back in those days a young ass said to me: "Send a book to any reviewer marked 'Personal' with a fiver slipped in and you'll get what you want." His was an extreme case of course; but it was not so far off from what some of the more callow, on the edge of the author business, are saying to this day.

Stacy Aumonier had picturesque views on the subject of advertising. His novels did not "go" as well as his short stories, and he was convinced that it was all the fault of the publisher in failing to take sufficient space in the newspapers for "making known to the public the supreme excellence of Stacy Aumonier's novels"—I quote from Stacy who said it with a twinkle in his eye—"and in failing to use suf-

ficient intelligence in such display." Stacy never had much money, but he announced one day that he was going to make a grave financial sacrifice for the benefit not only of himself but all fellow-authors, by demonstrating to the world at last what advertising should be. He would effect a revolution. Publishers would come and fawn upon him. Agents would be cast forth into outer darkness—you can hear him run on with all the appearance of fiery ardor, amusing himself with word-pictures. It boiled down to this. He, Stacy, would pay for half the cost of an imposing ad all to himself in the Sunday *Times* or *Observer* if the publisher would pay the other half. Then Stacy would write the ad—oh, such an ad! The publisher grinned, and consented; and the ad—a masterpiece of artfulness—was printed. The sales of the novel fell off considerably that week, and never picked up again.

I believe Stacy's explanation of this phenomenon was that the book-buying public was so stunned and shocked by the display of intelligence and enterprise in advertising that they "stood stock-still, with their mouths open," forgetting to make their purchases!



POWER AND THE PUBLIC

WHAT SHOULD BE DONE WITH THE HOLDING COMPANIES?

BY N. R. DANIELIAN, Ph.D.

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THE magnitude of the conflicting interests involved in the proposed federal regulation of utilities attests to its importance: number of consumers, domestic and farm service, 19,899,313 (1932); investors, between two and three millions, and many more through banks and insurance companies; managements—the power of millions. It is no mere political gesture, therefore, that led President Roosevelt to take a hand in adjusting the deep-rooted antagonisms among these groups.

The immediate question before the country in regard to electric power is, what sort of public policy will adjust those conflicting interests most equitably so that in the net the nation as a whole will be the gainer? In considering this question one must take the prosaic standard of the utilitarians—the greatest good of the majority. This is not a theoretical emblem, but a test of farsighted public policy; for the majority have a way of doing right by themselves, sooner or later, either by the ballot or the bullet.

Specifically, we must consider the following questions: What are the objectives of government regulation of utilities? In what ways have they departed from the standards of a desirable system? What have been the specific malpractices perpetrated under holding company tutelage? And finally, does the Public Utility

Act of 1935 promise a satisfactory system of regulation?

It is not my intention to spin a colorful yarn of impractical ideas, but merely to find an approximate standard by which the present conditions in the utility industry and the proposed legislation can be evaluated properly. What then are the criteria of a desirable organization of utilities? Reliability of service and readiness to serve we shall take for granted. As a result of technical progress we have fortunately outgrown the period when electric lighting was available only from “dark to dawn.” The supply of current is no longer subject to the unpredictable whims of cows, for instance, whose sudden desire to scratch against a tottering wooden pole might cause a violent disruption of service. Now the more important criteria are economy in investment and efficiency in operation; that is, economic progress, which may be defined as a continual lowering of the total cost of production. Public utilities are organized as monopolies, and it is incumbent upon governmental regulation to prevent extravagance as well as inefficiency: to bring *actual* cost down to *lowest possible* cost—a problem that remains unsolved by any of the American methods of regulation.

The regulatory commissions have been unable to develop checks and

measures to determine whether actual costs are as low as possible. They have had their hands full trying to find out what are the actual costs in order to establish fair rates. This idea of fair price as actual cost plus a reasonable compensation for services is very old. Aristotle and the Scholastics applied it to all goods and services. In our scheme of economic organization we assume that where competition rules, this fair price results automatically. But in the case of monopolistic utilities which, as one humorist puts it, are "inflicted" with a public interest, it falls upon the government to see that fair prices are charged.

In refutation of further necessity for government regulation, public utility interests under holding company leadership claim that they have achieved both objectives: that their efficiency is as great as possible, and that they charge no more than a fair price. Upon *a priori* grounds alone this contention is too optimistic. State regulation of operating utilities was late in introduction: until 1906 only six States had established such regulation. By 1922 thirty-nine States had control over electric companies; and two other States, Nebraska and New Mexico, had regulation only in small towns, leaving the large cities to the mercy of municipal politics. There are still six States in the Union without any commission control of valuation, rate of return, service, etc. They are Delaware, Florida, Minnesota, Mississippi, South Dakota, and Texas. Even in the States where there is regulation it is usually lax. Many States do not define what constitutes a reasonable charge; twenty-three have no control whatever over capitalization of operating company assets. In view of this laxity or absence of regulation, to claim that electric utilities have earned no more than a fair return, when they could certainly do better, is to deny the prin-

ciple of self-help which is innate in the spirit of individualism. It implies a sporting negligence of opportunities for gain which can hardly be credited to private enterprise. Facts will show that utilities have not been negligent in the pursuit of their interests. But that they have done so within the undefined boundaries of law, except in a few cases where some have strayed, is not to be denied. Any other implication would be an undeserved reflection upon the legal talent they employ.

II

The holding company occupied a prominent place in the "catch as catch can" attitude of utilities in the past. To a person unsophisticated in the intricacies of law, a holding company is an elusive thing. The operating utility is concrete: the consumer can see its plants and transmission lines, and he feels its presence in the most sensitive spot, his pocketbook, when the monthly bill arrives. But the holding company is to him something incomprehensible, mercurial, manifesting itself only in the form of a corporate name, seal, and securities. It is like the grin on the Cheshire cat in *Alice in Wonderland*, which lingers on while the rest of the cat has disappeared.

In fact, the holding company is an omnipotent creation of law. In 1889 Philadelphia lawyers and Trenton legislators established the first of the legal incubators to rear them; since then most of the States have gone into the business. These creatures of law were given the right to purchase, hold, use, sell, exchange the securities of other companies. These powerful legal personalities have indeed accomplished a variety of useful miracles in the development of natural resources; but not infrequently they have also been responsible for some deceptive feats of magic.

A holding company, therefore, is a corporation that owns the securities of other corporations, and exercises control over their policies by virtue of any one of several legal devices, such as ownership of majority voting stock, management contracts, interlocking directorates, voting trust agreements, and perpetuated proxy control. Since 1889 this device has flourished in every field of business, more so in electric utilities than in any other. There they were first introduced more than forty-five years ago. By 1915, as a study by the Department of Agriculture showed, sixteen holding companies controlled about fifty per cent of the electric generating capacity in the country. In 1930, following the splurge during the Coolidge-Hoover do-nothing era, about three-quarters of the power resources of the United States were under the ægis of nine holding company systems. It would not be far amiss to say that to-day between eighty and eighty-five per cent of the electric resources of the country is controlled by holding companies.

Why did these organizations invade the electric-power field? Financing of expansion and the establishment of large-scale operation in geographically contiguous territories explain the origin of some of them. The desire of bankers, brokers, and engineering firms to retain control of their prospective clients accounts for many more. And several others sprang up like parasitic growths on the over-exposed credulity of the investor. Of course in all cases gain to the promoters in one way or another was a primary motivation.

In spite of the all-pervading presence of the holding company, virtually nothing has been done to regulate it. In twenty-four States no provision whatsoever is made for its control. In the rest there is the scantiest sort of authority vested in commissions. The most usual provision is that an out-of-

state corporation cannot own more than a certain percentage, usually ten per cent, of the stock of a utility within the State. Several artful ways of evading even this simple limitation have developed. In one amusing instance the holding company interests formed ten corporations in Delaware, giving them the names of trees—The Ashwood Company, The Birch Company, The Mahogany Company, The Sycamore Company, etc.—each of which was to acquire less than ten per cent interest to give them control of a local property which the law tried to prevent. There have been many other, less botanical methods of circumventing this particular rule. Several States, like New York and Wisconsin, have gone farther: they have given public service commissions the right to look into transactions between operating and holding companies. But even this has been difficult to enforce, especially when the books of the holding company have been out of the reach of State authorities.

Aside from their relations with utilities, holding companies are of course subject to the general incorporation laws of the State from which they have obtained their charters. The notorious laxity of these laws, however, gives no cause for consolation. What can you expect from them, when as late as February, 1933, a corporation could be organized in New Jersey "to deal in securities and other assets," with capital stock of a par value of *one tenth of one cent*? The original perpetrators of this practical joke liberally subscribed to fifty shares of stock, for a total paid in capital of a nickel, to launch the business! Even to-day corporations are being organized with a par value of capital stock at ten cents a share. We must remember that the Securities Act of 1933 merely requires a statement of facts, and does not specify standards of incorporation.

Thus neither as corporations nor as public utility concerns are holding companies in the electric power business regulated to any extent. It is almost unbelievable that such a situation should be allowed to exist for so long, when you reflect that in May, 1720, the English Parliament passed a bill aimed at "restraining several extravagant and unwarrantable practices," and as early as 1862 they had an incorporation law with fairly high standards. What must the British think of the land of plenty across the ocean where any advocacy of greater regulation of age-old "unwarrantable practices" is met with the derogatory epithet of "reformer" or, in a pinch, with the cry of "communism"!

The harboring of this attitude by the two major parties in this country until lately is one of the interesting facts of political history which no one but those present at the inner councils of party conventions can explain. The Republican Party, believing that "the prosperity of the American nation rests on the vigor of private initiative which has bred a spirit of independence and self-reliance," remained silent on the issue of regulating corporate promotions. The Bull Moose platform of 1912 took cognizance of the situation and promised "this much-needed protection." The Democratic platform of the same year pledged "the prevention of holding companies, of interlocking directors, of stock watering"; but, when in power, contented itself with the Clayton Anti-Trust Act and the Federal Trade Commission Act of 1914. It was not until 1924 that the Democratic Party expressed itself strongly on the necessity of assisting the States in the regulation of corporations, and not until 1932 that direct reference was made to the necessity of regulating the public utility holding company. It took a major economic débâcle and a political upheaval to

arouse the government to action. If Thomas Jefferson were here he might again exclaim, "Indeed I tremble for my country when I reflect that God is just."

III

What, we may ask, have been the results of the laxity of State regulation of operating and holding companies? The evidence reminds one of La Rochefoucauld's aphorism, "There are but two ways of rising in the world—by your own industry or by the weaknesses of others." Without prejudice we can credit the electric utility industry of profiting by both methods. No one will argue, however, that virtue in one aspect of existence justifies the contrary state of bliss in others. Any well-ordered society which aspires to permanence cannot allow parasitic growths to go unchecked for long without running the danger of weakening and, ultimately, of strangulation. It is necessary, therefore, to define the character and expose the detrimental effects of undesirable practices. Only in this way can we eliminate them while preserving the benefits of useful institutions.

State commissions have been unable to restrict charges to consumers to actual cost plus reasonable compensation to investors and managers. Utility companies, under holding company leadership, have written up the value of fixed assets which is used as a rate-base and upon which consumers must pay a fair rate of return to security holders. In twenty holding company systems, inflation to the amount of \$839,395,343 has been established. This figure is not exhaustive. Not all of the operating subsidiaries in those twenty systems were studied. Even among those investigated it was not always possible to trace the accounts back to the earliest predecessor companies. Accounts were not well kept

in the old days, and in some cases they have shown a propensity to vanish. Moreover, the figure does not include any inflation that independent local utilities have effected. In view of these omissions, the total inflation of fixed capital throughout the country must exceed one billion dollars. Thus with a sweep of the accountant's pen, supported by the diverting arguments of astute lawyers, the customers are forced to pay a "fair return" on *no* investment for years to come. This seems like the golden dream of an alchemist. Actually it is a page from the Arabian Nights of American finance.

There are many ways of causing such profitable inflation, the most important being to write the value of property up to "present worth." The same end is achieved, somewhat less patently, by organizing a new operating company and transferring to it the property of existing companies at an enhanced figure. I have discovered ten other ways of swelling the value of property. Lack of space does not permit elaboration and exemplification, so I merely list them here: appreciation in the value of unused land and water rights; inclusion of large construction service charges by holding companies or their engineering affiliates; inclusion of organization expense, going concern value, interest on the value of unused land, stock and bond discounts, taxes, and intangibles (good will?); failure to remove from value of fixed assets the ledger value of obsolete and retired capital; and, finally, in at least one case, taking deficits of a predecessor company into the fixed capital of the successor.

It is fair to state that not all holding company groups have taken full advantage of these possibilities. North American Light and Power Company and the Stone and Webster group, for instance, have been comparatively

free from such practices. The North American Company and The United Gas Improvement Company have, relatively to the total capital of subsidiaries, only a very small amount of property write-ups. On the other hand, it is not true that these practices have passed into history with the demise of Insull's feudal system. In fact, of the total figure of write-up given above, five groups were responsible for five hundred and forty millions. These concerns are still in business. They form the "left wingers" in matters of corporate practice.

Why were these practices allowed to exist? Principally because of the laxity or absence of regulation already described. But in the case of the most important method of boosting the rate-base, namely, reappraisals to "present worth," public utility regulation in this country started on the wrong foot as a result of the loose definition of the value of property for rate-making purposes given by the U. S. Supreme Court in the *Smyth vs. Ames* decision of 1898. The Court then stated that "the original cost of construction, the amount expended in permanent improvements, the amount and market value of its bonds and stock, the present as compared with the original cost of construction . . ." must be given "such weight as may be just and right in each case." Almost all scholars interested in this subject agree that this was a major blunder. It made intelligent regulation of utilities by commissions impossible, and threw the whole matter of valuation and rate making into the courts for extended litigation.

Although there is some theoretical justification for reproduction cost as a basis of valuation, practical considerations completely outweigh them. First and foremost, the difficulties of annual inventories and appraisals are insurmountable. Second, the bond and preferred stockholders, who contrib-

ute the larger part of the capital of operating utilities, would not participate in the benefits, since their income is fixed; while the stockholders (the holding companies) would get an enhanced income several times greater than what is justified even on the theory of reproduction cost. Then again, over a long period of years a fixed rate of return on original cost would probably yield a greater and steadier average remuneration on public utility property than the investor could obtain in competitive industry. Finally, if the reproduction-cost theory were logically applied in reverse gear in times of depression, it would cause widespread bankruptcies among operating companies.

For these reasons economists and public service commissioners are generally in favor of original actual investment, prudently made, minus depreciation plus cost of subsequent additions, as the basis of valuation. This is the system in force in Massachusetts. England achieves the same result by a different route. The licensees of the Federal Power Commission must conform to it according to the law of 1920. President Roosevelt has championed it with determination. And it is now embodied in the Rayburn-Wheeler bill. But the Liberty League thinks it is undesirable, unconstitutional, and confiscatory.

IV

Next to the turgidity of values, the service contracts have been the most vexatious problem in the regulation of operating companies. These contracts specify payment of certain fees by the operating companies for holding company services in engineering, management, financing, and purchasing. About half of the properties under holding company control to-day, or from 35 to 40 per cent of the electric service in the country, in addition to

owing fealty to the lordly absentee owners, also pay an impost according to the terms of service contracts. There is evidence that in the past the fees have been so large as to yield profits of from 51 per cent in one instance to a high of 321 per cent in another, calculated on the cost of service. The justification for these fees, it is claimed, is that the operating companies receive the services of better-grade engineers and managers than they could afford independently. The benefits are lower capital costs, improved operating efficiency, cheaper financing, and discount on quantity purchases. A good deal of this can be granted. The technical staffs of holding companies are of exceptional quality, and I have personally observed their excellent achievements in the operation of power systems.

Nevertheless, there are certain pertinent questions that cast a shadow on this vassalage. First, do all operating companies need this service? The contracts are imposed upon the subsidiaries regardless of their specific conditions. It would seem that a large operating company could afford to hire the necessary help and pay for it. Upon this reasoning the North American Company has not instituted this scheme. On the other hand, a small plant in an isolated community in Kansas, for instance, could not make much use even of the best technical advice. Second, even if there are advantages, who gets the benefits? The way these charges are levied creates the impression that local companies are paying a pretty penny for excellence. They pay the expenses of all materials and the salaries of all help doing work for them, and a substantial amount more for the holding company "overhead," which has resulted in large net profits to the latter. Finally, do the operating companies have to obtain these services from their

parent company? If the services were obtained through bids among competing service organizations then local managers could exercise discretion and obtain the technical advice at the lowest possible price. Furthermore, there is no reason why operating companies cannot organize a mutual service company so that they can retain some of the advantages of efficiency and pass them, in part, on to the consumers. Mr. Wendell L. Willkie, president of Commonwealth and Southern Corporation, favors a scheme of this sort. Indeed such an arrangement has been in force within that system since 1930.

V

Upon these two foundations of inflated fixed capital and padded expenses of operating companies top-heavy superstructures of over-capitalized holding companies have been built, usually to the advantage of promoters and to the detriment of both consumers and investors. Let us see how this is done. With a million dollars of your own capital you buy the common stocks of a few small properties, say in Utah. Without any manipulation on your part this investment would yield a return of six per cent. But that, you feel, is no way to make money. The thing to do is to get the original million dollars back and still keep hold of the source of income. To accomplish this sleight of hand you organize a holding company, authorized to issue one million dollar par value of six per cent notes and another million dollars in par value of common stock. You turn in your operating-company stocks to this new concern in exchange for all of its securities, and then sell the six per cent notes to the public, thus receiving your original investment back. The million dollar par value of the holding

company's stock has cost you not a cent. But there is one disconcerting limitation to the fulfillment of your purpose. Without any change in the underlying operating company, it would seem that the six per cent notes would absorb all of the available earnings. You must, therefore, create income in order to give value to your holding company stock.

So your holding company proceeds to organize another company and transfers to it the properties of the operating utility, putting them on the books of the new company at two million dollars. Lawyers and engineers get busy proving to the commission and the courts that the property is really worth that amount. Once this is done there is clear sailing. Any increased income due to improved operation and greater business in the future will go to your holding company, without fear of any forced reduction in rates; for now you are allowed to earn a fair return on two millions. There will be enough income from below to pay the interest on the notes and also a dividend on the common stock of the holding company. You list the stock on an exchange and see it go up to a hundred, or perhaps even higher, since you have made a reputation as a successful business man.

This success, so unbelievably easy to achieve, whets your appetite. Instead of being satisfied with the stock of the first holding company, you want to convert that too into cash and yet still retain control of the source of income. So you organize a second holding company, and exchange the stock of the first for, say, ten dollars a share in cash and four shares of common stock of this new company. Where does the latter get the money to pay cash? It issues notes or bonds and sells them to the public. At this stage you are in excellent financial standing: you have

your original investment of one million back; you even received cash for stock that had cost nothing; and you still hold control over the whole situation. But then again, you are faced with the problem of making the stock of the second holding company bear income, so that it will possess value in the market. Here it may be necessary again to resort to the inflation of operating-company rate-base, by any of the multifarious devices already mentioned. Or, as has been done in some cases, you start a servicing organization, which conveniently short-circuits a flow of income from consumers to the holding company by way of operating expenses of local utilities. The result is that your success, or astuteness, is again recorded by the rising quotations of the second holding company's stock in the market.

Here is a point that is all-important. Suppose you sell the stock of the holding company to the public. Some typical "widow and orphan" combination buys it with the life savings of the dear departed. Where does their money go? Does it go into capital "used and useful in public service"? No, it is siphoned into your pockets. You consider it compensation for the "risks and services in connection with this transaction." It has become your capital gain, which you can spend to your heart's content.

Thus an inflated holding company capitalization and an investment interest are created, which really have no claim on the customers of the operating companies, for they do not receive the use of the capital. The same thing happens when a holding company management pays exorbitant prices for the securities of local properties. The original owners make a large gain, but the consumers do not receive the benefits of that capital, nor do the investors retain a control over it. It has vanished, like money in the

Florida land boom or the stock market.

These cases are not imagined; they typify substantially the process by which at least two of the largest holding company systems now in existence were built up and launched upon their watery course. This situation has been presented here in a hypothetical manner because the actual transactions are intricate and numerous.

It seems clear that the investors, instead of turning to the government in a situation like this, asking it to rob Peter (the customer) to pay Paul, might well turn their attention to the activities of their own managements. In many cases (there are exceptions) theirs has been, in the words of Gibbon as applied to Emperor Julian, "the doubtful and dangerous tenure of an empire which had not been acquired by merit, but purchased by money." It is unfortunate that these "paths of glory lead but to the grave"—in this case, to the investor's grave.

VI

The most important arguments advanced in favor of the holding company have been on the score of efficiency in management, economies of large-scale enterprise, and facility and cheapness of financing. Already we have briefly considered the question of efficient management. As for the advantages of large-scale operation, certain systems, like New England Power Association, Niagara Hudson Power Corporation, Public Service Corporation of New Jersey, and several others, have achieved remarkable results in unified operation. On the other hand, there are several systems with properties scattered all over the Union, and in Canada, Central America, and the Philippines. Naturally, these cannot lay claim to any such economies.

All holding companies claim the ad-

vantage of cheaper and easier financing. Because of the "national character," "better banking contacts," and more stable income by virtue of diversification of risks ("the insurance principle") the holding companies have been a boon to the electric utility business. So goes the argument.

It can hardly be controverted that during the legendary days of prosperity the holding companies did actually draw capital. It is not so certain, however, whether this was due to their intrinsic qualities, or to the profuse advertising they received. A study of the history and structure of holding companies creates some doubts. They had inconsequential success prior to 1922. Many of them showed small profit or none at all, and had to go through several reorganizations or changes of management. (The United Gas Improvement Company has been a notable exception.) Others showed no more than slow progress, with assets increasing at a pace less than the increase in the power industry as a whole. But from 1922 on, there was a strange transformation. Holding companies long dormant became revived, and expanded by leaps and bounds through acquisitions of properties all over the United States.

Why this surprising revival and aggressiveness after 1922? In the first place, by 1922 the utilities had established themselves as protected monopolies, eliminating some of the uncertainties that beset them earlier. Second, the ease with which money could be procured from investors after the War was characteristic not only of the holding companies; it was due to the delirium that pervaded the whole investment market. These two factors would seem to indicate that holding companies merely took advantage of favorable external conditions. Their apparent paralysis since 1929 would tend to support this contention.

This impression is strengthened if we study their corporate structures. With the exception of a few, such as the North American Company and the Commonwealth and Southern Corporation, we find that most holding companies have a corporate structure which is more or less pyramided. There are instances where as many as seven or eight sub-holding companies have been suspended, like a chain, between the parent organization and the operating subsidiaries. These complex corporate structures are further mystified with numerous issues of stocks and bonds by the sub-holding companies. The owner of the securities in the top concern has an interest in the residual income; he, therefore, sustains the whole force of the impact of any variation in the earnings of operating utilities. Instead of stability, then, the majority of holding companies have created, by their own wilful contrivance, a peculiar condition of instability. Therefore the success of the holding company in the past as a medium of financing would seem to be due to the notable sponsorship they received, and especially to the impression in the investor's mind that they are public utilities, which they are not, rather than to their intrinsic financial stability.

The impatient reader will naturally ask, Is there no place for the holding company in the utility industry? Yes, there is. A good holding company is one which achieves the operating efficiency of an integrated system over a large territory; which has a simple corporate structure; and which does not indulge in questionable manipulation of accounts and corporate devices to the detriment of both consumers and investors. Are there any holding companies in existence to-day which satisfy this standard? The evidence is unfortunately discouraging. There are holding companies which

are comparatively free from the taint of accounting manipulation, and which are not pyramided to any considerable extent. But they do not, in all cases, contribute by their presence to the physical integration of properties. There are also others which have achieved remarkable feats of efficiency in operation, but at the same time have been responsible for several questionable practices. There are some, unfortunately, which have no claim on the public's tolerance on the basis of either efficiency in integrated operation or orthodoxy of corporate policies. The sooner they are eliminated, the better. Their outcry in opposition to the Rayburn-Wheeler bill is like the attitude of the Union Pacific shopman who had been drawn on a Federal Grand Jury and did not want to serve. When called he asked to be excused. "We are very busy at the shops," said he, "and I ought to be there." "So you are one of those men who think the Union Pacific couldn't get along without you," remarked the judge. "No, Your Honor," said the shopman, "I know they could get along without me, but I don't want them to find it out."

VII

"Liberty exists in proportion to wholesome restraint." This statement of Daniel Webster's sets the limits to private action in the absence of governmental interference; but it also justifies such interference when its dictate is blatantly ignored. The Public Utility Act of 1935 is based upon the premise that State regulation of operating and holding companies has in the main failed, and that certain practices have been perpetrated and conditions have arisen which injure the public and must be corrected.

What are the purposes of the Act? Briefly they can be summarized: (1) To prevent and correct over-capital-

ization and fictitious valuation of assets, (2) to eliminate the private profit in excessive management and construction charges, (3) to encourage the establishment of economically and geographically integrated operating systems, and (4) to abolish utility holding companies except where they are useful, and then to simplify their corporate structures. From the point of view of national policy there would seem to be no grounds on which one could take exception to these objectives.

Naturally there is opposition from interested parties. Some managements, particularly those that would be hit by the corrective measures in the Act, would have none of it. They say it is not needed, or that it is unconstitutional; they protest that it is unnecessary interference with State authority, the very authority they have been trying to circumvent for years. Another group, typified by the officials of the Commonwealth and Southern Corporation and the North American Company, recognize the necessity of some regulation, such as standardization of accounts and control of service contracts, but would draw the line this side of "actual legitimate prudent original cost" as a basis of valuation, and naturally abhor the idea of dissolution of holding companies. They claim this drastic bill "will destroy the very instrumentality by which the use of electricity has been made more dependable, economical, and efficient," and "its deflationary effects will be felt for years, and the discouragement and warning which such legislation will give to all holding companies, which are for the most part an essential part of our industrial life, will be incalculable in its effects."

There is a certain amount of misunderstanding and misinformation concerning the Act in the press. The provision that has set all the companies

a-twitter is Section 4 of Title I. In essence it requires that all registered holding companies (they have to be registered with the Securities and Exchange Commission by October 1, 1935, to remain in business) shall be dissolved by the Commission by January 1, 1940, at the latest, unless they can obtain from the Federal Power Commission "a certificate that the continuance of the holding company relation is necessary for the operation of a geographically and economically integrated public utility system . . . and the merger or consolidation of such registered holding company with its subsidiary company or companies is impossible under the applicable State or foreign law . . ." It would seem that many integrated holding companies, such as New England Power Association, Niagara Hudson Power Corporation, Public Service Corporation of New Jersey, and others owning similarly unified properties, would have nothing to fear from this provision, except perhaps simplification of corporate structure where necessary, an objective which they themselves should favor in the interest of economy and stability. Furthermore, even holding companies which have some of their properties scattered in non-contiguous territory have concentrated holdings in certain areas. This part of their system would be left intact under a more simplified corporate structure. Thus Commonwealth and Southern Corporation would still have control of the great majority of its assets which consist of interconnected properties in Georgia, Alabama, and Tennessee.

The real difficulties in the bill are not in the objectives, but in the methods and omissions. The bill does not specify what it means by "dispose" and "dissolve." Will the companies have to throw the stocks of their unrelated subsidiaries into the open market? Who will buy them? How much will

they bring? Most of the securities owned by the holding companies are not listed on any exchange. Furthermore, there are conflicting interests among different classes of security owners in holding and sub-holding companies. This situation requires careful study. And finally, will this indiscriminate dismemberment result in reassembling of properties into integrated systems? There is no provision in the bill to put them together again in a more rational grouping, except perhaps the right of the Federal Power Commission, in Title II, to require interconnections wherever necessary.

The wiser thing to do would be to draw up a plan of regional integration, somewhat after the railroad consolidation scheme, basing it upon the findings of the National Power Survey. Then give the Federal Power Commission the right to effect exchange of properties between holding company systems, to fulfil the plan. (For this purpose the value of securities might be determined on the basis of their average earnings during the past ten years.) Then simplify the corporate structure and maintain effective regulation over the resultant integrated holding company. There are, of course, some legal and financial difficulties in such a plan. But on the whole it is more rational than just throwing millions of securities on an unreceptive market.

Another major defect in the bill is that there is no recognition of the need of encouraging continued efficiency. As long as we keep private ownership and management there must be a system of rewards or punishments, in the absence of competition, to provide the necessary incentive to lower costs. A great many malpractices perpetrated by managements may have been private devices for self-compensation in the absence of public recognition of

this need. If the federal government wishes to establish "actual legitimate prudent original cost" as a basis of valuation, and will take the profit out of servicing, then it may be wise, if we do not wish to be encumbered in the future with inefficient private bureaucracy, to provide some method of compensating progressiveness. In England this problem is recognized in the gas industry by the so-called "sliding scale." In this country its counterpart is the "Washington Plan." Some such scheme may be necessary on a national scale in order to obviate the fossilization of private management, with resultant perpetuation of high cost of power.

A final major qualification to the bill must be noted. Neither the dismemberment nor the regroupings of holding companies will solve the situation which the President has characterized as "Private Socialism." This is a misnomer, for socialism assumes responsibility to the people. The power of self-perpetuating managements without responsibility to anyone is more like dictatorship within the individual corporate estates. Dismemberment does not guarantee against the re-emergence of the same autocratic economic empires, either in the hands of individuals of substance, or through new corporate regroupings along integrated lines. The resultant organization may be just as autonomous and irresponsible as the present type of holding company.

This problem is present on a broader front than the public utility field. Power without effective responsibility is characteristic of almost every large

enterprise. If this situation is to be met, a new technic of government participation in business may be necessary. Professor W. Y. Elliott, Chairman of the Department of Government at Harvard, in his new book, *The Need for Constitutional Reform*, a book rich in fecund ideas, advances the possibility of government representation on the boards of directors of large corporations, after the fashion of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company in England. This may be achieved by the solicitation of proxies from stockholders, or by means of minority stock ownership, or even through statutory provision for the appointment of a governmental representative to the boards of directors of corporations engaged in interstate commerce. The mere presence of such a representative may inspire a consciousness of responsibility toward investors in particular and the public in general, which has only too often been forgotten. There is one grave objection to this scheme—that it lends itself to fascist rule. But so do all schemes for control. We can only hope that some day this country will be blessed with an efficient administrative bureaucracy as a part of the democratic form of government. Then co-operative participation in the conduct of large aggregations of capital, in place of the ineffective and irksome external control which has so far failed, will satisfy the dual requirements of economic efficiency and consistency with democratic institutions. The public utility holding company may provide a useful opportunity for testing the effectiveness of this idea.



EVERYTHING IN THE WINDOW

A STORY

BY I. A. R. WYLIE

THE room was familiar but not friendly. It had never belonged to anyone. It was just an enigmatic, cynical spectator. She didn't think of it that way, not knowing the words. But that was what she felt about it. The greasy little collection of cosmetics on the dressing table and the rubber plant sticking out like a ham actor taking his dubious bow between the plush curtains were all that really belonged to her. And sometimes she had her doubts about the lipstick and the powders. Maybe they'd always been there and always would be there—part of the room like the bedstead with its sneering brass-faced knobs. But the rubber plant was her own idea. It was homelike. Gentlemen liked a touch of home.

Otherwise she wasn't sure of anything. She wasn't at all sure of herself. She felt vague and foggy. If anybody had come into the room and walked clean through her she wouldn't have been surprised. Going—going—gone. Maybe to-morrow she'd be gone altogether. "What the hell do you think I run this joint for?" Mrs. Jesop had asked. "Love?" Which was rather a joke when you came to think of it. "Sure," Miss Courtney had said. ("Courtney" had a fine sound. It would have looked well on Broadway if it had ever got there.) "Sure." Oddly enough, it was her pet word. When a gentleman sidled up alongside

murmuring, "Looking for a friend, sweetheart?" she gave him the once-over and said, "Sure" if he was the right sort and good for a square meal and a bit over. They weren't good for much else these days.

She saw herself in the big mirror over the fireplace. It was a dirty gray mirror full to the brim of other staring aghast faces. "Jesus!" Miss Courtney muttered and snapped off the light. The plush curtains and the brass bed vanished instantly. But she remained. You couldn't get rid of yourself just by snapping out a light. Her very stomach felt old and seamed and frightened. Her knees shook under her. She thought of a ham sandwich and the counter of the corner drugstore. Ten years ago it wouldn't have occurred to her except as a joke. Those were the days. The soda-fountain clerk would as soon loan her the price of a ham sandwich as give her the gold wrist-watch he was so pleased about. "If you're dead broke," one of her friends had said once, "there's just one thing you've got to have and that's money." She hadn't had the dimmest idea what he had meant. She knew now. Sure. You damn' well had to have money—the price of a ham sandwich.

She couldn't go on standing there forever. Against the strip of street light between the curtains the rubber plant took on an alarming shape. It seemed to be making obscene gestures

at her. She opened the door a crack. Now there was a strip of light falling across her face. She wanted to shut the door again and stay quiet and hidden in the dark room. What did you do when you hadn't got a room? Did you sit down on the sidewalk and wait to be cleaned up with the garbage?

"Aw, snap out of it. Pull your socks up, sweetheart!"

The hall outside smelt furtive. She had three flights to go. On each flight were two doors facing each other. She had never seen them open. If real people lived behind them they waited till the coast was clear. The last flight had a strip of worn red carpet. But Mrs. Jessop could hear a cat walking. She could tell by the way you walked how much rent you owed. She'd pounce out. "What d'you think I'm running, Miss Courtney—an orphanage?" But she made the Miss Courtney sound like a real name. And so it was. She had chosen it out of an English novel years ago—that time she had been given a three-line part in vaudeville and was going to storm Broadway—because it suited her.

Mrs. Jessop understood that sort of thing. She had been a comedienne of the old school—the frilled-drawers and custard-pie school. A real star in her day. She had put her savings in a rooming house which was to have been a home for ladies and gentlemen of the Profession. But the depression had knocked the bottom out of things. Road companies gave Omanville the pass. If you dug among the grimy creases of Ma Jessop's face you'd find she was scared stiff like everyone else.

Not having had a square meal for a week made her clumsy. The front-door behaved like a toothless old watchdog, growling and rattling its chains. It was like a nightmare trying to get out of that damn' house. She could hear Ma Jessop stirring. But she beat her to it. She was down

the brownstone steps and running as though she had stolen something. Nearly ran down the cop at the intersection. He stared hard at her, twirling his nightstick and she steadied up and walked firmly as though she were really going somewhere. But she knew he didn't believe it either. "I'm licked," she thought. "I'm licked." She had always been choosy, had had her standards. But she had seen her face and she didn't kid herself. She'd have to pick something out of the ash-can. She didn't care. She had to have the price of a ham sandwich and the room rent. Aw, what the hell!

James P. Regget asked for the best room and a bath. He inferred that the best room would be pretty bad. The reception clerk switched the guest-book round to him and tossed the key to the bell-hop. James P. Regget wrote out his name and home town and the clerk glanced at it and didn't even look up. James P. Regget meant nothing to him. It made James P. Regget madder than ever with the fog and the railroad company that had made him miss his Chicago connection. Even at the Blackstone they knew about him. They said, "Glad to see you again, Mr. Regget." In his home town the best hotel fell over itself when he shouldered his way through the swing doors. They'd better. He owned most of the stock.

The reception clerk treated him like a stray drummer. It was a joke. But it made him mad too. He would have liked to fire that sleek pen-pusher. He asked him, "Is there anywhere one can eat?" as though it wasn't likely, and the reception clerk jerked his head to the bell-hop who goggled and said, "The grill-room's downstairs." With-out even a "sir" to him.

There wasn't a soul in the grill-room. Nobody except a frowzy waiter and James P. Regget. The room was

decorated with gilt-framed mirrors. Everywhere he looked he saw a heavy-built, square-headed man with glasses set sharply on a thick, aggressive nose. He was somebody. Anybody could have seen that. But there wasn't anybody. Only the frowzy waiter hovering disconsolately at his elbow. He didn't know about James P. Regget's tastes and he didn't care. James P. Regget ordered clam broth and a steak and a cheese soufflée. That would keep the old fool running for a bit. James P. Regget knew by the way he was standing that his feet were sore. You didn't employ a thousand men in the Regget Smart-Shoe factory without knowing something about feet.

Gosh, if there were only someone to talk to. He needed someone. He was swelling with talk. Yesterday had been the big day in his life. For twenty-five years he had been on Peter Everet's track. (It took a big man to have all that patience—a sort of Napoleon.) Yesterday he had pounced—brought him down—smashed him. Quite cool and impersonal he'd been. "Too bad, Everet." Even patted him on the back. He hadn't shown a sign. But now he wanted someone to tell about it. When he got home there'd be a dozen men who'd listen. "Smart work, J.P."—"Say, Mr. Regget—better keep on the safe side of you!" They'd better all right. There were precious few of them whose mortgages didn't lie cosily in the Regget safe-deposit box.

And Anne. The big man in the mirror smiled comfortably. He could just see her face when he told her. "Poor old Everet's made a mess of things. He's filing his petition." She'd know what he meant all right. She'd go all pinched and white and small.

Clam broth. The T-bone steak. Cheese soufflée. He masticated deliberately. At the last moment he ordered coffee. He sat back, his cigar between his teeth. His squared fists

lay on the table. The big men in the mirror had swollen. Their thrust-out lips had a soft thickness. The skin of their faces shone faintly. He stood up and obediently they stood up with him. He left a dime on the plate. If you were James P. Regget you didn't have to fling money about. He saw the old fool staring down at the plate. He felt a whole lot better.

It was too early to go to bed. He was restless and vaguely resentful. He had tried to start talk with a stray young man reading a newspaper in the lobby. He wanted to explain how he had missed his connection and landed in this dump. He had asked for a match, and the young man had handed out a packet, not even looking at him.

The officer at the street corner twirled his nightstick.

"There's a movie on Main Street," he said. "It's open till eleven." He stared at James P. Regget as though he wasn't up to much good.

James P. Regget reached Main Street. It was regular Main Street. He glowered discontentedly at its spurious, dying liveliness. In another hour it would be dead. There was a woman standing on the curb. He glanced at her casually and then intently. Well—sure enough, there she was, the Town's Bad Girl. He knew her at sight. And business bad too. He knew the signs. Fortyish. On the skids. Make-up all anyhow. High-heeled shoes keeling over. In daylight she'd be a hag. Scared stiff too. Scared he wouldn't take notice. Pretended she didn't know he was there. But she knew all right. She just looked up and down the street and pretended to wait for the lights. But the lights changed and she didn't move. She couldn't move, she was so scared. It amused him like hell to keep her teetering there on the sidewalk. Suddenly he felt at ease again—smoothed out and full and satisfied.

After a bit he sauntered up alongside.

"Looking for a friend?"

She didn't even glance at him. She gasped like a child on the point of crying out loud.

"Sure," she said.

He took her by the arm. He flexed his powerful fingers on her arm, feeling it over, feeling her tremble, getting to know her.

"Hungry?"

"Sure—I could eat a horse."

"Let's go find one."

"There's Tony's down the block."

"Nothing doing. When I take a lady out a delicatessen isn't good enough."

"Aw, who cares?"

She did. She was ready to drop. Another minute and she would have sat down with her feet in the gutter. Now he was holding her up. He was big and strong. She hadn't even seen his face. But it didn't matter. If he was big and strong maybe he'd take care of her for a bit. She was small and humble. She would like to put her face against his coat sleeve and just snivel. She belonged to him if he wanted her. He knew it too. The way he held her arm like a cop. All right. If he wanted to walk her round and round looking for a swell eating joint that wasn't there she'd have to go along. He could do what he liked with her, just for the price of a ham sandwich—she wouldn't say a word about the room.

He was talking about something—she didn't know what. Something about a connection. "Ain't that swell!" she said. She heard him laugh. Maybe she hadn't said the right thing. She had a job keeping on her feet. They kept on going. And they came back to the delicatessen.

"Looks like there isn't any choice," he said.

He sat opposite her across the marble-topped table and she tried to see

what he looked like. But there was something wrong with her. She couldn't see anything properly. His face seemed to hang suspended in a yellow fog, like a big white balloon that expanded and contracted. She couldn't see his eyes at all. They were completely hidden behind huge shining glasses. But she supposed they were looking her over. She knew that look. All right. Go ahead, Big Boy. Only for God's sake, let's eat.

He wasn't in a hurry. He ran a thick, contemptuous finger down the menu.

"See here—we don't want to eat a lot. Just a snack. What about blue-points?"

"We don't stock no oysters."

"You don't have to. But you can get them."

"Maybe. You'll have to wait a bit."

"We can wait. Got all the time in the world. Let's have a little drink first. Ever heard of champagne in this burg?"

He was being jovial. The big white balloon swayed a little nearer. "I like to get what I want when I want it," he said.

"Sure."

"Sometimes I've had to wait a bit. But I get it in the end."

"You're a great guy."

"You bet. But no one knows it in this hick town. I missed my connection or I wouldn't be here. There wasn't a soul to say 'hullo' to. If I hadn't run into a nice little girl like you . . ."

Well, he could call her a nice little girl if he wanted to. He could call her anything he liked. Maybe he was being funny. Maybe he was trying to be nice. She knew what she felt like. Like a wet rag. When she had had something to eat she would be able to play ball. What made him send out for bluepoints when she wanted a ham sandwich? There was a fat brown

Virginia ham under a glass case. She'd seen it as she came in. He had only to say the word. But he didn't. He had ordered bluepoints. She was too licked even to make a peep. Somebody was pouring something into a glass—sweetish biting stuff that went straight to the pit of her empty stomach. "Oh, God, don't let me be sick!" she prayed reverently.

"I learned about money when I was a kid," he said.

She put her elbows on the table and braced her face between her hands. It stopped her from flopping all over the table. It hid the mess she had made of her face and made her look intent and absorbed in him. He was going to tell her the story of his life. They all did. And then when he'd got round to the wife and kiddies he'd lean over, all soft and bleary-eyed, and pat her hand. "What about taking a look at that little nest of yours, sweetheart?" All right. He'd be good for the rent anyway, and maybe a bit to carry on with. Anyway she couldn't stop him. She was through and he knew it.

"I was the poorest kid in the school. And this other chap had a swell home. His folks used to give kid parties. But they never asked me. I didn't have the right clothes and my folks kept a shoe-shining parlor. But the other kids used to tell me about that house. Well—it's mine now. I just waited round till I got it. And my kid went to that school like he did."

"I bet he's a swell kid."

"He'll be all right when I've finished with him. He's got fancy notions like his mother. Wanted to be an artist. Well I didn't sweat like a horse to keep him for the rest of his life. He's in the business now. And he'll stay there if he knows what's good for him."

"You get your way all right, Big Shot."

"Sure. I've got the money."

He'd got the money. If you had money you could buy anything. But if you hadn't you couldn't even get a ham sandwich. Why did she have to think all the time of ham sandwiches? She didn't like them really.

"Drink it up," he said. "It won't bite you."

He sat back, twirling the stem of his glass between his fingers, and watching her. She was starved—on her last legs. Another year or two and she'd be in the river. Now she was like a little old circus dog, scared stiff, trying to jump through hoops. It amused him. It made up for that damned reception clerk and the cop's insolence to have her sitting there, waiting to eat out of his hand. He had felt lost without someone who belonged to him. She didn't even know his name, but if he told her to crawl round the table on all fours she'd do it. She'd do anything. The champagne was stirring his sluggish repleteness to a slow, dark passion.

"What's your name, sweetheart?"

"Mildred—Mildred Courtney."

"Sounds swell." The moon-face swam back into her vision. She saw that he was grinning. Something turned over inside her. Sure it was her name. And even if it wasn't, what the hell had it to do with him? "I'm King George," he said. "Just King to you, Miss Courtney."

She laughed. You had to laugh at their jokes. Sometimes it was the worst of the whole business—laughing. Now he was pouring some more of that stuff into her glass. "I guess King George hasn't anything on me," he said. "Does what he's told. People do what I tell 'em. They damn well have to. I've got a thousand men on my pay-roll. I pay 'em and they toe the line."

"I bet they do."

"Money talks plenty. If you'd come here asking for bluepoints that greasy

wop would have told you to go chase yourself. But what I want I get."

He'd said that before. Dozens of times. She'd believed him the first time. She could see a thousand men, lying side by side like the oysters on her plate—gray, uniform, faceless, speechless, waiting for him to prong them out with his fork. Maybe she was drunk to have a silly fancy like that.

"Sometimes I've had to wait—like I've had to wait here. Yesterday, for instance. I'd been waiting for yesterday twenty-five years."

"What about yesterday, King?"

"Just a little private affair. There was a chap I used to know in the hometown. He was sweet on my wife before I married her—one of those namby-pamby boys women fall for. She was sweet on him too. Maybe she'd have fallen altogether. But he wasn't making much and I'd gone right ahead. Her people didn't have anything, and she knew where the butter was, like everyone else. So he just quit and started business up in Utica. Did nicely till the smash came. Used to send her flowers on her birthday. Not so much as a card. But I knew—just by the way she looked—" He stopped, his fists squared on the table. "Well, he won't be sending her any more, I guess. Yesterday I bought him up, lock, stock, and barrel."

She supposed she had eaten the oysters. They'd gone anyway. They hadn't done her much good. She felt hazy and frightfully worried about something. She didn't know what. Something was happening to her that she didn't understand. Oh, to hell with it! He'd get sore if she didn't listen properly.

"You're pretty smart, King."

"I know my way round. You should have seen his face."

She thought she could. It was queer how clearly she could see it—much clearer than the face opposite—a deli-

cate, kind face, the sort of face some women liked. She would have liked it herself—now at this moment. She was so tired. It would be a listening face, and you could tell the truth that you were hungry and going to be flung out on the streets and licked generally. And now she could see the other woman too. She was small and easily frightened. Most of the time she'd been frightened. But on her birthday she'd felt like a real queen.

"... everything that's in the shop-window," he was saying, "just so long as you've got the price."

She nodded earnestly.

Well, maybe she was drunk. Drunk as a lord. Something anyway. He was paying the check. Bluepoints and champagne. A lot of good that had been. She had wanted a ham sandwich and he had known it. He had ordered bluepoints because he had known. It had been a joke, filling her up with stuff she didn't want. He was grinning as he would do when a thousand men toed the line—as he would do when the other woman's birthday came round and nothing with it that mattered to her.

"Well, sweetheart, what about seeing you home?"

She stood up. To her amazement she found that she was immensely tall. She towered over him.

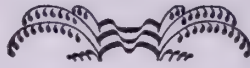
"I'll see you in hell first," she said quietly and clearly. She saw his face—distinctly for the first time. And on her last day, whenever it came, in the gutter maybe, she would feel good remembering it—aghost, flabby, all smashed up and gaping. "You great fat slob," she said.

The cop at the corner of her street stared at her.

"Say, come into a million dollars, sister?"

She tossed invisible plumes at him.

"Sure," she said.



WHY AUTOMOBILE ACCIDENTS?

BY WILLIAM JUNKIN COX

ONE night last fall the *Morro Castle* burned. A hundred and twenty-five persons, more or less, lost their lives. For days newspapers were filled with accounts of the tragedy. And while we shuddered over the *Morro Castle*, the great majority of us remained quite unaware that on that very day we killed more people with our automobiles than perished at sea. And that the very next day, we did it again. In these deaths by motor cars, there was no news.

If anyone should wish to look upon a person who will kill one of his fellows before twelve months are out he need only halt and look at the drivers of the first seven hundred automobiles that pass. If the street is a busy one this will require only half an hour. Last year there was one automobile fatality for each six hundred and fifty cars on the road. Nine years ago, there was only one death for each eleven hundred cars.

It was not until 1906, ten years after the automobile first appeared on our streets, that the Census Bureau considered motor vehicle deaths sufficiently numerous to warrant their separate classification. In 1906 the Census mortality statistics showed only one hundred and eighty-three automobile victims. But the number leaped upward. Eight years later it had risen to four thousand. In another decade, it stood at nineteen thousand. Ten years later—1934—it passed thirty-five thousand, and the rate of gain was such

as to indicate more than forty thousand this year. Almost a thousand men and women and children in each of the summer weeks!

Nor is this all. Not only are deaths increasing, but the rate of increase is itself rising. In 1934 five thousand more persons were killed than in 1933. No previous year had ever shown an increase approaching this.

Until 1927 there was one hopeful aspect of this mounting tide of death. Until that year automobile fatalities had increased less rapidly than automobile registrations. Until that year we could feel that the increase in deaths was a natural result of the increase in automobile use. But from a low point reached in 1926, the subsequent trend has been strongly the other way. Since then automobile registrations in the United States have increased about eleven per cent. Automobile fatalities have increased fifty-five per cent. And the rate of increase is now greater than it ever was before.

II

The term automobile "accident" is usually a misnomer. *Accident* denotes a chance happening, something largely uncontrollable. What we call an automobile accident seldom falls in this class. Only about *four or five out of each hundred* deaths are due to defects in the roadway, to tire blowouts, breakages of steering mechanisms, or other unforeseeable vehicular mis-

haps. These four or five per cent are true accidents. But when a hurrying driver pulls round a large truck on a curve, and too late finds another car dashing head on into him, that is not a matter of chance so much as of foolishness. When a hurrying pedestrian crosses a street in the middle of a block and steps from behind a parked car into the path of a moving one, that again is not an accident. It is a voluntary, if not a deliberate, tempting of fate. When a motorist drives on a wet pavement at the same speed that would have been safe on a dry day, or drives rapidly with brakes known to be defective, and is unable to cope with some unexpected condition, that again is not an accident. It is a deliberate taking of an unwarranted chance.

Nine-tenths of these miscalled "accidents" are of this nature. They do not merely *happen*; they are definitely *caused*. They occur on good roads, in good weather and without extenuating circumstances. Almost always they are the natural consequences of the faulty acts of those involved in them. Prevent the faulty act, and prevention of the accident should automatically follow. The essential step is prevention of the faulty act.

We have recognized this for a long time, and have made tremendous efforts to prevent acts that lead to accidents. The tripling of automobile deaths in the last fifteen years is a severe indictment of these efforts. But indictments alone are not always conclusive. Our accident-prevention efforts have been carried on with vastly different degrees of intensity in different regions; perhaps the accident increases have occurred where prevention has been lacking. The efforts, moreover, have been of widely different kinds. It may be that closer study of the things we have attempted will show some brilliant, isolated successes amid general failure. Experiences of

the past may point the way to a course of action for the future.

These efforts have followed three broad lines: engineering improvements to roads and vehicles, education, and legal control.

Fifteen years ago it might have been thought that much benefit would result from an effort to make driving safer from an engineering standpoint. And when we consider the roads of 1920, with their sudden twists and turns, humps and hollows, their soft shoulders, obstructed vision at curves and intersections, their narrow bridges; when we consider the motor car of that day, with its high center of gravity, two-wheel brakes, imperfect tires, there seems to have been much room for improvements that would mean greater safety.

The improvements have been made. Roads have been flattened, straightened, and smoothed; obstructions to vision have been removed; warning signs have been erected; curves have been banked; roadway widths have been increased; bridge approaches have been bettered and bridges widened; the worst grade-crossings have been eliminated; lights and stop signs have been erected. The motor car also has been improved. It has been given greater stability; tires have been made safer; unshatterable glass has been installed; automatic windshield-wipers have been invented and made mandatory, as have rear-view mirrors; headlights have been improved; four-wheel brakes have become universal.

Both the roadway and the car have been made vastly safer—for operation at any given speed. *But here lies the joker.* This great amount of engineering effort has had two aims, to increase the safety of travel and to increase its speed. Unfortunately these aims are inconsistent with each other. As we increase speed we decrease safety—and the decrease in safety must al-

ways be greater than the increase in speed.

If this great improvement of roads and vehicles had made automobile travel safer, that fact should have been clearly shown in our rural accident trend. The great improvement in our highway facilities has occurred in the open country. The advances in motor car design and manufacture affect performance on the open road much more than on city streets. The changes in travel that have resulted from these engineering efforts have been much more pronounced in country than in city. If they have conduced to safety, comparison of the rural and urban accident trends should evidence that fact.

In the past ten years automobile deaths on city streets have increased one third. *Deaths on rural highways have more than doubled.* Moreover, during these years increase in urban automobile registrations has been considerably greater than increase in rural registrations. Granted that the average city car is driven more miles on country roads now than formerly, it is also driven more miles on city streets. There is no reason to believe that the percentage of increase in travel on country roads has been anywhere near four times what the percentage of increase on city streets has been. There is no question that as the excellence of our roads and vehicles has increased, and speeds have risen proportionately, accidents have surged upward.

We may say then that engineering advances have brought about certain benefits, but that increased safety is not among them. Instead, the improvements of the engineer, taken in conjunction with the characteristics of the motorist, simply make more difficult the problem of reducing the number of accidents. Whenever the engineer devises something that might make travel safer we use it instead to

make travel faster. Our mechanical equipment is already far in advance of our ability to use it wisely.

Accidents increase simply because too large a proportion of highway users are too indifferent to highway hazards. To overcome this indifference, to *compel* the safer driving of automobiles, has been the aim of efforts at accident prevention through more stringent legal control. What have these efforts been, and to what extent have they succeeded?

III

The principal development in the attempts to decrease highway accidents through legal control has been what is known as the "driver's license law." This law requires a test of driving skill before issuance of a license, requires the motorist to report to the State any accidents in which he is involved, and reserves the right to revoke his license. It is a logical form of highway control, simple of operation, and trifling in cost. The high hopes held for it are reflected in the fact that in recent years there has been almost a stampede of States to enact such legislation.

Have such laws measured up to expectations?

The fact has already been noted that accident trends are different in rural and urban areas. Many different influences bear on the accident situation in our cities. In rural areas, however, the case is simpler. In such areas, broadly speaking, the State motor vehicle law provides the only form of accident control. Without such a law the rural countryside is practically without means of regulating in any way the actions of motorists on its highways. The surest way then to reach a conclusion as to the value of regulation of motorists by State law is to compare the accident trend in the rural areas of States that have such

regulation and those that have not.

New York State has required the licensing of motor-vehicle operators since 1925, and has required the reporting of all accidents that result in personal injury, whether fatal or non-fatal. The study of the tabulations of these accident data brings to light many facts regarding accident occurrence in a State with one of the best-drawn laws for the regulation of motorists.

New York State has seven cities of 100,000 population or over. In the rest of the State are many small towns; but the area is essentially rural in the sense that automobile operation is subject to little control except that derived from the State motor-vehicle law. Consequently, consideration of accidents in this region will furnish us with a good idea of the success with which the law has worked.

In 1926 automobile deaths from accidents in rural New York numbered 946. In 1934 they had risen to 1,570. This is a sixty-six per cent increase in deaths. During these years automobile registrations in rural New York increased only about twenty per cent. Deaths increased three times as rapidly as registrations. As proof of the efficacy of the law, this evidence leaves something to be desired.

The test of the law, however, is not whether it did or did not allow an increase in deaths, but whether a greater or less increase would have occurred without the law. It is impossible, of course, to say positively, but we can probably come close to the right answer by comparing what did happen in rural New York during the existence of the license law with what happened in some region without the license law, but otherwise comparable.

There are nine States that have no cities with as many as 100,000 inhabitants and for which the number of automobile deaths in 1926 is known.

These nine rural States, scattered through the South and West, are, therefore, comparable to the rural part of New York State. No one of these States requires the licensing of motor-vehicle operators or has statutes at all comparable to the New York motor-vehicle law. During the same years, 1926 to 1933, automobile deaths in these States increased by only 35 per cent—about half the increase in rural New York. Changes in automobile registrations during these years were unfavorable to New York, however, and ought fairly to be taken into account in making the comparison. When this is done it is found that deaths per thousand automobiles in use increased at almost exactly the same rate in the rural States without license laws as in the rural part of New York State. The license law in New York State appears to have had no helpful influence.

An examination of accident trends in many other license-law States leads one to the same conclusion. The States with license laws, considered as a group, have had a smaller increase in automobile fatalities than the States without such laws. This naturally suggests a beneficial influence of the law. The actual explanation is quite different however. It has been noted that urban accidents have been relatively static in recent years while rural accidents have increased. This has been true in States with license laws and in States without them. The States that require the licensing of drivers, however, are States that have heavy urban populations—States like New York, Massachusetts, New Jersey. In such States rural accidents are in the minority, and a large increase in rural accidents is obscured by the relatively static urban accidents. *Urban* accidents largely determine the rate of accident increase for the entire State. Consequently, the total accident increase is less than in some rural State,

where the increase in *rural* accidents determines the accident increase. And the States without license laws are almost entirely rural States.

That the accident experience of our States is determined by their rural or urban character rather than by the existence or lack of a license law is clearly shown by comparing Massachusetts and Rhode Island with New Hampshire and Vermont. Massachusetts and Rhode Island have the largest proportion of urban inhabitants of any of the United States. New Hampshire and Vermont both have more rural than urban dwellers and are the only predominantly rural States that have the standard type of license law. All four have very similar license laws. If such laws control accident occurrence, all four States should show about the same accident trends. Actually, however, automobile fatalities have been increasing three times as fast in New Hampshire and Vermont as in their neighboring urban States.

Sound as the license law appears in principle, it cannot be said that as a means of controlling accidents it has been a great success. If every State in the union were to enact such a law this year, so far as the past is an index of the future, the effect on the number of automobile fatalities in the years ahead would not be striking.

IV

Engineering improvements have greatly accelerated fatality increases. Legal regulation of motorists has been neutral in its results. Our educational efforts remain to be evaluated.

These efforts are directed toward the motor-vehicle operator, and toward the pedestrian. They include the varied activities of the local safety councils of many cities: the placing of safety posters, organization of safety patrols among school children, contact with

police departments and courts to see that they are on the job, the sponsoring of safety contests among commercial drivers. They include a great deal of newspaper publicity, from the Bureau of the Census and from State and local statistical organizations. They have included four great national conferences sponsored by the United States Department of Commerce to co-ordinate the efforts of all those persons interested in automobile-accident prevention. They include the efforts that many, if not most, owners of large fleets of trucks make to reduce their transportation costs by impressing on drivers the fact that accidents cost their employers money and may cost themselves their jobs.

This great amount of effort has been largely concentrated in the cities. City-accident statistics should enable us to appraise its results. The fact that strikes us first in these statistics is the great difference in accident trends between city and country. As we consider cities of larger and larger size, it becomes more pronounced. From 1926 to 1934, percentage increases in automobile deaths have been as follows:

Rural United States (area outside of cities of 10,000 population and over)	90
Cities of 10,000 population and over. .	35
Cities of 100,000 population and over.	12
Cities of 500,000 population and over.	8

There is some uncertainty about the increase in automobile registrations in these different areas during the period in question. However, the registration increase in the cities of 100,000 population and over was somewhere near 20 or 25 per cent. In our larger cities, then, automobile deaths during the last decade have been increasing only one-half or one-third as fast as registrations. Here at last is a gleam of light in the accident situation. Evidently at least some of the efforts being

made to restrain city accidents are bearing fruit.

A little further investigation of urban fatality trends shows a second striking fact. The reason that deaths from automobile accidents in cities have not been increasing more rapidly is this: Deaths of pedestrians (and these still form a considerable majority of city deaths) are either static or actually declining; deaths of motorists, on the other hand, are still increasing rapidly. The following summation from Cleveland, Philadelphia, and St. Louis is typical of the situation that exists in most of the large cities of the country, and it makes very clear the divergence in the deaths of pedestrians and of motorists.

	Motor Vehicle Deaths in		Per cent
	1926	1934	Increase
All persons	672	736	9
Pedestrians only.....	529	529	0
All others than pedestrians (chiefly motorists)	143	207	46

If we examine these pedestrian deaths more closely we find another very interesting fact. Deaths of adult pedestrians have been increasing quite rapidly; deaths of child pedestrians have *decreased* still more rapidly. In the three cities mentioned deaths of adult pedestrians increased by 45 per cent from 1926 to 1934; child-pedestrian deaths *decreased* by 60 per cent.

This is true of the country at large. In New York State the number of child pedestrians killed in 1934 was 32 per cent less than in 1926. Deaths of adult pedestrians, however, had risen by 65 per cent, and deaths resulting from accidents that involved only motorists had increased 110 per cent. *Our children are learning to take care of themselves, and such decreases as we find in our accident totals we owe to that fact.*

This is the only logical explanation. The figures offer no evidence that motorists are driving more safely, even in cities, than they did ten years ago. If they are, why has the rate at which

they are killing one another increased twice as rapidly as urban registrations have increased? Why have deaths of adult pedestrians increased out of all proportion to the increase in cars? It is hardly likely that motorists are simultaneously driving with more care for the safety of children and with much less regard for themselves. Nor is it likely that adult pedestrians have been growing so much more reckless as not only to nullify the effect of safer automobile operation but also to increase so greatly the number of their own deaths.

One hypothesis, however, does fit the facts. Even in cities motorists have been driving less safely. Children, with the benefit of extensive and increasing efforts to teach them care in their use of the streets, with increasing provision of safe play areas, are learning to meet the growing automobile hazard with steadily increasing success. Adults, with minds more rigid and habits more firmly fixed, are less successful in their adaptation to a growing hazard.

If we accept this hypothesis we have to face this fact: That whatever may be the causes of such decreases in automobile fatalities as have occurred, *the cause has not been an increase in the safety with which automobiles are driven.* Our educational efforts, like our engineering efforts and our attempts at legal regulation, have failed to reach the great mass of motor vehicle operators. From this threefold failure has come the tripling of automobile deaths in the last fifteen years.

This is the situation that must be realistically and honestly faced if the success that has so far eluded us is to crown our future efforts.

V

If accidents are to be successfully prevented we must know who cause

them, and why. The view has sometimes been advanced that the majority of automobile accidents are due to a very small minority of drivers—to persons who enjoy thrills, who like to take chances, or to persons who are physically or mentally incompetent to drive safely.

Evidence to support this view is lacking, however. State motor-vehicle department records do not show an abnormal number of "repeaters." Most of the motorists involved in accidents are persons who have never been involved before. There are undoubtedly a few drivers on the highways who are so reckless or so incompetent that they ought to be taken off and kept off; but it appears that the great bulk of accidents are due to persons who do not depart widely from average in their driving performance. Fully fifty per cent of the persons who drive—and probably a good many more than this—occasionally do needlessly dangerous things. They sometimes drive too fast for conditions they are likely to encounter, get on to the wrong side of the road, pass other vehicles where they should not. Usually these comparatively infrequent and momentary departures from safe practices have no bad consequences. When we are careless, the other fellow is watchful. *But occasionally both drivers are careless or reckless simultaneously, and then an accident results.*

Not all accidents are caused in this way. Sometimes one party to an accident departs so very far and so suddenly from safe practices that no amount of vigilance or caution of the other party can prevent a collision. But usually, when an accident occurs, both parties contribute to the catastrophe. And more often than not, the motorists involved in accidents are persons whose standard of safety in driving is not particularly lower than the rather low standard of the average.

Read for a few days the newspaper accounts of accidents in your locality and see if they do not accord with the above hypothesis. As I write this I pick up my local paper and see that over the past week-end three automobile deaths occurred in my community. In one, a car backed out of a driveway into the path of a rapidly passing car. In the second, an early morning driver, fiddling with his windshield wiper in a squall of rain, without slowing down sufficiently as he did so, ran into a milk wagon and killed the person on the seat beside him. In the third, a driver skidded off a slippery curve and crashed into a tree.

Different as these three accidents were in objective causes, they were alike in that each of them was entirely avoidable, and that all three resulted from just such things as all of us are apt occasionally to do. Here is no evidence of a special accident-producing type. This is true of most accidents.

Each one of us probably considers himself a more careful driver than the persons whom he encounters. The indignation we feel when someone takes our right-of-way is matched only by the rapidity with which we forget the minor infractions of the rules of safe driving which we ourselves commit. There are few of us who can say truthfully at the end of a full day's driving that we have done nothing whatever that was unsafe. Perhaps we were irked at the exasperating driving of some car ahead of us and overtook it on a hill or curve where the result might have been serious had a car appeared from the opposite direction. Perhaps it was some view or roadside sign that distracted our attention to a degree that might have been disastrous had a child dashed in front of us. Perhaps we even "ran" a light, relying on the waiting cars to continue to wait until we were out of their way. Almost all of us are habituated to taking

such little chances occasionally. The instances when this chance-taking does not work out successfully get into the papers as accidents.

A reduction in the number of these accidents means one of two things. Either we must correct this almost universal tendency to indulge in occasional dangerous practices or else we must reduce our speeds of travel so the consequences of such practices can be avoided or minimized. Otherwise accidents will continue at present or higher levels.

The simple thing would be to reduce our speeds of travel. If our average speeds were to be halved (not merely our maximum speed; for frequently conditions are such that thirty miles an hour is more dangerous than fifty miles an hour would be elsewhere) a great saving in lives would result. But such a general reduction in speeds is out of the question. Our present speeds have been developed in response to a demand which still exists.

Even now the highway department of one of our States is designing roads for speeds of ninety and a hundred miles an hour. A certain manufacturer is selling motor cars for public highway use each of which carries a certificate that it has been driven at more than a hundred miles an hour. Any reductions in highway accidents will have to be accomplished within the framework of present or higher speeds. The problem is not to reduce speeds but to lead the motoring public to use high speeds with more intelligence and discrimination.

VI

Every automobile accident—except those few that really are accidents in the proper sense of the word—has an objective and a subjective cause. The principal objective cause of accidents is too great speed for the conditions en-

countered. Other objective causes are many, and from the standpoint of accident prevention are comparatively unimportant. The specific incorrect act that preceded the collision is of much less interest than the state of mind that made that act possible. It is the subjective cause of accidents that needs to be understood.

From the subjective standpoint we have collisions because there is no sufficiently compelling incentive not to have them. If the incentive existed we could drive in such a way that accidents on the open road—where they have so rapidly increased—would almost disappear. If every one who drove were to become determined that he would drive in such a way as not to have an accident, in most cases he would not have one. If some Mussolini were to decree that anyone involved in an accident should automatically and permanently be debarred from ever driving again, accidents would simply cease.

There is no possibility of such a decree, nor would it be desirable. Elimination of *all* accidents would necessitate an unbearable restriction of traffic. The point I am making is that accidents are subject to our control. Their elimination is merely a matter of the creation of a sufficient incentive not to have them.

The existing incentives to safe driving (aside from a very meager altruism) are (1) the fear of financial loss to ourselves, (2) the fear of injury to our persons, (3) the fear of legal punishment. Why have these incentives been so inadequate?

Financial loss may be of two sorts—that arising from damage to one's own person or property and that arising from damage to the person or property of others. If one has enough financial responsibility to make him fear the second kind of loss, he protects himself against it by carrying lia-

bility insurance. If he has no financial responsibility, he has no fear of such loss. So here is no incentive to safe driving. As for damage to the motorist's own property, collisions with pedestrians—which cause the majority of all automobile deaths—practically never result in any such damage. In these ways, fear of financial loss is largely nullified.

What of the fear of injury to one's person? Even though striking a pedestrian practically never results in injury to the motorist, striking another car sometimes does. One might think that this would provide a strong deterrent to reckless and careless driving. It evidently does not, and the reason is not far to seek. The average motorist knows in a general way that it is only the very exceptional accident that causes any serious personal injury to a motorist involved in it. Of the collisions between automobiles, perhaps one in ten causes personal injury. And of the personal injuries that are caused, nine out of ten are slight. To a people who have always been inclined to take chances, odds of one hundred to one are good for a bet at any time. Penologists tell us that so long as punishment for crime is unlikely, severity of the punishment is not much of a deterrent. If the chances are strongly enough against our being caught, we give little thought to what may happen to us in the unlikely event that we are. This same psychology enters into our driving. The chances are very strongly against our being injured seriously. Consequently the fear of being injured is not measurably present in our minds. If every collision carried with it the *certainty* of injury to the drivers involved, we should all drive very differently. To grasp the point, imagine how careful you would be if carrying some high explosive in your car.

The remaining incentive to careful

driving is the fear of legal punishment. We cannot delegate this punishment, as we delegate to an insurance company the risk of financial loss. But practically there is as little fear of such punishment as there is of personal injury, and for the same reason. Legal punishment for highway offenses is rare at best, and is more apt to follow the infraction of some parking regulation than the killing or injuring of someone.

This seems a rather strong statement, but it is a well considered one. I live in an old New England State where law is supposedly revered and enforced. Nevertheless, in the last year for which records are as yet complete, automobiles killed one hundred and two persons in my county and the coroner held someone criminally responsible for only nine of the ninety accidents. That is, in only ten per cent of these accidents did the coroner suggest to the courts that they investigate the culpability of the person who did the killing. Our present theory seems to be that one enters the public road at his own risk. In nine out of ten of the above cases the unfortunate occurrence was considered to be merely unfortunate. The heirs of the departed could sue if they thought it worth while, and perhaps the insurance company would pay. But no punishment was suggested for the motorist whose car did the killing. If this was true of fatal accidents, how much truer it was of non-fatal ones. If the occurrence of serious injuries from accidents is relatively rare, the occurrence of punishment for accidents is rarer still. And so long as the chance of punishment is very slight the fear of punishment is bound to be almost non-existent.

VII

The steady increase in automobile accidents shows the inadequacy of ex-

isting incentives to safe driving. If accidents are to be decreased these incentives must become adequate. If they are to become adequate, they must be strengthened in some way.

It is not worth while to consider strengthening our altruism. That would require a basic change in human nature. An equally great change would have to be wrought before the fear of personal injury could be made to operate effectively. This cuts the possibilities to two: a greater fear of financial loss and a greater fear of legal punishment.

The abolition of liability insurance would increase the fear of financial loss so far as those who now carry such insurance are concerned. It would not, however, touch the majority of motor vehicle operators; for only a minority carry insurance. The present trend is not toward the elimination of insurance but in the opposite direction—toward making it compulsory for all automobile owners. Whether or not this trend is best, it will probably continue. In any event the elimination of liability insurance would not touch the irresponsible person, who ought to be most stringently controlled because he is the person who gives rise to the greatest hardship when he causes an accident.

This narrows the field to one possibility. *Automobile accidents will not be checked except by implanting in the great body of motorists a realization that hazardous driving will almost certainly be followed by legal punishment.* We can spend additional millions of dollars in eliminating grade crossings, lighting highways, and making other improvements that we hope will reduce collisions. They will have the effect of speeding up traffic and will leave the accident situation practically unchanged, if they do not make it worse. We can carry our education of pedestrians still farther. But it is

doubtful if we can thereby accomplish a reduction in collisions with pedestrians that will counterbalance the existing rapid increase in accidents that involve no persons but motorists. The choice lies clear before us: We can continue to let our accidents increase or we can check them by increasing the certainty of punishment for careless and reckless operation of our automobiles. These are the alternatives.

I am inclined to think that the former course of action is the one we shall continue to pursue; but let us consider the possibilities of the latter. First, however, let us consider the reasons why, under our present legal set-up, an accident is so rarely followed by punishment of those who cause it.

When an accident occurs, if anyone is to be brought to trial in the criminal courts charges must be preferred against him by someone. Generally, no police official is witness to a collision. If one of the drivers is drunk, or has no license, or otherwise provides definite evidence that he has violated some law, he is likely to be arrested and may be punished. But these are minority cases. Usually when a collision occurs the question of whether it resulted from chance or from some infraction of law by one or another party to the accident must rest on the testimony of witnesses to the happening. There must be a "complaining witness." Who is that witness to be?

In collisions with pedestrians the pedestrian is either injured or killed. In the latter case he is no good as a witness. In the former case—unfortunately perhaps but inevitably—he is more interested in safeguarding his own welfare than in defending the public safety. He is more zealous to collect damages than to secure the punishment of the person who struck him. He rarely insists on criminal action.

In the case of a collision between two automobiles each driver knows that he

was in some part responsible for what happened or he fears that facts may be twisted to make it appear that he was. Therefore, he is either glad to let the matter drop entirely or he, like the pedestrian, confines his interest to the civil aspects of the case. Damages mean more to him than does the punishment of an offender. So he rarely prefers charges. We may deprecate this attitude as much as we will, but it exists and will continue to exist.

This situation makes it very difficult to prosecute effectively those responsible for accidents. A second consideration adds to the difficulty. If charges of law violation are made as the sequel to an accident, something has been started that is likely to be long drawn out before a conviction results. If the penalty is large enough to be irksome, the accused gets a lawyer, and the lawyer gets an extension of time. This can be done again and again. Before the matter actually comes to trial, witnesses' memories are blunted and uncertain, and the case is stale and dead. Conviction would be unlikely and the case is not worth the effort of prosecuting it; so it is nolle.

These are the reasons why it is exceptional for an accident to be followed by an actual trial in the criminal courts. Under our present procedure when accidents in any community become more than usually alarming, sporadic agitation sometimes brings temporary results. For a brief while prosecutors may be stimulated to a vigorous prosecution of those who cause accidents. But this condition is always temporary. The obstacles are too great for permanence. Only a far-reaching change could make our legal procedure effective in preventing the kind of driving from which collisions grow. What sort of change could be made?

Suppose that your chauffeur is driving your car and it is smashed up.

What do you do? You call on him to explain what happened, to show that he was not to blame. The very fact of his having been in an accident raises doubts as to his conduct. The burden of dispelling those doubts *rests on him*. If he cannot satisfy you that he was not guilty of reckless driving he may lose his job. The burden of proof is on him. If he clears himself, well and good. If he fails to convince you of his freedom from blame one of two things may happen. You may discharge him if you are convinced that he was at fault; or if there is doubt in your mind, you may give him a suspended sentence—continue him in your employ with a warning.

Suppose that we were willing to subject our own selves to the procedure which we would think it perfectly natural to apply to an employee. Suppose we were to empower our courts to say: "Here is this collision. It was a serious thing, carrying the potentiality of death even though death may not actually have resulted. The probability is that it was caused by some fault or faults of you who were involved in it. Therefore, the likelihood is that it should be followed by punishment of one or both of you. In the unlikely event that the collision was not due to fault but to something unforeseeable, like the breakage of a steering mechanism, that fact ought not to be hard to establish. But it is up to you drivers. If no blame in the matter attaches to you, go ahead and show why not."

There would be numerous cases where the suspended sentence would appropriately be resorted to. There would be occasional accidents where testimony was flatly conflicting and could neither be discredited nor reconciled; cases in which one could not establish his innocence, but could raise a strong presumption of it. In such cases no actual punishment need be meted out. But in the majority of

cases the fault would definitely attach to one or more of the participants in the accident, and punishment would appropriately be applied to them. The essential difference between this philosophy and the present unphilosophical state of affairs is that the normal consequence of an accident would be punishment. And this is an essential difference. The *certainly* of punishment, more than its severity is the thing that makes punishment effective. If accidents were to be habitually followed by punishment we should soon develop a different attitude towards them.

VIII

It is certainly within the power of society to adopt this position with respect to accidents. The motor-vehicle laws of many States, instead of fixing a maximum speed limit, provide that speed in excess of a certain amount shall be *prima facie* evidence of reckless driving. Reckless driving is of course a violation of law. Here, evidently, the burden of proof is placed on the individual who drives in excess of that speed. The State can charge him with reckless driving and can punish him unless he is able to show that under the circumstances the speed he was using was not reckless. It would be an even more logical application of the same principle to make participation in an accident—where almost certainly one party, and frequently both, are guilty of faulty acts—*prima facie* evidence of recklessness.

Two objections may be urged against this procedure. Occasionally an innocent person would be subjected to the inconvenience of having to establish his innocence or, in rare cases, might not be able to do so. But it must not be forgotten that the day has long passed when a highway accident was the private concern of those involved in it. The community now carries much

of the cost of collisions and, therefore, has a right to insist on any measures that will eliminate this cost. The injustice that the proposed practice would occasionally inflict on an individual would be much less than that which the present system inflicts on the community.

The second objection is that the proposal would not secure the desired results. If it did not, the failure would spring from one of two causes: that convictions would not follow accidents, or that improvement in driving would not follow convictions.

The reasons why convictions do not now follow violations of traffic laws have been mentioned. The first is the difficulty of getting someone to push charges of law violation; the second, the practice of postponing cases. The proposed procedure would be free of both these objections. Under it no complaining witness would be needed—the placing of the charge would be automatic. The proposed procedure would also do away with the incentive to postpone the trial of cases. The accused would not, as now, be innocent until proved guilty; he would be guilty until proved innocent. To establish his innocence he would need the testimony of witnesses with clear-cut, convincing memories of what had occurred. The witness who could not remember, could not be sure what had happened, would be of little help. His failure to remember would no more establish innocence than it now establishes guilt. There seems every reason to believe that if the suggested procedure were adopted accidents would habitually lead to punishment.

Would this punishment lead to better driving? It seems safe to answer yes on the basis of existing facts.

Motor-vehicle operators fall into two broad classes: drivers of commercial vehicles and drivers of private cars. The

driver of the private car has all the incentives to careful driving that have been enumerated. A considerable proportion of commercial drivers have, in addition, the fear of losing their jobs as the result of being in an accident. The commercial driver knows that if he gets into a jam, no matter how indifferent the public authorities may be, his employer may feel differently. This will be especially true if his employer is one of that considerable number of fleet owners whose liability-insurance rate is determined by their own accident experience. In such a case, whether or not insurance is carried, the owner does not wholly avoid the cost of a collision. In recent years employers have been impressing on their drivers the undesirability of accidents. This practice has not been universal, but it has been general enough to show results. Let us return to the New York accident figures.

	1926	1934	
Commercial vehicles involved in fatal accidents	795	759	5% decrease
Private passenger cars involved in fatal accidents	1291	2233	73% increase

During these years it is true that there was a 31 per cent increase in private passenger-car registrations, as compared with practically no change in commercial registrations. But even so the number of private passenger cars involved in fatal accidents rose two and a third times as fast as registrations rose, while the number of commercial cars decreased. Commercial-car operation became safer as passenger-car operation became more dangerous.

No changes in the speeds of the two types of vehicles account for this divergence in hazard. On the contrary, truck speeds have certainly increased since 1926 by a greater percentage than passenger-car speeds have. In 1926 there were still many slow-moving, solid-tired trucks, which have now

almost entirely disappeared. Long-distance express hauling on the highways has developed into high-speed travel. Speed changes have been greatly in favor of the private passenger car. Accident changes have been greatly in favor of the commercial car. This can mean only one thing: Commercial cars are now being driven more carefully and more safely than they were a few years ago.

The New York figures are not alone in showing this fact. They confirm an earlier study made by the National Safety Council. This study was based on accident reports from States and cities with a combined population of 56 millions—one-half the population of the country. The analysis showed that while the number of trucks involved in fatal accidents was 8 per cent less in 1932 than in 1927, the number of private passenger cars so involved had increased by 38 per cent. Automobile registration figures for this half of the country are not available; but for the country as a whole truck registrations increased 11 per cent during these years and passenger-car registrations only 3 per cent. Commercial drivers showed an actual decrease in fatal accidents, coupled with some increase in registrations and a large increase in speeds. With smaller increases in both speeds and registrations, private passenger cars showed five times as great an increase in fatal accidents.

Where there has been a direct incentive not to have accidents—a direct penalty attached to having an accident—accidents have decreased.

The choice stands clear before us. We can continue to have highway accidents at the present or an increased rate or we can eliminate a large proportion of them by providing certainty of punishment for causing them. But this is the choice. Let us clearly understand that fact.



THEY ARE MOVING TO THE COUNTRY

BY PHILIP CURTISS

ELEVEN years ago I wrote an article on "Back to the Land" and promptly resolved never to write another, for that innocent composition plunged me into more hot water than anything else I had ever done in my life.

At that time I was alarmed and astonished because my intentions had been perfectly honest and I had stated nothing but facts. All I had done, in short, was to describe, with such color and humor as I could muster, the experiences of my wife and myself during seven years in a New England farmhouse. I told the usual stories about our troubles with the kitchen stove, our anxieties and ecstasies about our first (and only) potato crop. I threw in a few anecdotes about other young couples who were doing what we were doing in neighboring villages, and ended up with observations on the comfort and happiness that could be found in rural regions for very little money by anyone with simple habits and a proper point of view.

The magazine in which the article was published was hardly on the newsstands before I received a deluge of letters which threatened to raise our local post office from fourth- to second-class rating. There had been little really new in the article, but at just that time there was in the air a mild form of the same restlessness and uncertainty which are now gripping many Americans. Certain men who had been in the War had not yet been able to settle

down satisfactorily. The brief depression of the early 1920's had left some families uprooted and anxious, while the big boom, which was then just beginning, was setting a new speed of social life which other families were finding themselves unable to follow.

At any rate, about half the bookkeepers, auditors, poets, interior decorators, school teachers, and advertising copy writers in New York, Boston, and Philadelphia wrote to tell me that I had described exactly the sort of life of which they had long been dreaming and that if I would send them the address of my paradise they would come right up. All they wanted me to do was find them an abandoned farm with a Colonial house which could be bought for practically nothing yet would be equipped with steam heat, electric lights, and running water, which would be isolated yet near cultured neighbors, where the taxes would be almost negligible but where the roads would be free from mud in the spring and cleared of snow in the winter. Most of them said that they "loved to rough it" and "could do almost anything" but, owing to certain family commitments, hesitated to make the plunge unless I could also suggest some back-country occupation which would assure them of a steady income of about three hundred dollars a month.

A young ship captain without a berth wrote to say that he had a plan for growing apples. All he needed

was the land, the capital, and some pleasant means of passing the years until he harvested his first crop. Another man wanted to know whether I thought that he could support himself by raising Bedlington terriers. A well-to-do widow in a fashionable New York suburb wrote that modern social life was proving disastrous to her growing children; that she wanted to take them back to primitive conditions and turn them loose with the cows, the pigs, and the wildflowers, but first wished to find out whether there were any good private day schools within hail of our woodshed. I had letters by the dozen from people who had always wanted to "write" or "paint" and believed that if they could only get in front of an open fire with a steaming teakettle they might actually begin. Of the women who wrote me at least two out of three had dreams of starting a tea room or a gift shop (entirely "different" of course from any other tea room or gift shop) and wanted to know whether I could guarantee the clientele. Of the men a large number planned to live at ease by raising chickens.

Two heads of families actually appeared in person at our front door, one of them with a letter of introduction from a friend and the other on nothing more than the strength of the article. The first was a young Wall Street man who had been told that it was possible to pick up old farms in our part of the country for a small amount. I told him that it was entirely possible and, a week later, wrote him that I had found a farm of eighty acres, with a hundred-year-old house, a barn, and a trout brook which could be had for twenty-five hundred dollars. He replied that the price was attractive but asked me please to send fuller details—"the number of bathrooms, etc."!

The other, personal applicant was a good-looking, humorous young man

who told me that he had been graduated from one of the best-known American preparatory schools but had always liked knocking about in a rough way. He said that he had spent several years punching cattle in the West, had helped break a freight-handlers' strike, had crossed the ocean on a tramp steamer, and worked in a lumber camp in Nova Scotia, but that now he was married and would like to settle down. I told him that he seemed to have exactly the qualifications for country life and, as a starter, sent him to a neighboring farmer who reported a week later that the ex-cattle puncher was a most agreeable addition to the family circle but was, unfortunately, afraid of a cow. I next got him a job selling farm machinery but found that, while he was most willing to drive round the country in his employer's car, he had an extreme reluctance to calling on a customer. As he still talked about his love of wild life and his great physical vigor, I then sent him to the manager of a power company which was cutting a trail through the woods for a transmission line. He worked at this job exactly four days and I never heard from him again.

Nevertheless, in spite of my own grotesque experiences, there *was* a genuine back-to-the-land movement starting in rural New England at just that period—the early 1920's. It gained force rapidly for two or three years, was less noticeable or took other forms during the boom era, but during the past five years has been growing again to astonishing proportions. What is possibly more important, there has been during those same years an equally marked stay-on-the-land movement, an increasing tendency among young people in the country to give up, by choice, the traditional migration toward city jobs and to settle down contentedly in rural and village occupations.

On a casual, sleety Sunday in the middle of last winter I attended service at the white Congregational church in our own mountain village. I had not been to church for several months and happened to sit in one of the front pews, so that I was not particularly conscious of the attendance until we rose after the benediction. Then, turning round, I was suddenly struck by the size of the congregation for that time of the year and particularly struck by its prosperous, well-dressed appearance. Musing on the situation on my way home, I realized that fully half of the persons present were former city people now making their permanent homes in or near our village.

That afternoon I took the local telephone directory and out of three hundred and fifty-eight names listed I counted thirty-seven families that, to my knowledge, had moved to the town since 1920. All of them had come from larger places, principally from New York City or its suburbs, and fully three-quarters of them had come in the past six or eight years. That summary, moreover, was far from complete, as it did not include individuals such as grown sons and daughters who, after several years of city life, had returned to town and were living with families previously in residence. It did not include casually employed persons who were not householders or families of whose previous history I was uncertain. It did not include several families which had moved to town just before 1920 or newcomers who were legitimately part of the village life but lived so far from the center of town that they had no telephones or were listed in other exchanges. Especially, my list did not include a large number of city people who were property owners and voters in the town, who kept their houses open from four to eight months in the year, but must still be classed as "summer people." I

counted only bona fide residents who spent the winters in the town and maintained homes in no other places.

During the week following that informal census I attended a winter picnic at a pond in the woods, with skating, fishing through the ice, and a luncheon cooked over an open fire. It was not a prearranged affair. It had been organized at an hour's notice over the telephone, but there were present twelve adults and eighteen youngsters ranging in age from five to seventeen years. All were now residents of the town, but five years before, all of them except the four members of my own family had been living in the borough of Manhattan.

During one week-end in the middle of that same winter my wife and I, without going more than fifteen miles from our doorstep, went to two large dances in private houses, four punch or cocktail parties, a tea with music by a string quartet, and a ski meet with performers of national reputation. Our daughters also took in a dance in a public hall. This was rather different from our first winter of married life in the country—1917—when our car remained jacked up in the barn from December 16th to the second day of March and our principal achievement was the fact that we read every word in the whole six volumes of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*.

To realize the full significance of the new state of affairs it must be noted that our particular town is somewhat isolated and quite severe in its climate. The nearest large city is New York, which can be reached only by a drive of nine miles, followed by a journey of three and a half hours on the train, or by a drive of twenty miles and a train journey of two and a half hours. A temperature of thirty degrees below zero is not unusual and for weeks at a time the thermometer will hover be-

tween ten below and ten above. In the summer the town has for many years had a reputation as a quiet and conservative resort, but in the winter there are no organized amusements except a ski meet, no movies within nine miles, and no large hotels. In other words, the place is in no sense suburban. People who come to it as permanent residents do so with their eyes wide open, with a distinct burning of their boats. In most cases they do it because, after experiment and deliberation, they have decided to sacrifice everything else for the kind of life they find here.

Whether anything to correspond with this can be found in other, unallied parts of the country I have no way of knowing. Neither can I answer for the extreme northern sections of New England. But I do know, by intimate observation, that what is happening in our town is happening also in dozens of other towns scattered over western Massachusetts, eastern New York, and northwestern Connecticut. One runs across constant examples of it in the wide area of social life made possible by the motor car and good roads. One finds incessant evidences of it in the membership of women's clubs, in the local newspapers, in the character of public and private entertainments, in the increase of sophisticated sports, and especially in the appearance and numbers of young people to be seen on village streets.

II

But who are these newcomers, these back-to-the-landers of the year 1935? What lies behind their sudden migration and how do they live? To answer those questions truthfully it would be necessary almost to give an analysis of every individual case; for no two of them are exactly alike. The new country people range in type from

gentle Victorian ladies, living quietly on inherited incomes, to carpenters, plasterers, and masons who once worked on the Interborough subway or the Empire State Building but are now merrily shingling barn roofs or erecting silos. We have friends and neighbors who have come to the country because of ill health and others who have come because city life was not sufficiently vigorous for their natures. Some have come because wealth permitted it and others because shrinking means made it necessary. To certain individuals the isolation and economy of country life offer an opportunity for close pursuit of some art or study. In the same conditions others find liberty for living continuously in flannel shirts, old Fords, and riotousness.

In an easy afternoon's drive about our countryside I could point out the present homes of a former broker, still in early middle life, who is master of a pack of hounds, raises beef cattle, and represents his town in the State legislature; of a former ship's carpenter, who was at sea for twenty years but now grows cauliflower and makes exquisite panelling for restoring old houses; of a former importer, who sells securities to country banks and collects banjo clocks; of a former jazz orchestra leader, who runs a drug store; of a former Brooklyn school teacher (a woman), who raises draught horses and runs a small dairy; of a former Harvard football star, who owns and operates a limestone quarry; and of a former typesetter on the *New York Herald Tribune*, who combines the occupations of maintaining a hundred-acre farm and punching the single linotype of a rural weekly. Of the two farms most recently sold in our immediate neighborhood one was bought by a member of the New York Stock Exchange and the other by a New York policeman. Concerning such varied types one can make but a single state-

ment—that few of them bear any resemblance to the traditional idea of a back-to-the-lander. One can, however, review certain underlying facts which have had a good deal to do with the whole movement.

In the first place, to get a true picture one must realize that rural life in New England was never quite as abandoned or as cheerless as it was commonly supposed to be. Ideas on this subject have been largely spread by economists and fiction writers, and while these have stated certain broad truths, they have been very far from stating the whole truth. It has been very easy for economists to say that between the Civil and the World Wars the whole New England countryside was drained of its lifeblood by the lure of the cities and the superior attractions of the fertile West; that the young, the active, and the intelligent went away, leaving only the feeble and the half-witted. Actually, both common sense and a study of particular cases would show that frequently the exact reverse was true: that the hard-headed, practical sons remained with their noses to the grindstone while the ne'er-do-wells and the indolent went elsewhere, often to become mere factory fodder. One need be only fairly familiar with the intimate history of any particular locality to find plenty of cases in which the son who remained at home prospered and thrived, whether he did it on the farm, in a rural law office, or as manager of the local knife shop, whereas the adventurous son drifted all his life from one petty clerical job to another and was always glad to return for months at a time to live on the generous bounty of his brother. The trouble is that we have always been inclined to think of these things in terms of Daniel Websters, Lincolns, Garfields, and Edisons, and not even economists have been able to resist the lure of spectacular

instances. Thirty years ago a farm boy who went off and became a professor in a minor college was hailed as a monument of achievement. Not so much was said about one who stayed at home, opened a grain and coal business, and salted away five or six thousand dollars every year. Yet there were about as many who did one as the other.

As economists are particularly open to the temptation of general statements, so are fiction writers susceptible to "types," that is to say, extremes and eccentrics. New England has always been full of "characters." Even to-day it would be impossible to walk a mile on a country road without meeting one, which is another way of saying that New Englanders have always been an original and salty race; but it is not quite accurate to take the fictional view that rural New England for several generations was inhabited exclusively by crusty, illiterate men and fading old women. Read the phrase "country doctor" and immediately there will rise to your mind a picture of a man at least seventy years old. Say "New England lawyer" or "Yankee storekeeper," and instinctively you think of chin whiskers. Yet obviously there must always have been many young doctors and lawyers in New England towns, just as there have always been some storekeepers who were smooth-shaven, mild-mannered, and spoke perfect English.

As a matter of fact, there has never been a time when almost any New England village did not contain at least a small group of people who were active, well-educated, sociable, and fully as sophisticated as corresponding city people of their day. Most of them lived in up-to-date comfort and some of them were downright wealthy. As a rule they had that easy and unostentatious culture which comes from wide reading, while frequently, having the

cares and responsibilities of a whole community on their shoulders, they had acquired a manner and point of view that could fairly be called aristocratic.

An outsider would not be properly conscious of these people from driving through a village or even from spending a summer there, any more than one would understand the social system of New York by going on a sight-seeing tour or spending a few weeks at a metropolitan hotel. In fact, even if the visitor saw these real New Englanders, he would not always recognize them; for in those days (previous to the War) laced rubber boots and lumber jackets were not regarded as the last word in sporting smartness, and an outsider could easily be pardoned for not realizing that a funny little man whom he saw getting out of a mud-stained buggy in a moth-eaten buffalo overcoat was a Yale graduate, an authority on New England antiquities, and probably a substantial stockholder in the New York Central Railroad.

For New Englanders such as these the coming of the motor car and good roads caused a revolution, not because it allowed them to get in touch with the world but because it allowed them to get in touch with one another. The social horizon suddenly expanded from the boundaries of a single township to an almost unlimited area, and dozens of isolated groups in snow-bound villages became linked up in one large, familiar clan, with possibilities for all sorts of variety. Second cousins who had barely known each other became daily intimates. "Judge Harker's daughters over in Northbridge," who a few years before would have been merely names, now became exciting realities on whom boys from Southbridge, Middlefield, and Bee-ker's Falls could call every evening. A family from Gosset could dine with a family in Lebanon and then the

united party could drop in to spend the evening with a family in Highmont. And the same sort of thing was happening in every nook and cranny of rural society, from the mill-owning families who kept butlers and show horses, to the squatters up in the mountains who shot deer out of season and danced square dances in barns.

To return, then, to our back-to-the-landers, one of the principal things that has happened is that outsiders have discovered rural New England precisely because rural New Englanders have rediscovered themselves. For in most of the cases of which I have knowledge the new colonies have grown up in exactly this way—around local colonies which already existed.

Someone goes up to spend a weekend with a cousin in the lower Berkshires and takes someone else along. Happening to motor through the region two or three months later, the second visitor drops in alone. He intends to spend only a few minutes, but time passes pleasantly and people from the neighborhood drop in and out. The visitor discovers that one of them went to the same college that he did and that another is a close friend of his business partner. He accepts an invitation to stay for dinner and then to spend the night. During the evening he happens to say, casually, "You know, my mother and sister are looking for a place just like this. The lease on their apartment runs out next month and they don't think they'll renew it." Somebody calls from across the room, "Why don't you take him to see the Clayton Smith place? I hear that's for sale." Immediately everyone in the party begins mentally re-furnishing the Clayton Smith place with chintzes, a scraped-panel living room, a large open fireplace, and a septic tank. The visitor's imagination catches fire. His mother and sister come up. They also catch fire,

and the lower Berkshires have another family.

Or, to sketch in another side of the picture, an expert cabinet maker named Soren Sorenson is sent up by a sub-contractor to install the special woodwork in the new high school building at Shiloh Center. In Norway Soren was brought up as a country boy but his entire eight years in America have been spent in New York City, in the Scandinavian colony, and he regards his Shiloh mission as a form of exile. For two or three weeks he eats his meals at the station lunch counter and speaks to almost no one.

Then gradually he makes the acquaintance of a Danish nurseryman, who has a pretty daughter, and he goes to board with the family. Presently, seeing that his job is going to be a long one, he buys an old car for thirty-five dollars and spends his evenings putting it into shape. When the school building is finally completed, his Danish host suggests that he "take it easy for a while" and says that if Soren will help him put up a wooden lean-to at the end of the greenhouse he is welcome to stay as long as he likes. When the lean-to is finished a local contractor who has known Soren at the school building gives him two or three weeks' work on a "house job." After that Soren drifts back to crating plants at the nursery, with the result that in about a year he is married, has worked as a painter, a garage assistant, a clock repairer, a lawn cutter, and a nursery man, has become an expert coon hunter and pickerel fisherman, and finds it hard to believe that he ever lived anywhere except in Shiloh.

Of course there are all sorts of variations to these two instances and all sorts of exceptions. I have one friend who was told by his physician in New York that he must stop business. Intending to obey eventually but not immediately, he started off on a motor

trip, and on a highway guideboard happened to see the name of our town. His wife remembered that as a child she had spent a summer in the place and was curious to see it; so they turned off the main road and drove over. They did not, at that time, know a soul in the village but within twenty-four hours they had rented a house. A short time later they bought another house and with their four children they have now lived in the town for twelve years.

III

Just how far this back-to-the-country movement might have developed in normal times it is impossible to say. As I have suggested, signs of it were distinctly visible all through the 1920's but obviously the final and overwhelming impetus has been given by the depression. Probably three out of four of the new country dwellers, even those who are most enthusiastic over their present life and never intend to return to the city, would say freely that economic necessity, in one form or another, was originally responsible for their migration. While this is true, yet it is also apparent in most cases that the depression merely put into motion forces or inclinations which already existed.

A reasonable study of this phase of the matter is made difficult by several facts. The first is that the depression has driven into the country many people who do not properly belong to this movement because there is little or no probability that they will ever become fixtures in the rural scene. Most of them are individuals who, beyond the desire to economize, have no real taste for country life or, if they have the taste superficially, have not the point of view on which country life is based. They are the sort of people who say, "Certainly I'd like to live permanently

in the country if I could make as much as I could in the city—or if I could spend the three winter months in New York.” Possibly such people constitute the majority of humanity and I have no quarrel with them. Indeed I must admit that most of them whom I have met in the country during the depression years have taken their exile in an exceedingly broadminded spirit. They have entered appreciatively into the outward activities of country life, such as sports and informal hospitality; but one can see that their hearts are not really in the hills and that the first sign of a “pickup” in industry or finance will send them racing back to the city.

Along with these people, the depression has also driven or attracted into the country certain others whose love of rural life is genuine enough but who have not even the mild practicality or ruggedness required by the simplest of rural existences. The vast specialization of a modern city seems, somehow or other, to provide a place for such people, but in the blunt and sudden realities of the country they develop a sort of panic which makes their rural experiments very short-lived. Whenever a discussion arises on the question of the country as an economic refuge, these people and those of the preceding class are usually the first to rush forward with their testimony; but if their experiences prove anything they prove that when economic necessity is the sole or predominant reason for moving to the country the experiment is almost invariably a failure. Acting on this motive alone, some individuals may find a bare means of living but no mental or social satisfactions. Others do not find even the economic refuge that they are seeking.

A second fact which makes it difficult to trace clearly the connection between the depression and the new country movement is that many of the new

country residents still display so visible a margin of financial security that not every observer would be willing to class them as economic victims. To themselves they may seem very poor. They may even point out or allow you to guess that an income of seven or eight thousand dollars has shrunk to thirty-three or thirty-four hundred, or that a fine old estate once rated at half a million dollars now yields only a paltry fourteen thousand a year. Their worries are of course genuine; but to a cynical or unsympathetic eye there are certain phases of the new country movement which might appear like a fashionable fancy and not like the pure operation of economic pressure.

In most cases, in short, where the economic factor is the ruling one it operates almost entirely on the negative side. Those of the new country people who really are facing a genuine money problem have discovered and joyfully proclaim that one dollar in the country brings them what four or five would have brought them in the city. Especially they discover that in the country very limited means cause no loss of self-respect or limitation of social activity. Just as it is one of the pleasantest features of life in a small town that people of all ages mingle intimately, so is it true that people of all incomes are by necessity thrown constantly together without self-consciousness on either side. Anyone in a village who limited his intimacies to people of his own financial standing would find himself very lonely indeed.

A third fact which makes it difficult to trace invariably the connection between the depression and the new country movement is that the latter has been extensively recruited from people who already had actual or sentimental connections with the particular rural district in which they are now living, and so have not been conscious of do-

ing anything spectacular or of making any great change.

As I have pointed out, country life had been growing steadily more interesting even to country people for many years before the depression. Even before 1929 it was common to hear country boys and girls, especially among well-to-do families, express a wish, on leaving school or college, that they could find something to do near home, although they felt that public opinion, plus natural ambition, required them to go to the accepted centers of occupation. Now many such youngsters have almost gleefully accepted the depression as a reason for staying in a congenial region where they can ski in the winter, fish in the spring, swim or play golf in the summer, and shoot in the autumn. Others, slightly older, have returned. They have settled back into family businesses or worked out small projects of their own and many of them are already fairly well established. Likewise many, although not all, of the wealthier members of the new country crowd are former summer residents who for several years had been gradually lengthening their country seasons and who, when the depth of the depression became obvious, simply cut off their city connections with the remark, "We probably should have done it anyway, sooner or later, so why not now?"

Without attempting then to reach a generalization that would cover every case, one incontestable effect of the depression has been to give many Americans a free conscience for easier and quieter forms of life toward which they had long had secret inclinations but which, in the face of the American tradition, they dared not very seriously contemplate. With the knowledge that he could not get a Wall Street job even if he wanted it and that most of his city classmates are either walking the streets or fretting in positions

of the most trifling nature, the country boy turns quite contentedly to the local bank or a county law office and oils up his fishing tackle after hours. The middle-aged man who would formerly have thought it sheer effeminacy to retire at fifty-five now glances at the industrial summaries in the morning paper and chuckles to himself as he goes out to superintend the improvements in his rock garden.

IV

In all these observations I realize that I have left a gap which will be most disappointing to many readers. In what I have said up to this point it will be impossible to escape the implication that the new back-to-the-land movement has been of benefit only to certain limited classes of people. Since my intention has been not to paint a fanciful Utopia but to describe something that is actually taking place, I must admit frankly that many, if not most, of the new back-to-the-landers have belonged to one of three general classes—persons who still have some private income, however small; persons of country origin who have remained in or returned to familiar regions; and persons who, like our friend Soren Sorenson, have some trade or talent by which they can earn a living wherever they choose to hang up their hats. The question still remains, and will undoubtedly be asked, whether it is possible for a city man or woman with a fondness for rural life but no personal means and no special connections to move to the country and support a family.

This is, frankly, a question that I hesitate to approach. I learned my lesson on that subject eleven years ago. Actually it *is* possible. I know both men and women who have done it successfully and I know many others who have tried it and failed. The real

answer is that it can be done only by a person who can easily adapt himself to the pace and philosophy of country life.

For one thing, the average city man cannot think of a living except in terms of a definite "job," preferably one which will begin to-morrow and give promise of steady continuance until the end of time. If he is without a job for two weeks he grows white with anxiety—and well he may. He begins soliciting his friends, writing letters, seeking interviews, and sitting in anterooms until he has found another job with a stated wage or salary, after which he begins to breathe freely again.

The true countryman does nothing of the sort. If told that he is being "laid off" he merely goes home and begins to fuss with his car. For the next week, the next month, or the next year, so far as anyone can see, neither his mental poise nor his family routine is upset in the slightest degree. Sooner or later someone will come along and the following conversation will take place:

"By the way, Charley, you busy now?"

"Not particularly."

"Well, I heard Bill Simmons was looking for someone to take Andy Matthews's place."

"Is he? Much obliged."

The next day or the day after Charley may go and see Bill Simmons. Quite likely the whole business will be arranged by the friendly intermediary, and the following week, Charley will be back at work again.

The same methods extend into the highest reaches of all country business. A man, let us say, has bought a tract of land, a house and lot, a stand of timber, or a garage building with the direct idea of "turning it over" for a profit. He doesn't announce his purchase, he doesn't seek buyers directly. Least of all does he put up a "For Sale"

sign, knowing that such a sign is always taken to indicate distress. He merely lets the property stand as it is, bringing in what income it may, until, any time from a month to five years later, someone says to him, "Oh, before I forget it, Harry, are you interested in selling that Beaver Brook property?"

"I might be," answers Harry, and three or four months later he pockets several thousand dollars, possibly the only substantial new income he has had in two years.

In other words, in the country the time element has no such meaning as it has in the city. All country occupations are full of delays, postponements, and sheer months of blank, empty time that would be agonizing to the city man who wondered where his bread and butter were coming from. Yet, odd as it sounds, as one acquires the country point of view one actually begins to like such methods. One learns to fill in the blank times with other activities and when, as they usually do, the strokes of good fortune come unannounced and out of a clear sky they have all the excitement of a successful gamble. Most country people live all their lives by what a city man would call mere pottering. Manual workers sooner or later do everything from painting houses to carting manure, and men of means are usually carrying on five or six different lines of business at once without really knowing how they happened to be in any one of them.

Furthermore, all relationships in the country are founded on intimate acquaintance or local reputation, and no city man, coming to a given region without ready capital, could hope to make much headway until both his character and his temperament were known and approved of. This would not be due so much to the supposed rustic fear of the "city slicker" as to the fact that so many well-meaning but

rather silly people have come to country towns, talked big or tried to organize fantastic schemes, and quickly petered out.

But how *do* country people live in their slack times—on credit? To some extent yes, especially in localities in which seasonal occupations predominate; but the chain stores and the growing practice of shopping in other places than the home town have somewhat lessened this resource. One answer is that the average country family, living on its own place, has an enormous power to contract or expand its interior economy without visibly changing its exterior existence. Overhead expenses are usually very small and are figured not in months but in years. Almost everything else can be cut down or expanded at a moment's notice. If there is no money for movies or trips to New York, the family stays at home and reads or goes fishing. Chunk or scrap wood takes the place of coal even in furnaces, and instead of western beef, the household eats home-raised chicken or native sausage. While no actual system of bartering may exist, there is usually a code of neighborhood favors that takes the place of it. All sorts of things from a basket of eggs to legal services pass back and forth with no thought of money. Because I once wrote a business letter that saved a fellow-townsmen considerable money, I have not been allowed to pay for a haircut in years. But social life goes on just the same and no particular shame is attached to stringency. There is no necessity of telling your friends that you are broke. They know it already.

Moreover, an incredible number of those daily, nagging calls for cash that make life a torment in the city are either unknown or can be dropped at will in the country. Such things as carfares, commutation tickets, downtown lunches, expensive laundry, tips,

clothes-pressing, shoe shines, matinées, paid entertainments, school and office subscriptions, club dues, and all the constant expenses of putting up a good appearance are largely absent. Good clothes are worn perhaps once in two weeks and last so long as to become embarrassing. Good shoes last forever. A countryman thinks nothing of going round for days with only a few cents in change in his pocket. Even the newspapers come by yearly subscription. A country family, on almost any of the social levels, which can provide itself with food, fuel, and light can live for months in perfect placidity with an incredibly small amount of ready money. In fact one of the most common problems in rural domestic financing is to scrape up the sums required for gasoline and the annual motor registrations.

The real strength of the average countryman's position is that he has no such moral fear as the city man of absolute financial zero. A white-collar family man in the city, finding that he had only fifty-five dollars in his bank account, would consider himself in a desperate situation. The countryman would consider that about normal—and so would his banker. The small-towner has lived so long and so often with very little cash and all the world about him thinks and talks in comparatively small sums. His transactions as a rule are with his own friends and neighbors, and when he talks with them either as a debtor or a creditor he does not do it by a form letter or over a brass railing. Even the tax collector or the sheriff is probably his uncle. But few of these things would be apparent or available to a newcomer.

V

Now in all this discussion it may have been noticed that I have said very little about nature's bounty—the prod-

ucts of the soil. I have done so intentionally because to my mind it is one of the weaknesses of most back-to-the-land projects that they are based largely on the idea of amateur farming. No one enjoys more than I do reading those charming idyls in which the author and his wife, or the authoress and her husband, take an abandoned farm, raise their own radishes, cure their own beef, and live almost entirely on the products of four acres. Although I have lived a good part of my life in what many people would call the backwoods, yet even I constantly find myself captivated by the idea of taking a dog, a gun, and a sack of meal to some spot even more remote and snapping my fingers at the whole economic system.

However, while such schemes might be amusing for a season—or long enough to write a book about them—they are not practical for a year-in, year-out existence in the country. Even farmers themselves do not live that way. A kitchen garden and a poultry yard will prove exciting and help very appreciably with the family table, but they will not pay taxes, they will not run a car, and they will not buy the big air-circulating stove which will be badly needed by the opening of the first winter. Any survey of rural life is fifty years behind the times if it fails to recognize that farming is only one of many occupations carried on in a modern countryside, and that to produce laboriously and painfully what, by other methods, you might acquire easily and quickly is to forfeit the leisure and variety of experience which should be the chief reasons for living in the country. A man who has a trade or talent which will bring him in only four or five dollars a week will do well to push it to the limit and buy his carrots from the neighbor up the road. The neighbor will probably give them to him anyway.

In my opinion an ideal form of country life is a combination of the new and the old ideas of back-to-the-land. That is to say, the purely country features should be relied on only for purposes of economy and agreeable living, while for actual subsistence a man should do, in some modified form, just about what he would have done in the city. If he has had banking experience he should look for financial connections. If he is a commercial man he should buy and sell. If he is mechanically minded he should find outlets for this special ability. If he is an artist he should use his added time and freedom for trying some of the higher art forms that he never dared try in the city.

In addition to this general suggestion, if any city reader, in spite of all that I have said, is contemplating a move to the country I will offer the following lesser hints:

If possible go to a place where you are already known. If you own even a cowshed in the country, there is your obvious destination.

Don't go to a region which has already been discovered by other back-to-the-landers, especially rich ones. Pick out a place which is still genuinely rural. Let others follow you there and you will reap the benefits of having been the first on the ground.

If you buy a farmhouse don't try to put it in perfect condition before you move in. Live in it just as it is for a while and put in the big improvements one at a time. You will not only save money but you will have a lot of fun. When you finally get a bathroom, a heating system, or a new kitchen sink you will feel that somebody has left you the Waldorf Astoria.

If economy is necessary begin it the first day. Deny yourself necessities but give yourself luxuries, such as open fires, sports clothing, and, if you go in

for that sort of thing, an occasional quart of applejack.

Avoid "trick" occupations such as tea rooms, selling antiques, and fishing for tourists. Find a standard occupation—at least one that is standard for you—and work it up slowly.

Don't laugh at anyone, don't boast about your former city connections, but on the other hand, don't try to dress and act like a hillbilly. When the neighbors tell you that John Smith is a worthless crook, be prepared to find him the most agreeable and intelligent man in the district. Then be prepared to find that the neighbors were right in the first place.

Accept everything that is offered you from a basket of pears to a parlor organ, but when you yourself do a favor do a real one.

Don't expect anyone to do anything

when he says he will do it, but also don't contemplate giving up and wiring for your old job just because your own troubles do not solve themselves overnight.

Realize that if you can spend weeks alone in perfect happiness, if you like open fields even when they are brown and rainsoaked or covered with slush, if a whiff of woodsmoke or the first chirp of the frogs in the spring can give you a thrill that will make up for days of labor and discouragement, if, in short, you can find interest in any company and drama in little things, you are fitted to be a countryman. If not, not.

Finally, if you are still undecided as to whether you are fitted to move back to the land, I have only one further suggestion to offer. Please do not write to me and ask me to decide the question for you.





THE ROAD TO DESTITUTION

WHY TWENTY MILLIONS NEED RELIEF

BY C. HARTLEY GRATTAN

ANATOLE FRANCE pointed out that the law in its majesty gives the rich and the poor an equal right to sleep under bridges. By the same token, the rich and the poor have an equal right to become destitute; but by some strange quirk in their natures, the rich rarely avail themselves of the privilege. It is the poor who make use of it. Poverty seemingly being the essential prerequisite to destitution, it is necessary to establish the nature of the poverty from which the destitute suffer. Is it, as the hostile and hard so frequently assert, a poverty of the spirit? Or is it, as the sociological insist, an economic matter in which physical, psycho-physiological, and cultural deficiencies may or may not figure?

When more than twenty million persons find themselves in a state of destitution in America these questions are of more than academic interest. They are, on the contrary, of the very first importance, not only to the understanding of current conditions, but also to any comprehension of what must be done really to correct the conditions. One's point of view toward the present relief population determines, in large measure, one's general outlook on the American economy. It is not likely that anyone completely convinced that the families and unattached persons now on relief are there because they all are, in the many senses of the words, "marginal people" will be much con-

cerned about them except to see that they get minimum assistance in keeping alive. On the other hand, if one is convinced that in the overwhelming majority of cases they are the ineluctable victims of forces which operate on the chronic dependents, the marginal and the supra-marginal alike, then minimum assistance seems a shabby thing and maximum changes in the economy the only right and logical answer to the problems posed.

Before either attitude can be taken with any grace it is necessary to establish who these persons are, how they differ, if at all, from those who to superficial view seem similarly circumstanced, but who have not applied for relief, and just what process is gone through in arriving at the necessity of applying for relief. It is not a pretty story in any of its aspects. It is more fit for Emile Zola than for Kathleen Norris!

Broadly speaking, the effects of the depression have resulted in the division of the American population into four groups:

1. Those who have suffered little or not at all in income or employment;
2. Those still employed whose incomes have been reduced somewhat drastically, necessitating an adjustment downward of the standard of living;
3. Those who are unemployed and who have been compelled to take ex-

traordinary measures to remain "independent persons";

4. Those who in addition to being unemployed (other than in exceptional instances), have been reduced, in spite of extraordinary measures, to subsisting on public relief.

It is not with the idea that the deprivations and sufferings, whether psychological or material, of those who have remained in employment but at lower rates of income are unimportant and insignificant from the social point of view that I have excluded them from discussion in this article. Rather, I have left them out of calculation because these persons have, in spite of all, remained members of the employed and income-receiving part of the population and hence independent persons. My present concern is with the unemployed not on relief and with the members of the relief population. It is out of a study of these two groups that we shall arrive at some rational understanding of contemporary destitution.

In spite of the fact that America has been wrestling with the problem for more than five years, we still know surprisingly little of a precise nature about the incidence of unemployment. It is impossible to find a figure for the number of unemployed at any given date which will be universally accepted. A little calculation reveals though that of the number unemployed at any time in recent years *at least half of them will be on the public relief rolls.*

Since many people appear not to understand the figures, it is perhaps wise explicitly to state that, whereas the figure for the total number of unemployed includes the gainful workers only, the total number of people on relief includes the gainful workers *and their dependents.* This should make it clear why, when it is stated that 13,000,000 persons are unemployed and 20,000,000 are on relief, it is still true that only about half of the unemployed

workers are subsisting on public aid. Roughly, one person in three on relief can be reckoned a potentially gainful worker, so that in a relief population of twenty millions there may be about six and two-thirds millions of potentially gainful workers or, as it is put in technical jargon, persons "working or seeking work."

This figure is not, however, strictly comparable to the unemployment figure, which usually excludes certain types of people who are quite eligible for relief and who are unquestionably part of the "gainfully employed" population. The farm population is undoubtedly under-represented in the current unemployment figures. A farmer on the land, whether as owner or tenant, is not, technically, unemployed even though his condition may be such as to make him eligible for government relief, a situation particularly true in drought areas. Farm laborers, a little understood, unorganized group, are also under-represented in unemployment figures, though they swell the relief rolls in all farming areas. On the other hand, there are on the rolls considerable numbers of individuals and families who cannot be reckoned in the gainfully employed population and who should be cared for by old-age pensions, mother's aid grants, and other relevant kinds of public assistance. All these considerations contribute to limiting the comparability of the two figures. Nevertheless, it is fairly certain that at least one-half of all the unemployed are now on relief.

Offhand, one would expect the incidence of unemployment to be greatest in those industries where production has declined most sharply and, therefore, it is a fair assumption that the producers' or durable-goods industries make the largest contributions. Consumption-goods industries would, if this line of reasoning is sound, make relatively small contributions to unem-

ployment. Yet a study of all available data makes it clear that in rolling up a relief total of twenty million persons there is *no* industrial or agricultural group which fails to make contributions to the total relief population. Unemployment is a universal phenomenon.

Income, moreover, is a somewhat better indicator than production; for with the technological changes of recent years, production can actually rise simultaneously with a decline in employment. The distress of the farmers, for example, cannot be determined by reference to the production figures: their difficulties, in so far as they are not attributable to drought, are reflections of income declines of a drastic nature. The broad pattern, except for agriculture, is established by the following remarks taken from Robert F. Martin's recent article, "The National Income, 1933," a fall in income implying a fall in employment:

The data for 1933 show the greatest declines [in income paid out] from 1929 to have taken place in the producers' or durable goods industries. The construction industry, which was already slackening activity in 1929, has fallen off the most, with a decline of 76 per cent. In the mining industry, which produces mainly fuel and raw material for industrial consumption or further industrial processing, income paid out showed a total decline of 64 per cent. In the manufacturing industries the greatest declines were registered in the heavy goods branches.

The industries which have shown the smallest falling off in incomes paid out since 1929 were those that serve consumers directly, and especially those of a monopoly nature whose revenues were protected from full competitive pressure. . . . Income payments by the electric light and power industry have been maintained by the stable demand, especially of individuals and governments, rather than industrial consumers, and also by a relatively inflexible rate structure. . . .

If, then, we could take a miscellaneous collection of "gainfully employed" persons who could be divided into sev-

eral categories according to the type of employment normally followed—proprietary, professional, clerical, skilled, semi-skilled, and unskilled—and throw them out of employment at the same instant of time, which group would require relief first? Naturally, you will say, the group which had in times past the lowest income and hence the least opportunity to acquire reserves as a buffer against disaster. The longer the unemployment lasts the larger the number of persons from the higher income groups who will apply for aid. This is but ordinary common sense, a commodity singularly scarce in certain quarters when relief is under discussion.

It is not surprising, therefore, that the urban relief population of December, 1934 (which accounted for 60 per cent of the total relief population of 20,000,000) was distributed as in the table which follows. (If you compare the percentage for the population on relief with the percentage for the total urban population, you will see how relatively hard the groups at the bottom of the list were hit):

	<i>Per cent of Urban Relief Population</i>	<i>Per cent of Total Urban Population, 1930</i>
Professional and proprietary	5	17
Clerical	11	21
Skilled	18	16
Semi-skilled	29	21
Unskilled	37	25

The distribution of the rural relief population (40 per cent of the total for the country) falls in a somewhat different pattern, as would be expected. (In the following table 5 per cent of the total number of "workers" is deducted to care for those who have never worked.)

	<i>Per cent of Rural Relief Population</i>	<i>Per cent of Total Rural Population, 1930</i>
Professional	1	4.5
Proprietary	25*	35.5
Clerical	3.5	7.2
Skilled	6	7.5
Semi-skilled	6.5	8.5
Unskilled	53	36.8

* Chiefly farm owners.

(In December, 1934, there were 1,372,000 rural workers usually engaged in agriculture who were receiving relief, distributed as follows: owners 238,000, tenants 420,000, croppers 98,000, and laborers 616,000. These figures should be related to the discussion of possessions and other resources.)

These tables follow the patterns most informed people would establish by applying logic, controlled by well-known social facts, to the relief population. What worries certain people, however, is the fact that many persons and families in these several groups, even the unskilled, are also unemployed but do not apply for relief. Why should this be so, they ask, if those who apply for relief are not in some respect inferior? Does not their presence on the relief rolls argue that they are lacking in that virtue so dear to the American mythologists, self-reliance, and is their condition not directly attributable to improvidence in times past? If some can weather the storm, why not all? To answer these questions we must compare the relief and non-relief unemployed.

II

The data for a full and exhaustive comparison are simply not available, but such partial indications as can be found make it clear that the fundamental trouble is economic insufficiency. A study made in Chicago by Helen R. Wright admirably illustrates the point. To start with the crucial matter of income, it immediately appears that non-relief families, though suffering from unemployment, still have employed or partially employed members to a greater extent than relief families. This is so important a matter that Miss Wright's statement of it may profitably be quoted in full:

Of the 658 families who had not had relief, 369, or 56 per cent of the group, had had no period in which some member of

the family had not worked at least on a part-time basis, and 147 families, or 22 per cent, had had one or more wage-earner steadily employed at full-time work for the entire period. . . . Among the 345 families on relief, however, only 49, or 14 per cent, had had no period of total unemployment and only 18, or 5 per cent, had had any wage-earner who remained at work for the entire period.

There is also the important fact of family responsibilities and the number in the family capable of contributing toward meeting them. The differences between the two groups in this respect further illustrate the fundamental disadvantages suffered by the relief families. A little study of this table, taken from Miss Wright's report, will make it clear that families are driven to relief because of the existence, in the group, of dependent children whose support cannot be encompassed by the wage-earners in the family.

	<i>All families studied. Per cent reporting each fact</i>		<i>Families with total unemployment. Per cent to which each fact applied</i>	
	<i>Relief</i>	<i>Non-relief</i>	<i>Relief</i>	<i>Non-relief</i>
Only one wage-earner	58	45	62	65
Children under 16	72	50	73	50
Two or more children	53	26	53	23

This is a simple and obvious fact which should be accepted by anyone without question. Conversely, the fact that the non-relief group had more wage-earners and fewer children certainly goes far to explain the fact that they did not require relief.

The same size-of-family differential operates in the rural population. In twenty-four selected counties where seven major types of farming were represented, the *median* size of the relief families was 4.8 persons and of non-relief 3.9—a difference of a person.

The earlier conclusion is, therefore, reinforced: lack of income when combined with extensive family responsibilities brings people to relief. Unless

we choose to indict persons in the lower income brackets for having large families, which would be perilously similar to indicting the weather, since the State hampers the spread of birth control information, it is impossible to make out any case for the inferiority of the relief families on the basis of these data.

A study made in Dayton allows us to bring two more points into the picture: length of time unemployed and past work history, both of which have direct bearing on the need for relief, while the latter may perhaps be taken as an indication of the quality of the households involved. Taking up the first point on a family basis, the report presents the following data:

<i>Duration of unemployment of last worker to lose job</i>	<i>Relief Households, Cumulative Per cent</i>	<i>Non-relief Households, Cumulative Per cent</i>
Unemployed for:		
6 months or more	76	60
1 year or more	67	50
2 years or more	53	40
3 years or more	36	27
4 years or more	19	16
5 years or more	8	9

These figures are very significant and highly pertinent to the matter being discussed. They show that (a) the relief households have a longer record of unemployment than the non-relief, which is of great significance in the light of the fact that (b) the responsibilities of the relief households are greater, as previously pointed out, and their incomes smaller. Moreover, since the relief households have been without employment longer, it follows inescapably that they have been drawing on their reserves for a longer time and have exhausted them as a consequence. When the non-relief households studied have been out of work as long, the presumption is that they too will apply for relief. Only by gaining employment will they escape that fate. There is nothing in these figures, be it emphatically said, that indicates any inferiority on the part of the relief

households. They simply measure objectively the incidence of economic pressure.

Moral inferiority may appear in the data on work history, though it is unwise to be too hasty about assuming so. Let us, therefore, look at the Dayton figures on experience at usual occupation, which cover both those employed and those unemployed at the time of the study.

<i>Length of experience</i>	<i>Relief Cumulative per cent</i>	<i>Non-relief Cumulative per cent</i>
6 months or more	94	97
1½ years or more	88	91
4½ years or more	72	75
9½ years or more	50	50
14½ years or more	34	32

The remarks in the report at this point are especially pertinent: "the median length of experience for all experienced workers receiving relief is 115 months and for experienced non-relief workers 113 months . . . workers on relief appear about as employable as the non-relief workers." Turning, then, to the question of work stability, the following figures may be cited:

<i>Longest time with one employer</i>	<i>Relief Cumulative per cent</i>	<i>Non-relief Cumulative per cent</i>
6 months or more	91	96
1½ years or more	81	89
4½ years or more	50	67
9½ years or more	19	33
14½ years or more	8	16

The text which comments on this table is as follows: "The median length of the longest job for all workers in the relief population who have worked for one employer is 55 months, and in the non-relief 83 months. This difference may indicate that the non-relief workers have a record of greater work stability, or may simply be a product of the difference in occupational distribution of relief and non-relief workers. Some occupations intrinsically involve short-length jobs and, as a consequence, length of longest job with one employer is by no means a uniformly reliable index of work stabil-

ity." The report is absolutely correct in insisting, when summing up all the data (including a good deal not relevant here), that "the differentials are rather small." When they seem to weigh against the relief population, a consideration of the relevant sociological and economic data leads one to withhold moral condemnation.

The objective data seem thus to give little support to glib generalizations about the inferiority of the workers on relief. Even if the reader has personal knowledge of "inferior" individuals being given aid, he must remember that in the total picture a few individual cases will influence the figures but little, and that only by studying large groups can any valid judgment be formed. A tiny minority of the American people are gangsters. Do we condemn all Americans as being gangsters?

III

It can be dogmatically asserted, on the basis of numerous objective indications that have passed under my eyes during the last ten months, that the present relief clients did not come willingly to the relief offices. Even in those sections of the country where the receipt of public relief does not require the taking of a pauper's oath—an effective deterrent to the application for aid—there is plenty of evidence that in the vast majority of cases the necessity is resisted to the last possible moment. It is even resisted beyond the point which humanitarian social workers consider the uttermost margin of safety. From the standpoint of individual and social health it would be a good deal better if some people who resist applying for aid would give up the struggle sooner, for there are some indications that the relief population is better off than the unemployed non-relief population in the matter of nourishment. But there comes a time

when a family suffering from unemployment is forced on relief willy-nilly.

The first landmark on the downward trek to relief is, of course, stoppage or catastrophic reduction of income from employment. After that happens, there are usually three phases in the downward progress.

First comes the exhaustion of positive resources. How long this takes is dependent of course on the previous economic status of the family. But bank accounts and other savings ordinarily are not large enough to keep a family going for very long, as may be determined by figuring how long a family with an income of say \$30 a week and regularly putting away 10 per cent of it would have to save to live without income for six months at the \$27 level (answer: $4\frac{1}{2}$ years!). Neither can much be realized on insurance policies. In the low-income groups industrial insurance predominates, the average *face* value being \$200, and the loan value very much less, as any insurance holder will understand. The usual procedure for the worker seeking to turn his assets into money, is to borrow to the limit and then let the policy lapse by not paying the premiums—realizing little by the first step and making but a pitifully small "saving" by the latter.

The ownership of a home, however desirable it may be under favorable circumstances, is of little value to a family facing destitution if it is being purchased on the installment plan or is mortgaged. In fact it is a distinct liability, for the installment or mortgage payments are hefty timbers which contribute to breaking the family back; and when the disaster finally comes the descent required by foreclosure may well be more destructive of morale than eviction is to a renter. Under these circumstances home ownership is a negative asset the value of which is quickly exhausted. The turning of

chattels into money—such things as an automobile, a radio, a fine piece of furniture—in a time of economic crisis when innumerable forced sales have depressed the market is hardly likely to prove a solution either. And anyhow, the available statistics show that homes, automobiles, and other relatively costly assets are not ordinarily found in the possession of people who later come on relief. Especially is this true in the cities.

When it is apparent that the stoppage of income is not, as in good times, a strictly temporary affair, the families so affected naturally turn to economy. There is little quantitative data on the types of economies to which people resort; but from a reading of whatever qualitative material (not obviously fictionized) has come to my attention, it seems that economies are first effected in medical care, followed by clothing, food, and finally living quarters.

As to medical care, the economy comes not so much from resorting to cheap substitutes for adequate care as from abandoning care altogether until such time as it cannot be avoided, and then resorting to such free services as may be available. Yet it is not clear whether the rise in the illness rate associated with widespread reduction of income is directly a consequence of this economy or is the end product of economies in food, clothing, and shelter. It must be emphasized, however, that as the contributing causes to a rise in the illness rate become more important, the sums spent on medical care decline—an illogical procedure socially but obligatory in terms of personal economy.

Newspaper readers will recall that it is frequently announced that the death rate is falling and that this is a cause for optimism about the condition of the people. What it really means has been cogently stated by Mr. Edgar Sydenstricker of the Millbank Fund:

Whatever may be the reasons for a low death rate during an unusually severe economic depression, the fact that the death rate has continued on a low level must be accepted as a most encouraging sign. It is indubitable evidence that up to this time unemployment, diminished purchasing power, altered standards of living, even privation, have not *killed* very many of the population. . . . But this indication should be accepted only in so far as it really is a sign of good health. The death rate is not an adequate criterion of the extent of sickness and impairment. . . . It does not promptly reveal decreased resistance to disease. It is not an accurate measure, for example, of malnutrition. Furthermore, the gross mortality rate for the nation as a whole or for any large group of the population does not tell whether or not certain elements of the population are suffering from ill health.

That economies in medical care assist the spiral in its downward course seems indisputable.

The economies in clothing are at first negative: people forego replacements and the purchase of new articles. The time comes, however, when replacements are demanded but cannot be undertaken, and the deterioration in appearance—a disastrous thing if job hunting is still being undertaken—is obvious to the most casual observer. Thus it is that many families arrive on the relief rolls in dire need of clothing.

In the matter of food, there is an immediate abandonment of luxury foods, if by any odd chance they have ever been available, and a cutting down in the consumption of foods indispensable to a balanced diet and health, even though as the income available goes down the proportion of it spent on food goes up. A balanced diet is reckoned to include milk and other protein foods, fats, cereals, sugars, vegetables, and fruits. On the basis of extensive studies Miss Dorothy Wiehl has stated:

As income declined, the average consumption of each type of food in the dietary was reduced, but the greatest reductions

were in the use of milk, meat, fish, eggs, vegetables and fruits. . . . The foods necessary to maintain good nutritional balance were reduced, on the average, below the level of accepted requirements and in some cases below the safe marginal level.

This is not, of course, a matter of choice; for while millions of families eat unhygienically from the exact scientific point of view, when income is normal most Americans do fairly well by themselves. While Miss Wiehl makes clear where the reductions come, she does not state, except by implication, what families in reduced circumstances do eat. It seems likely that they turn to "filling" dishes, feeling that it is better to eat badly and rise from the table "full" than to eat scientifically and rise hungry. There is probably a substitution of starchy foods, like potatoes, for meat and green vegetables. The result is widespread malnutrition. This has been determined statistically for school children. In the light of the rising illness rate discussed earlier, it seems likely that it is also true for adults. The families arrive on the relief rolls in a very depleted condition. Miss Wiehl, therefore, is undoubtedly right in stating that "the relationship between diet and sickness . . . would seem to be . . . a matter of lowered vitality and resistance to disease." The remark of J. Prentice Murphy should be recalled: "You can starve a long time without dying."

There are two outstanding points to be made about the efforts which unemployed people make to economize in housing: (a) there is not only a retreat downward in the standard of the dwelling occupied, but there is also (b) the matter of "doubling-up," with the consequent unhygienic (and frequently unmoral) crowding. In Philadelphia, as long ago as the fall of 1931, Karl de Schweinitz reported that "there is house after house in certain parts of the city, six-room houses, where

there is one family to each room," a statement supplemented by Raymond F. Clapp who said, "Usually the overcrowding occurs when the family is trying to get along 'on its own'." Overcrowding is an economy measure. It should be kept in mind, however, when it is stated that there is a decline in housing standards, that the occupational and income groups contributing most heavily to the relief population do not have far to fall. They fall from slums to sub-slums. Unemployment, since it bears down most heavily on the low-income groups, is uniformly reported heaviest in the slum areas of any great city.

Moreover, even on the basis of averages, it comes out clearly that, to quote a release of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, "The greatest per cent of [rent] delinquency occurred among those families paying one-fourth or more of their incomes for rents. . . . Delinquency was greatest among families having the lowest rent bills per dwelling unit." Families perforce occupying the lowest types of dwellings experience the greatest difficulty in holding on to any dwelling at all! It may surprise those who persist in romanticizing the country folk to know that the same housing differential operating against the relief clients is also observable in rural areas. After all, poor housing is a consequence of poverty, not a matter of choice.

There remain the thousand and one minor economies effected under the stress of diminishing resources which can better be imagined than reduced to statistics or even described in qualitative terms. Anyone who has ever had his income drastically reduced for an extended period knows very well how many things, previously reckoned indispensable to living, one can get along without if need be. It is after one has eliminated all the little luxuries or foregoable necessities and had to begin

to curtail the absolute necessities, that the pinch really comes. I know of no better summary of the dreadful extent to which this can go than the following, part of the text of a radio address by a representative of the Minneapolis Community Chest:

Furniture . . . wears out, chair rungs break, upholstery wears through, bedding, especially comforters, wears out, stoves need new grates, ovens need to be relined, stove pipe rusts, tubs, boilers, and kettles spring leaks, dishes break, and brooms wear down to the handle . . . finally there are not even the few nickels and dimes necessary for incidental and miscellaneous expenses, such things as needles and thread, buttons, matches, pins, tooth brushes, shoe polish, newspapers, and carfare.

Finally, there is the accumulation of obligations. Credit is an asset difficult to measure; it is one of the intangibles in the possession of most families who have resided in a neighborhood for any considerable time and are known to have "steady" wage workers. Moreover, it extends into odd corners not visible to the outsider: to relatives, immediate and remote; to more prosperous friends; to various helpful folk who are glad, perhaps, to give a lift to an acquaintance who is down. All of these sources of money must be numbered among the invisible assets of a family suffering from unemployment, but there will inevitably be some families unable to use any of them. In Rochester, according to a study made by the relief officials, just short of one-quarter of the clients noted that they had got along, previous to coming on relief, by resorting to "trust or credit." In the Chicago group studied by Miss Wright credit was a much more important item: 88 per cent of the relief families reported using this resource as a means of living before resorting to relief, and, moreover, 48 per cent of the relief clients reported that they had contracted loans, while 35 per cent had help from friends and relatives.

Messrs. Clague and Powell surveyed the debts of ten thousand persons out of work in Philadelphia and found that they fell in the following categories: back rent, money loans, groceries, building and loan payments, interest on mortgages, taxes, installments, back premiums on insurance, doctor and hospital bills, fuel, gas and electricity. Apparently anything that could fall in arrears was allowed to do so.

Borrowing, it must be emphasized, is an expedient, a stop-gap, not an answer. This was beautifully brought out by Mr. Jacob Billikopf in briefly reporting an experiment in Philadelphia whereby it was hoped to keep unemployed families off relief by advancing them money. In surveying 2,400 schedules on which the information was given in full, it was found that debts to landlords, butchers, grocers, and milkmen were recorded to a total of \$1,300,000 or an average of about \$540 per family. In all 3,200 applications for aid were received, but only 513 loans ranging from \$25 to \$125 each were made when the whole project was abandoned. Mr. Billikopf thus summed up the situation: "In the case of the others it was felt that it would be an unfortunate imposition to burden them with loans when they were so heavily in debt, without the least possibility of ever meeting their obligations." It turned out to be folly to try to lend money to families whose principal trouble was the lack of an income, not any incapacity to get along when an income was available.

IV

We have traced the road to destitution almost exclusively, thus far, in material terms. Naturally this slow exhaustion of assets which in most instances it has taken years to accumulate, pitifully small though they may

be, is not accomplished without disastrous psychological effects. From European studies, particularly that made by Dr. Paul Lazarsfeld in Austria, we know something of the deterioration that sets in when unemployment becomes a "normal" thing. The family turns in on itself, the empty days are "occupied" with fruitless tasks that come to consume more time than a busy person would imagine at all possible, and eventually a point is reached where the families continue to *function* only—they cease in any true sense to live. It is senseless to prate about the use of leisure to these people; for even those who have deep-seated aspirations to knowledge and who have always enjoyed such theatrical and musical pleasures as they could afford while working, are unable to find in these things, even when they are made available free of charge, a substitute for lack of a job and income. As a study of unemployed women workers puts it, "Some of the workers who had long wished for the time to study said that they were too anxious to concentrate their minds on books." This formal statement will open up long vistas to the imaginative.

Moreover the long-continued deprivation which throws a family in upon itself cannot fail to result in aimless senseless bickering and the building up of tense situations the issue of which is too frequently the utter disintegration of the family. When the father has traditionally been the breadwinner, all the pent up exasperation is vented upon him; his family, instead of understanding that he is a victim of forces beyond his control, is likely to heap on his shoulders the blame for the whole situation. This is admirably brought out by what an applicant said to a relief worker after she had told him there were no jobs available: "Have you anybody you can send round to my family to tell my wife

you have no job to give me? Because she doesn't believe that a man who walks the street from morning till night, day after day, actually can't get a job in this town. She thinks I don't want to work."

It is perfectly plain that only a rare individual or family can go down this road to destitution and arrive with torturing reluctance at the relief office and not show the effects of the journey. That some individuals and families do, I am not prepared to dispute, but that any considerable proportion do it is difficult to believe. Rather it seems to me that in this history we have an important clue to the strange apathy which afflicts the relief population. If they had not been beaten thoroughly before they arrived on relief, it does not seem at all likely that they would have made so little "trouble" for the administrators as they have. It is not a tribute to the American people that they have "taken it" without protest; it is rather a distressing symptom of the disintegration of spirit which has been the inevitable accompaniment of widespread destitution. As more and more people have been engulfed by it, we should, had not all the revolt been beaten out of them in fending off this unwanted and unwonted end, have had demonstrations and protests galore. It is a bad sign that we have not. The relief population is not to be described as a patient group of patriotic Americans who would not think of storming the citadels, but as a collection of dispirited, beaten, exhausted individuals who have been racked to pieces on the road to destitution and who, now they have arrived at the end of it, take what respite the relief grant offers and say nothing.

V

And what is relief? It is the maintenance of destitution on a minimum

food, clothing, shelter basis. Back in 1932, before the Federal Emergency Relief Administration was established, Mr. William Hodson, until recently relief administrator in New York City, pointed out that "charity can never be substituted for the pay envelope." The drop in wages which has been experienced over the years has created a gap which relief has never come even remotely near filling. That is obvious. Vary it as one likes, put everyone on direct relief at a maximum subsistence budget (something never yet achieved), put everyone able to work at work at an average of \$50 a month, put them to work at going wages and let them earn "budgets" by restricting hours—figure up any number of variations in the methodology of relief administration and it is always the same thing: the maintenance of destitution. Work relief may have a therapeutic value not to be found in direct relief, but it cannot be rehabilitative unless the work is of the kind to which the client is accustomed (usually, in urban areas, factory employment) and at wages at least equal to those normally earned. Moreover, destitution breeds deeper destitution. You cannot maintain a family at low ebb without having it slip lower. Unless clothes are provided nakedness will creep upon them; unless fully adequate, balanced diets are provided bodies will deteriorate and resistance to disease will be lowered; unless medical care is available sickness will raise its ugly head in some acute form; and the mere resort to public aid does not keep furniture from wearing out, furnishings from breaking and disintegrating. Bad housing remains bad housing. Relief solves nothing; rather it creates problems. As Mr. Walter West succinctly put it, "Those who need relief one year, need it even more the next, and even more than that the next. . . ."

Nor can we complacently say that

industrial revival will solve the whole business. People don't go down the road to destitution and spend even short periods on the relief rolls with impunity. We know perfectly well that this depression was upon us before the social agencies had finished cleaning up the effects of the relatively minor depression of 1921. "Social workers have known from long experience," said Mr. Linton B. Swift in 1932, "that the peak of their jobs comes not merely in the giving of relief during a period of unemployment but in dealing with family disintegration which continues for a long period afterward and is reflected not merely in the health and well-being of the families themselves but in the effect upon the children that is going to be seen for years afterward." And if our economy has definitely turned its nose downward as far as employment opportunities are concerned, as more economists than those who are radical believe, we must face the prospect of a permanent relief population in large part made up of relief persons already with us. No one knows who will be selected for employment; but if European experience is any guide those who have been on relief longest will be the least likely to be absorbed as opportunities open up. It will be from the workers who have suffered but short periods of unemployment, and from those who have been on relief for short periods only, that the needed hands will be selected. Their skills will have deteriorated least, their employment records will appeal to personnel managers most, and to those who have had will be given.

This is a dismal postlude to a dismal story. Relief is not a cheerful subject. It must be faced resolutely or not at all. It is the asinine and inconsequential optimism of the prosperous overlying population that is making it impossible really to deal with the problem

in a resolute fashion. When to the supineness of the relief population is added the egregious fatuousness of the employed and employing population, a combination is effected which can only lead to a dreadful social disaster. The existence of a destitute population in excess of twenty millions is a social portent of disturbing implications. Shall we nonchalantly let these people sink deeper and deeper into the social mire or take the steps to rescue them once and for all? The mere existence of the relief population is a challenge the like of which the American people have never before faced.

The future of this population is in the hands of the American people; but

that future can be bright only if it is recognized that those who seek relief are even as you and I, normal Americans who have fallen on evil days. As time passes with no change in the fundamental conditions of our economic life, the drab and beaten crowd will absorb more and more persons from the higher occupational and income brackets. At this very moment the records show that clerical, professional and proprietary groups are coming on the rolls in rising proportions. When the white-collar groups begin to slip, not into the manual working class, but into the relief group, it is time for all, high and low, to take alarm—and action!

THE HOUSE ON THE DUNES

BY MARGARET MARKS

I *THINK it was you once in the morning who, rising,
Said, Bah, the sea, what have I to do with the sea,
And spat in the sea and said, Is it not surprising
The love we conceive ourselves to have for the sea
Who are landlovers and not of shifting waters
Enamored, and why do we not turn then to the land
And cleanse ourselves of the stink of kelp and the sand
In our hair, and under our nails forever the sand?*

*And surely you know there are other birds than the birds
That fly low, that fly crying over the waters, seeking fish;
I sicken, before God, I sicken after the inland birds
Robbing the grain fields. Mark me, friends, my only wish
Is to be housed inland, to look out on the tideless fields
Through glass standing clear in the windows, not this glass frosted by sand
That rode the storm winds; to look out, I say, upon the land
Greened over and unthundering, and the trees standing up on the land.*

*And we disputing, and we saying No to your saying,
And we fleeing the sea, and you staying.*



EVENING MEAL

A STORY

BY EVAN COOMBES

THE gong that called the family to dinner had just been rung as the son entered the front door. He heard the last slow stroke tolling through the house and saw the bell still swinging where it hung between the hall and the dining room. Beside it stood the servant; in the severity of her black and white attire she was like the priestess of a strange temple calling them to evening rites.

"Mother and father home?" he asked as the bell brought no response.

"Yes, they're home," she said dryly.

Alan watched the stiff white bow at her back retreating to the kitchen. They will take their time, her scornful tone had said, whether dinner is kept waiting or not. The odor of roasting meat came through the swing door, reminding him that he was hungry. He took off his raincoat before the mirror, obliged to stoop as his father did, to see himself in it. Hatless, his head had become wet with rain; his hair was in dark wet locks on his forehead, his face streaked as though he had been crying. But then it had been with tears of laughter. He had gone to the theater from the Academy and laughed until he cried over two comedians. The huge variety theater had made every emotional demand upon him in amazing succession, and after Mickey Mouse an enormous orchestra played Tschaikowsky. The music of the symphony had sent him home in a

kind of exaltation. All the way back he had heard the violins soaring above the noise of traffic; but now in the quiet house he could not hear them. He heard nothing as he stood before the mirror, listening, brushing back his wet hair with a handkerchief. Why didn't his parents come to dinner? Then he was aware of his father's dark tallness emerging from the library; he heard a step on the stairs and turned to greet his mother.

But instantly he was still. He knew by the way she was coming downstairs that she had no greeting for him or for his father. He knew by the deliberate manner of her descent, by the way she held her proud head, by the way her glittering black gown encased her like armor, that she defied them to speak to her. She would treat them as she would treat two men in the street who accosted her.

Without a word she moved past them into the dining room, and, as she had made strangers of them all, the father and son did not look at each other as they followed her. Like three strangers they went silently into the room where the bright circle of the table awaited them. The white cloth set with silver and green glassware was illuminated from above and resembled a little stage, the son thought, with its properties set. They were the audience and there was an air of expectancy as there is on any stage where

action is about to take place. When they seated themselves they were also illuminated as if the audience had become part of the play.

"Candles," said his mother, not appearing to address anyone. "Cigarettes."

Disapproval charged the room. Only after a perceptible length of time did the servant, who had been standing by the swing door, move forward to do as she was bid. With insulting slowness she brought the candles and cigarettes, lighted the candles and put out the electric lights. While this was being done, nothing was said. Alan stared at the table, its white circle enclosing the smaller circles of plates and the straight lines of knife-blades and the tines of forks. The flowers in the center were white roses and he saw how they were drooping, on the point of letting their petals fall. If he knocked the table, he thought, ever so gently, the carefully held together blossoms would fall apart and shower the cloth. With the rose odor, slightly sweet, slightly stale, he could smell the cigarette his mother had just lighted. She would smoke throughout the meal, prolonging it past endurance, knowing that his father and he disliked it as much as they disliked eating by candlelight. But to-night she was supreme and no one would venture to object.

He glanced in her direction and away again. The impression of magnificence she had given on the stairs was sustained. She was dressed as if she were dining out, and her appearance in the low-cut brilliant gown made them ceremonious, put a constraint upon them as if they too were dining out and must behave themselves. She always dressed thus, the son had noticed, when she considered herself most outraged.

The servant placed cups of bouillon before them. He took several hasty spoonfuls, remembering that he had

been hungry, but now he found that he no longer cared about eating. During meals like this food sometimes became so distasteful to him that he had to excuse himself from the table. He wished he could leave now and go back to the theater where he could hear the symphony again, where the great waves of music would break over his head, flooding him with glorious sound: harmonies that might stay with him and resound in the silences that were to be, because his mother's attitude presaged days of silence, intolerable days with his parents not speaking to each other and scarcely to him; then his father would not come home at all, his mother would dine out with friends, and he would be left sitting alone, waited upon by a woman in black. But while Mary would not take the trouble to put on her white apron for him, she might talk if she felt in a good humor. Lad, she called him with intermittent friendliness and, leaning familiarly on the back of a chair, she would tell him about her nephews who went in for sports. That's what you should be doing, she told him. He explained that his heart was not strong enough and added, not expecting her to understand, that he hated contests anyway. Sure, I'm not surprised, she said.

He took a few more swallows of the bouillon and then left it. His mother was sipping idly and smoking; his father had emptied the cup and was sitting low in his chair, his dark hair rumpled from nervous fingers. What were they thinking about, the son wondered. Each head a hotbed of thought, mouths shut and no outlet, a fermentation of thought. While silence gathered like curtains round the table, the son could think over all that had happened to him, all that would never happen. He could sit and twist the green goblet by the stem, turning cycles of thought, turning cycles of green

light that played on the cloth and on his hand as he held the stem of the glass. He looked at his hand with sudden dissatisfaction: it was not only too slender and boyish, but it seemed to have no possibilities of development—there was no future in it, no more than in his mind. When he wondered what he was going to do after college he felt completely at a loss, and that was the way his hands looked, at a loss and not knowing what to do. He compared them with the hands of the violinists in the orchestra; for he had sat near enough that afternoon to watch them lancing their bows in unison. Fascinated, he had observed the crook of their wrists, the powerful muscular wrists and fingers, and how the activity of the left hand upon the strings contrasted with the composed beak of the right dipping the bow to its varying contacts and pressures. Here was a form of athletics that aroused his admiration because contest was not involved, only the creation of rhythm and harmony. That was the great thing about music, wasn't it? Surely a man could devote his life to music and find it worth while. He stared at his hand on the table and wondered as he turned the stem of the glass, and cycles of green light played on the thin white stem of his wrist.

A distant buzz recalled him and called Mary in to remove the cups. She brought in a platter of roast meat and put it before his father, who sat forward and took up the carving knife and fork. He tested the blade and handed it without a word to the servant who took it to the kitchen and could be heard sharpening it. Now as the knife sliced keenly through the lamb and a pinkish juice began running on the platter, Alan averted his eyes and noticed how all other eyes were centered on the carving: his mother watching as she lighted another

cigarette, and Mary watching as she stood ready to pass the plates. The face of the servant was as inscrutable as usual, and no matter what took place at the table, Alan had never seen her show any emotion. Sometimes he would glance up at her in an agony of humiliation and, encountering her changeless countenance, receive a jolt that would be a readjustment. She saw nothing to get excited about. With her eyes lowered under raised brows, with the superior calm of a stone Buddha, she seemed to say: Let these little people fight, let them slay and be slain; they are not worth my concern. He dreaded to have her leave the room because he derived a certain comfort from her presence, from the faint creak in one of her shoes, from the stiff white bow askew at her back. When she left she would take with her all that was ordinary and matter of fact, leaving him caught between strange forces, the unnatural passions and relationships existing between his parents and himself.

His eyes followed Mary now as she took the first serving of meat to his mother, who was leaning her elbows on the table as elegantly as she did everything. Her cigarette was drooping from one corner of her mouth and her pose would have been rowdy in anyone else; but she was still elegant. She did not move while the servant stood holding the plate and waiting, and as he looked up at Mary's face he was startled to see appear there an expression of such fury that he nearly cried out. He thought she was about to do some violence to his mother, but the crucial moment passed; the arms were withdrawn and the plate put down. He dared not raise his eyes again to see if her face had resumed its usual composure as she passed the vegetables: he could never seek there for reassurance again. Her face had been distorted, unrecognizable: the suppressed

fury of years compressed upon it, years of hatred for servitude, hatred for the woman she served. Something had happened to her in that moment as she stood watching the handsome woman arrogantly smoking and blocking the way, and something had happened also to him.

He was so unnerved that he could scarcely bring himself to take up his fork and begin to eat. The three were alone in the room now and there was no sound but the occasional clink of silver against china. He tried to forget the distorted face of the servant and the warfare between this man on his right and this woman on his left. If his parents fought with words or without, what did it matter? Nothing came of their battle; no one was slaughtered. What if the meal were silent? He should be grateful to them for keeping quiet, for not saying the things they might have been saying. Perhaps they were keeping quiet for his sake, just as on rare occasions they seemed to be conversing politely for his sake. But he was not grateful; he asked for so much more than that. It was for his sake, they told him once, that they did not get a divorce. Still he was not grateful, knowing they might better have separated, knowing also that he had no part in their drama. It was not for him they came together after one of these hateful periods; could it be for love? Sometimes he thought there was love in the house. Friends would be invited and they would play cards or dance, drink a little too much, and everyone would be laughing and talking. Only then was the atmosphere natural enough for him to approach his mother, and she would put her arm round his shoulder and hold him tightly to her. She who had given him life could give him new life, and with her arm round him, he no longer felt despondent or tortured. He wished she would drink more often

that he could laugh with her and be happy.

But as she sat there now she was maddening in her remoteness. She sat encased in the beauty of garment and flesh, the ivory tower of her body, the glittering black of her low-cut dress and a black velvet rose blooming between her breasts. Repelled by her cold splendor, he turned to his father in sudden understanding, realizing how he might be repelled also and turn to other easier women; but as he looked at his father, who was sitting forward eating with a defiant appetite, he saw one of these women, the one he had chanced to see beside his father in a taxi, and whose soft repulsive person he would never forget. At least his mother had no attachments; she was actually insulting to that architect fellow. Then why didn't she stand by her principles and not allow a reconciliation that was somehow shameful? As the son sat now between his parents, trying to understand and give his loyalty, he had a sense of being wrenched apart that was almost physical. To defend himself he pretended indifference; he did everything he could not to let them see he cared; but the role of outsider was becoming unendurable. He had played it too long. What could he do to break in upon them, in this dreadful moment of silence and separation: make some savage remark, leave the room, leave the house forever? Or with a single vigorous gesture, pull the tablecloth with all the food and china crashing to the floor? Involuntarily, his hands gripped the edge of the cloth; he nearly laughed aloud in excitement as he pictured the catastrophe and his astounded parents; but the habit of control was binding. His hands dropped; he stayed as quiet as possible, and then took his knife and fork to resume eating.

How ghastly the table seemed, all white and pale green. Even the ordi-

nary decorations of candles and flowers increased the unnatural atmosphere: the roses on the point of decay, the candles tossing shadows high on the wall in a fitful wainscotting of shadow. Roses and silver and cycles of green light on the damask, but there, incongruous, dominating, was the stark unlovely haunch of lamb. The thick bone and adherent flesh roasted brown, the leg of a dead beast amputated and served on a platter. Sickened by his thought, he was unable to go on eating, but as he tried to swallow the food that was in his mouth, something unexpectedly tasted good. A melting coolness and sweetness on his tongue: the mint jelly. He ate all the jelly on his plate and wanted more, but the dish was on the other side of the table; he could not reach it and he hesitated about asking for it. Silence, he had found, is not an easy thing to break: especially the silence that comes from people not speaking, from three people, mother, father, and son, sitting at a common board without a word, sitting near enough to touch hands. Such silence is not lightly to be broken with a request for jelly. The longer silence is left alone the deeper it gathers, closing mouths with an invisible seal, until only the important word can open them and no word seems important.

He stared at the dish, at the green walls of jelly impregnable to his desire. The green was a dark emerald, not like the thin green of the glassware, but a rich satisfying greenness, one he could still taste with all the piquancy of the mint. Why should he let these ill-humored people deprive him of it? He wished to act as though nothing were wrong, as though he did not care what they did, and if he wished for something on the table, the normal thing was to ask for it. Resolutely he cleared his throat, summoning his voice:

"The jelly, please," he said.

Odd, the way his voice sounded, not like his own, but strained and unnaturally loud. He had been so afraid of making no sound at all, it seemed to him he had shouted for the jelly. He kept his eyes on the dish and saw his mother passing it to him. As he took it from her his hand was unsteady. What had he expected to happen? More than he had asked for perhaps. But nothing had happened. Silence had been broken and now silence could come together again, closing like water over the dropped pebbles of his words.

But his father was speaking to him, forcing him to look up:

"For God's sake, say something, will you!"

"Is it for the sake of God then," asked his mother mockingly, "that one talks at the table? Yes, Alan, talk to your father while he is with us; tomorrow he will be dining elsewhere. Ask him if he talks there for the sake of God."

"Am I the only one who dines elsewhere? We might profitably inquire what for God's sake you and that—"

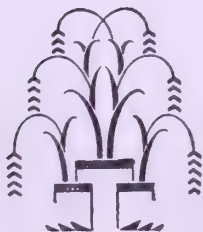
His father stopped speaking. A gesture stopped him. Alan had not been looking at his mother, but he caught the motion of her hand, slight as it was. The gesture was barely noticeable but it kept the angry man from saying more; it was not a denial but a confession and it meant that these two understood each other. Now all mouths were closed again, this time because too much had been said. Even the gesture had said too much.

He must not think about this charge against his mother, not keep remembering things that confirmed it; he should eat the jelly he had asked for. His father was able to go on eating, still hungry enough to carve more meat. But the son did not want to eat again. He stared rigidly before him, at the flowers because they hap-

pened to be there; he saw a petal fall and its white shell fill with green light. Reaching for it, his hand looked as insecure on the thin stem of his wrist as the flowers drooping and ready for decay. Hands, all the different hands: his own so ineffectual, the powerful hands of the musicians, the hand of his mother making its adulterous gesture, the lean nervous hands that were carving the meat. His father was cutting slice after slice of lamb, cutting more lamb than could possibly be eaten. He seemed to forget what he was doing, severing flesh from flesh in a kind of frenzy, cutting the leg to the bone, while

the blade was running with a pale fluid that was the blood of the lamb.

The son gave a cry as if he had been mortally wounded. Even as he seized the knife he felt his flesh in an agony of withdrawal; but he brought the knife down with all his strength upon his wrist. He drew the blade across the veins of his wrist like a bow across the strings of a violin and he heard a new symphony breaking over him. The life blood welled magnificently forth, flooding the cloth with crimson and, as though he were plunging in a bright sea to drown there, he fell forward over the table.





TO TELL OR NOT TO TELL

BY EUGENE LYONS

"**W**HATEVER happens," I pledged in my own mind on my way to Soviet Russia, "I shall never attack the Soviet regime. No matter how disappointed I may be in the Bolshevik reality, I shall keep the disappointment to myself."

I knew the bitterness in my own heart against the Emma Goldmans and other "renegades" who had turned against the socialist fatherland. I had myself, a dozen times over, heaped abuse upon those American radicals who had gone to the new Russia to pray and emerged to scoff. They were white-livered, bourgeois-minded backsliders, namby-pamby liberals, tired radicals, if not actually on the payroll of Wall Street. Did the idiots think that a revolution could be made without terror and bloodshed? Their "objective" reports, their self-righteous horror, their lugubrious pity for the sufferings of the Russians—just transparent masks of their treachery to the cause.

No, I vowed that I would not allow myself to be maneuvered into their company. I steeled myself against possible shock, assuring myself morning and night that I did not expect too much from a revolution only ten years old in a culturally backward country, a revolution whose energies had been diverted by civil war and intervention and famine. Of course I should find shortage and suffering, self-seeking bureaucrats and innocent victims. That was the price exacted by history. One

could not sniff and choose—this I like and that I don't. It was revolution, good, bad, and indifferent. The working class in power for the first time in human history.

The fact, however, that I pledged myself in advance to silence was proof that doubts gnawed at the core of my faith. The very speed and heat with which I consigned critics of the new Russia to the outer darkness of impotent liberalism and foul renegacy showed that I dreaded their corroding effects upon my untarnished beliefs. The same doubts and dreads, I may have suspected, bothered other American intellectuals of the left.

Under the surface of my mind I was disturbed by the strange reticences and unconscious hints of panic in certain friends who had brought back their communist faith intact. One of them had made a cryptic remark: "When you have no wings, you can't fly," he had said in explaining his instinctive distaste for a few of the bloodier aspects of Bolshevik tactics. Another had talked whimsically, but with an undercurrent of hurt, about the remarkable parallel between the Bolsheviks he had met over there and the Jesuit Fathers of the age of the Inquisition. A third had warned that "one needs a strong stomach" in Russia—referring to the day-by-day realities one must digest rather than the food. "It's war," he had said, "class war, and the word is no empty metaphor."

I was prepared for the trenches. My

post, as correspondent for a great American news agency, was particularly strategic. I should be in a position to shoot the lies about Russia in the capitalist press full of holes. I knew that truth does not consist of so-called facts; that a picture may be true and "objective" in detail yet compose into a nightmare lie in its entirety. I would devote myself to the underlying truths rather than to the misleading surface facts.

Mine would be the larger objectivity of history in the making.

II

I reached Moscow in February, 1928. The date is significant. The Soviet Union three months earlier had celebrated a decade of power. Joseph Stalin had just sealed his triumph over all political opposition by sending Trotsky, Zinoviev, Radek, Kamenev, Rakovsky, Preobrazhensky, and their supporters into Siberian or Arctic exiles. "Nep"—the New Economic Policy of a socialist-capitalist compromise instituted by Lenin in 1921—was groggy on its legs from the blows of a new socialist drive. The Five Year Plan of national industrialization was on the political horizon, and the offensive against the growing influence of the better-to-do peasants (kulaks) demanded by Trotsky was about to be launched by Stalin.

The country, in short, was on the brink of a second revolution, as costly and thoroughgoing as that of 1917. The class war was being resumed on all fronts. An electric awareness of impending battles was in the air. "Nepmen" and kulaks and "former people," intellectuals of the pre-Soviet generation and Communists of the easy-going "idealistic" school were scurrying for cover in a panic. There would be no more room for word-mongers and romantics, no more nonsense about de-

mocracy and fair play in the ranks of the ruling party. A disciplined, monolithic, hard-boiled army was starting to build socialism in one country!

My initial reactions to the physical scene were distressingly unsatisfactory. The sense of depression engendered by dirt, rags, drabness, beggary seemed a betrayal of the cause, and I hastened to fight it down. The sympathy stirred by the spectacle of suffering—even the suffering of social outlaws and class enemies—seemed an alarming symptom of ideological weakness, and I held on grimly to slogans of ruthlessness. Real Bolsheviks, I observed, were not merely indifferent to this suffering but took a perverse pride in it, as a sort of testimonial to their strength of purpose.

I found refuge in a thousand signs of the triumphant revolution. Stalwart Red Army men, red bunting inscribed with Marxist and Leninist texts, the ubiquitous portraits of revolutionary leaders, even the idealized images of muscular proletarians on billboards and postage stamps, gave me a deep satisfaction. For years these things had been the substance of far-off dreams, the symbols of a new classless world; here they were tangible expressions of real power. The word "comrade" at home had been the mark of a small, despised minority of rebels; here it was the mark of a new aristocracy. The "Internationale" had been a furtive, hunted song, associated with protest meetings and deportations and persecutions; here it was an official hymn, blared forth mightily and backed by a powerful army. It is no small matter to find the hunted and derided symbols of an ideal world suddenly alive, accepted, dominant.

In Berlin, on my way in, I had been warned by Communists against excessive contact with the Moscow correspondent of a liberal American publication, who was suspected of Trotskyist sympathies. No sooner did I arrive in

Moscow than I was tipped off who was safe and who was suspect and cautioned against the many ideological pitfalls on the strait and narrow path of orthodox partisanship. Heresy-hunting was already becoming the chief obsession of believers.

Within a few days I realized, moreover, that I was myself, as a bourgeois correspondent, among the untouchables. I pointed out meekly that John Reed had also arrived as a bourgeois correspondent, though now his ashes rested on Red Square. I tried to remind people that I had accepted the role of capitalist reporter with the knowledge and consent of Communists in New York and Moscow. To no avail. I was asked not to call on American friends in the Hotel Lux, headquarters of the foreign Communists, because "it is embarrassing to associate with a bourgeois representative." Russians who had been my friends in New York were frightened speechless by my voice over the telephone in Moscow. But I adjusted myself even to the fact of political and social outlawry. What is personal discomfiture against a great revolution?

I still had my strategic position on the world front of the class war and my duty to perform—a strategic position but not a comfortable one. My job, after all, was to flash Russian news to American readers. Not essays or sermons, but isolated facts and clear-cut episodes. There was no room in my cable quota for the elaborate rationalizations by which I lived at this time. There was little or no scope for perspective, in which related events might be composed into a more attractive pattern. Every event stood on its own feet, stark, sharp-edged, brutally clear, in distinct and sometimes unapetizing detail. I was obliged to rush the news unadorned to the censorship office before the competing press agency man got there.

I should have had no compunctions about suppressing a "story" altogether. When I had a choice I overlooked facts that might be misinterpreted by a hostile world opinion. The problem which was to rake my political conscience later—to tell or not to tell—had not yet obtruded itself. I regarded it as my duty to unborn socialist generations to fortify the illusion abroad of a functioning, idealistic, collectivist society in Russia. Dirty revolutionary linen must not be washed in public. The faith of the proletarian masses must not be dampened.

But in the main I was a helpless cog in a machine of news-gathering, operating under conditions of intense journalistic competition. Whether I sent certain items or not, competitors would anyhow. I could merely phrase dispatches as favorably as possible and pray that economical editors en route would not amputate the explanatory phrases. Despite the professional compulsions under which I labored, however, I felt a sense of guilt every time I had to cable about executions, political exiles, extreme decrees, the extension of rationing as food became scarcer, mass "liquidations of class enemies," and other such things. These matters fell automatically into the list of capitalist lies, unless they were accompanied by long political dissertations justifying the basic physical facts.

To atone for it, I seized upon every news item that could be thrown into the other tray of the scales. I inspected model prisons and day nurseries, described demonstrations in hyperbolic language, put life into the dulllest statistical triumphs, and quoted extensively from official pronouncements. In particular, I played up the projected future. Three-quarters of my dispatches in this period were in the future tense, where I was not bothered by stubborn facts or stubborn com-

petition. Luckily the announcement of the Five Year Plan made future-tense news. Coinciding as it did with an economic depression abroad, the Plan touched the imagination of a wishful-thinking world in despair. What Russia would be like five years from now, four years from now, the higher living standards and the ambitious industrial structures which the Kremlin had blue-printed became "front page stuff."

In relaying the promises of future bliss at whatever present cost, my dispatches from Moscow were full and hopeful.

III

The first fruits of the Five Year Plan, however, were very bitter. Opposition inside the ruling party against the speed of industrialization and the methods and tempo of agrarian collectivization was squelched with unprecedented vigor. Even the relative democracy that had made an open political controversy in the party possible until then, as in the Trotsky-Stalin battle, became unthinkable. The millions of trade-union members did not even know that Michael Tomskey, the head of the trade unions, had been removed until months after it happened. Communist resolutions became carbon copies of standardized originals from headquarters, and no Communist dared open his mouth in protest.

The kulaks were "liquidated as a class" in one of the most brutal episodes of such dimensions in all modern history. Millions of peasant homes were destroyed, their occupants packed into cattle cars and dumped in the frozen North or parched Central Asia. These kulaks of course were not the bloated exploiters of propaganda posters. I saw batches of these wretched men, women, and children at railroad sidings, peering out of air-holes in the cattle cars like caged animals. By pre-revolutionary standards, let alone

Western standards, they were themselves poverty-stricken. In practice, moreover, economic status became secondary in the choice of victims; whoever opposed the forcible collectivization became officially a kulak, and if he were too utterly poor for such a label to stick he was called a "kulak agent" and liquidated anyhow.

More than half the nation's livestock was slaughtered by desperate peasants. Foodstuffs and other consumers' goods dwindled disastrously. The purchasing power of the national currency slid to new depths every month. Standards of living went down instead of up. The rise in food consumption, increase in living space, and other everyday improvements specifically promised by the Plan were no longer mentioned.

Cruel punishment for the apathy of a portion of the educated classes (amounting in many instances to sabotage) was visited upon the entire class. Before leaving America I had written a book entitled *The Life and Death of Sacco and Vanzetti*; more than a hundred thousand copies of the book had been circulated in Russian translation in the Soviet Union. Now I sat through Moscow "demonstration trials" in which "revolutionary justice" baited its victims, flaunted false confessions, and dispensed death on ludicrous evidence or none at all in the name of ideals for which Sacco and Vanzetti had died. Truckloads of arrested men and women, dragged from their beds after midnight, rattled through the streets of Moscow all night long.

Terror became a tangible presence. Prison camps multiplied, executions without trial became so commonplace that they lost their "news value." Wives whose husbands were rounded up on vague suspicion never saw them again; bodies are not given up by the G.P.U. Vast construction and industrial undertakings were placed under the control of the G.P.U., or secret

service, and scarcely any major construction job was without its quota of prisoners. Fear and mutual distrust spread everywhere, including the ranks of the Communists themselves. Art was harnessed to industrialization and whipped mercilessly if it balked.

Inventoried in this fashion, the pressures and fears of that period sound like a neat page of ancient history. For me, immersed in these events, using them as the raw material of my everyday work, they were not historical generalizations. They were passionately human and intimate. The great tragic themes of peasant liquidation, persecution of intellectuals, tightening food shortage were bodied forth in hundreds of individual tragedies, the continuous impact of sights and sounds, numberless minor episodes in the press and in life.

"What of it? They're only Russians," one foreigner was in the habit of saying. "Didn't millions die in the World War?" said others. "We breed three million new ones every year anyhow," a Soviet journalist consoled himself. None of these formulas could blot out the dark picture.

All that too was news, and I sweated in earnest determination to balance every present-tense event with a future-tense promise. I was trying to convince myself, as much as my readers, of this balance. Endlessly I explained that it was all part of the price of a new system in birth. Bloodily, expensively, in a sort of national panic, new factories did go up and more machines did begin to function between breakdowns. The industries related to war were especially successful. Decades of industrialization, I repeated after *Pravda* and *Izvestia*, were being crowded into a few hectic years. The one socialist land was being made impregnable in a military sense against its capitalist neighbors. New industrial giants were rising where once was

empty steppe. The deeply rooted private-property sense of the peasantry was being weeded out with bayonets and agriculture was being industrialized on a collective foundation. The more that doubts assailed me, the more that unorthodox pity for the victims flooded my being, the louder I apologized. There was something soothingly anæsthetic about the metaphors of class war—economic fronts, agrarian fronts, socialist fortresses, victories and defeats.

When I paused to consider my own state of mind, I was dismayed. The certainties I had brought with me had somehow lost their firm texture. My stomach was not strong enough to digest the Soviet reality. The spectacle of disaster, oppression, arbitrary power, pain, and death all around me could not be reduced to simple Bolshevik arithmetic of price-paid-for-the-future. The news that forty-eight professors and specialists had been shot without trial at one clip for alleged sabotage of the food industry reached me while I was inspecting the new tractor plant in Stalingrad; try as I would I could not check off one against the other as orthodox bookkeeping demanded. "They'll never solve the meat problem by slaughtering professors," I said bitterly.

Negative facts did not—do not now—obliterate the positive achievements of the Soviet regime. It has set into motion immense forces of socialist thought and has dealt a death blow to the divine right of capital. For Russia itself it has advanced the westernization of industrial and agrarian methods, extended literacy, given women equality. It has fought anti-semitism and given minor nationalities a measure of cultural autonomy.

But neither did these and other gains justify for me the other side of the picture—any more than the technical and cultural achievements of bour-

geois society justify its cruelties and suffering.

A suspicion was breaking through the walls of my prejudice in favor of everything Soviet—the suspicion that much of what was happening had not the slightest relation to socialism. I began to ask indeed whether it was not defeating socialism. The excesses of kulak liquidation had brought food shortage in its train and that, in turn, was working havoc with productivity of labor. But the lessons of that liquidation (even after it was officially admitted to be a “mistake” and blamed upon local functionaries) were not learned by those in power. The identical “mistake,” the misuse of unlimited power, was repeated inevitably year after year, because it had sprung from the morasses of Russian history and psychology. The knout and the death penalty, Siberian exile and forced labor were as old as Ivan the Terrible. Was it fair to blame them entirely upon the rabbinical head of Marx?

Once—it now seemed ages ago—I too had sneered at milk-and-water words like justice, humaneness, decency, spiritual values. They had seemed an escape from reality. Now, in the land where such words were the equivalent of counter-revolution, I was beginning to believe (despite myself, it seemed) that they were more real than tractor factories. I groped towards a realization that hard-boiledness and bigotry and cocksure self-righteous brutality were even easier escapes.

Some of these doubts must have crept into my dispatches. But on the whole I continued to adhere to the price-paid-for-the-future formula. I held to my grim decision not to admit too much in the face of the universal class enemy, in order not to provide a weapon for the fascists and reactionaries at home.

The mental agitation compressed

here into a few pages stretched over three years. The greatest irony of it lay in the fact that while I struggled to conceal and to soften the worst facts, while I rationalized bravely for the cause, my friends on the other side of the ocean had already consigned me to the limbo of the bourgeois-minded. Ignoring the mass of my writing, they picked on individual dispatches which they considered “anti-Soviet.” They smelled heretical overtones and a let-down in fervor. One by one they stopped corresponding with me, and when they visited Moscow took long social detours to avoid greeting me.

In Moscow the automatic ostracism of the first week was constantly extended. An American Negro comrade was officially “reprimanded” for visiting me. A few other Americans continued to visit me in a spirit of bravado despite “reprimands” and to read my American newspapers to find out what was happening in Russia. The rapid growth of political terror turned all non-Communist foreigners into lepers as far as Russians were concerned. I had contributed articles on American life and literature to Soviet publications. One day a Soviet editor telephoned to find out whether a certain article was ready. It was and I suggested that he come over and take it. The editor was audibly embarrassed. “You see,” he stammered, “it’s not quite convenient for me to call at a bourgeois home. . . .” Only those assigned to report on me consorted with me wholly without fear, and I was grateful for their company.

If, however, New York comrades were ignorant of my efforts to put the Soviet scene in the most favorable light, Moscow officials were not. In any case, I was rewarded handsomely. At the end of my third year I was selected from among all the foreign correspondents in Moscow to interview Joseph Stalin. It was the first time he

had allowed himself to be interviewed since his rise to absolute power and was, therefore, a journalistic scoop.

IV

I returned to America for a visit early in 1931. All the way across Europe and the Atlantic I wrestled with the problem of how much of what I had seen and what I had thought I should tell. I was no longer so certain that a recital of Soviet actualities constituted an attack on the proletarian revolution. What if the revolution at this stage needed the defense of exposure to world opinion? What if the concentration of autocratic power in the fists of a few leaders needed the corrective of public responsibility for their deeds?

Communists and Soviet sympathizers the world over, from Trotsky down, were trying to solve this problem without doing violence to their intellectual integrity. Some of them had decided that history could not be falsified and that the Stalin regime was not necessarily synonymous with Communism and revolution. A few went farther and insisted that the world revolution must not be burdened with the mistakes and failures of the Soviet Union, but must dig the grain of socialism out of the Soviet land and renounce the dirt and dross. The rest held steadfastly to the theory that it was all a family affair, to be hidden from strangers and hidden especially from the working classes; that victories must be exaggerated, failures denied, and the vision of a socialist fatherland nurtured at all costs.

In Berlin I ran into an earnest, scholarly German Communist whom I had first met in New York.

"Yes, I've been to Moscow," the German said, a little shamefacedly. "I didn't look you up . . . you know how things are over there. It's all a mess.

I can't face the German workers any longer and tell them that everything is lovely in the Soviet Union. I am becoming convinced that it's dangerous to lie. I am afraid that the truth is leaking out despite everything and the workers are beginning to think we Communists swindled them. It's helping the Nazis. How can I talk to them about workers' democracy when there is less of it every day in Russia? The necessity for lying, for defending traditional Russian methods and bureaucratic stupidities as if they were really Marxian or Communist, is poisoning our German movement."

That German had not yet brought himself to the point of speaking out. Some months later he did and was duly expelled from his Party.

I could not fix the precise point in time when the Hamletian alternative, to tell or not to tell, had first presented itself. In the beginning I had felt guilty *toward the revolution* whenever I reported anything uncomplimentary about the Soviet scene. Later I had begun to feel guilty *toward the Russian people* when I concealed or toned down such things. It was this recognition of the Russians as human entities, with certain minimal human rights and a capacity for human pain, quite aside from their historical function as experimental material, that signalized the change in me.

In America the old inhibitions, the anxiety to save face for the revolution, were victorious in my mind. In private conversation I voiced doubts and fears. Most of Russia's worst troubles, I said, such as food shortage, could be traced directly to the policies of *Schrecklichkeit*; methods inherited from a thousand years of Russia's tragic history were being given Marxist labels; the earlier idealistic impulses were running dry.

But when I faced an audience in public I uttered few of these things.

I had returned to an America of depression and millions of unemployed, in which the ruling group still boasted of its rugged individualism. For millions the epic of a Russia where unemployment had been abolished spelled hope. Its slogans of national planning were penetrating even bourgeois economic thought. I took the easiest and pleasantest course of sustaining these hopes. Although my former radical friends had thrown me over, the general public, where it knew me at all, regarded me as a supporter of the Soviets. A super-patriotic society with headquarters in Chicago sent advance notices to the communities where I appeared warning them that I was a low Bolshevik propagandist.

My audiences were for the most part business men, in their luncheon clubs, Chambers of Commerce and Rotary clubs. That simplified matters for me. The depression had not yet erased the smugness from their expressions. In the official economic weather forecasts prosperity was still round the corner. Looking into their self-satisfied faces, I forgot my doubts. I wanted only to make these men squirm, to pay them off for the unemployment and distress they were accepting so placidly.

I told them of the hardships and sacrifices imposed by the Five Year Plan, and the rigid discipline enforced upon the whole population; but I made these things look small in comparison with the great achievements and the greater promises. Sometimes I touched upon sore points in my own mind, such as the liquidation of the kulaks and the hounding of the intellectuals, and the hidden resentments came to the surface. But one look at some especially overstuffed specimen recalled me to duty, and the resentments were quickly driven back by a synthetic enthusiasm.

Even the occasional slips, however, must have been relayed to Moscow; or

perhaps my private conversation was reported back to headquarters. I was kept waiting in Berlin nearly a week for my Soviet visa, though in the past I had always received it instantly. I never learned whether the delay had merely been staged to impress me with the possibility of exclusion. Several months later, at an official function, I was greeted warmly by War Commissar Voroshilov.

"I am very happy to see you here," Voroshilov said.

"Why?" I asked.

"Well," the war lord confided, "we heard that you were scolding the Soviet Union while in America, and thought you weren't coming back. But I said, 'No, it cannot be true.' And I was right. Later we learned that the first reports were exaggerated and that you were saying nice things about us."

This commendation from the highest quarters made me slightly uncomfortable. I could not get the taste of it out of my mouth for many days. I felt curiously apologetic to ordinary Russians, who could not scold the Soviet regime if they would. Maybe Voroshilov's encouraging words roused a suspicion diligently buried in my mind—a suspicion that the necessity for returning to Moscow had to some extent curbed my tongue and muzzled my mind.

Moscow was full of foreigners, some of them permanent residents and others occasional visitors, who had become rubber-stamps of the Kremlin. A few had rationalized their acquiescence in terms of duty to the world revolution; others were cynically "playing the game" with those in power. Those without a radical past, it seemed, found the game easiest to play. They had no active sense of social responsibility to placate. It was the foreign radical, accustomed to question established forms, nurtured on scientific

skepticism, who was most likely to rebel against the constraints of a ready-made political catechism. A hard-boiled police reporter or big businessman frequently found the Soviet scene more acceptable, its utilitarian excesses more logical, than did the idealist speaking in the dead language of human happiness. But for the radical too the temptation to conform was often irresistible. It meant the cushiony comfort of faith, surcease from fretting and protesting, after a lifetime of futile indignations.

V

I was not immune to that temptation. I was given every encouragement to strengthen my pleasant standing as a "friendly" correspondent. Whatever discontents were brewing in my blood were certainly not the result of personal discomforts. I lived in the extraterritorial ease of the bourgeois foreigner with an American income. My capitalist employers, far from insisting upon anti-Soviet stories as they should have done under the rules of economic determinism, urged me to maintain an *entente cordiale* with the Foreign Office, so that I might have the inside track when big news broke.

It seemed to me that a sort of conspiracy of silence existed in relation to Russia. Some kept quiet for fear of giving aid and comfort to fascists abroad. Some had an economic stake in keeping the gates of the Soviet land open for themselves. Many feared that if they spoke they would endanger relatives or friends in Russia. Not a few were deliberately currying official favor for personal reasons. Among those best fitted to write or speak truthfully, some were inhibited by the fear of puncturing the fond illusions of millions abroad who had nothing but those illusions to sustain them. Those who did "expose" Soviet conditions,

after a brief visit or from the sidelines in neighboring capitals, somehow piled the horrors on so thick that they made themselves ridiculous. It would have been simple for me to yield to the temptation and join in the tacit conspiracy. But whenever I tried to join the chorus of hosanna-singers (the words and music were spread on the front pages every day) my voice sounded off-key in my own ears.

The years after I returned to Russia, in May, 1931, were in some ways the most brutal since the revolution. The extraction of grain and other food-stuffs from sullen peasants became each year a more practiced campaign of force. The death penalty was not only decreed but enforced for crimes which had not been thus punished since the Middle Ages. The fact that the victims were indiscriminately called "counter-revolutionists" did not make the business any less barbarous in my eyes. No one dared challenge the divine right of the G.P.U. to destroy any life it pleased without the formality of a legal accounting. The excesses of preceding years were being paid for in food shortage. Russians talked to me of the "good old days of 1927 and '28." Passportization, one of the most hated instruments of Tzarist tyranny, was re-introduced in even more onerous forms.

No correspondent could have written of these things with complete freedom and retained his job. Besides, I had not yet answered the Hamletian riddle, to tell or not to tell. I had adjusted myself instead to a compromise. I readily admitted the industrial progress, the extension of elementary education, and in dispatches made the most of every new "victory" on any "front." But these victories did not reconcile me to the price being paid. I could not bring myself to subscribe to the theory that the end justifies the means, when under my eyes were

proofs that the means determine the end.

Two developments of those years confirmed these deepening prejudices against official lawlessness and government by terror. The first was the arrest and torture, in the larger cities, of tens of thousands of men and women suspected of possessing *valuta*—foreign money, gold, silver, and precious stones. The unsavory job was entrusted to a special “valuta department” of the G.P.U. and it set new records in the story of man’s inhumanity to man. The second of course was the fearful famine which killed several millions in the Ukraine, North Caucasus, and Kazakstan in the winter and spring of 1932–33. These facts were of a piece with the general policy of those years. Yet they appeared to me as a culmination, as the quintessence of the guinea-pig theory of revolution.

Such unlimited readiness to inflict pain upon human creatures, parading under the title of “Bolshevik ruthlessness” or “Leninist firmness,” seemed abnormal. The fact that it was exercised in the name of great human ideals and in the theoretical interests of the creatures whom it tormented added a macabre touch of horror to the proceedings.

In later years I came to blame myself for not having reported these gruesome aspects of the Soviet reality more sharply. But perhaps I was not wholly at fault. The kind of facts one could prove in black-on-white to an irate censor could not be obtained without endangering the freedom of Russians. The victims of the valuta division of the G.P.U. were pledged to silence under threat of a return to the torture chambers, although the essential facts were a matter of general knowledge. Throughout the duration of the famine in southern Russia all correspondents were strictly forbidden to leave Mos-

cow without official permission, so that an eye-witness story was out of the question. Only one foreign writer had ventured to visit a Northern prison camp, a Canadian girl, and she was quickly expelled from the Soviet Union.

In addition, I had by no means decided to tell everything I knew. Old loyalties stronger than any logic dogged my every step.

The brutalities of Hitlerism in Germany momentarily provided a post-factum justification for their counterpart in Russia. I visited Hitler’s Reich several times and found a scaled-down version of the practices which had horrified me in Russia. The German Jews were being treated to a regime roughly equivalent to that endured by “class enemies” in Russia. Concentration camps, purgings, arbitrary arrests, and executions—all the machinery of unbridled dictatorship—were being installed. The Nazis made no secret of the fact that they modelled their political household upon Bolshevik patterns. Nazi firmness, like Bolshevik firmness, covered a multitude of excesses. I asked myself: must one choose between two sets of frenzied cruelties?

VI

Early in 1933 I sent out a dispatch about the exile of the entire populations of several Cossack towns (*stanitzas*) in the Kuban region of North Caucasus, men, women, and children, innocent and guilty alike, as a warning to other recalcitrant peasant districts in the famine area. The story was confirmed by the other correspondents. This chastisement of the Cossacks was no worse than had been inflicted on millions of peasants for years. But the melodramatic nature of the sweeping exile of entire communities attracted world-wide attention. The Soviet authorities were infuriated.

My crime was deepened by a series of articles, sent by mail earlier but published about the same time as this dispatch, summarizing a few of the more evident signs of famine and intensified political pressure. Though I erred in the direction of understatement and circumlocution, these articles were perhaps the most outspoken I had written up to that time.

My ambiguous intermediary status in the official rating of foreign newspapermen was thereupon ended. I was definitely branded as "unfriendly." The head censor summoned me into his august presence and threatened expulsion. "The proper authorities," he pontificated, "are considering your case. I do not know what action they will take, but your unfriendly tendentious dispatches have put the Press Department in a position where it cannot and will not intervene in your behalf."

I realized that my tenure of office was nearing its finish. The miracle is that I managed to remain some ten months longer. Toward the end of the year Commissar Litvinoff and the head censor, who were then in the United States, obtained my recall. The immediate excuse was an ill-advised story which I had been given by G.P.U. agents and which I had transmitted cautiously as an "unconfirmed report"—by telephone, without benefit of censorship, as all correspondents were doing every day. Both the Moscow and Tokyo governments, being involved in this dispatch, made vehement denials of the alleged facts and I was left holding the bag. Had I cared to have my informants shot, I might have passed the bag to them. In any case, the story itself was no more than a convenient pretext for the Soviet authorities. Had a "friendly" correspondent sent such a message he would have escaped with a routine reprimand.

Before returning to the United States I made a tour of Europe in the

company of Zara Witkin, an American construction engineer. It took us through Poland, Germany, Austria, and Italy, and elsewhere. In a magazine article later I called it "a tour of tyrannies" and I could not, in all honesty, exclude our starting point, Russia, from the description. The necessity of linking Russia with the Fascist nations in any sober, matter-of-fact classification of nations according to dictatorial political forms became inescapable.

In Germany the hectic inhumanities of the first months were settling down to more routine cruelties. In Vienna we saw Social-Democratic workers trapped and slaughtered in their communal tenements by bravos calling themselves Christian Socialists. In Italy we were oppressed by the quiet as of a vast prison, in which Fear and Force are the keepers. Everywhere people bound in mind and body. Everywhere sadistic minorities, disciplined under an arbitrary autocrat, working their will upon the patient, suffering, inarticulate masses. Everywhere (and that was what impressed us most) the autocrats using the identical slogans, convinced that they were divinely inspired, wielding the "sword of history" for class or race or nation.

My companion and I talked of these things at length. Both of us had gone to Russia believing that there are good dictatorships and bad, good wars and bad. We were now convinced that in defending good wars people are really defending all war, that in defending one dictatorship they are in fact defending the principle of tyranny.

We traveled especially to Switzerland to talk to Romain Rolland. As boys we had both cut our spiritual teeth on *Jean Christophe*. In my mind the grand old man of European letters towered above the moral landscape of his epoch as the champion of freedom and justice, the incarnation

almost of the humane spirit. (I was too fresh from Russia and Germany to use such words, even in the privacy of my thoughts, without embarrassment. These ideas and ideals had lost intellectual caste, had been tarred and feathered and made ridiculous.) Rolland had spoken up, often alone, against the mass madness of the War and the vengeance of the victors.

We found him in his sunny retreat at Villeneuve, on Lake Geneva. Tall, erect, in a blue suit of military cut and a very high collar, a blanket over his frail shoulders, with his beautifully chiseled face and bright, almost feverish, green-blue eyes, Rolland measured up physically to my romanticized expectations. A priest without a church, in a religion of goodness without ceremonials. Rolland was ill; he spoke in a low, nervous voice, aflutter with a sort of passionate helplessness.

We tried to speak of Russia. But Rolland would not listen. He seemed to shy away every time, switching the talk to Germany, France, the war and the peace. We had written him that we wished to talk about Russia, where we had worked for years; he had invited us to make the journey on that basis; and now, apparently, he found it hard to discuss that subject fully and candidly.

He limited himself to routine formulas about the Soviet Union's hostile surroundings, "Russia in a state of war"—rubber-stamped slogans clipped out of Communist editorials. But he neither said nor asked anything about the Russian people on their farms and in their factories, about the millions cutting wood in the North, working in prison camps. His Soviet Russian wife, young, diminutive, charming, was on the alert to divert the talk to safer channels whenever the visitors in meek bewilderment mentioned their Russian experiences. Possibly I was mistaken; I hope so, but the impression

grew upon me that Rolland's young wife was deliberately guarding him against an understanding of Russian realities.

"People say there is no artistic freedom in Russia," Rolland said in a quivering, almost pleading voice, "yet they print my articles in Moscow, even though I am not a Communist. They say there is no personal freedom, yet I correspond with a Tolstoyan in Russia. He writes me frankly about everything."

That was as near as Rolland came to the subject all that afternoon. It seemed to me that he was guarding a lovely idealized vision of Russia in his own mind and shrank from anything that might mar its contours. It was the solace of his old age in a world that was going mad. It was a blanket to warm his spirit.

Rolland must have sensed my disappointment at his failure to discuss issues fearlessly. As we were parting, he put his delicate hand on my shoulder.

"I must fight the evil that is nearer and greater," he said, softly. "I am fighting Hitlerism."

It was not an explanation. It was an apology, I felt. Jean Christophe, I said to myself, was accepting the lesser evil. Once, when he was younger and stronger, he would have refused to compromise with evil on any terms. As long as the Rollands and G. B. Shaws and Barbusses condoned political terror and mass exile and the stamping out of elementary human rights in one place and for one cause, they were supporting those methods in all places and for all causes. Each of them was deepening the atmosphere of bigotry, intolerance, self-righteous cruelty in which the very things they hated will breed more easily. The few people still acquainted with the lineaments of humaneness and justice and moral dignity were deliberately wiping out

that memory, so that not a trace will remain of such things even as intellectual concepts, let alone realities. Decency and freedom being doomed, even their high-priests are administering a final kick.

VII

I returned to the United States in April, 1934. More sharply than ever I faced the dilemma: to tell or not to tell.

By 1934 exaggerated faith in the Soviet experiment had become the intellectual fashion among the people for whose good opinion I cared most. It was clear to me what sort of account of Russia the intellectual élite preferred to hear.

The editors of a liberal weekly invited me to a staff luncheon. It would have been the polite and kindly thing to bolster up their eager misconceptions. I was given an opening to denounce books about Russia that had told too much. News had just come through that the G.P.U. had been converted into a Commissariat for Internal Affairs. By stretching my conscience, I might have assured them that a new era of liberalism had dawned under the Soviets. But the imprint of the Ukrainian famine, the valuta horrors, the death decrees and heresy-hunts still smarted in my memory. I alluded to a few of these things. A chill seemed to come over the luncheon; apparently I had committed the offense of puncturing noble illusions. The Olympian irony of the situation—I could not help thinking it—was that these men, their exact kind, were being stamped out in the Soviet land like so many insects. They fitted perfectly into the hated category of pre-revolutionary intellectuals, who must hide in dark cracks, praying for only one boon—not to be noticed.

Other intellectuals were no less frightened of the truth. They asked

questions about Russia and appeared horrified if I failed to give the prescribed answers. Indeed, it seemed to me that these men and women, insulted to the marrow by the iniquities of bourgeois society, were wiping out the insult Japanese fashion by committing intellectual hara-kiri. They might survive as revolutionaries (at least until the revolution comes) but they were committing suicide as reasoning creatures. Because independent thinking and scientific skepticism and honest facing of facts would soon, in their view, be forbidden by one tyranny or another anyhow, they rushed madly to meet their fate by forbidding these things to themselves way in advance. Commandments from a political Mt. Sinai took the place of thought. Ready-made, mass-produced labels ("proletarian," "bourgeois-minded," "dialectic," etc.) took the place of literary criticism. For every question there was a prescribed answer in the catechism. Mental integrity was confused with "impotent middle-of-the-road liberalism." These intellectuals, thrown into a panic by the depression and the apparent advent of fascism, forgot that they might take a vigorous position and defend it even more effectively without chloroforming their minds and hearts.

The radical intellectuals of New York presented a strange picture. A left intelligentsia, under the impression that it stood for something advanced and "inevitable," was parroting obscurantist and psychopathic formulas of Goebbels and Goering in Germany, of the G.P.U. and Kaganovich in Russia. They were clearing the ground for tyranny in the monomaniacal assurance that *their* kind of tyranny would prevail and that they would administer it rather than be liquidated by it.

When I published *Moscow Carrousel*, a book of Soviet impressions, I felt

the full weight of the intolerance of these left intellectuals. Those impressions had been recorded for the most part when I was still bound by deep inhibitions. Even my relative candor, however, appeared to offend the obscurantists, some of whom (another fantastic sign of a fantastic time) wrote literary "criticism" for the capitalist press. One of these critics wrote to me that "any newspaperman who lived for years in Moscow seems to acquire a certain morbidity of mind which expresses itself in the most various ways." The routine executions and other matters to which I and other newspapermen in Moscow had alluded were thus brushed aside as the chimeras of morbid minds. It apparently did not occur to this critic to inquire what it was in the Soviet scene that turned minds morbid.

The desire to "belong," not to be a political dog in the manger, was a powerful inducement to silence, or at least to cautious understatement. There were other lowly personal motives drawing me in the same direction. In six years I had sunk roots in the Russian soil. I had grown to love Russia and Russians: much of my resentment flowed from that love. Besides, I must continue to make a livelihood by writing, and it would be useful to return to the Soviet land occasionally, as others do, to renew my status as an authority on that sector of the globe. Yet I knew for a certainty that the Soviet gates, inscribed with the slogan "Workers of the world unite, you have nothing to lose but your chains," would be locked against me if I did not chain my tongue.

These personal considerations I settled easily enough. The social considerations, however, were not so easy to assay and to act upon. Forces of fascism and reaction, anti-semitism and know-nothingism were unquestionably at work in America. The new Russia

had come to symbolize for many the opposition to these forces. The symbol was fantastically unlike the reality I had seen and felt and tasted. But was it not more desirable to leave it intact all the same?

Intellectually, I answered the question in the negative. I had come to believe that every defense of Bolshevik *Schrecklichkeit* was also a defense of Fascist *Schrecklichkeit*, on which reaction fattened and grew strong. It was encouraging a method of thinking, I had become convinced, in which human values were secondary to dehumanized slogans and, therefore, deepened the pestiferous swamps in which wars and hatreds and dictatorships bred. The ease with which so many self-styled Communists in Germany had stepped across the line into the Nazi camp under stress I explained by the fact that the technics of power in both are so similar. The idea that the end justifies any means is a fearful force and beyond the control of those who give it rein.

Before we are laced into mental straitjackets by force, I argued, let us speak up for fundamental decencies. The fact that you believe a blind and ruthless fanaticism of one type or another inevitable does not relieve you of the obligation to defend humane notions while you can.

"As to Soviet Russia," I said, "you all proceed on the convenient fallacy that pitiless methods and a brave disregard of individual suffering explain the industrial progress there. But that is untrue. Progress has been attained despite these methods. The most serious difficulties in the years when I was there—the shortage of food and goods, the demoralization of the technical personnel, the apathy and non-co-operation of agrarian workers—can be traced directly to excessive cruelties.

"The social surgeon, you say, cannot

stop to think of the pain he inflicts. But a surgeon who is not sensitive to his patient's sufferings cannot be trusted with the scalpel. The body politic, like the human body, can stand only so much pain and no more.

"It will take years, maybe decades, for the Soviet regime to make up the economic losses sustained through excesses in the peasant policy and through the frantic persecution of engineers and intellectuals. And the social losses, considered from the socialist standpoint, are as serious as the economic. The original ideals have somehow been lost in the shuffle—the very word idealism is sneered at. To mention a society of equals has become the sign of a 'rotten liberal' and petty bourgeois.

"The fact is that new economic upper classes—whose possessions are reckoned in terms of comforts, privileges, and naked power rather than cash—are fortifying their positions. Possibly only a new revolution can ever dislodge them—very likely a revolution within the ranks of the ruling Party itself.

"The complete triumph of the Christian Church in the Middle Ages did not mean the triumph of Christian ideals. Neither does supreme power for the Bolshevik Party in Russia necessarily mean the triumph of Communist ideals. The spirit and methods of a conquering organization are supremely important. Not only the motives but the methods of an Inquisition are significant."

I argued that the Soviet regime must accept the consequences of its actions in the full limelight of public opinion, especially working class opinion, the world over. Outside criticism by the friends of a better world and not by the reactionaries is to-day the only brake on the most centralized monopoly of power in history. Inside Russia no one, least of all a Communist, dares criticize—dares even refrain from shouting hurrah and kissing the knout.

Yes, intellectually I have finally solved the problem that obsessed me for years: I know that there can be no concealment of any phase of the epoch-making Soviet enterprise. Psychologically, however, I have not yet freed myself of old inhibitions and unreasoned loyalties. When I face an audience of earnest Americans, workers and middle-class people, from a lecture platform (as I do from time to time) I still cannot bring myself to tell all I know. I shrink from hurting those of my listeners who have invested all their hopes and all their faith in the new Russia.

My sympathies are on their side. Nothing I say is in the slightest a justification or approval for those wrongs and hurts which stir my listeners to such unthinking frenzy.

By the same token, the methods used in Russia do not wipe out the positive contributions of the Soviet experiment. The differentiation cannot be avoided; harmful, self-defeating facts must be disclosed and rejected.



BUILDING THE BIG DAM

BY THEO WHITE

THE whitewashed walls of the mess shack were gleaming and intense under a desert moon. I leaned against the board walls. Through them came faintly the thin, metallic notes of a cheap orchestra softened by scuffling feet. Ten yards of hard, bright sand intervened between me and the motor transports. Great shadows crept under their bodies and their broad tops were sharply black against the blue-green sky. Sticklike struts supported the tops. Moonlight made curious patterns on the white sand with the shadows of them and the wire rails. It was contrast in black and white. Gay women in cheap finery passed between me and the transport trucks, their shadows moving jerkily. Men, naked from the hips, checked their swaggering gait to let them pass, and sauntered on to the transports. They clucked their tongues in masculine derision. They sat on the edges of the buses and swung rubber-booted legs. Occasionally they called out coarse remarks to other men in clean, white shirts with the women. Sweating workmen, waiting beside me, cursed. It was lamentable that they must work when there was gaiety to be had in town. They spat and strolled over to the motors. This changing procession amused me, always at cross-purposes in direction and spirit. At a call the workmen swarmed up and over the two decks of the transports. Violent exhausts swirled white clouds of sand. Sway-

ing precariously under an enormous height and load, they got under way. The leader pulled out. The others fell into a single file, a caravan of lumpish, black shapes against the summer sky. The sand settled, and there was an acute quiet. Behind me the tinkling music persisted in a toneless sound.

It was Saturday night in Boulder City. The graveyard shift had gone down to the dam, leaving its more fortunate mates to dancing and beer and somewhat frayed feminine society. It was off to work, seven nights a week, from eleven to seven, through the rise and fall of a moon and the coming of the dawn and a sun. Precious holidays could be had only by truancy. Through the heat and noise and light of the day they must seek their sleep and recreation. "Some can't take it," an old hand said to me, as we sipped beer, and he told me of his early years in construction camps.

He was bred at a time when they were collecting pots of ne'er-do-wells, no-counts, and the useless. They were assembled in the large centers of population. The slums and industrial centers vomited them. Cheap labor bureaus hung out black signs in front of offices as dirty as the labor they sought. Chalked on the dingy boards were appeals for men willing to work in remote places. On the coast of Florida a bridge was under construction. A railroad must be built in Kansas. There were no steam shovels of the ca-

capacity now seen yards below New York's streets, digging gigantic holes for real-estate dealers' dreams. Instead there were shovels drawn by a pair of Missouri mules, cursed by an amazingly profane muleteer. Compressed-air machines, equal to a dozen men's arms, were in the future. Instead of trucks carrying tons of excavated material in aluminum bodies, there were only weary arms lifting wheelbarrows.

Construction had need of manpower. Man was the unit of work, not the kilowatt. Anything with legs and arms, formidable and hairy, was accepted. The diseased and healthy, the moral and unmoral, the crook and gentleman's son defiant in a quarrel with the "governor," the drunk and sober were herded into ramshackle cars of the contracting railroad. After days of travel they were dumped at the camp, a spot remote from civilization. They were driven to work on scanty food of outrageous quality, noisome water, and venomous liquor. The weak died, or deserted and died. The blatantly dishonest were beaten by their companions into conformity with a crude code of honesty. The immoral were restrained by a scarcity of emotional outlet. Hard work is a most efficient antidote to desire. The drunkards drank when opportunity and liquor were available. All grumbled, all cursed, all worked. They were robbed by exorbitant prices at a company-owned commissary. And they were fortunate to show a penny at the completion of the project. In the end the weaker and the licked quit, to roam the streets of the metropolitan areas. Beggars or worse, they were contaminated mentally, morally, and physically by the camp. The strong survived and went on to the next.

The camps were wretched holes erected in the name of civilization that they might add some necessary appendage to civilization's needs—dam,

railroad, or bridge. There was neither the virtue nor the cleanliness of primitive existence. Paper shelters were thrown together where space allowed and individual effort warranted. Water was procured from natural adjacent sources without supervision or chemical analysis. University laboratories experimented, but their conclusions never reached the construction camps. Sanitary conveniences were placed at a distance determined by the casual walk, and a construction "stiff" is a most casual individual. Food was furnished in a quality and quantity utterly dependent on the fortunate contractor who had bid the lowest to feed a specified number and who was more often interested in the differential of profit between cheap, ill-cooked food and the market price for the same food raw.

The old hand is a tolerant person. In spite of the years spent in squalid holes of laboring men, he emerges uncomplaining and proud of his experiences, not unlike those which a different set of circumstances created for our Western literature. The similarity to the early nineteenth-century Rocky Mountain trapper is striking. There could be much in common, one knows. Where one faced the rigors of a Western winter, starvation, and threatened extinction by the Indians, his counterpart now dares the dangers of large, intricate construction, the same inclemencies of weather, and probable disease. Each set of conditions produced taciturn, reckless men, callously proud of their achievements and given to boasting. Each was violently intolerant of the man who had chosen a softer and safer career. As the trapper came down from the mountains with his beaver pelts to Taos and Santa Fe, drank, prostituted to the end of his money, and returned to unbelievable deprivations, so the old construction hand left one camp

at the end of a job, blew his money, and went on to the next. And they knew that the next was as bad or worse than the last; but they could no more escape the impulse to go on than a successful doctor or lawyer could in a sane moment desert the hospital or bar. They were bred to their traces and must die there, victims of an irresistible life. Paradoxically, they were pioneers at a time when the West had been conquered, settled, and was begging for the trappings of a more luxurious life.

They are awed, and probably a little frightened, by some of the more imposing evidences of inventive construction. At Boulder Dam is a gigantic concrete-mixing plant, four floors in height, and completely automatic in its operation. It disgorges itself of the staggering sum of two million yards of concrete a year. In its dark recesses is a glass-enclosed chart with a dozen electric needles relentlessly recording all the water, stone, cement, and sand that pass into its bowels. The old "stiff" stands gazing at it, dumb-founded and provoked beyond speech. He turns away muttering, "the damned stool-pigeon."

II

Now times are changed. Boulder Dam was conceived in the minds of senators, economists, and engineers nearly two decades ago, but construction was not begun until 1930. For six months before then the country had been attempting to close its saner eye to conditions which now we recognize as having been little short of chaos. Then the moment came when men found it necessary to take a disillusioned estimate of their personal situation. In fact, family coffers indicated that some kind of an income from any kind of source was a vital need. So when a call went out for men to work in the

narrow canyon of the Colorado, thousands wearing the white collar of respectability and urged by the desperation that comes from empty bellies, went to tend the machinery of modern construction. The old-timer looked with astonishment at this soft horde of men from the settlements. The tricks of a complex economics had perpetrated a fraud. A depression had flooded his world of doubtful characters with equally doubtful intellects and physiques from another world. He was amazed, disgruntled, contemptuous. He was amused. Summer was coming. He knew the probabilities of a desert August.

Boulder City was a community on paper, filed in a Federal drawer. From Washington a swivel-chair sent word to begin immediate construction on the dam. Some harassed official saw with half an eye the situation of the laboring class. In a mental panic he visioned Boulder Dam as a grand Federal gesture, a panacea. Men came in swarms. Thousands came where to house hundreds was an impossibility. The engineers and contractors, alarmed and frightened, warned the men off. They begged for time. The mob clamored for work and pay. It became a horribly disordered camp of old-time pattern. A bowl formed by barren, unsympathetic mountains had been selected for the site of the town. It was a deadly, desert place. Eight miles from the river, it supported only greasewood and reptiles. Tar-paper shacks were improvised. Men huddled in them to escape the terrific sun. Everything was barest makeshift. A mess house was hastily constructed, latrines were located by mob instinct, and the stream therefrom flowed behind the kitchens. The engineers lived in daily terror of an epidemic. Providentially there was none.

Out of this chaos there grew a town.

A plan designed by a Belgian architect had been adopted (why a Belgian heaven only knows). The ramifications of official and planning Washington are beyond the comprehension of mere man. Boulder City had been conceived as a permanent community to house the workers responsible for the operation of the power houses after the completion of the dam. It had never been the intention of the officials that the typical construction camp should precede the model town. This condition had come about because of badly handled circumstances. Streets were staked out and concreted. Property was leased for a few mercantile enterprises. Temporary and permanent houses were erected for the workers. The first are quite pleasing in their pure functionalism. The latter are as dull and impractical as the abominable "California bungalow." A modern and well-equipped hospital was built. A typically prosaic school gave social respectability to the town. There were two churches of uninspired appearance, and one movie house furnished diversion. A hotel in a ridiculously bastard colonial architecture offers uneasy hospitality. An administration building on the highest eminence of the town, flanked by a dormitory for engineers, both in the bad taste of the usual public building, put a Federal seal on the place, and a bumptious police enforced Federal authority.

A unique opportunity had been wasted. It is the dream of every architect to build a new town. All that is orderly in an architect's mind, combined with an inexpressible loathing of the average town, create a craving to "do" a town, and die. It was a superb opportunity for the government to distinguish itself by a *really* model town. The result of bad planning was repeated in the dull—and excessively ugly—principal street. The finest en-

gineering abilities may have been enlisted in the design of the dam—and obviously were—but the most mediocre architectural thought vitiated itself on the town. The dormitories for the laborers, designed by the contractors, are striking examples of what can be achieved in the beautiful, according to modern architectural theories, when a problem is solved simply and unostentatiously. They are direct answers, completely comfortable—and beautiful.

The "stiff" has never lived so well. In fact he is quite puzzled at the trappings of luxury. Shower baths and air-cooled dormitories are new tricks in the desert. Heretofore, he carried his body grime until convenience and the proximity of a river shamed him into bathing. He cursed the sun and heat and slept only when fatigue reached a maximum. Sanitary toilets replace the back of his paper shack. And then there is a meticulously clean mess-house with modern kitchen equipment, and the food recalls childhood and the plenty of the farm. He is offered variety and a bellyful at ridiculously low rates. Everything he has cursed the absence of in construction camps is provided him, and more. His comfort is greater than he can remember ever experiencing. He knows it and is content. I think the government unconsciously has put an end to the inhuman camp by example, the most compelling of arguments.

It is fortunate that Boulder City was planned and executed as a permanent place. The depression forced hundreds of men into the project who were physically ill prepared to cope with the climate and ignorant of the dangers of large construction. Had they not soon been living in the best of conditions there might have been serious consequences to augment the already considerable toll of death exacted by the dam. A temperature of

145 degrees has been recorded on top of the dam. I was reliably informed that men had worked in a heat of 152 degrees back in the diversion tunnels. In the middle of May, generally conceded a pleasant month in the desert, I have noted myself a temperature of 115 degrees on the floor of the canyon. This terrific summer heat does not immediately subside after sunset but continues, gradually abating, until midnight or after. Heat sickness was general in the first summer. There were thirteen deaths directly traceable to this malady, and probably more resulting indirectly. Too many "softies" were living under deplorable conditions which required much knowledge and experience to combat.

Two-thirds of the four thousand and more men employed on the dam and in its appurtenant works have at varying times and in different degrees been subjected to a college education. This percentage, quoted from a reliable source, may, I think, be slightly exaggerated. However, weeks of association with the men impress one with the obvious evidences of education. This is a curious commentary on modern society. One is a little startled by the figures and feels that something is unaccountably wrong with a system that can utilize education to no better end than pushing concrete about a dam. The number of educated men on the project is confirmed by the lending library. The woman who runs it is a person accustomed to working men, keen in her estimate of them, and intellectually interested in them as individuals and a group. I noticed that the library was some seventy-five per cent non-fiction, the books being largely biography and history. "They wanted it," she said, "and what is more they read it—all of it." Another striking and apparent fact after the briefest trip over the dam is the predominance of young men. I

remarked this to the chief engineer and asked for an average age. "Thirty-three," he said and added significantly, "it is a young man's job, the old can't stand it." Truly, the world had played false with the old-time "stiff."

III

When I say that Boulder Dam is a common denominator in that it reduces all the men to many common points of view, I give ground for argument. But there can be no dispute that it levels them all, college man, "stiff," and hanger-on, to one desire on pay-day. Boulder City with the dam is a government reservation. It is a place where rigid prohibition persists, and rightly so. It is impossible for the person whose knowledge of sizable construction is limited to following the progress of an office building in New York to comprehend the dangers to human life at the dam. Men can set steel on the top floor of the Empire State Building, or riveters can wrap their legs with monkeylike agility round a girder on the same floor, or a steeple-jack can gild the highest cross in Christendom in relative security compared to the carpenter's apprentice who puts a two-by-four on his shoulder and carries it thirty yards on the floor of the canyon. Every moment after the worker descends from the transports and takes his place he is conscious of innumerable and imminent dangers. Things move in utter confusion and unrestrained haste over, about, and under him. Gigantic cranes and overhead lifting devices are controlled from the rim of the canyon. Eight hundred feet below, the worker is a tiny object. He ceases to be a human factor to the operator projected in his small cubicle out and over the canyon. Several thousand workers are concentrated in a relatively narrow canyon. They

pass and repass in uncommonly small spaces. Half-way up the wall on a thirty-foot shelf men work with a crane setting thirty-foot steel pipe. One falls or is knocked over. It is certain death to him, and probably to others. On the floor of the canyon enormous trucks move at high speeds. Steam shovels swing their loads in great, parabolic curves, and buckets containing tons of concrete drop noiselessly from the rim to the floor. Whistles blow and men shout at one another. All is confusion and, to the casual observer, meaningless. But the worker must develop another sense that unconsciously tells him all that is happening. On that unbefuddled sense depends his life. Therefore there is no liquor in Boulder City. But on pay-day the common thought is drink. And this they find in another town that is as intensely diverting as Boulder City is depressingly dull.

On the Nevada side of the canyon, twenty-eight miles from Boulder City, is a small town called Las Vegas (not to be confused with the New Mexican town of the same name). It is the jumping-off point for Boulder and the neck of the funnel. Through its town square the thousands of jobless streamed out over the twenty-eight miles of desert to the dam. This impetuous flow of men awakened Las Vegas to a realization of its financially strategic position. Barkeeps (Nevada had never taken prohibition seriously), dance-hall proprietors, and gambling men snapped out of a lethargic state induced by years of a casual trade. They brushed a collection of dust from the bars, floors, and tables. They moved up from the railroad to make a main street and one side street. Las Vegas boomed in good, old-fashioned, republican manner. The bars were redecorated in silver and red to simulate the bars back in the settlements. Anything to make the boys feel at

home. The gambling tables were recovered in bright, new green. The ladies of questionable repute refurbished their lodgings, bought new and more abbreviated frocks. Las Vegas, with every other door a saloon, gambling house, or honky-tonk, stood ready to receive its rightful due. Barkeeps and card-dealers gave an extra slick and curl to forelocks distinctive of their occupation and adopted a hard-boiled manner. The boys descended on the town with a whoop. All that was needed to distinguish it from a Western cattle-town of the 'eighties was a wholesale smashing of Neon signs with six-shooters. The spirit was there. Entertained and entertainers had a job to perform, and both liked doing it.

Now a payroll of three hundred and fifty thousand dollars is distributed in Boulder City twice a month. A movie and a few beers are all the diversion available there. To men who have pushed concrete fifteen days, or nights, with no more emotional outlet than a pool table can absorb, Las Vegas becomes a natural and compelling magnet. The liquor is vile and no one trusts the wheels; but all drink and play furiously. It is pay-day, and it matters not what the night of the week. Where Sunday and Christmas are days like any others, traditional Saturday-night revels lose all significance. By ten-thirty things are well under way. By two everyone is drunk and begging for more. Rooms, as large as small auditoriums, are packed to bursting with sweating inebriates fighting for the edge of the gambling tables. Barkeeps frantically pull corks and pour liquor into the howling mob at the bar. In some corner a dreary, anæmic "professor" mechanically bangs out worn tunes on a shaky piano, encouraged by philanthropic mugs of beer. Then one gets a headache and is certain that the lungs cannot take another breath of smoke-fouled air.

It seems a wild, wild dream of a delirious mind. One staggers down the side street to breathe and compose the mind. Prostitutes pluck at one's coat-tails and beg a more intimate and active audience.

On the side street is a "hole-in-the-wall" establishment innocuously named Nevada Bar. It is smaller and more disreputable in character and reputation than the others. It is the really "hard-boiled joint." A smallish bar in a room not much larger, and devoid of any gaudy decoration, it attracts those seriously bent on disposing of a quantity of liquor. I went, recommended, into this early one morning. I had heard, without noticing, the usual piano. Above the noise at the bar it gradually intruded itself on my mind. I turned, astonished, doubting my ears and condition. In the toughest place in town a young girl was playing Beethoven. A couple of maudlin drunks hung on the piano, weeping gin tears. Gently removing them, I asked the only female "professor" in Las Vegas what she would drink. An orange-blossom was made for her—without gin—and we talked. She had run away from home in Oklahoma and had banged out her keep on a piano as far as Nevada. The ultimate goal was a conservatory in Los Angeles. The Beethoven was a lapse, she explained. "When they get drunk enough I play it. They don't know it, and I get my practicing done."

Five-thirty brings dawn and slight peace. Dilapidated automobiles are filled to twice normal capacity and career out of town for Boulder to make the early shift. The workmen have precisely twenty-eight miles of perfectly straight road on which to sober up. Later in the day reports enumerate those dead and injured from collisions. "Shambles Alley" they call it.

At seven the prostitutes go out to breakfast at the restaurants, delicately

picking their way about the drunks littering the pavements. Las Vegas is dead for another fifteen days.

Las Vegas is designed for the concentrated, twelve-hour "binge." "The Pass" serves the occasional appetite. There is a slight range of mountains between Boulder and Las Vegas. The pass through these is a few miles beyond the reservation and the authority of the pompous, ill-mannered police. At the far end is a group of miserable cabins collected about a large central building, the whole forming an establishment of doubtful hospitality known as "tourists' cabins." To the inhabitants of Boulder City it is "The Pass." The geographical term has lost its definition in the more inviting significance of a miniature Las Vegas. For the convenience of those who do not possess an automobile, a free bus leaves Boulder every twenty minutes during the afternoon and evening for the Pass. Here in a small area are compressed the usual bar and gambling contraptions. The cabins are reserved for the female operatives. Here one gets the essence, minus the variety, of Las Vegas without the necessity of a long trip. The Pass is rarely as crowded, exuberant, or interesting as the town it emulates. It exists to satisfy the casual desire. It is also a convenient dropping-in place on the way home from Las Vegas before one passes under the moral protection of the government. Here, occasionally, will come from Los Angeles a half-dozen females as brazen and hard as any I ever hope to see again. It is given out in Boulder that queens of some dusty burlesque stage will perform in varying degrees of nakedness. Boulder City stampedes.

IV

The government does its best to keep its wards pure and undefiled. It

prohibits liquor on the reservation in the same spirit that it erects rails at precarious parts of the dam operations. But unconsciously it has promoted and prospered as wicked and colorful a town as this country has experienced. Of course it is under the control of the State of Nevada; but then Nevada has ever been liberal in countenancing taxable commodities, whether dice, liquor, or prostitutes.

Las Vegas is but a twentieth-century manifestation of the Western towns of the last century. The spirit and human impulses are the same, the outer trappings a bit gaudier. Gun fights are rare, without romance. Furthermore, they are illegal. Fisticuffs are none too common. On the whole it is a good-natured mob. Extreme drunkenness is worked off in the honky-tonks or slept off in the town square. It is an antidote to danger and fatigue. The man at Boulder stabs at concrete for fifteen days—and is fed up. The money is there, and the desire. Las Vegas takes both. To bewail the licentiousness and wickedness of the place is to ignore very human impulses. The Eastern city dweller, who satisfies the same impulses in a slightly more restrained fashion, is astonished. But these conditions are characteristic of those parts of the West that have taken the more superficial aspects of civilization lightly. The cords of cultivated Easternism drop quickly. Inhibitions are not apt to be very deep. I saw men whose cultivated accents and college jargon were unmistakable, take it side by side with the laboring "stiff" and like it. Boulder Dam is a common denominator.

It is an extraordinary existence out there. All is extreme. The men work with an enforced intensity and play with a hilarious looseness. Their existence is a continued thrill, and centered about the callous, cruel lump

of concrete at the bottom of the canyon. And they love it. From designing engineer to lowest laborer, they are acutely aware of the immensity and importance of the dam. To them it assumes a personality and they are devoted to it. When they have surveyed the result, the pride of the man who designed it will be no greater than that of anyone who has driven a single nail in its making. In each there is a feeling of ownership, but I think they have never paused to calculate the cost in terms of humanity. And somehow, I didn't care to mention it.

On my last day I go down to the canyon. High up on the rim, in the late afternoon, I sit to watch it. It is a beautiful, tantalizing thing. It is complex. It has a meaning, not to be grasped in weeks, or perhaps years. It is subtle, sometimes cruelly obvious. An American author saw it and said to me, "I shall come down here for a couple of weeks, and write a book about it." Fool! Joe Davidson saw it and left awed. Four artists tried to paint it—I, one of them—and failed to get it after weeks of work. Beautiful concrete, sweating "stiffs," the two fuse and become inextricably one.

These things, and many others, I am thinking. The sun sets. Long shadows climb down into the canyon. Crimson rock turns maroon. Mountains at the horizon assume a pale purple tone accented by blue shadows—as unreal as Parrish painted them. Twilight comes quickly to the canyon. Now it is a gray void. Lights spring up, a few here, and there a group, no larger than fireflies. The sun makes a quick drop behind the mountains. Desert twilight is short. The canyon is bathed in a soft, diffused light. I remember at midday how bright and glaring the sun reflected from the face of the dam. Now there is no glare. It is as soft as a half-tone

in a Goya aquatint. Shadows are luminous with reflected light. Unreal, imaginative, supernatural. Workers are scarcely visible. The thing loses scale. A steady hum, quiet and muffled, comes up between the walls, ripped violently by an occasional whistle from the high lines. I stay on, fascinated. I stare at the thing trying to comprehend it, to fix it forever in mind's eye. I have been inspired and provoked in the weeks I have tried to know it. And now, the minds that invented it, the bodies that are building it, the complexity and spirit of it, the love of it which men feel—all, all of it bewilders me.

My thoughts are scattered by harsh sounds behind me. I turn, and the transports are coming at top speed. They stop, and the men tumble noisily from the two decks. Those above throw a leg over the rail and, with shouts to their companions below, drop to the ground. Dust and confusion. Laughing, pushing, joking they run along the rim. Skips lower some to narrow ledges on the walls. Others are dropped swiftly to the top of the dam. The laughter fades. Shortly all is quiet as before.

The soft noises from the canyon continue. The graveyard shift has gone down to the dam.

IN THIS STERN HOUR

BY JOSEPHINE JOHNSON

IN THIS stern hour when the spirit falters
 Before the weight of fear, the nameless dread;
 When lights burn low upon accustomed altars
 And meaningless are half the prayers we've said—
 Faith seeks a rock, immovable, unchanging,
 On which to build the fortress of its strength,
 Some pole-star, fixed, beyond the planets' ranging,
 Steadfast and true throughout the journey's length.

Older than any creed of man's evolving,
 Wiser than any prophet in his day:
 The human heart, the brown sweet earth revolving!
 Take these, O faith! Although they both be clay
 Yet through them both there runs a fire supernal—
 Part of the very stars' bright diagram
 They spell that Word, primordial and eternal,
 Which said "Before Jehovah was, I AM!"



The Lion's Mouth



THAWING THE FRIGID AIR

BY DEARING WARD

WHAT hostess, whether of a luncheon, tea-party, or dinner, does not sometimes find ill-assorted guests falling into one of those silences—or vocal meditations on the weather—that rise like a poisonous fog on the party's chances of success? Some women may pretend that every gathering they have is an evening of wit and sparkle. But if "*noblesse oblige*" means anything at all, it means that once in a while anyway you have got to invite to your house persons who range from dullish to two jumps ahead of congenital idiocy.

There are unavoidable occasions for assembling uncongenial and unadaptable people. There is, for instance, the entertaining that must be done for the old school friend who comes to visit, who was such a perfect scream in boarding school but has, as she says herself, not changed one speck since she hid all the soap and mixed up the wash rags, and will you ever forget it? It is obviously not quite in the Old Tradition to say, "Let's." In fact there are usually two or three weeks ahead when the girl must be amused. She has her rights. Indeed she probably has one's signed letter of invitation stuck in her memory book, and one is lucky if she has not fetched along the book, with all those screaming snapshots of her hostess as The Zany in the class play.

Then there are the people who must be asked to dinner at regular intervals. There is Cousin Matilda whom one can't endure, but the Families Have Always Been Devoted. There is her husband who simply prefers not to speak, and creates a short-circuit in any circle. But come, come, tearing all veils aside, there is the occasion when somebody has sent a dozen partridges, a brace of wild duck, or a crate of avocados, and one has accumulated Obligations.

It was only recently, facing a fortnight's visit whose awful possibilities I have just sketched with sensitive restraint, that I came to grip with the question of dinner-table talk as a problem. I made then the discovery that I want to offer as my little contribution to mankind's slowly increasing knowledge.

That evening I had also, it happened, crossed off dinner obligations with Cousin Matilda, her practically speechless husband, a man who translates Sanskrit as a hobby, and half a dozen other persons with apparently nothing in common but the knowledge that it was raining outside. The result quickly became what every woman knows: the table-talk was like a ball held aloft by a juggler with delirium tremens. By the middle of the meal only a hostess who combines the talents of Jack Dempsey and a radio monologist who loves his work can remain unexhausted and smiling.

Before the *hors d'œuvres* were eaten I realized what I had done. Desperately I wished that I had not so often laughed heartily at those advertisements beginning "Cultured People,"

etc., and "Read these books and keep abreast of the world of Literature, Art, Politics, and Science. Be alert." I remembered the pictured face of the young man who became the life of the party with his quotations from Shelley. Personally, in changing schools six times, I had found every English class I ever entered just taking up *Silas Marner*. It made me feel bitter. Nevertheless, I reflected wistfully, it had given to my formal education an unusually solid, if narrow, base.

"Speaking of the depression," I said as alertly as possible, "did it ever occur to you that one of the first examples of a hoarder was Silas Marner? One of my favorite characters . . ."

They did not care for it. I could see that in a second. . . . Literature . . . Art . . .

"I saw the most interesting exhibition of Modernistic Art last week," I muttered. "Awfully interesting. There was one picture of a dark-red cow and some blue trees. The critics said that the technic . . ."

They are all angry with me about something, I mused in the stillness which followed—something I must have done. (Have I hurt any of you in some way? I am so nearsighted.)

"The political outlook is pretty tense, isn't it?" I said.

"Same old thing, isn't it?" said the Sanskrit translator cryptically.

The party was not even dying on its feet. It was biting the dust. None of my ancestors were theater people, but often I had read of their invincible code: the show must go on. I looked at the pantry door whence three more courses of it had to come—too late to stop them now. In the cinema words of Miss Ann Harding I said to myself, "Heads up! Eyes front! *Alwis! Alwis!*"

Literature, Art, Politics, Science . . . Luckily (I thought) I had read

that morning a syndicated paragraph about Einstein.

"I saw the most interesting article this morning about the astronomers' new theories," I began again vivaciously. "Einstein seems to have changed his curved space theory or something."

Cousin Matilda, who, in a size forty-eight blue satin, made curved space seem almost a personal remark, looked up from swallowing half a potato.

"Did you say astrologers?" she said.

And there, like an explosion in a test tube, it happened. Out of the chill silence broken only by the crunch of celery, sprang chortles of eagerness and animation.

"Oh, there's the most remarkable astrologer at home," began the old school friend.

"As I was saying," said Cousin Matilda firmly, "I don't know much about astrology, but numerology, now . . . well this woman I went to told me the most remarkable things you ever heard of . . . I mean for instance she said at *once* that I could have succeeded at music, being a large business executive, or in *medicine*. Well you can imagine how surprised I was! I'd never told anybody but my *best* friends, that winter I wanted so to be a Red Cross nurse . . ."

"This astrologer," said the old school friend, "told me I could have a career on the stage. Terribly funny really. Of course I *was* considered pretty good in the plays at school . . ."

"I don't know much about numerology," said Cousin Matilda's husband, "but palmistry, now, believe it or not, I've known some very remarkable instances. Very remarkable. A palmist told me . . ."

"Somebody told him he had the longest head-line they ever saw!" remarked Cousin Matilda, with one of those con-jugal looks of ridicule that give pause to engaged couples.

But the old school friend leaned forward with a determined gleam in her eye and remarked to her partner, "You have an interesting hand. Let me see. M-m-m, very interesting. Your mount of Luna . . ."

"Oh, can you read palms?" came an ensemble shriek.

Palmistry, astrology, tea leaves, numerology . . . Nobody mentioned the weather again.

It was then that I made the great and useful discovery which proved such a turning point in my life. Literature, art, politics, and science may be all very well when they rise spontaneously. But for Dutiful or Miserable entertaining they are no good: in short when you have to Make Conversation make it personal, and pretty soon your dumbest guests will talk enthusiastically.

After such clubby preludes as that which Omar Khayyam called "Some little talk of Thee and Me," you may, if necessary, introduce the Third Person element:

"Do you like Jane March?" (Tentatively)

"Well, I don't know her very well. It's hard to say."

"Oh, I thought she might be a particular friend of yours! I loathe her!"
"I detest her!"

We're off! Buckety-buckety, and everybody having a fine time. Who made up those rules, anyway: 1. "Don't talk about People" and 2. "Don't make Personal Remarks"? For the stress and strain of difficult entertaining one must throw them to the winds.

Novelists and advertisements may say what they will about cultured people's table-talk being about abstract and intellectual topics; if there are any such people I believe they meet away off somewhere in secret catacombs. And for these blurbs leading innocent people to believe that a habit of setting everybody right on any question that may come up will make them welcome at dinners—that ought to be stopped by the Immigration Laws or the Humane Society. It may be grand to know your way about in the encyclopædia, but for dinner-party purposes you'd better forget all that. As for the classics, it is better to remember the Ancient Mariner: he never mentioned literature, art, politics, or science, and must have been an outrageous liar besides. But he kept the wedding guest from turning up at the party at all.



Editor's Easy Chair



FOLLY OF MEN

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

MUCH is lacking in these times to a good opinion of the human race. In the prevalence of widespread distress, almost universal in North America, Europe, and Asia, the great need is that the nations should work together for the general good; instead of which one sees them piling up armament with a view to increase capacity to restrain or incapacitate their neighbors. All armaments are increasing, even ours in this very peace-seeking country. Germany, France, Italy, Poland, Russia, the Little Entente, and even England, all increase their means of standing off intruders. Do they mean to fight?

So far as appears, not any of them does; not any of them wants to fight or can afford to. What they all want separately and collectively is to be ready for anyone who has a brainstorm and runs amuck.

This prevalent condition is far from edifying, but still it might be worse. When armament is so universal it doubtless acts as a restraint on all the nations from trying to put across illicit enterprises especially in acquisition of territory. In spite of all the armament and occasional shrieks from small groups, such as Memel, over alleged conspiracies to do something, war in Europe at this writing is not expected. It is true the present tension with its increasing anxieties and expenses can hardly last indefinitely, but observers

whose opinions are most respected do not expect it to be eased by an outbreak of war. War in Europe would mean incalculable destruction without profit to anyone engaged.

After all, the Great War did make an impression upon the minds of men. The outcome of it was something quite near that "peace without victory" which President Wilson used to talk about, to the disgust of more militant hearers.

France seems to have had the idea that Germany could be shut up in a closet indefinitely. Hitler and the Hitlerites dissent from that view, and in that particular they seem to have national German support. Germany has stayed licked for seventeen years and her recent actions constitute an informal but very earnest abandonment of that condition. After all, children in the nursery in 1918 have reached in 1935 the arms-bearing age. A generation that was not of fighting age during the Great War has grown up and that generation is not submissive to manacles. This state of mind was sure to be reached in time, and it may be this present year is as good a time as another that it be disclosed.

MR. H. G. WELLS, who has been here to inspect our country and its institutions briefly but with diligence, in Washington and New York,

thinks we have a revolution coming; but not Nazi, Fascist, or Bolshevik—a purely American performance. He thinks Huey Long will not be its leader, though Huey interested him extremely. So did our other talkers; so did our President, whom he saw. He is making a book. He said it would be his last book, having got into his head—so it seems—that books are out of date and apparently that the book job in communicating ideas to the public mind is now better done by radio.

That is an interesting thought that has occurred to other people besides Mr. Wells. Our world does seem to be considerably affected nowadays by screechers. It is quite remarkable. Huey, Coughlin, and General Johnson have been leaders in it. General Johnson took to it in self-defense to match the others. The main screechers are reported in the newspapers and often fill whole pages, especially in the generous columns of the *Times*.

But how much do they really count for? Most people can listen longer than they can read. They can listen to a page of Coughlin, but when it comes to reading it, their attention is distracted to murders, divorces, crimes galore, various antics of the movie people and such emotional matters, and they will hardly read speeches. It is about as much as most people can do to read headlines. They are screechers too and are too apt to misinterpret what they draw attention to. We have really a good deal of government by headlines; shriekers who stir emotions over matters which, as said, they often misinterpret, giving alarm when there is no true basis for it, substituting assertion for what is in truth hypothesis or suggestion. Really the headliners need attention; but for that matter so many contemporary details, plans, purposes, and operations need attention, and get it yelling, that the headliners may still escape jail a while yet; for

they merely constitute an item in the changing life in which just now we have our being.

Transportation having run away with us, vastly improved by new inventions and applications of inventions, communication of mind with mind is now following suit—wireless, radio, and such things. It makes our world a bit fatiguing. The next phase of communication to be expected is that of mind to mind without words. We are told that this prevails in the plane of living we get to after leaving our terrestrial habitation.

Now there are plenty who think there is nothing so very unusual the matter with our world and that it has had depressions before and this is just another and a worse one, and that we shall get back into our familiar routine in due time.

Those who wish to are free to think so and find what comfort they can in the thought; but the better opinion seems to be that human life is going through extraordinary changes from which it is going to emerge like a chicken from an egg.

BUT Wells said we had a revolution coming. It seems rather a stormy word; but to meet the problems of depression and unemployment relief there has been immense organization which has resulted, and is resulting, in a growing impatience of such endless control of the common operations of life. Too many strings tied to us—far too many! Too much bookkeeping, too much uncertainty about what we owe the government and what the government owes us! All that is tiresome. A lot of it surely is on the road to pass away by what means or methods any good guesser may guess for himself.

And purge too—revolution that purges! There is one going on at this minute but it is directed toward crime, directed to cut down murder, holdups,

hijackers and, above all, racketeering. All that activity is part of a quest for order, safety, and just dealing. There are a lot of bad people in this country, rather a striking proportion of bad Italians or Sicilians who seem to take kindly to organized oppressions of industries, to the collection of rake-offs. Of course, as a race the Italians are valuable people—good bodies and minds, second to none; but either we have got too large a proportion of the dregs of that country or else our institutions and habits are not well adapted to control our native-born Italians. So far as a revolution means a clean-up, there is one not only on the way but now proceeding.

Besides that there are those who hold—an increasing number—that a spiritual revolution is under way, that religion is gradually going stronger and will be an important, indeed a vital factor in changing things and mending things which cannot be successfully medicated without it.

President Angell of Yale is an example of this. In an address he made on March 28th, in the Chapel of New York University, he said that fullness of life could not be achieved "through economic channels solely but could come only from an awakening ethical and religious spirit." He ran through recent happenings in our world—the rebirth of nationalism with its dangers, the rise of dictators which he saw to be "merely an exchange of one set of absolutists for another," and in our own country the "passing from a nominally individualistic and competitive economic system increasingly in fact controlled by great aggregations of capital, to a system of controlled finance, commerce, and industry with governmental agencies furnishing the framework for it." He did not pretend to know how that experiment was coming out, but if it fails he said "something far more drastic may well succeed it, for men

will not indefinitely tolerate the continuation, much less the repetition of the hopelessness in which our earlier economic and political systems have landed us."

So he does not think we shall get back to what was before 1914 and the beginning of the great smash. Meanwhile, he said, the chief sufferer of the world's convulsions was religion, and in our country particularly Protestantism, which he said "was confronted by a vast paralyzing indifference" of the intellectuals; though to offset it he found many evidences that the younger generation is taking a realistic interest in the inner essence of religion, though without much concern about the creeds and rituals of the organized church.

So said Dr. Angell, and much more to effect that mere pressure of economic and social circumstances or mere enlightened self-interest will never produce more than imperfect solutions of our troubles, and that only an essentially ethical and religious attitude of the great mass of the population will finally do the job for us.

More people share these views which he has put out than is commonly supposed. What he says about the young being interested in religion is interesting, and he is not the only one who has noticed it. For a fact, the direction of our affairs is passing rapidly into the hands of men and women who were in their teens or their twenties in 1914, and some younger than that. What they think and what changes of estimate they represent in human affairs are vastly important. They will have the say shortly about what shall be done; they have got it considerably already; and indeed the fate of the world is more important to them and their growing families than it is to their elders whose activities have begun to slacken and who look on at a world that is passing out of their control.

VARIOUS Boroughs in New York have been threatened with loss of light and of power by labor organizations fighting for recognition of themselves as the sole means of negotiation between employers and workmen. It was simply action threatened to get power. Whether the threat could have been carried out, whether the workers would have responded to a call to strike, cannot be said; but there was no doubt about the threat. After long negotiations the trouble has been averted so far by acceptances by the labor leaders concerned of terms not unreasonable.

To turn off light and power from a large part of New York, if not all of it, would raise hob, frighten many people, produce disorder to an extent not easy to estimate. No city should be subject to a threat of such mischief wantonly brought on in a fight for power. If the light and power companies involved cannot meet the situation, the city should back them. If the city has not power enough to control such a situation, the State should instantly help it and, in the case of such a strike being too big for the State, the Federal Government should take part. The labor leaders in Brooklyn in their threat tried to avoid shutting down on city-owned or State-owned properties—hospitals and such, and what they considered indispensable services. Above all, they were wary of running against Federal authority by stopping the mails. But what of the millions of inhabitants of Brooklyn, Manhattan, and the Bronx? Were they not worth consideration in a labor fight?

No such threat as was made to Brooklyn and hung over that city for days should be possible in the United States. There are some activities in which strikes must not happen.

ONE Sunday Calvin Coolidge went to church and his wife stayed at home. When he got back she asked him what the sermon was about.

He said, "Sin."

"What did he say?"

"He was against it."

So of the Pope. At a meeting of the Cardinals on April 1 he spoke of war. He was against it. He did not believe it could happen in Europe. He spoke harshly of war-makers, wishing them to be scattered or, as one report said, destroyed. His discourse being in Latin and apparently not published to the world, whatever Latin word he used about the war-makers had diverse interpretations but was heartily unfavorable.

Two Englishmen were canonized—Sir Thomas More and Bishop Fisher—both admirable men, and More one of the greatest of English lawyers. Both were put to death by Henry the Eighth in the interest of his complicated matrimonies.

His Holiness was an optimist about the inclination of the contemporary English brethren to be rejoined to the Church of Rome, "that return," as the cable made him say, "to the Apostolic See which was first in bringing faith and Christian worship to England."

His words refer apparently to St. Augustine, who did establish Roman domination of the Christian faith in England beginning in 600.

But what of Glastonbury and the Church there, said to have been established by Joseph of Arimathea? What of the Irish Church—St. Patrick, 425—that sent missionaries to the continent? There is a case for the assertion that the earliest christianized community in Europe was in England. The Holy Father must be aware of that.



Harpers *Magazine*

THE RADICALS' BETRAYAL

BY JOHAN J. SMERTENKO

“WE HAVE come to bring you Liberty and Equality,” Marshal Lefebvre thundered the slogan of the Republic at the terrified burgomasters of Franconia; “but don’t let that go to your heads,” he warned; “for the first one of you who makes a move without my permission will be shot.” To the simple-minded soldier whom Napoleon raised from the ranks of the revolutionary army there was nothing inconsistent or absurd in this warning. He knew his slogans and his army orders as well as any drill-sergeant, did His Excellency the Marshal. Briefly, bluntly he combined them and fashioned an immortal howler. Yet his statement is more ridiculous than rare. It differs only in degree of blatancy from the countless confessions of discarded idealism which clutter the pages of history. For one of the most common occurrences in the halting progress of humanity toward whatever civilization we possess is the betrayal

of ideals by soldier and lawgiver, poet and priest, by sincere altruists as well as deliberate hypocrites and fanatical demagogues. Moses and Paul, Pericles, Cæsar, and Cromwell, Dante, Jefferson, Lamartine, Wilson, and thousands of lesser leaders of mankind have turned their backs on idealistic principles to face the pretensions of reality.

Until our own time, however, these betrayals were regarded as individual acts of treason against humanity and against the perfect state. Their recurrence was submitted as proof of the frailty of men rather than of the futility of ideals. With remarkable resiliency society withstood the shock of successive disappointments; with no less extraordinary optimism it retained faith in both the practicality of idealism and the perfectibility of man. To-day this point of view is almost obsolete and those who still hold it are considered as backward in their

orientation to modern life as African fetish worshippers. In the dominant opinion of our generation, idealism is a sentimental superstition which has no basis in fact. This is boldly asserted and plausibly maintained throughout the Western world not only by pragmatic opportunists who have always claimed that ideals, being practically inoperative, are wholly non-existent, but also by an increasing number of their immemorial opponents, the radicals,* who have held heretofore that the abstract ideals of social conduct are the real foundations of civilized society.

"The golden rule is that there is no golden rule," writes Bernard Shaw, leading the retreat of these radicals. And he agrees with Mussolini's genteel pronouncement that "liberty is a rotten carcass and democracy a putrefying corpse." "Votes for everybody (called for short 'Democracy') ended in government neither of the best nor of the worst, but in an official government which could do nothing but talk. . . . I do not desire liberty to choose windbags and nincompoops to represent me in Parliament." Yet Shaw's direct thrust is no sharper than the sophisticated irony of the other outstanding social philosopher of our time. "I remember that on the first occasion on which I ever met Mr. Bertrand Russell," reports John Strachey, "he greeted me with these words: 'What's the matter with you? I had a neglected childhood.' As I felt in perfect health, I did not for a moment know what he was talking about. Seeing

this, he explained that he meant that anybody from the British property-owning classes who held the political point of view which we then shared must be in some way maladjusted." After this cynical diagnosis of idealism as a form of neurosis, it is hardly necessary for Mr. Russell to proclaim, "I am not a materialist though I am even further removed from idealism." Between the extremes of Shaw and Russell are innumerable variations of the same attitude. Thousands of radical intellectuals everywhere are renouncing idealism in their own fashion.

This change in the radical point of view demands greater attention than it has as yet received. It has been dismissed too easily in the words, "post-war disillusion," as if disillusionment were of necessity temporary, superficial, and unimportant. But any consideration of its origins and causes will disclose that it is not merely the cynical attitude of post-war adolescents; on the contrary, it is the tragic surrender of a spiritual legacy which has been guarded as the great beacon-light of human progress since the mythical days of Prometheus, and has been augmented in almost every century by the immortal custodians who have kept its flame burning in the public sight. It is the thesis of this article that the change constitutes a revolution in thought comparable in character and significance to the intellectual revolt of the Eighteenth Century which ushered in modern civilization. As its spiritual implications are understood and its material consequences discerned, this revolution is seen to be, like its predecessor, the basis for political upheavals which may ultimately transform our entire social order. Already it has bred out of the economic misery that followed the World War the multicolored dictatorships of Europe which represent not merely a different type of government but a new

* Throughout this essay I use the word "radical" to designate the seeker-after-utopia rather than the member of an extremist party. Although the term has lost either sense in the vernacular idiom, having been perverted to mean merely the politically unpopular, I prefer it to idealist, altruist, humanitarian, or reformer because it is more commonly used, because it correctly implies primary concern with the roots of the problem of social relations, and because it applies more accurately than the others to such diverse thinkers as Plato, Hosea, Cicero, Jesus, and Hillel; St. Ambrose, Hildebrand, Erasmus, Tholomée, Montaigne, and Spinoza; Voltaire, Kant, Godwin, Paine, Goethe, Shelley, and Renan; Garrison, Buckle, George Sand, Emerson, Zola, Mark Twain, Tolstoy, Jaures, Liebknecht, and Debs.

state of mind. And in democratic strongholds like the United States, England, and France it now threatens not only constituted authority but the very principle of democracy.

II

To those who gauge human progress by such criteria as social security, individual freedom, and general happiness, the connection I have drawn between civilization and the radicals of the past is obvious. In fact the vital history of the world's political development is but the record of their struggle against the intellectual and physical forces of vested interests and against the more powerful force of rapacious self-interest which is common to both the expropriated and the propertied classes. Radicals waged this war in the simplest manner. They early inculcated upon the public mind the belief that mankind is capable of developing a society founded on the principles of liberty, justice, and equality for all. And throughout the ages they supplemented this positive action with destructive criticism of every established order in which these indispensable conditions of individual and public weal were corrupted, compromised, or curtailed.

This was their common purpose and function as radicals, whatever were the differences of their particular creeds or peculiar utopias; and their distinguishing characteristic was an unswerving loyalty to the abstract ideals of society and the axiomatic rights of man. Truth and justice, freedom of expression and toleration of differences, peace and democracy, liberty, equality, and fraternity were the at-testing shibboleths of radicalism. Every effort toward emancipation, equity, and peace received radical sympathy and support, as did every act against oppression and exploitation.

And in time the idealism of the radicals became something more than a philosophic concept. It evolved into an attitude of mind which controlled both deliberate opinions and instinctive reactions, an attitude which had behind it the inspiration of the noblest impulses of history.

The intellectual integrity and utter disinterest of this attitude are completely summed up in Voltaire's famous statement to Helvetius: "I wholly disapprove of what you say and shall defend to the death your right to say it." Its sharp difference from mere sentimental goodness is nowhere more clearly expressed than in St. Augustine's commentary on war: "What do we condemn in war? Is it the fact that men are killed who have all one day to die? Only cowards would bring this accusation against war. What we condemn is the desire to do harm, the implacable will, the fury of reprisals, the passion for dominion." And finally, its inner compulsion and its ineluctable heroism are equally illustrated by Spinoza's dramatic denunciation of the De Witt murderers, by John Brown's wild act to free the negro slaves, and by Zola's careful campaign in defense of Dreyfus.

These classic instances may be multiplied a thousandfold. Although essentially independent of political and social theories, they were the essence of every revolutionary manifesto and every program of reform. They were the assertions of human decency, of the will and the ability of men to rise above savagery. By their precept and example they implanted in the conscience and consciousness of mankind the moral values of humanity, liberty, and truth. They established the conviction that our predatory instincts are base and brutal, pernicious to the individual and baneful to society.

So great was the ascendancy which this idealism had won in the minds of

men that by the end of the Nineteenth Century the Western world saw its doctrines and shibboleths codified and exploited under the name of Liberalism. Liberalism boldly avowed the ideals of rational, decent, and pacific human relations as the basis of its program. Liberalism was the means, argued its proponents, whereby progress, freedom, and enlightenment became political realities, incorporated as national institutions and assimilated as social customs. And liberals pointed with a proud paternal gesture to multiplying constitutions and parliaments, labor unions and co-operative communities, to the comparative security of dissenters and minorities, to the gradual abatement of religious persecution, to the abolition of many class and caste restrictions, to peace conferences and agencies of arbitration, to the weakening power of monarchy and the growing strength of the masses—to a hundred portents, great and small, of the coming millennium of social justice and international peace.

But suddenly and rudely the World War obscured these visions of imminent utopia even from the most optimistic of liberals. It showed quite plainly, on the other hand, the vast difference between theoretical recognition of good and actual rejection of evil. Represented to each combatant as a crisis in self-preservation, the War evoked all the bestiality of greed and deceit and hatred; it encouraged all the capacities for intrigue and destruction and murder. Almost overnight the greater portion of mankind scraped off its veneer of civilization, suffered an amnesia of ideals. Progress and enlightenment immediately lost their spiritual significance and acquired importance only as technical knowledge and mechanical efficiency. Independent thought and free expression were tabooed, supplanted by demagogic patriotism and mob passion. Decency,

rationality, humanity were even more grossly perverted. Their accepted character and universal meaning were denied; their use was arbitrarily monopolized by each warring nation to describe its own particular attitudes and actions. God and religion too again became mere tribal tutelaries. And their priests offered holy sanction and support to each side as a matter of course. As the conflict came to its close and diplomats discussing peace revealed most completely its shameful causes and sordid objectives, these violated ideals stood forth, like shelled cathedrals, the ghastly monuments of barbarous vandalism against human rights. And in the deepening twilight of this dark era they cast their ugly shadows across the hopes of mankind.

It was then that many radicals abandoned idealism. Having suffered its violation during the war hysteria with hardly an effort at defense, scarcely a word of protest, they sought with equal cowardice to place the blame for their failure upon idealism itself. "The part played by the pure moralists is negative," wrote Henri Barbusse in what has since become the manifesto of their forsworn allegiance:

Proprietors in the world's business laugh at this moral ceremonial and go on undisturbed; the profiteers continue to pile up wealth all over the face of the earth; diplomacy and parliaments—the secret police and the public gendarmeries of capitalists—continue to tie up between them, through treaties and laws, the interests of money though the bonds cut into human flesh.

This noble and dreadful impotence must be abandoned. To escape it we must admit that the struggle against the false laws of society entails two steps, the destructive and the constructive, and that these twain are inseparable and consequential. Failing of support upon a positive plan, the most vigorous and loftiest criticism drifts like a cloud. A philippic against the existing order is but a vain complaint unless it be the reverse side of a new statute. . . .

Humanity is being given into usury, hurled into an abyss, and it is suggested that we wait in order that all may straighten out of itself, since men may be transformed, without exception, after the pattern of those who are, here below, nothing but prodigious exceptions themselves.

Hence the salvation of humanity, argued Barbusse, cannot be achieved by emulating the abnormal, abstract, and inert goodness of these few saintly individuals; it must be accomplished by a means more passionate, more active, more real—a means dedicated to the destruction of capitalism which is the basic evil of our civilization. From this primary and naïve postulate he drew two equally simple conclusions: first, that the intellectual radicals must reject their historical function as critical idealists in order to save the world; and second, that they must accept the program of communism as the only practical method of salvation, because it alone aims at the absolute dissolution of the capitalist system.

III

Since 1922, when this appeal was made to the intellectuals of Europe and America, communism has become the way, the truth, and the life to the potential saviors of humanity. Thousands of radicals, accepting the syllogism implied in the eloquent indictment of Barbusse, have embraced the faith and have begun to preach the word to the people. If idealism cannot bring about utopia because of its very ideals, runs the argument, then the way to utopia must avoid idealistic methods to establish the ideal state. This is now the keynote of their litany, the basis of their new standpoint. But one would be exceedingly naïve to believe that the potency of this argument, which like some messianic revelation has suddenly set these radicals on a new path to the *falak al aflak*, is due either to its incontrovertible logic

or divine inspiration. Its strength lies, as I have pointed out, in the fact that it serves to excuse their shameful recreancy to idealism and to the radical tradition. It is become a shield for their self-respect, a psychic defense mechanism against the sense of guilt and inferiority that has oppressed them since the War.

Needs must when the devil drives. Greater than the psychic compulsion to abandon their former attitude is the pressure of the situation in which the erstwhile idealists now find themselves. For they are no longer solely critics of the innumerable ways in which our society falls short of a nonexistent and incomparable utopia; they are also champions of an existing system of government that must stand comparison with our own in the realities as well as the ideals of civilization—in war and peace, dictatorship and democracy, poverty and prosperity, intolerance and freedom. And they have no escape from the dilemma of this dual position other than to deny that the ideal sauce which must be served with the goose need also be served with the gander. In place of it we are fed such spicy answers as "reasons of state," "temporary expediency," and "counter-revolutionary danger."

Thus, compelled by circumstances and psychically impelled, these radicals have adopted the ancient premise of fanaticism that the end justifies the means. And in their reaction from idealism they have swung to the extremes of "practical politics," however lawless and unscrupulous. They acknowledge all such machiavellian tactics as the proper revolutionary method. They defend the ruthless dictatorship set up in Russia, with all its concomitants of regimentation, suppression, and destruction, as the right form of government for that indefinite period of transition from the corrupt present to the communist future.

With a violence less availing to secure their avowed goal than to obscure their predicament, they now denounce every consideration of ethical principle, individual well-being, and social order which may retard the attainment of that state of perfect morality, happiness, and harmony, the Universal Brotherhood of Man—or, more precisely, the International Party of the Unexploited Proletariat.

Nowhere is this point of view more vociferously proclaimed than in the United States. Nowhere are the inconsistencies of the radical position more clearly displayed than against the background of the traditions, principles, and institutions of American life. And so, like the chorus of "Mikado" outshouting Katisha's revelations, the converted radicals raise an incoherent clamor against palpable and persistent facts. Thus Theodore Dreiser fulminates about the cost of our militarism and the folly of our war-spirit in the pages of *Izvestia*, while that very paper and the rest of the Soviet press preach preparedness to their Army of 940,000 (U.S.A.—118,750), to their Trained Reserve of 15,380,000 (U.S.A.—309,609), and to the other nine-tenths of their population. Thus Corliss Lamont, arrested for picketing in Jersey City at 10:45 A.M., and released on bail of "the absurd and exorbitant sum of \$1,500" at 3:30 P.M., reports that he was fingerprinted, temporarily deprived of belt, necktie, shoe-laces, and garters, and complains that he "had nothing to do; evidently their idea is to try and make the prisoner go crazy as soon as possible." Compared with the recent round-up of 1,074 persons in Lenin-grad who have been exiled to Siberia "as a safety measure" without pretext of cause, vestige of trial, or hope of bail, this experience naturally forces Mr. Lamont to write: "It seems to me incongruous that I and the other pickets who have been arrested for walk-

ing peacefully up and down a sidewalk a few minutes should be subjected to what I have described." And John Howard Lawson finds Alabama in the grip of a fascist "terror" because he and a lawyer of the International Labor Defense were placed momentarily under "illegal arrest" and six Communists, also freed after trial, "are in daily and hourly danger of whipping, torture, and possible death." But he is unmoved by the thousands, slaving in the timber camps of the Arctic because they will not forswear their religion, who pray for death as a release from their torture.

Elmer Rice and Paul Sifton cry out dramatically against the soulless industrial system of America and glory in the industrialization of the mujik. The bread-lines of disorganized capitalism stir Edmund Wilson to eloquent rage, but the bread-lines of bureaucratic communism are accepted as a necessary expedient in technological development. The peripatetic John Strachey deplores from some thirty lyceums and a half-dozen periodicals that "freedom of speech is abused by capitalists in this country," whereas in Russia it is merely "incomplete," since the inviolate censorship and ruthless suppression are exercised only against "the remnant of capitalists who wish to see the return of their system." (Among the capitalists are the dead or exiled authors: Andreyev, Artzibashev, Bunin, Korolenko, Kuprin, Merejkowski, Tolstoy, and, of course, Trotsky.) Thus too Walter Duranty, whose complacent dispatches in the *Times* contrasted the Nazi blood-purge with Lenin's treatment of the "opposition," has been eloquently silent about the oubliette imprisonment and summary executions of the Trotsky-Zinoviev-Kamenev faction. And Waldo Frank, whose burning protests against Kentucky violence almost scorched the pages of the liberal weeklies, does in-

deed "speak in a monstrous little voice" of these official murders: "I realize that the peoples of Russia have their own background and that it is utopian to expect them, because of their heroic prosecution of a great social cause, to behave in every instance according to our own rules and ideals. . . . In so far as it [Russia] appears, even to contradict justice at home, it is harming the cause of justice abroad. From the standpoint of this high strategy, if from no other, I deplore the recent executions."

On every possible occasion the editors of the *New Masses* quote Lenin's opinion that "bourgeois democracy remains, and cannot but remain, a very limited, a very hypocritical institution." Their conception of the sincere operation of democracy was promulgated in a bull against the American Civil Liberties Union, "that quintessence of liberalism," and other defenders of freedom of speech: "We would deny democratic rights to Fascists, to lynchers, to all those who wish to use them as a means of winning mass support for reaction. We will defend democratic rights, seek to broaden them when used as a means of organizing the forces for the overthrow of capitalism." And Floyd Dell hastened to assure them: "No rights for lynchers. These are my sentiments exactly." These are evidently the sentiments of John Dos Passos, too, for in "Doves in the Bull Ring" he used all his considerable powers of satire and narrative against the Socialists of Spain who allowed considerations of decency, humanity, and order to interfere with a "successful" revolution. These sentiments have received theological sanction from Professor Harry F. Ward, who wrote: "The repressive aspect of the dictatorship is only instrumental, its main object is constructive. The purpose of the dictatorship is to establish Socialism in which

classes and dictatorship will be abolished." And the Reverend Reinhold Niebuhr has eliminated the fallacy by recourse to a new chthonian doctrine: "Recognizing that the world of politics is full of demonic forces, we have chosen on the whole to support the devil of vengeance against the devil of hypocrisy. . . . As Christians we know that there is a devil in the spirit of vengeance as well as in the spirit of hypocrisy. For that reason we respect those who try to have no traffic with devils at all. We cannot follow them because we believe that consistency would demand flight to the monastery if all the devils of man's collective life were to be avoided." While Langston Hughes put the matter with African simplicity in his poem, "Revolution":

Great mob that knows no fear—
Come here!
And raise your hand
Against this man
Of iron and steel and gold
Who's bought and sold
You—
Each one—
For the last thousand years.
Come here,
Great mob that has no fear,
And tear him limb from limb,
Split his golden throat
Ear to ear,
And end his time forever,
Now—
This year—
Great mob that knows no fear.

And finally there is the statement: "New power creates a new legality, a new order." This opinion has been held through the ages. The Sophists, Callicles and Thrasymachus, the monarchists, Machiavelli and Hobbes, the idolizers of "the superb blond beast wandering in search of prey and carnage," Nietzsche and Spengler—all these and their disciples have defended it as natural and wise. And the masses of men, cruel, selfish, ignorant, have always acknowledged that might makes right—both in acquiescing in the des-

potism of the strong and in tyrannizing over those who were weaker than they. But from Socrates and Amos to Tolstoy and Gandhi, Rolland and Wells there have been the "prodigious exceptions," as Barbusse called them, who refused to accept this dominant doctrine. The alignment is unmistakable. The attitudes admit no compromise. "New power creates a new legality, a new order." This is the essence of fascism. It is the utterance of Joseph Stalin.

IV

At a time when our professional patriots are using the bogey of radicalism to goad the country into a hysteria of illiberal legislation, one hesitates to set down a criticism of any group of radicals for fear that it will be distorted into a general indictment of all defenders of civil liberties and human rights. It is pertinent, therefore, to point out that not all the radicals in America, nor even a majority of them, are enrolled in the ranks of the Communist Party. The reader will recognize that I am not describing a completed political act but discussing a growing tendency, an evolving philosophy of political action.

Even among the adherents of this philosophy there are many who will not accept all the inconsistencies which make up the communist creed, who are revolted by what Dos Passos calls "unintelligent fanaticism," and who are moved by the very spirit which makes them attack the iniquity of our social order to question the assumed infallibility of communist principles and practice. But they do subscribe to the communist technic of revolution; they renounce ideals as the criteria of conduct. I do not allude merely to the strident tone and hysterical temper by which the zeal of a fanatic and the passion of a demagogue are invariably manifested. I cite only in passing the

vilification and vituperation directed against uncompromising critics of the evils of the capitalist system—men like John Dewey or Upton Sinclair or Heywood Brown—in which hypocrite, coward, traitor, and counter-revolutionary are the mildest terms of abuse for not accepting communist dogmas. I refer rather to the evidence in radical writings of the deliberate decision that the indispensable conditions of idealism—truth and logic, decency and humanity—are incompatible with the propaganda of communist salvation, are detrimental to communist victory, and must, therefore, be abolished.

Instead, greed and self-interest, hatred and revenge, fear and the lust for power are the realities which they propose to utilize as means to their end. No amount of philosophical obscurantism can disguise the fact—so flagrant in their crude incitement of the masses—that these partisans of communism view the economic stresses of contemporary society with a cartoonist simplicity as a fight over moneybags—and no holds barred—between the frock-coated villain of capitalism and the hero in overalls. Similarly, they have dramatized social development into a medieval "mystery" in which the capitalist devil is driven by pitchfork and hammer out of the Garden of Eden in order that the proletarian Adam and Eve may appropriate its fruits according to "the Bible of the working-class," *Das Kapital* in three volumes. Utopia waits only on the finishing blow, on the proper use of the weapons of violence.

It is not my intention to challenge the efficacy of these methods, nor even the claims of communist utopia. (Let it only be noted that Mussolini and Hitler, as well as Lenin, have proved the success of "political realism," and that they too voice a benevolent paternalism which receives credence from millions of their people.) For the

question raised by abandoned idealism is greater than these.

It is not whether the radicals who discard it have found a more potent program of reform, but whether they have lost the only way of life whereby humanity may be improved. Society is a living organism sensitive to the impression of all ideas and actions, whether good or evil; it will bear the imprint of their activity no less than of their achievements. Unscrupulous distortion of facts and crafty exploitation of loyalties, hypocritical adulation of dead heroes and character assassination of their living disciples—these have been, and still are, the weapons of reaction in defense of vested interests. That they have not altogether perverted the minds of men is due to the exertions of those radicals who have combated not only the material evils of unjust and rapacious economic systems but the less tangible corruptions of the human spirit whereby these systems were perpetuated. But what of the future when radical no longer counteracts reactionary but intensifies his influence? Will this generation and the next—affected by their ideas and conditioned by their methods—cheapen the moral values of justice and liberty and truth and peace as they have been cheapened in Germany, Italy, and Russia? Will they accept, even as these peoples seem to have accepted, the code of the bully which is the synthesis of such principles of conduct?

It is this inevitable spiritual conse-

quence of the new radical attitude, not the ultimate economic results of communism, that fills those who are genuinely interested in the welfare of mankind with sorrow and dismay, that evoked the cry of Romain Rolland against the enticing eloquence of Barbusse.

"It is not true that the end justifies the means," he wrote. "The means are still far more important to the true progress of humanity than the end. And this is due to the fact that the end (so rarely, and always so incompletely, attained) modifies only the external relations among men, whereas the means shape the mind either according to the rhythm of justice or according to the rhythm of violence. And if it is according to the latter, no form of government will ever be able to prevent the oppression of the weak by the strong. . . . I do not wage battle against one 'reason of state' to avail myself of another. And militarism, the police terror, or brutal force, are not sanctified for me because they have become the instruments of a communist dictatorship instead of being the instruments of a plutocracy. . . . We seek, for those who shall come after us, to save and to concentrate the forces of reason, of love, of faith, which will aid them in weathering the tempest when, having accomplished its work of a day, your credo will be lost in shadows, compromised in the injustices of combat, or led astray by the indifference which follows fatally upon the heels of all victories exclusively political."



JORKENS HANDLES A BIG PROPERTY

A STORY

BY LORD DUNSANY

AT A corner of our window from which we can see the spring Jorkens was standing. The seasons in London steal so veiled through the streets, so unnoticed and inconspicuous, like four royal ladies lost in a land that is strange to them, that one cannot claim to see spring from every window. From a corner of ours, however, in the dining room of the Billiards Club, you can see, when you know where to look, the railings of a little enclosure; and there the leaves of the lilac, when the downs far off are rioting with the vernal festival, push out over the top rail, young and shining, to show that they too have heard the strange call and heeded it, and that London has her part in the magic of woods.

Jorkens stood there alone, while the rest of us sat at our long table, smoking cigars or whatever else seemed appropriate to put the final touch to our luncheon. There he stood and looked away toward the lilac with something of the wistful expression with which a man may sometimes watch the approaching footsteps of spring, but a man thirty or forty years younger. What mood or what memories influenced that silent figure I, for one, did not know; nor when he spoke did any of us at the time understand him. "It is something to have had one's share in all this," he said.

He said it more to himself than to

any of us; and none of us made any comment, nor did one seem called for. We went on with the topic that some of us were discussing, the comparison of various deals in which we had been engaged, the size of properties that had passed through our hands: one had sold three large Rolls cars in a single day; another had been the secretary of some company that had sold a hundred acres of London, and had himself signed the transfer; and, carried away by our commercial emulation, we forgot the lonely figure at the window. Then he himself joined our discussion.

"I once had a pretty big property through my own hands," said Jorkens.

"What was it?" asked one of us.

"Let me explain," he said, and came over and sat on the arm of a large chair from which he was able to look down the length of our table. "I was in New Orleans a long time ago, looking out for something to handle on a commission basis, though I scarcely thought of anything of the size of the property that I actually did handle."

"A big property, was it?" came from somewhere along the table, like the little flick of a whip that used to stimulate carriage-horses.

"Big enough," replied Jorkens. "Well, I was taking a walk outside New Orleans one day, along a little canal that was just an unending flower-bed: large mauve-and-blue flowers lay along

its water, and entirely filled it up: butterflies floated upon the warm air or darted with sudden speed from languorous attitudes. I had found no sort of business in the town; it had seemed too hot for it; and I was turning things over in my mind, when all of a sudden I met the Spaniard, or whatever he may have been: Mexican Jim was his name. He was coming past the solemn gray-bearded trees; for I had come by then to the edge of a forest growing in miles of swamp, and all the trees there are bearded with long growths of gray moss. On the lonely road he took off his great hat and, holding it still in his hand, first sought my pardon for addressing me, and, when I had assured him of that, asked me if it would be presuming too far upon our momentary acquaintance were he to ask me to be so generous to a stranger as to give him a match with which to light his cigarro. This I did while the great trees looked down on us, as though gravely interested in our courtesies. He asked to be permitted to accompany me on my walk, and I said I should be delighted, as indeed I was; for the more people I got to know in New Orleans the less hopeless should be my chance of getting the handling of some little property on a commission basis.

"I turned back for the city, taking the way that he was going; and as we talked on our walk, I began to see from a certain indirectness with which he answered questions, a certain parrying wherever information might be concerned, that he was interested in business himself. No further than that did I get before the wide avenues of New Orleans came in sight, with their large flowers flaming; and I went to my hotel, and he to wherever he lived. But not the wide sweep of his hat as he bowed before leaving nor the really magnificent compliments that he paid me nor his thanks, that were like South-

ern flowers, had evidently repaid the debt he felt he owed me on account of my match; for he arranged a meeting on the following evening. And when the next evening came, and we had sat on chairs on the verandah of my hotel for an hour, uttering preliminary compliments, while the frogs chirruped on and on in the cool air, he said that it would be a distinguished pleasure to him if he could obtain for me a remunerative business that would, if only partly, reward me for my kindness over the match.

"We talked awhile of the river, that river that from the mountains of the north comes down through a continent and whirls round the Gulf of Mexico, and then flows on, without its banks any longer, but still a mighty current, far out to sea. And then he spoke of currents, and of certain sand-banks over which they went, and of shafts of steel that could be driven down into the sand-banks in pairs, with slots that would hold a kind of steel shutter. Perhaps every detail of the technicalities might not have been instantly clear to me had he not asked my permission to send for a large basin of water; and in this, by currents that he made with his hand, and by sheets of cardboard by which he deflected them, I learned more about the control of ocean currents than I had thought possible.

"Well, Mexican Jim explained his invention to me, and there was business in it, good sound business, as it looked to me, as soon as we got my percentage right. He had suggested five per cent for me at first, and I had had to explain that that was only his joke, no such percentage being known in proper business such as we do over here; and in the end he understood and we got it fixed at ten."

"And what was the business?" said Terbut.

"I'll tell you," said Jorkens. "I'll

tell you as I told Sir Rindle Brindley. I rang him up at Whitehall as soon as I got to England, and I kept on at his secretary till I got him to see I was sane, and then I gradually worked up his curiosity, and in the end I got an interview with Sir Rindle. Of course that took some doing; it took a good *deal* of doing; but then everything does in business if you're going to do it properly. Well, I was shown in to Sir Rindle. I should have liked to go a bit slow at first, so that he wouldn't get scared, but there wasn't time to do that, so I had to go straight to the point. I told him that I had the selling of a property that was a necessity to the nation, and that I hoped England would get it, but that it did not belong to me, and that the principal for whom I acted might sell it to one of several other countries if I could not negotiate it here. And I told him I wanted a million."

"A million?" gasped Terbut. "Did he listen to you any more?"

"Certainly," said Jorkens. "He began to listen then. You see those people think in millions. And it's not till you begin to talk their talk that they take the least interest in you. He asked what the property was, and then I had to explain to him the method of Mexican Jim for controlling ocean currents, for diverting them, that is to say, by means of steel shutters that slanted them off from their course. And I had to explain without any basin of water, that had made it so clear to me when Mexican Jim had shown me his method that night in New Orleans. But I got him to understand that a current could be diverted, many degrees from its course, by putting the shutters down in the right place. And the moment he understood he stopped my talking; and I saw that it would be easier to get money out of him than time. He leaned forward and looked at me, and he struck me as being like

a large meat-eating fish. And he said, 'What exactly is it you wish to sell?'

"And I said, 'The Gulf Stream.'

"Yes, you see, if a man can divert a current, especially near its source, he can send it within reason where he likes, and I wanted England to have it. He couldn't have sent it down the African coast, but he could have sent it to Greenland or Iceland; and probably could have slipped it through the Straits of Gibraltar into the Mediterranean if he made a good enough shot. It was to all our interests for England to buy it, and so I told Sir Rindle. If England bought it her climate was safe, while whatever Mexican Jim got for it would be sheer profit, as in that case he would not have to erect a single shutter, but would just leave the Gulf Stream alone."

"Blackmail," said Terbut.

"Not in the least," said Jorkens. "And that was not the view that Sir Rindle took. The Gulf Stream is a natural commodity that has been lying about the sea for years, like whales. Anybody who can has a right to take it, or to divert it, or to use it in any way that he may. A man can't divert a stream on land, because others are sure to have rights in it; but nobody has any rights in the Gulf Stream. Anyone can do what he likes with it. Sir Rindle never said a word to the contrary. Where he did disagree with me, unfortunately, was about the million. I said that it was a matter of national importance, and he agreed. But he said that the Treasury did not put up large sums merely on that account, and instanced the defenses of Scapa Flow before the War, and the struggle that there was to get dreadnoughts. I could see that he meant what he said and was not merely arguing, so I dropped the price to half, and still he would not look at it. 'Look here,' I said, 'we are practically living on America's bounty, and have never

yet paid a penny for it. It's their Gulf and it's practically part of their river; and where should we be without it? No summer to speak of, no harbors open in winter; no better off than Greenland; and probably glad of a visit from a few whaling schooners.' That was Mexican Jim's argument, and he argued that an American, and especially anyone living around that Gulf, had a right to do what he liked with their own stream. I don't say I took that view entirely. It seemed to me a bit hard to freeze us out for the sake of a business deal; but I took that line now to encourage Sir Rindle to do business, instead of looking at me like a large well-fed fish. And Mexican Jim could have done it too; there was no doubt of that; and I didn't want to see Iceland cutting us out and taking our rightful place, just because the Treasury wouldn't put up two hundred thousand pounds; for that is what I soon brought it down to. I wasn't grasping.

"'Do you grudge two hundred thousand pounds,' I said, 'to save all our harbors from ice and to hold back a winter that will last right into April?'

"'Not at all,' he said, 'but I should have to explain to ten or a dozen men what you have explained to me before I could get the Treasury to put up such a sum. And it isn't too easily explained. I understand it myself,' he hastened to add, 'but it's one thing to do that and quite another to convince several other people. All you've explained to me about the slant to be given to the current I should have to pass on second hand, and to people that may or may not be as quick of comprehension as myself.'

"'Then Iceland's to have our climate?' I said.

"'I can't pledge the Treasury to two hundred thousand pounds,' he answered.

"And I saw that he meant it and

dropped the price to a hundred thousand.

"Well, I'd got him more interested than I've told you. He quite saw what it would be to sit in that office with the Thames frozen solid, and I thought I was making some headway with him; but just then his secretary began waving his watch about a good deal, and snapping it open and shut, and I saw that my time was up. I dropped the price to fifty thousand as I got near the door, but he wouldn't rise to that either, and I went out of the office with the Gulf Stream still unsold.

"It wasn't only having the property still on my hands that worried me; but it was the fear that if I couldn't dispose of it here the Mexican might sell it somewhere else, and we should never see spring come round to our shores again. That was what I was fighting for, as much as anything, the English spring. All very well for Browning, or whoever it was, to say 'Oh to be in England now that April's there'; but it was my job to keep it there. There wouldn't have been much April left but for me. So, you see, when I watch these lilac leaves shoving out through the railings they set me remembering the past, and what a weary struggle I had to save them. It was spring in London then, a little farther on than it is now; and all St. James's Park, to which I turned from Whitehall, was flashing and dancing with it. I remember wondering if we should ever get another there; knowing we never should if Mexican Jim got another customer and drove down his slanting steel shutters into the Gulf Stream. But whom should I try next? That was the immediate question.

"I passed a little man hurrying by with a bag, and knew him for a commercial traveler. I thought how easy it was for a man traveling with samples; nothing to do but open his bag and pull one of them out; but my sam-

ples, if only I could get people to see it, were the grass gleaming, the leaves flashing, the birds nesting, the crocuses with their radiant colors below and the pale-blue sky overhead, all given us by the gentle warmth that we borrow without a thought, as we have done year after year, from the Gulf of Mexico.

"Well, I sat down on a seat beside the lake, and considered hard what I should do for it."

"Do for what?" blurted out Terbut with characteristic bluntness.

"The lake," said Jorkens. "I wanted to prevent it freezing solid. I knew pretty well what Mexican Jim would be likely to do with the Gulf Stream if I couldn't get an offer for it in England. And I saw pretty soon that the people to try next would be some big firm in the City. They wouldn't want the kind of changes that the loss of the Gulf Stream would bring: business is too delicate for that. They didn't want polar bears ambling down Fleet Street. And these firms would be run by men intelligent enough to understand Mexican Jim's methods, and the awful effect of them upon London if put into practice.

"When I had decided on that I didn't even go home. I went straight to the nearest post office, and telephoned to a man I had once met who was the president of one of those firms that I had in mind. I got on to his secretary and asked for an interview as soon as possible; a matter of business, I told him, worth twenty-five thousand pounds. That was good enough for the secretary. I arrived at the twenty-five thousand pounds by deciding that whenever I failed to get any definite price for the Gulf Stream from any responsible person I should have regretfully to recognize that that sum couldn't be got, and start next by asking half. Sir Rindle Brindley had refused me fifty thousand pounds as I went out through

his door, so I started with Evvans at twenty-five thousand. It was no use touting the Gulf Stream round the City at a price that I had found I could not get for it. There was not time for that. Mexican Jim might have got impatient and sold it to Iceland or Greenland, and you'd all be sitting huddled over the fire and wearing furs even then. Well, I got my interview for the following morning, the only crab being that Evvans appeared to be even a busier man than I wanted—and I wanted a fairly busy one, or he wouldn't be likely to touch a new thing: the more interests he had, the more likely he'd be to take things up. But Evvans could only give me four minutes.

"So next morning at the appointed time I walked in and found him sitting at his desk, a thin face and intensely bright blue eyes. I shook hands as quick as I could and sat down where he pointed. 'It's about ocean currents,' I said, 'and a method of controlling them. How long will it take you to understand my system?' Rude, but there was no time for courtesies. Mexican Jim would spend an hour over them before he came to business.

"A minute," said Evvans.

"So I raced through my explanations in a minute, and sure enough he did.

"Now," I said, "my senior partner in America can twist the Gulf Stream twenty or thirty degrees out of its course, and within those limitations can send it where he likes. Is it worth twenty-five thousand pounds to England, and will your firm put up that to keep it where it is?"

"His answer surprised me. 'It is worth fully that to England,' he said, 'but there are other and cheaper ways of preventing your friend from tampering with the Gulf Stream.'

"I sat and looked at him, wondering what influence he wielded, whether it

stretched as far as the Gulf of Mexico, how he meant to use it, and exactly who would approach my sharp friend in New Orleans, and what they would say or do to him; and I often wonder still. And as I sat wondering and Evvans sat saying nothing further, and scarcely even smiling, unless very slightly, I saw that my time was very nearly up.

"Your firm, then . . . ' I began.

"No," answered Evvans. And that was all he said.

"I felt that it was no use trying to bargain with him, and, besides, there was no time. So I thanked him and walked out; and the Gulf Stream was now below twenty-five thousand pounds.

"And the next man I tried was Lord Looborough, as he is now. He was chairman of a large concern in the City, and I got an introduction and fixed up a meeting, and went into his office and halved it: I offered him the Gulf Stream for twelve thousand five hundred pounds.

"He was a pleasant and even a hearty man and I think that he would have readily put up the money, for he had spent far more than that, without a murmur, on fox-hunting; only I couldn't get him to see it. I couldn't get him to understand that if you headed a current off in a certain direction that was the direction it would take; he seemed to think that after a bit it would turn round and come home, like a carrier-pigeon or a cat. And I couldn't get him to remember that he had understood how the current could be diverted by slanting screens. He understood it when I explained it, but kept on forgetting how the thing worked, and I had to explain it all again and again. I knocked off two thousand five hundred pounds to see if that would help him, but at ten thousand pounds (which would have been nothing to his firm) he couldn't

understand it any better than when I was asking twelve thousand five hundred pounds. I suppose I was beginning to be annoyed, but he asked me so pleasantly if I had ever been out with the North and West Middlesex, or one of those smart packs, that I somehow couldn't be angry; but I was unable to get him to do business, and I left with the Gulf Stream unsold at eight thousand pounds.

"I began to wish I were dealing in some smaller commodity, something solid, or liquid for that matter, but more easily handled. It wasn't its being liquid that I minded. Not at all. Let me see, what was I saying?"

"Waiter," I said, and indicated what Jorkens wanted. And when he had moistened his mouth he continued his story.

"I saw it was time," he said, "to go to somebody more definitely concerned than any I had tried yet. All of us in these islands are of course concerned with the Gulf Stream, greatly concerned with it; but I went now to people that actually saw it and sailed on it. I went to the green-funnel line. I went to their office in Swampgate and saw Sir Edward Bant and told him about the theory of the control of currents, and he understood at once. 'Now,' I said, 'do you want your harbours frozen?'

"Well, no," he said, thoughtfully.

"For four thousand pounds," I said, 'the Gulf Stream is yours.'

"The trouble is," he said, 'and I don't want you to pass this on to anybody' (and I didn't for twenty years, but they went broke years ago and sail the Gulf Stream no longer), 'the trouble is that we are not paying a dividend this year. That leaves us nothing at all to splash about.'

"Splash about!" I said. "That four thousand will just save you. If the Gulf Stream goes astray you'll be broke."

"'I know,' he said, 'but so will a lot of other people too. It's one thing to be caught in a universal disaster, and quite another to have people pointing you out and saying "That's the man who's gone bankrupt." If all the pipes in my club freeze I trust we shall bear it like men, but it's quite another matter to be called before the committee and asked to explain to them one's financial affairs.'

"'I'll let you have it for three thousand pounds,' I said.

"And he refused that too. And I saw how broke he must be; for he clearly understood what the loss of the Gulf Stream meant.

"So away I went with the property still unsold. I was getting to the end of the people I knew in the City and was wondering whom to try next; when, oddly enough, Swinburne helped me. I was in my lodgings pondering what to do, when I idly pulled out of a shelf, low on the wall, a copy of *Atalanta in Caledon*, and I hadn't read two pages when, as often happens when you are worrying over anything, a word caught my eye in the book that was the very word I was thinking of. I read the word gulf-stream: 'that the sea-waves might be as my raiment, the gulf-stream a garment for me.' And that gave me the idea to sell the thing to a tailor.

"So I went straight off to the smartest tailor I knew of, and told him that I had a property to sell. 'What kind of property?' of course he asked.

"'Wait a moment,' I said. 'Do you want to see people going about huddled in furs and all wrapped up in old coats; waists gone, spats gone, tail coats gone?'

"'What's it all about?' he asked.

"And then I told him.

"'And it would have that effect?' he asked. 'Freeze us all up?'

"'Ask anyone,' I said. 'Ring up the Royal Geographical Society or merely

look at a map and see what kind of countries are on our latitude when they haven't got any Gulf Stream. There are polar bears in Siberia about the same latitude as Dublin.'

"'What are you asking for it?' he said.

"'Fifteen hundred pounds,' I told him. 'And cheap for what it is.'

"'You know,' he said, 'people think that tailors make big profits. And so we do from the best of our customers. But what about those that never pay? And where do our profits all go, those that we do make?'

"'Ground rents,' I said, for I knew the line of argument.

"'Exactly,' he said.

"'I'll let you have it for a thousand,' I told him.

"And that was no good either.

"I began to see that it was time to leave London and to get to some place that was more in touch with the Gulf Stream, Devon or Cornwall where they could feel the warmth that was sent them across the Atlantic, and probably took some pride in it. One more shop I tried before I gave up London as hopeless, a large jeweller's that I happened to come to. I went in and saw one of their principal men. He had to listen to me because he didn't know but that I might be wanting some jewellery; and before he found out that I wasn't, I had explained to him the method of diverting ocean currents in the shallows near to their sources. Of course he didn't see what ocean currents had to do with his business; and I told him that the Gulf Stream, which is not many yards across, could be diverted easier than most of them. It was then that he asked me politely but rather firmly what his shop had to do with the Gulf Stream; and I told him something of the climate that is brought north from New Orleans for us. Again the polite question: what had that to do with his firm? But with

a little more insistence this time. 'Well,' I said, 'I never heard that trade followed the polar bear.' And he began to see.

"My partner is offering the Gulf Stream," I said, 'for five hundred pounds.'

"But he shook his head.

"Unfortunately," he said, 'we have to show a profit on our transactions.'

"Oh," I mumbled.

"Yes, shareholders, you see," he told me.

"A profit! As though the plane trees in the parks, the large beds of hyacinths, the neat swards, the azaleas, the unfrozen Serpentine, the myriads of birds, and the warm air loitering along our streets were not a profit worth millions per cent on what I was asking. But I saw his point and lowered my price to four hundred.

"But he was a man with no width of imagination, no length of vision; and I saw that he'd never see the larger issues beyond his immediate profits. So I left him, and left London altogether, and took a train for the West country, with the Gulf Stream priced for my next customer at no more than two hundred pounds. And he was there in the railway carriage with me, the man that I hoped to be my customer for the Gulf Stream.

"We were alone in the carriage together, and I got into conversation. He seemed at first sight to be quite a pleasant fellow, though you cannot always tell from appearances. I drew from our conversation that he owned a small villa in Cornwall, a house he had recently bought, in sight of the sea. He seemed the ideal man for my class of business. I began to speak of the warm Cornish climate, of the rare flowers and ferns that grew there, and the sea glistening in April with a brightness little less than the smiles of the Mediterranean. I had never seen it then, but I had read the advertise-

ments. He agreed with all I said, and indeed seemed so keen on Cornwall that I was a little doubtful if he would allow any credit to a Mexican stream like the one I was interested in. But he did, all right, when I mentioned it. He evidently looked on the Gulf Stream as a natural part of Cornwall—which of course it is in a way; it had been lulling that coast and nurturing all its flowers since Cornwall was first inhabited. So I said, 'What if icebergs should come that way, drifting by in sight of your villa?' And he said they couldn't. And I said, 'What if the coast froze solid for half a mile out?' And he said I didn't know the Cornish coast.

"And then I explained to him the method for diverting the Gulf Stream in the shallows near to its source, and told him the icebergs would come all right, and that he'd probably be able to feed polar bears from his window; but that for two hundred pounds I'd sell him the Gulf Stream and he could keep Cornwall just as it was.

"Do you know, there are all kinds of men in the world, though some of them you hardly expect to meet. Whether he had ever done business with anyone in his life I don't know, or what he supposed was at the back of my perfectly straight offer; but he sat thinking a moment without speaking and then stood up with his hand stretched upward and said, 'Any more of it, and I'll pull the communication cord.'

"Well, you can't do business with a man who behaves like that, and I changed my carriage at the next station, and the Gulf Stream was still unsold.

"Somebody a bit more responsible for his actions was what I was looking for now.

"So I decided to get in touch with municipal authority; and this is what I did as soon as we got in, after taking

a walk along the beach to pick up local color; for if you know nothing of a man's chief interests you usually can't do business with him.

"Well I went and saw the Town Clerk; I won't say of what town, for I didn't get on very well with him. He probably has his side of the case, but I don't want to get into correspondence with him about that after all these years if my words leak out." And Jorkens looked sidelong at me.

"I said to him, 'This is the English Riviera. You have a coastline unrivalled by foreign watering places, and matchless for beauty and perfection.' Their kind of talk you know.

"He agreed that this was so. Then I explained to him the theory of ocean currents, as told me by Mexican Jim. And I thought that I had got him to understand it.

"I am asking one hundred pounds for the Gulf Stream," I said.

"Well, either he hadn't understood it at all or he refused to believe from my merely verbal credentials that I was the appointed representative of Mexican Jim.

"Best be brief: he was rude. I lost my temper. I lost my temper and was I think more insulting than I have ever been before or since, and you know you can be damnably insulting with the politest words.

"You've got funny little holes in the cliff," I said, "just by Tregantle."

"Rabbit-holes," he said hurriedly. As though rabbits would live in a sheer cliff, and square holes at that.

"I oughtn't to have said it, and I have regretted it ever since; but I had utterly lost my temper. 'Harbor lights,' I answered.

"You know there is some story, and I'm afraid it's true, of Cornish people luring ships to the rocks by putting harbor lights in a sheer cliff. And as a matter of fact that's what those holes were for. Well, I need hardly say we

did no business after that. I was shown out; that is the word for it; and the Gulf Stream was still unsold.

"With the Gulf Stream, as one may say, still in my pocket, I went next to a big hotel and asked to see the manager.

"Your coastline," I said to him, 'is without rival for excellence; superbly placed as it is in a commanding position, it successfully challenges all claims from continental resorts to provide those conveniences and refinements that the *recherchés* rightly demand.'

"Yes, that is so," he said thoughtfully.

"And where would you be without the Gulf Stream?" I asked.

"And then I explained to him Mexican Jim's theory and told him that I was his accredited representative, and it wasn't long before he understood the whole business, and I offered him the Gulf Stream for fifty pounds.

"Yes, he understood all right, but he countered with a point that I hadn't thought of.

"We've central heating in my hotel," he said. 'As good a system as there is on the market. And if it comes to freezing, there's no hotel in these parts that will be able to compete with us.'

"But they won't come to these parts at all," I said, 'except to catch walruses.'

"Don't you think it," he answered. 'It's the fashion to come here in the winter, and if you think icebergs will stop that, you don't know what fashion is.'

"I dropped it to forty then, but he wouldn't take it; and lower than that I told him he could not have it, as I wouldn't cheapen the Gulf Stream.

"But the thing was still on my hands, and as it didn't seem to fetch forty pounds, I had to cheapen it at the next place, another hotel. This was a much

smaller affair, and when I said to the man who was running it that I had come in the interests of the hotels of the English Riviera he didn't seem very keen, telling me that the hotel I had just left got all the business, and that anything done in support of the tourist trade ought to be done by them. Well, to put it briefly, I told him the whole story, and offered him the Gulf Stream at twenty pounds. It wasn't that he didn't understand, but he told me that the climate was not what they worked it on; they advertised, and when that was properly done it brought visitors just as well whether there was bright sunshine or whether they only had icebergs drifting through fog. Well I had to admit that he was right about that, so it was no use bargaining, and without cheapening the Gulf Stream any further, I set out once more on my long hunt for a customer.

"And as I went I saw a man with a large bag covered with labels, who hailed me as soon as he saw me, calling out across the street, 'Say, can you tell me any little old place where I can get a lodging?'

"'Stranger,' I said, 'I sure can.'

"He came across the street to me. 'I'm sure grateful,' he said. 'What's the name of it?'

"'The name of it,' I said. 'Now that's what I can't remember; these lodging houses have such odd names, but I'll show you just where it is. It's the best lodging house on this coast.'

"Well he thanked me and we went on, and I did what I could for him, which wasn't too easy, as I'd never been near the place before. But I had a good enough instinct for the part of the town where the lodging houses would be; it was just where I was going myself. And when I got there I chose, as far as one could choose by exteriors, the one that looked the nicest. 'There it is,' I said. 'The Laburnums.'

"We went up the steps and I rang

the bell, and a maid with large blue eyes that should have been looking after sheep appeared out of the dinginess as she opened the door.

"'Is she in?' I said.

"'Who? Mrs. Smerkit?' she asked.

"'Yes,' I said. 'This gentleman would like to see her best rooms if she'd kindly come.'

"Away ran the maid and called her; and out came Mrs. Smerkit in her sequins and black dress, the perfect seaside lodging-house-keeper, showing that one can judge a whole house by exteriors. Well, she showed us over the rooms, nice rooms looking out over that happy sea that was still being tended and protected from ice and fog by the Gulf Stream, and I took the first opportunity of drawing Mrs. Smerkit aside, while her prospective guest was gazing out at the view.

"'And the price?' I asked.

"'Three pounds a week,' she said hesitatingly.

"'You don't understand,' I said, 'and there's not time to explain. But say five pounds.'

"A moment's look of surprise, and then she said it; and we got it all fixed up. The stranger, quite grateful to me, for they really were nice rooms, went to get the rest of his luggage, and I was alone with Mrs. Smerkit. Briefly then I told her what the climate meant to that sunny English coast, instancing the arrival of this new guest from the other side of the Atlantic, and carefully explaining to her the theory of the control of ocean currents, and told her all about my friend who was waiting for me in New Orleans.

"'Now,' I said, 'I am this Mexican gentleman's authorized agent, and we can let you have the Gulf Stream for ten pounds.'

"She had a real laburnum in her garden and I pointed to it as I spoke, and waved my hand along that sunny coastline. The laburnum's buds were

just yellowing, and she seemed to see more clearly than any of the men I had spoken to what the Gulf Stream meant to that laburnum of hers and to the whole of our coast. Though she saw it at once she did not answer at once, but stood there with her arms lightly folded, considering, as I have so often seen one of them considering some question of tariff that a lodger of theirs may have put to her. And in the end the good sensible woman took it. Yes, she saw what it meant to the whole of the tourist traffic, and backed her judgment with ten pounds of her money; and so I sold the Gulf Stream.

"Don't look at the price of it; look at the size of the property that I handled; look at the value to England of having the Gulf Stream left where that staunch old landlady left it, when the Government of the country and some of the biggest financial houses would do nothing at all in the matter.

"And a few months later I was back again in New Orleans, in connection with another type of business. And I strolled out every morning to the edge of the forest that stood in the swamp, with its trees gray-bearded and brooding, as though they remembered Spain. And I hadn't gone there more than two or three times when I saw the hidalgo-like figure of Mexican Jim

coming along under his great hat. When his elaborate courtesies were over and we came down to mere business, I apologized for the short-sightedness of some of my countrymen, and told him that fifty dollars had been all I could get for his Gulf Stream. Mexican Jim was delighted. Possibly his busy mind had forgotten about it altogether; possibly he had not expected to find an English purchaser, who saved him the time and trouble of moving the Gulf Stream at all, so that that ten pounds was sheer profit, small though it was, with no expenses except my ten per cent commission which he paid me there and then. And many a larger sum I've had paid me with less grace; but the receipt of the trivial amount that I had from Mexican Jim is a mellow memory with me yet.

"And there on that road, under the bearded trees, with a sweep of his hat that seemed to carry his thanks beyond the point where words ended, we parted for the last time."

"But," begun Terbut, and would have developed some theory of his, either about business or currents. But Jorkens had gone back to that window again, and was watching the leaves of the lilac pushing out through those railings, with what almost looked to me like an air of paternal benevolence.



DUST BLOWING

BY AVIS D. CARLSON

SCARCELY anything that ever happened in or to the Great Plains has created so much interest and concern as the spectacular dust storms of this spring. While no news story can really picture a bad duster in action, the imagination of the whole country has been stirred by accounts of days when the sun never showed through the murk, of farmhouses half buried, of dust pneumonia, and lost children. Indeed, on some occasions so much silt made its way to the Atlantic seaboard that many persons a thousand miles away from the storms experienced discomfort from it.

Since it is journalistic custom to single out Kansas as the locale of droughts, cyclones, and whatever other excitements occur on the plains, most of the dust stories have centered about the storms in Kansas, although of course large areas in the nine other States of the region have also been ravaged. Kansans are used to that sort of singling out and do not greatly resent it. They have their own jokes about the type of publicity the State always draws. One of them said recently, "Whenever Kansas breaks into the New York headlines it means that one of two things has happened. Either we have suffered an act of God or else we have made fools of ourselves." In the present instance, one would judge from the news stories, we have surpassed ourselves by combining a natural calamity with our own idiocy. The Western farmer has managed his

affairs so badly that ten States are suffering extreme discomfort and anxiety. The lanky simpleton has plowed up so much grass land and put it to wheat that when a drought comes along his top soil blows off and smothers the rest of us. He should have known better. Such in essence is the popular opinion.

Like most popular opinions, this one makes such a quick swipe at the truth that it is scarcely true at all. And yet the dust storms are so tremendous, both in the suffering they are causing now and in their portent for the future, that they will continue to excite the eager interest of Americans everywhere. Consequently it seems worthwhile to go into the problem in some detail.

I shall not attempt to describe the storms themselves. That has been done in the daily press, and done well. It is only when writers have passed from description to analyses of the causes, significance, and possible remedies for "the dust menace" that exaggeration and half-truth have flourished. Seizing upon the obvious fact that much grass land in the plains States has been put to the plow in the last decade, too many observers have turned upon the farmer as the cause of the calamitous dust storms. Such a line of reasoning entirely fails to see the problem as a whole. It is as specious as would be the blaming a flood in Louisiana upon the farmers in the upper Mississippi Valley for not preventing excessive run-off on their own

tracts of land. Nobody now fails to see that flood control is a social problem, a national problem, which can never be solved by appealing to individuals to fill up gullies or by bonding communities to build levees and drainage ditches. The Mississippi overflows because Americans as a people have made no scientifically planned, centrally controlled attempt to keep it from overflowing.

It is the same with the dust storms. If we have a dust menace it is because as a people we have tampered with the processes of nature without making an intelligent attempt to fend off the retribution she always deals when her processes are tampered with. It is nonsense to assume a virtuous air and blame the individual farmer, or even the farmers as a class. The farmer of western Kansas, Texas, or South Dakota has been practically helpless in the grip of forces over which he had or could have almost no control.

Like every farmer since Abel, he has had first of all to contend with nature herself. With one hand she offers him a soil of matchless depth and fertility. With the other she denies him the rainfall necessary to make that soil easily productive. The whole great stretch of land between the hundredth meridian and the Rockies is so low in annual rainfall as to be rightfully called semi-arid. From the establishment of the Weather Bureau to the present time, Bismarck, North Dakota, has had a mean annual rainfall of about 16 inches. From 1871 to 1922 the mean rainfall at Cheyenne, Wyoming, was 14 inches. Most of the extreme western Kansas and eastern Colorado counties have in the neighborhood of 16 inches. Amarillo, Texas, has 21.59 inches. To get a comparative idea of how scant these inches are, remember that Peoria, Illinois, has 37 and Baltimore, 43.

These, I repeat, are *averages*. The

farmer on the high plains does not often have a year with that precise rainfall. What he faces is one year with 12 inches, another with 15, a third with 23. Or he may have a series of years with 20 inches or better, followed by a series of 14 or less. His situation and, therefore, his whole technic of farming, is entirely different from that of his brother in Illinois. A "wet year" for him would be a drought in Maryland. But used as he is to scant rainfall, he has recently been staggered by the unprecedented piling up of one year after another of severe drought. This is his fourth successive year of it. For him the much publicized drought of last summer was never really broken. Since 1931 Amarillo has an accumulated deficiency of 20 inches and Dodge City, Kansas, of 19—practically a whole year's moisture! But after all, the Great Drought is an emergency, a natural calamity like hail or an earthquake. In the long reach of years it is not so important as something else. The really important fact is that throughout the whole area of the high plains, some 250,000 square miles of it, every farmer except the lucky few whose land can be irrigated must adjust himself to the grim necessities of a 13 to 21 inch annual rainfall. On that niggardly quota of moisture he must attempt to wring a living from the soil.

The second grim fact in the plains farmer's universe is that so far as he is concerned the national land policy has been all wrong. It was wrong from the beginning. Long before a single acre of the plains area was turned over the federal land policy began to store trouble for to-day's farmer by permitting, if not inviting, the devastation of the grass lands. There is considerable evidence to show that the plains have not always been thinly and raggedly carpeted. When Coronado made his romantic expedition from New Mexico to central Kansas in 1541 he found a

luxuriant growth of grass in the whole region. According to the historians of the expedition, he carried with him 1000 horses, 500 cows, more than 5000 rams and ewes, and more than 1500 friendly Indians and servants. Yet Castenadas, a member of the party, comments upon the fact that this great procession of animals and men "would leave no more trace where they had passed than if nothing had been there—nothing—so that it was necessary to make piles of bones and cow dung now and then so that the rear guard could follow the army." Only an extremely thick, firmly rooted grass could have so resisted grinding hoofs and grazing mouths.

That testimony is corroborated by another early account of the range, quoted in a Department of Agriculture Bulletin of 1898. "A stockman who traveled with a herd of cattle through San Saba, Tom Green, and Taylor Counties [all near the hundredth meridian in Texas] in the summer of 1867, when that country was very sparsely settled, says that the grass was everywhere from 1 to 3 feet high, and sometimes it was as high as a cow's back not only on the bottom lands but also in places on the drier uplands. At that time there is little doubt that the range would have supported 300 head of cattle to the square mile." In 1868 General Luther P. Bradley reported out of his familiarity with army posts on the plains, "Good, fine grasses grow evenly all over the country . . . I believe that all the flocks and herds in the world could find ample pasturage on these unoccupied plains and the mountain slopes beyond."

Such glowing stories were sure to produce results. A government conceived in and committed to the principle of laissez-faire naturally maintained a hands-off policy with regard to the range. Free and unrestricted grazing was permitted upon the public

domain. The Great Plains were all within the public domain. Here was a natural resource to be exploited by the hustling American enterpriser. He proceeded with his customary despatch and thoroughness. Much has been said and written about the vandalism which has despoiled our oil pools and timber for the sake of quick profit. It was no more ruthless than that which speedily laid waste the range. Huge cattle companies were promoted in all parts of the country and even in Europe. Speculation in cattle was the favorite gamble of the day. Within a few years great fortunes were made and lost as the cattle kings entered sweep after sweep of the range. Everyone rushed to "get mine while the getting is good."

Because the range was public property, no one felt any responsibility for pasturing it wisely. Far too many cattle were run on a given acreage. Worse still, as soon as one herd had passed, another came along to snatch off the new spears just coming through the sod. No time was allowed the grass for growth and reproduction. The result was inevitable. By the end of the century over-grazing was so serious that the federal reports were pronouncing the range "almost ruined." In the process many of the best native grasses disappeared, and in most localities the pasturage became so thin that by the time the settlers arrived at least ten acres were required for each cow.

II

If permitting the destruction of the range was a tragic misstep on the part of the government, the conditions under which it allowed settlement of the plains was a case of unspeakable bungling. To make the situation clear it is necessary to go back into one of the most interesting chapters of American history, the land policy (or

lack of it), under which the public domain has been managed and parcelled out. No other nation ever faced such a problem because no other nation ever owned a block of land at all comparable to this in area or richness.

Because there were no precedents the government has had to feel its way into a policy. At first, just after the formation of the Union, Congress sold blocks of the old Northwest Territory at auction in order to secure the revenue urgently needed by the new government. That led to speculation on a serious scale. In 1820 the government took a new tack by adopting a system of low cash prices for the land. Just five years later Senator Benton of Missouri rose to ask Congress to investigate the feasibility of providing free lands to settlers. His was the opening voice. Thousands of others joined him in an ever-increasing clamor. Land-hungry farmers and organized labor were especially vociferous in demanding the free land which was clearly in their class interest. For decades bill after bill was introduced into Congress, only to be killed by the Southern States, who wanted no more territories certain to exclude slavery.

Like many another momentous piece of social legislation, free land finally came as the result of a political trade. When the infant Republican Party met in convention at Chicago in 1860 it needed a platform that would unite discontented Western farmers with their hereditary enemy, the manufacturing and financial interest of the East. Accordingly it pledged itself to free homesteads, a protective tariff, and a Pacific railway! Two years later, when Southern votes were conspicuously absent, Congress passed the celebrated Homestead Act, which was the basis, though it has been repeatedly amended, for all subsequent settlement. The Act provided that any

citizen, or applicant for citizenship, who was the head of a family or twenty-one years of age might apply for one hundred sixty acres of unappropriated public land and might acquire title to it by living upon it and cultivating it for five years.

The response to the Act was instantaneous. Even during the Civil War homesteading went on at a great rate. After the War it leaped forward as the veterans, who were allowed to deduct their years of military service from the homestead requirements, raced westward to take up claims. The rate of settlement was unbelievably rapid. Within twenty years it had pushed out to the fatal hundredth meridian. And yet it went on. By that time homesteading had become an agricultural tradition, the pioneer a revered national type. A young man's parents had homesteaded in Eastern Kansas or South Dakota in the 60's or 70's. Their barren piece of prairie had become a fertile farm with fine barns and a comfortable house. There was still land to be had "out West." Why shouldn't he homestead? True, the rainfall was lighter out there, but his parents had faced drought and grasshoppers, and as the years went on had found their rainfall apparently increasing. He also could take a little initial hardship.

And so the high plains were tackled. Sod houses and dugouts thrust up from the buffalo grass, and cattle trails became roads. A new generation, the last of the pioneers, settled down to the toughest of all pioneer jobs. Nature had made it tough enough by denying rainfall. The government had made it worse by allowing the grass lands to be devastated. And now settlement must be made under the same legal framework as that which had governed the settlement of regions with a thirty- or thirty-five-inch rainfall. There 160 acres was about the right size for a

family unit. Out on the plains it wasn't right at all, particularly when the pasturage was so scant.

That Congress was not altogether blind to this fact is shown by the appointment in 1879 of a "Commission to codify the land laws." Two of the duties of this Commission were to classify the remaining lands in the public domain and to make "such recommendations as they may deem wise in relation to the best method of disposing of the public lands of the western portion of the United States to actual settlers." Two years later this Commission recommended a homestead pasturage law to permit entry on 2,560 acres on payment of \$1,000. But governmental inertia and the old blind faith in the social value of small holdings proved too much to overcome, and for nearly thirty years ambitious souls, stuffed on the pioneer tradition, were permitted to homestead beyond the hundredth meridian in 160-acre tracts. Much of the land was taken up by people who never expected to live upon it but who considered that the time spent in residence would be repaid by the money obtained from "commuting" or by selling to a rancher when the entry was perfected. But the great majority of the settlers came hoping to stay and build homes. There was a general belief that rainfall would increase with settlement.

The heroism of the homesteader has been sung in many a romance. What the romancers fail to tell is that it was often not so much heroism which made him stick it out as inability to get away during the bad years. It took money to leave! Those who could leave fled, and the land they vacated went back into the public domain to be parcelled out again to some other hopeful homesteader. It was almost as if the government sat like a cynical Zeus bestowing destitution petitioned as a gift. Or in the language of the plains, it was as

if the government bet a man 160 acres that he couldn't live on them five years.

Let no one think this a chapter out of ancient history. Homesteading is not yet a thing of the past. For so long a time did the settlement of free land offer an escape from economic stricture that even yet thousands of people every year bend their backs to the hopeless task of making a home on the leavings in the public domain. In the year ending June 30, 1930, there were original entries for nearly five and a half million acres. On the Great Plains this clinging to hope of economic opportunity via free land has been especially persistent and pathetic. During the years 1916-20, just after the Grazing Act made available 640-acre tracts for grazing purposes and the War made a new crop of veterans eligible for short-residence requirements, homesteading in the plains States was particularly heavy, although by that time the range was so poor that even the enlarged tracts offered hardly a subsistence living. During those four years nearly a half million acres were homesteaded in Kansas and a similar amount in Nebraska, over nine million in Colorado, nearly ten million in Wyoming, and twelve million in Montana.

During the late summer of 1917 I stayed over night in a dugout on a Baca County homestead in southeastern Colorado. In size and household equipment it was an exact replica of the dugouts built by the owners' parents when they settled in west central Kansas thirty-five years earlier—except for the presence of a decrepit Model T in the yard. I have never forgotten the wistful, yet determined remark of the bride who lived in that dugout. "If we can just hang on and make as nice a place out of it as the folks did out of theirs, it will be worth being lonely and doing without things for a few years. When we get the trees

started, it will rain more, don't you think?" I was young then and hopeful, and besides it was my first introduction to the plains. And so I assured her that of course everything would be all right. But the average rainfall in that vicinity is still about fifteen inches, and there are few trees yet. My hosts have long since moved away from their acreage. And all this spring some of the most heartrending stories of the damage and suffering due to dust storms have come out of Baca County, Colorado.

III

The third rock-ribbed fact which the plains farmer has had to deal with is one which has plagued all farmers increasingly in the past seventy years. He has become part of the capitalistic system, and so made dependent upon the whole complicated interplay of capitalism. Originally the American farm was a practically self-sufficient unit producing primarily for its own use. To do that it grew relatively small quantities of many different commodities. Gradually it shifted into a specialized production of large surpluses of a few crops to be sold for profit. At the same time the old primitive implements like the hoe and scythe were supplanted by shiny new reapers and planters. The new machines were marvellously efficient, but they forced the farmer to use a considerable amount of capital and hence threw him into a perpetual struggle with debt. And finally as the years went on, the land itself grew in value and the active farmer had to carry the financial weight of that increase.

All of these economic pressures bore severely upon the plainsman, perhaps more severely upon him than any other farmer. Even if specialization had not been the order of the day elsewhere, he would have been forced to it

by the exigencies of his climate. He had to grow what can be grown on a 13- to 20-inch annual rainfall. The result is a specialization much more intense than farmers elsewhere ever dream of. Editorial writers who belabor him for not diversifying his crops ("Why, some of those farmers don't even have milk cows and chickens!") betray their ignorance of what the plains farmer is up against. He raises wheat, pinto beans, sorghums, and little else for the good reason that he can't raise anything else.

The very nature of these crops forces him to use expensive machinery. I have seen in a western Kansas farmyard a new harvester-thresher, a new tractor, and a new automobile. That was \$7,500 worth of new machinery over and above the listers, plows, sodcutters, and so on which had accumulated in previous years. That farmer's bare little four-roomed tenant house was hardly more comfortably or graciously furnished than a slums apartment. But in his yard was \$7,500 worth of new machinery. And against that machinery there was probably \$5,000 worth of notes payable "after harvest." Nor was his situation unusual. In life on the plains debt is quite as important and inescapable a factor as drought.

When I say "inescapable" I mean just that. Outsiders who score the plains farmer for his extravagant use of power machinery have not grasped the fact that his only chance to operate profitably is by using that sort of equipment. It keeps him in debt of course, but he has no choice in the matter. If he has a few good years in which he clears up, they are inexorably followed by bad years when his crops are nil, his machinery continues to depreciate, and he has to apply for crop loans.

Here, then, was the plains farmer, an individual working as an individual in the face of as grim a set of forces as any one ever faced: a semi-arid climate,

a federal land policy cruelly unadjusted to his needs, an enforced specialization of the narrowest sort, and practically enforced debt. Naturally the poor wretch was alert for ways and means to make his stubborn world yield him a living. During the early years of settlement the climate was thought too dry for wheat except in the occasional "wet year"; and since that could never be predicted in advance, wheat offered no great temptation. During those years grazing was the usual way of handling the land, and since the grass was so thin, the tendency was for land to be bought up from homesteaders and combined into the large tracts necessary for grazing.

About 1917, however, came a series of new developments. The Grazing Act of 1916 opened larger tracts for homesteading and gave a new impetus to it. The War set up an enormous demand for wheat; war propaganda made it a patriotic duty for everyone to try to grow wheat; and war prices made it an attractive financial gamble even on land not especially adapted to wheat. And, finally, the tractor began to thump its way into the wheat belt. Of the three the tractor was the most important. Most observers have thought of it only as a time- and labor-saver. But on semi-arid land it was far more than that. It was the instrument which worked a revolution in production. Throughout the whole plains area most of whatever rain comes during the year falls from April to September. When a rain comes the farmer must conserve every precious drop of it.

In that conservation the tractor has several advantages over horses. It is powerful enough to make the plows bite deeper and to pull more of them, and, because it is made of steel, it is not subject to organic necessities. Suppose an inch or so of rain comes the first of August, when the wheat has

been harvested and the stubble rattles brown in the parched fields. In a week's time the scorching sun will have baked out every trace of that rain. But if the soil is promptly turned over or thrown up into lister ridges, the moisture is stored safely until planting time in late September. Time is the all-important factor. And in a race with time a tractor is incomparably more efficient than the best team of mules ever grown in Missouri. It walks faster. It pulls more listers or plows. Under the hottest sun and in the midst of the most choking dust it never has to stop for a breathing spell. An occasional brief halt for more distillate and water takes the place of long feeding periods. And at nightfall, when mules must roll in the barnyard, a headlight and a fresh driver set the tractor off on another twelve-hour shift. Because of these advantages the tractor rapidly pushed Dobbin and the mule off the plains.

As they went, their owner discovered that he could grow wheat on a rainfall that never before had made wheat, and also that he could seed a thousand acres instead of two or three hundred. Especially could he grow wheat if he planted it in virgin soil. In fact, even on the niggardly amount of moisture ordinarily granted that region he was practically sure of a good crop the first few years after he set his tractor to "breaking sod."

Now, wheat is one of the best of all cash crops. Growing it, the farmers in central Kansas and Nebraska and the Dakotas had acquired Buicks and winters in California. No wonder the plains farmer succumbed gleefully to its lure. It seemed the heaven-sent answer to his every problem. And so from about 1917 on he went in more and more heavily for wheat.

In the meantime the agricultural colleges had been demonstrating the

advantages of a "dust mulch," that is, a top layer of finely pulverized soil, in holding moisture. Their scientifically conducted experiments in summer fallowing showed also what Western farmers had long known practically, that if land were listed or plowed and then allowed to lie idle for a year, it would produce nearly double the next year, and until the third year after would show increased productivity. The plains farmer seized avidly upon both technics. He raised wheat! Sometimes he paid for the cost of his land and machinery in one year.

Watching his performance, shopkeepers and bankers and lawyers in a thousand little towns saw an opportunity for a first-rate financial venture. From about 1922 till 1929 or '30 they swarmed out to buy Western land. Often they did not even put a tenant on it. It was a better gamble to buy power machinery and hire mechanics to run it. Enter the "suitcase farmer"!

Land prices soared as the speculation got under way. There was not enough soil under cultivation to meet the demands of both the resident farmer and the suitcase newcomer. More sod was broken out. In all the counties of western Kansas and eastern Colorado the jump in wheat acreage was astounding. In 1926 Hamilton County, Kansas, had 10,000 acres in wheat. Five years later there were 104,835 acres in wheat. In a neighboring county, Greeley, the wheat acreage in 1931 was almost as much as the total land in farms twenty years earlier. To a greater or less extent this tendency went on all up and down the plains. Particularly significant to everyone who has driven across the alkali trails of southeastern Wyoming, wondering how any human being could live in a homesteader's shanty, is the fact that by 1930 a quarter of a million acres in Laramie County had been put to crops!

IV

Now an agricultural shift of this sort amounts to a major assault on nature—and nature in one of her most skittish moods at that. The stage was set for the dust storms. All that was lacking was a protracted dry spell. It was not long in coming. After several years with rather better than average rainfall in the late twenties, the Great Drought descended in 1931. Not in the history of plains' weather bureaus has a drought combined such length and severity and wide area. All of those hundreds of thousands of freshly broken acres, farmed according to the best semi-arid practice of dust mulch and summer fallowing, lay clean and powdery, ready for the wind which always sweeps restlessly up and down the plains. No friendly grass roots held the soil in place. After the first year or two not even stubble protected it.

Naturally it began to "blow." Here and there in scattered communities from Canada to the Gulf fine particles of soil, picked up by the rapid currents of wind running close to the earth, began to whip against neighboring particles and cut them loose by abrasion. Presently the entire field was blowing, its top soil loosening and rolling up like smoke. Part of this moving dust went across a road and began cutting and tearing at the dry soil in the next field, and it too began to blow. Dust piled up against whatever obstruction it found. It drifted into fence rows and farmyards. As early as the summer of 1933 there were tales of farmers in southwestern Kansas having to excavate their tractors before they could begin to plow. Dust storms were becoming serious by spring of 1934. That summer, as everyone knows, the thermometer stayed week after week at 108 or above, and the last bit of subsoil moisture disappeared. In the fall, when all the area east of them was well

soaked, the plains remained dry. By December extension workers in the agricultural colleges were saying that wind erosion on a scale never before witnessed by Americans was in store for the plains unless rain came. Nobody paid any attention. Surely after so long a drought it would have to rain before the March winds got going. But it didn't.

Then the dust storms began. Loose top soil was whipped into the air. New dust drifts appeared and the old ones piled higher. In the sandier districts fields were stripped to whatever depth they had been plowed. Even the heavier soils were affected as the blowing spread like an infection. The more it blew the more it could blow. A population choked. But there is no need to describe the dust storms of 1935. As I write (last week in April) one of the worst of the year is raging, and there is no promise of relief. At last, as Governors scurried to Washington to beg funds for an attempt to control the dust by listing, the federal government realized that something really serious was going on. Early in April a sum of \$250,000 was made available in Kansas for an experiment in listing.

How effective this federal program will be nobody knows, because there was never before such a wide area affected. It is known that running an occasional lister furrow at right angles to the prevailing winds will stop "blowing" in a single field. However, some of the agronomists who are most familiar with local conditions doubt that the program can be effective at the present stage of the calamity when the blowing is so widespread. If the listing could have been done early in the winter, they say, when only small patches of land were affected, it might have stopped the whole trouble. But then the drought-stricken farmer was too poor to pay for the distillate re-

quired, and the State and federal governments had not awakened to the danger. Now, when the soil rolls restlessly hither and yon in county after county, the agronomists are inclined to think (though as I said, they do not profess to know) that nothing but rain will halt the destruction. And it must be real rain, not just scattered showers but long, soaking rains over the whole region. If that should happen and if the winds should be comparatively calm for a while, vegetation would spring up spontaneously and life would begin over again on the plains. Even on the sandy soil, where the drifting has been worst, weeds would after a time tie the soil together.

No one is predicting the outcome of it all. The experts in soil culture agree that a great deal of nonsense has been talked and written about the injury to the soil. Professor R. I. Throckmorton, head of the agronomy department of the Kansas State Agricultural College, recently announced: "Although wind erosion has transported enormous quantities of soil from the cultivated fields of the West, it has not seriously injured the crop-producing capacity of the region. Soils have been permanently reduced in productivity only in local areas as on the more exposed spots and in the sandy regions." Moreover, as a farmer remarked out of his practical experience, "Parting with six inches of top soil isn't so bad out here as it is in places where the soil is only a foot deep."

In the face of the facts one is inclined to smile at the pessimists who have been asserting that the plains are turning back permanently into the desert from which they came. If it does not rain . . . But, of course it will rain—sometime. On the other hand, if a cycle of moister years should open up soon, the last of the pioneers will get off relief and perhaps even out of debt

for a spell. The curtain of the drama of land settlement seems to be ringing up on a note of terrible irony, but on the plains one never can tell. Rain could change the whole complexion of existence by fall.

But even if a Biblical seven years of plenty should open shortly and green wheat should once more flow liquidly into every horizon, the American people should begin to understand that they have in the plains a national problem. Periods of drought are sure to recur and the wind is as sure to keep on blowing as the ocean is to keep on being salty. So long as great areas of semi-arid country are cultivated the dust menace will hang constantly over our heads. Not just over us Kansans and Dakotans, but over everyone who has been made uncomfortable by dust this spring and over everyone whose economic welfare touches that of the plains—and that is practically everyone in the United States.

I do not pretend to know what should be done about it. So far as I can find, no one knows, although all of us have our theories. This much is certain, however. Controlling wind erosion is a great national problem which must be faced as such. Individuals working as individuals might as well attempt to control the Mississippi when it has reached flood stage at Memphis as to control the action of the wind on powdered soil.

One thing more is certain. Not even a central government, be its experts in soil ever so expert, can manage the plains so long as it thinks of itself as merely a first-aid kit for individualists who have got into trouble. Nothing but scientific planning and a fairly close central control of the economic activities of the area can make it really serve human needs. Until we have achieved that level of co-operative living we are likely to continue under the shadow of a dust menace.





CHURCHILL, MARGOT ASQUITH, AND OTHERS

MORE RANDOM NOTES OF AN AUTHORS' AGENT

BY CURTIS BROWN

THESE words are written at a beautiful estate called Lullenden, in the county of Sussex. That is to say, the sixteenth-century house is in Sussex; the lodge, a few hundred yards down a leafy lane, is in Surrey, and the woods below, carpeted at the moment with bluebells, are in Kent. Beyond the woods is a field, in one corner of which famous prize fights took place in the days when they were fought with bare fists. The three counties met in that field, and if there was police interference from one, or even two, of the counties, all that had to be done in order to be immune was to push the fight over a few feet.

The estate formerly belonged to Mr. Winston Churchill, grandson of the seventh Duke of Marlborough and son of Lord Randolph Churchill and the beautiful Jennie Jerome of New York, and, therefore, by birth half-American. It was natural that the gracious surroundings should give rise to memories of many encounters with Mr. Churchill, in one Cabinet sanctum after another in Whitehall and in many London houses that he had rented for a season.

It was in one of these houses—or perhaps in No. 11 Downing Street, the official home of the Chancellor of the Exchequer—that I was taken to a room containing some twenty paintings, mostly the result of a recent vacation on the Mediterranean. Mr. Churchill

was eager about them. He said he didn't claim to be a draughtsman, but didn't it appear that he had a feeling for color and atmosphere? It certainly did. They were so rich in that respect that if one had come across them, with no name attached, in one of the international exhibitions of Modern Art that we used to enjoy in Piccadilly, I, for one, should have halted to say: "I wish I could buy that bit of color."

Long afterward, on an afternoon at Churt, Mr. Lloyd George pointed, with a twinkle in his eye, to a painting occupying a place of honor. "What Old Master painted that, now, would you say?"

I could only hazard a guess that it was some associate of Claude Monet.

"Hal!" said Mr. Lloyd George. "That's a Winston, and I'm proud to have it."

In the course of those talks with Mr. Churchill, in one Cabinet office after another, one got many side-lights on him. "They talk about my changing parties," he exclaimed, on one occasion. "I've kept on my straight course throughout. It's the parties that have changed their courses."

Once at the War Office we were discussing what afterward became his brilliant series of volumes, *The World Crisis*, and cash considerations were being seriously examined; for times were hard just then. Edward Marsh, always

the Churchill secretary when conditions permitted, knocked at the door at the far end of the long room and then came in without waiting for an answer. He had a slip of brown paper in his hand and made his excuses for intruding, but said it was important. The War Secretary read it, jumped up and paced rapidly up and down the length of the room, then came back and dropped into his chair, gazing abstractedly into space.

"No bad news, I hope?"

"No—no. Or yes, I suppose it was."

And then he went on with the conference.

As I emerged into Whitehall the newsboys were calling out something about "Winston Churchill," and I hurriedly bought a paper, to read that a somewhat distant relative had been killed in a railway accident, and was understood to have left his considerable estates to the Secretary of State for War.

He told me he did most of his literary work at Chartwell in the afternoon, from four till dinner-time, with maybe an extra spell in the evening from ten till "midnight or so." Nearly everything was dictated in the first place to his secretary, then corrected, then rushed off to the printers—and *then* corrected with a vengeance, and often re-written. Hence many a contest between publisher and author as to the cost of corrections beyond those permitted by the contract.

One day I was summoned to some Cabinet office or other (I think it was the Home Office this time) to answer questions which I knew could have been better answered through his secretary by telephone or by writing, such as: Why had we had no word from America? (The material in question hadn't had time to reach America yet.) What did I expect to get for it? How soon could it be published? What could be obtained for it on this side?

I broke into the torrent to point out that it wasn't humanly possible to provide the answers so soon and to murmur that it was rather difficult to be called away from other work in the circumstances, especially as I had been interrupted in the full enjoyment of an attack of influenza.

It seemed to me that the sudden change in him was significant. The Napoleon imperiously demanding the impossible from one of his generals immediately became a sympathetic human being. "But why didn't you tell me? There was no real need for you to come to-day." He rang for a secretary to skirmish about quickly for some whisky, and I was ushered out with the utmost friendliness to a taxi that had been sent for. Sudden, thoughtless impulses, and quick, thoughtful reactions.

II

The launching of the *Countess of Oxford and Asquith* as an authoress came about from my asking her in 1915 if she would not like to write something about Gladstone for the magazine, as he and Mrs. Gladstone had been so fond of her and had talked so freely with her. She replied that she already had an article about a visit she had made to Mr. Gladstone at Harwarden when she was a young girl. It had been read by only a few personal friends and I could take it if I liked. It appeared afterward that she had no other copy of it, and only the vaguest notion as to whether I might be in the position of buyer from her, or seller for her, or as to whether she wished to have it published anyway. She said she hadn't read the article for fifteen years.

Presently I had a letter asking me to come to 10 Downing Street to talk about that article. I told her it seemed interesting, and if she wished I would see what could be obtained for

it. She liked that idea, and as a result I got an offer of \$1,000 for the right to publish it in the *Metropolitan Magazine* in America, and £50 for the right to publish it at the same time in the *Cornhill Magazine* in England. The figures, however, meant nothing to Mrs. Asquith (as she then was called), until it was explained to her that this total of about £250 was ten times as much as an ordinary magazine article brought. Then she approved and said she would like to add to the article, having remembered some more bits of significant conversations with Mr. Gladstone. I confessed that, as the editors were content with the thing as it stood, it seemed rather a pity to throw into it the making of a second article. This economical proposal made no impression on her, however. She said she was certain no one would ever read *two* articles on her reminiscences of Gladstone.

"But why not something about Mrs. Gladstone too?"

"Oh, Mother Gladstone always talked about the children and family affairs. She wasn't really what one would call an interesting woman."

There was one phase of the article that seemed to call for comment. Mrs. Asquith had discussed pretty freely Mr. Gladstone's taste for converting women of the street from the error of their ways, and had not left it quite clear to the reader that his interest in them was invariably impersonal.

"It was really though," said the Prime Minister's wife. "On one occasion he actually brought one of these women into his house late at night and called up Mother Gladstone out of her bed. The two of them lectured the woman and tried to save her soul. She was, I was told afterward, a great lusty sort of person who was not at all impressed by their admonition. Members of the Cabinet were much

disturbed by such strange proceedings and protested to Mr. Gladstone that it was a national scandal for him to be seen escorting women of the street to their doors. Mr. Gladstone, however, replied that he had nothing to be ashamed of and that Mrs. Gladstone shared his views that such women might be saved by reasoning with them. He believed that in time all animalism would disappear, and mankind would live only on a spiritual plane. I didn't understand what it was all about, because I was a young girl and had never met an animal, and didn't know what animalism was."

Mrs. Asquith found her checks from the Gladstone article good to look upon and told me of the diaries in which she put down every night the interesting conversations and incidents of the day. If she was too tired at night, she said, she would put the book under her pillow and get up at five-thirty the next morning to finish her task.

"Those diaries," she said, "would make exciting reading, touching on politics and literature and philosophy, as given forth from some of the great fountain-heads. And they would not be reserved. What is the use of reading memoirs that are not indiscreet? I offered to help Morley put some indiscretions into the *Life of Gladstone*, but he declined."

Of course I lit up over those diaries, and she said that when she made a book from them I should deal with it. Meanwhile she produced some more articles, based on her reminiscences. They didn't go as well as I had hoped, and the last of them for the time being brought a pretty disappointing price; whereupon she wrote: "It has probably been the only really stupid thing you ever did, selling to the rich *Atlantic Monthly* for nothing. Last night Sir F. E. Smith, to my great surprise, said that if I were well run, I would

be the *most* repaying writer!! I told him I was the best run of all by you."

Contracts were made on Mrs. Asquith's behalf and signed by all the parties for the book rights of these and other articles based on the diaries. They were excellent contracts at high royalties and with good advances, with Smith Elder & Co. for the British rights and the Houghton Mifflin Co. for the American rights. I had to go to America in July, 1919, and called on Mrs. Asquith before sailing to receive her assurances that all was well and that further material from the diaries would be forthcoming for me.

On returning in October I was astonished to hear that these arrangements had been altered. I think Mrs. Asquith was sincere in writing previously concerning an editor: "Of course I said to him, any money I make is to be done through Mr. Curtis Brown. He is my friend—and I find disloyalty is the most unremunerative of all vices." I was unfortunate in being away in America when it all happened. Aside from the loss of business, I missed the most fascinating glimpses of some of the most alert, intelligent, and well-stored brains I had ever met. Those free-spoken talks were a delight.

I had occasion to see Mrs. Asquith, as she then was, at No. 10 Downing Street on the very day in 1916 when she had received notice that Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd George would be moving in immediately, Mr. Lloyd George having ousted Mr. Asquith from the Premiership. Perhaps I was the first one outside the family on whom Mrs. Asquith had had an opportunity to relieve her feelings. It looked like it, judging by the amazing monologue that followed. She did not mince her words regarding the new Premier, and all his connections, and all his works.

Her language burned itself in, and as

an old newspaperman, accustomed to memorizing interviews without notes, I wrote out what she had said, as soon as I got home; not of course for the purpose of using it, but because I thought a record should be kept of so astonishing an outpouring.

Next day, I took out that report, and reread it—and hastily burned it. It wouldn't do to have such a document about.

The correspondence in my files shows emphatically her courage in the face of difficulties and her devotion to her husband. The following letter, written in response to a request for Mr. Asquith's memoirs, is a remarkable example of this. Contrary to the writer's custom, it is undated; but it was evidently written in 1916:

20, Cav. Square.

Dear Mr. Brown:

If my husband were to write his reminiscences he would get a great sum of money. No Prime Minister in England's history has held this office as long at one time as he has, nor led such a difficult and clever Party thro' such momentous times; nor can we forget what he achieved during that time. When he was in the Home Office under Mr. Gladstone in 1893-94 he first became famous under his tenure of office—with the help of Lord Haldane and Lord Kitchener, both his appointments, he created an Army second to none, and brought a united Empire into the War. No Conservative Prime Minister could have done this, as they are associated with Jingoism, which the majority of Englishmen detest. Thanks to his fine speeches, and the smooth working of his difficult Cabinet, the first two years of the war made a moral and religious appeal which affected all thoughtful men. The machine was broken when his Cabinet was smashed, and had it not been for this, the war would not be still raging. So far from a small War Council, the present Cabinet is the biggest and most helpless ever seen. It is run by a rich, vulgar Government Press and fills no one with confidence. My husband will do his best to pull it out of every hole with finesse, dexterity, and the intellectual weight which no other man possesses in England to-day. But when you leave Downing Street you have not the

same political power; and magnanimity of character, and superiority of judgment count for little when the Jingoës get screaming. It is the calmest men, and *not* the town-criers who will ultimately stop this horrible war.

Yours in sincerity,

Margot Asquith.

It is a pleasure to reflect that when Mr. Asquith's official life came to be written my company made the publication arrangements for it.

III

One afternoon shortly before the fall of the Asquith Government I received a telephone call to the effect that Lord Northcliffe wished me to come to his house, 22 St. James's Place, at seven that evening. I had not hitherto seen him, and was happy to go, though mystified as to what his business might be.

He was alone in his study, and got to the point instantly. "My friend, Lloyd George," he said, "is likely to leave the Government. This you will please regard as confidential for the present. He is a poor man, with nothing to live on except writing. Can you let me know in the next few days what you can get for a series of weekly newspaper articles from him on political affairs of the day?"

I said I would, and that was that. He asked shrewd, informed questions about my activities and listened to the answers, which does not always happen with polite questioners. Suddenly he said, "I am dining alone to-night. Stay and have dinner with me, just as you are."

A few minutes later we were seated at a small round table in the long stately room in which, from 1803, for half a century Samuel Rogers entertained at breakfast or dinner everyone who counted for much in the world of letters, and others who counted for

something thereafter merely because they had been invited.

Lord Northcliffe dilated upon the thought that so many of the shining lights of English literature of a hundred years before had done some of their shining at the famous breakfasts in this room, and added that some of those lights had also been extinguished here; for Samuel Rogers's tongue was as bitter as his heart was warm, and his word concerning literary reputations was law in his day.

Lady Northcliffe, who was dining out, swept in for a moment to say good-night, and then followed a dinner never to be forgotten. It was delicious, and the champagne excellent; but what made it so memorable was that the host was in a mood to talk. He told of his early beginnings with *Answers*, of his ceaseless studies of print and paper problems, of an expedition in some secrecy to America when a very young man, to work temporarily in paper mills there, and to study pulp-making in Canada. One got a glimpse of the force, concentration, and zeal that had laid the foundations of his success.

Then the talk drifted to American literature. "I'll wager," he said, "that you don't know the name of the finest American novel written in our time." Before I could pull up a candidate, he went on: "It was *Ethan Frome*, written by Edith Wharton—a perfect example of form and content. If you haven't read it, do so before you read anything else—and if you come across anything new among books that is outstanding, send it to me, marked 'Personal.'"

That dinner went on till nearly midnight, Lord Northcliffe pouring forth a steady stream of observation and comment so rich and fascinating that I wished I could preserve it all.

He looked at his watch and exclaimed: "It is later than I thought. I am motoring out to see my mother

to-night, and I am taking this salmon to her." He indicated a forty-pounder on a vast salver, on which we had made slight inroads. "She'll be fond of that." He spoke with obvious affection. "You live on the way, and I'll drop you. And you liked that 1800 apple brandy that an old friend in France sends to me every once in a while, so a bottle of it shall go with you."

I worked out a scheme for the Lloyd George articles, cabled expensively to America, and soon produced an offer that seemed good. I had understood that I was to produce an English offer also, for simultaneous publication, and did so. But that was a mistake. Lord Northcliffe evidently had his eye on the English rights for use in the *Daily Mail*, and sent me a curt letter to keep off those English rights.

That was the last I ever saw of him or heard from him. Mr. Lloyd George suddenly became Prime Minister, the articles were not written, and "my friend Lloyd George," as Northcliffe had called him, presently became an object of bitter attack.

Long afterward, at a little luncheon party given by Stacy Aumonier and his wife, Gertrude Peppercorn, the pianist, at their house in St. John's Wood, at which Mrs. Wharton, Rebecca West, and I were the guests, I told that story of *Ethan Frome* to the somewhat reserved and remote author, and it thawed her.

IV

Mr. Herbert Hoover was responsible for our very exciting connection with Brand Whitlock's first-hand story of Nurse Cavell. Whitlock was American Minister to Belgium at the outbreak of the War, and a chief actor in the drama of Nurse Cavell's assistance in the escape of British prisoners from Brussels at the time of the German occupation. Whitlock did his

best for her, but could not save her from the German firing-squad, and the eagerness for his story of it was so overwhelming that he appealed for advice to his friend Hoover, then in charge of the Belgian Relief. Mr. Hoover told him to come to me, and I was thereupon thrust into a maelstrom. Whitlock had given all applicants to understand that they were in the running, and when in desperation they were turned over to me, they proceeded to tear me limb from limb. At last it was arranged that *Everybody's Magazine*, in America, should have the serial rights for a short time, and that newspaper rights should then be released for syndication by McClure's Syndicate. A large sum was paid by the magazine, and when it came to the subsequent syndicate rights—second serial we called it—we got the chance of £10,000 outright, or 60 per cent of the syndicate receipts, and Mr. Whitlock favored that nice-looking £10,000. Being an old newspaper-man, and knowing the news value of the excitement of the moment, I urged him to accept the percentage basis, and he agreed, and the result was a collection for him of over £50,000 from sales to newspapers throughout the United States after magazine publication. And even that prior publicity did not prevent the book from selling prodigiously.

This goes to show that if all the public is generally excited about the same thing at the same moment, and one can provide exclusive information about that thing at that moment, there is almost no limit to the sums forthcoming from disposal of that information.

V

Sitting in the great smoking room of the National Liberal Club after lunch one day in about 1903, Fred Matheson, an old newspaper friend, said to me:

"See that little man over there, talking with so much animation? Take note of him, for he is going to be Prime Minister some day. He is a Welsh solicitor named Lloyd George." The man, I noted, was evidently the life of one of those little conversation-circles of six or eight which formed in that big railway-terminus of a room each day after lunch and dinner. He was dark, small, and wiry, and had a ready and evidently contagious laugh, with lively, impulsive gestures. His clothes did not seem to fit very well.

No one could have recognized in him the "Father of the House" of today, who strikes one as a big man, with a magnificent head of snow-white hair, always dressed with distinction, even in his farming clothes.

There was much mystery in 1923 about the cancellation of the original contracts for Mr. Lloyd George's *War Memoirs*. As I had made every one of those contracts—and had to unmake every one of them—I knew, of course, the whole sad story.

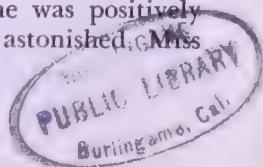
At the end of the War, David Lloyd George was the foremost man in the world, and when it was announced that he had decided to write two volumes of his *War Memoirs*, with documents not previously published, the excitement in the publishing world was intense, and he was so besieged by publishers and editors that, in self-defense, he turned the whole of the business over to me, and began the work of collecting and collating his material. Presently I was able to report that we had probably broken all records, for the book and serial contracts covering many countries guaranteed serial payments and advances on book royalties totalling £132,000, with enough more in sight to make it a round £150,000. Some of the money was paid down on the signing of the contracts, and all was going beautifully when the crash came.

The United Press of America conceived the idea of getting the great man to begin immediately a series of monthly articles, giving his views on world affairs, to be syndicated as far as possible throughout the world. They offered a big sum, and the idea of so vast a newspaper audience was tempting to a man who had so many vigorous views. The offer was privately accepted, and then for the first time I was informed of it. I rushed off to Mr. Lloyd George and the charming and exceedingly able Miss Stevenson, who acted as liaison officer between us, and pointed out that, although my contracts did not specify that the material they provided for was to be the first thing the distinguished author would write, yet this was the spirit of the contracts and the general understanding. It had never occurred to anyone that he would let anything come before so valuable and important a publication. I predicted that there would be an explosion.

"Nonsense!" exclaimed my client. "These articles don't interfere with the book. I have taken the advice of someone who knows all about it, and he says there should be no complaint."

I stoutly maintained that I probably knew as much about international publishing practices as his mysterious adviser; but he would have none of it.

Before the day was over the crash came. Ernest Marshall, the London correspondent of the *New York Times*, which with allied American papers had contracted to pay £40,000 for the American serial rights of the *War Memoirs*, had a cable from his home office hot enough to make the ocean sizzle. The *Times* had heard of the United Press deal. Marshall leaped to the telephone and poured out white-hot views. "Why, he was positively abusive," said the astonished Miss Stevenson.



I had been summoned at once to cope with the situation. Marshall had followed up his telephone message in person, and had made violent charges of broken faith. The *New York Times* came out next morning with a fierce attack and demanded the withdrawal of its contract. On the top of this, Sir William Berry, afterward Lord Camrose, who had bought the English serial rights for use in the *Sunday Times*, and for whose judgment and fairness Mr. Lloyd George had great admiration, added his powerful backing to the *Times'* protest, and said he also wished to cancel the contract and get back the money he had advanced.

That was too much. My author's faith in that mysterious adviser's sagacity was shaken. "I don't wish," he said, "to enforce any contracts on unwilling purchasers, whatever may be the legal position. Tear up the lot." He wrote to the *New York Times* and they published the following:

I never supposed for one moment that the contract which I signed with you would preclude me from the publication of political articles. Had there been such a clause in the contract I would never have signed it. Apart from my Memoirs, I always intended to write as soon as I left office. I have my living to earn. After seventeen years in office I have retired a poor man, and it is absolutely imperative that I should turn to writing as a means of livelihood.

He had not, in point of fact, violated those contracts, and I am convinced that he had had no intention of doing so, and was taken quite by surprise by the violence of the storm. He simply did not understand the "prestige value" to a newspaper of being the first to print his utterances after he became free to speak.

How I wished he had not concealed his United Press deal from me until too late, for I could see how the situation might have been saved—or at least mitigated. But I got some satisfaction

out of this reflection: "Here is an example of what happens to an author when he conducts for himself a transaction for literary work of such importance that a slip might make a difference of thousands of pounds." Also, I hasten to add that Mr. Lloyd George saw to it that I did not suffer too severe a loss over the destruction of the handiwork of which I had been so proud and with which he had been so pleased, as he had kindly said.

It had been a joy to work with and for him. Quick decisions, no back-firing of why didn't you do this or that, no niggling or fuss once you had his confidence. And there was the gracious and marvellously tactful Miss Stevenson—at the end of the War, the world's most celebrated secretary—always ready to smooth out worries as they came along. "Mr. Clifford's" secretary, as depicted by Ruth Draper, always makes me think of Miss Stevenson—and of a certain other secretary.

So it was a happiness to begin all over again in 1933 and pick up as many as possible of the broken threads. Instead of its being a hasty, comparatively brief war-book, the undertaking had spread first to four volumes, and then, by latest plans, to five, with maybe a separate volume that may prove to be the most interesting of all, about the Peace. Of course prices in 1933 were not what they had been in 1922. But they were good enough to please the author. There was always some doubt as to what was the exact figure paid by the *Telegraph* for the British serial rights of the final *Memoirs*, and for the encouragement of authors there is no harm in giving it. It was £25,000.

It had seemed likely that the Continental rights would drop in value; but, on the contrary, they held up well, and the number of foreign countries to which translation rights were sold will

prove to have been almost as large as in the original, ill-fated deal.

Was there ever in our day a more magnetic, vital personality? His mental processes always seemed to me like lightning, with their dartings and flashings. He always knew what one was thinking, almost before one had thought it. His smile pulled the heart out of you. And vitality! I asked him how he managed to get through so much work in a day, and he said:

"The best time to work is in the early morning—for me anyway. I am usually at it by six or six-thirty."

"But how can you do it, with all the public engagements, and so often late at night in the House?"

"The secret is an hour's sleep after lunch. You are strung up taut"—and he thrust out his arms bow-and-arrow fashion—"and suddenly you relax. It's good for the bow and good for the archer." And his arms collapsed to illustrate the relaxation. "Even in the War I'd get fifteen minutes—and that made all the difference."

We spoke of war, and he said:

"I have regretfully come to the conclusion that we are headed for another war. I don't see how it can be avoided; for the fact is that humanity, in the present stage of its development, finds in war its most exciting game."

No wonder he loves the house at Churt, called Bron-y-de, where he does most of his writing. It is roomy without being vast, and his life there is very simple. Some of the servants are Welsh, and Lloyd George's pet dog can, so his devoted master informed me, speak only Welsh. Anyway that is the language in which the dog is addressed. Anyone fortunate enough to be invited to Churt should be sure to ask for a sight of the tapestry presented by the Emperor of Japan—a miracle of blue sea and sky that is the loveliest thing of the kind I have ever seen.

VI

One of the most surprising of "awkward moments" in international affairs which I have seen at close range was the incident of "Harriet," who for a fortnight or so was the principal sensation in the London press in 1911.

A letter was published in *The Times* from an incensed householder, saying that his butler, who was leaving, had advertised for another position, and had received in response the following communication:

Dear Sir:

Noting your advertisement in the *Morning Post*, I shall be pleased to hear from you if you have half-an-hour to spare once or twice a week and would care to turn it into cash by writing me a long gossip letter about the well-known people in English Society who stay in the houses where you are employed. I pay liberally and settle each month for the letters received the previous one. I write for some of the American papers, which insist on having current gossip, amusing stories, etc., about well-known people over here, and I buy large quantities of such letters regularly. If you think you would care to double or treble your salary in this way write me a good specimen letter for me to see what you can do and I will then write more fully as to terms. To give you an idea of what I buy, I may say that just now anything about Lady Gerard and the De Forests is "good copy" on account of the slander case between them now coming on; also about the Dillon jockey on account of the Marie Lloyd divorce suit, in which he is co-respondent; also about Lord Howard de Walden's suit for libel against Mr. Lewis. If you write I wish you would tell me if you have any friends with whom you could put me into communication among the staff at Lord Howard de Walden's, Lady Gerard's, Baron de Forest's, Sir Thomas Lipton's, Sir Ernest Cassel's, Mrs. George Keppel's or her brother Sir Archibald Edmonstone's, or at Mrs. Leeds', who has taken Mrs. George Keppel's new house in Grosvenor Street.

Yours faithfully,
Harriet ———

P.S. Have you any friends among the staff of any of the leading London Clubs, as the

Turf, White's, Marlborough, or Bachelors, or leading restaurants such as Claridge's, the Savoy, Gaiety, or Waldorf?

At once there was an outbreak in the press of horror at the scurrility of American newspapers. Hasty generalizations flew back and forth across the Atlantic. Even *The Times* thundered admonitions to the American editors. Dinner-table conversation abounded in nasty remarks.

Then I wrote to *The Times* as follows:

Sir:

As representative of a number of American newspapers, I have received a letter which may shed a little light on the subject treated in your editorial columns under the head of "A New Post of Society." Apparently the writer is the same "Harriet" who wrote to "Householder's" butler. In this letter I am informed that the writer wishes to sell to the newspapers exactly the scandalous kind of thing which "Householder's" butler was asked to supply, except that the precious news offered to me was to be gathered by "quite an army of girl friends in the best of the various English society sets." I was asked as to what rates the American newspapers would pay for such material. Enclosed is the name and address of the writer of that letter, for comparison with the name supplied by "Householder," but not for publication.

Although some of the American newspapers undoubtedly have printed such matter, in common with papers of the same class in other countries, it is only fair to point out that the American Press is not, as a whole, given to this sort of thing—as one might conclude from your editorial article. If the name I send you corresponds with the name already in your possession, it would indicate clearly too that this plan for gathering backstairs gossip did not originate with any American editor, and had not at the time of writing to me found any encouragement. As it might easily be gathered from the correspondence and the comments thereon that this particularly obnoxious specimen of scandal-mongering had its origin in America, I earnestly hope that you will give this letter publicity, and will also clear the more dignified portion of the American Press from generaliza-

tions based on the misdeeds of those less scrupulous.

The address on the two letters was the same. Reporters were sent in search of Harriet, and she was discovered in a small Midland town—a governess, if I remember rightly, who admitted that she had never sold anything to any American paper, and had never been approached by any American editor. She had heard irresponsible drawing-room gossip about evil propensities on the part of servants and newspapers, especially lewd newspapers of the baser sort said to be published in the United States, and, without knowing anything about actual conditions or editorial practices, had rushed in with a half-mad and wholly childish scheme to make some easy money.

It struck me afterward that it was a pity O. Henry couldn't have lived to tell in his own inimitable way the story of this poor little English governess who, by dashing impetuously in with a nightmare idea, had succeeded not only in becoming a sensational object of interest for a fortnight, but also in pulling august editorial legs, and in actually creating some little bitterness between two friendly nations. One wonders if even yet Harriet has been as far away as London, to say nothing of that vague world beyond the British Isles.

The whole silly incident is of significance as illustrating the really terrific potency of *amour propre*. In our own affairs in Henrietta Street the least prick to that personal pride caused quite erratic conduct in otherwise sane and loyal associates. Many a transaction on a larger scale went wrong because of some imagined personal indignity. Harriet's excursion nearly created international bad feeling, for much the same reason.



THIS BUSINESS OF MONETARY CONTROL

BY GUY GREER

WHAT with the hue and cry over the banking bill of 1935, and the fulminations of Father Coughlin and Huey Long on the subject of controlling the money supply—to say nothing of the hullabaloo over silver and gold and greenbacks—people everywhere are asking questions, with increasing perplexity and no little anxiety.

What's it all about, this business of monetary control? Does anybody really understand it?

The answer to the second question is both yes and no. If by understanding is meant the clear and complete grasp of the workings of a mechanism that a watchmaker has of a watch, then nobody understands monetary control. But if we bear in mind that both money and the control of it are inextricably mixed up with human behavior, there are many persons who may be said to understand the subject with as much exactitude as now appears possible when dealing with any aspect of mankind's activity. Moreover, such a degree of understanding is not a monopoly of economists or bankers or of any other group. On the contrary, it is attainable by anybody who will take the trouble to devote to it a few hours of the sort of study demanded for the mastery of anything more complicated than writing a check and drawing cash out of a bank.

By this assertion I am seeking to reassure the possible reader of this arti-

cle at the outset, and to entice him to continue to the end; not with the promise that he will thereupon know all there is to know about monetary control, but with the pledge that he will encounter no serious difficulty in following the discussion.

Let us get it clear at the start just what phases and how much of the subject this article purports to deal with. Obviously it cannot pretend to be a complete treatise on money and banking. Neither can it cover the problem of banking reform as a whole, nor even those parts of the banking bill of 1935 which have to do with the details of bank operations. What will be attempted is a simple non-technical exposition of the elements of monetary control, as now discussed and argued about, particularly in connection with the centralized powers of control provided in Title II of the banking bill of 1935. We shall have to begin with a fairly comprehensive picture of what is meant by the money we are talking about controlling; of the part it plays in our economic system; of how it comes into existence; and of the methods by which and the extent to which it has been controlled heretofore.

II

The control of money means in practice the control of money created through bank credit, primarily as to the total quantity, through control of

the operations of the commercial banking system.

Money, as the term is used by economists, includes all the means of payment employed currently in business and industry and commerce. It consists mainly of cash (coins and paper currency) and checking accounts in banks. The total supply may be defined roughly as the amount of cash in the pockets or tills or safes of all the people and all the business concerns (that held in the U. S. Treasury and in the banks should not be counted) plus the amount of deposits subject to check in all the banks. This is not a very accurate or scientific definition, but it will do for our purposes. Two things about it must be kept constantly in mind.

In the first place, the cash is only a small part of our total money supply. At the present time some eighty to ninety per cent of our money consists of checking accounts.

In the second place, the amount of cash in the hands of the public tends to remain about the same. This is not true in times of panic, when many persons seek to obtain cash for hoarding, drawing it out not only from banks but from other institutions, such as building and loan associations and life insurance companies (which generally themselves have to resort to the banks for it), and trying to obtain it by selling securities in the stock exchanges. If the panic is severe enough they try frantically to get hold of far more cash than there is in existence; and the Government is absolutely forced to find a way to create more and more, and to keep supplying it to the financial institutions, in order to prevent economic and social chaos. But under all conditions except those of panic, the amount of cash outside the banks and the Treasury remains approximately constant. There are seasonal variations, such as those in the Christ-

mas holidays, but they do not generally put any strain on the banks or the Treasury. Important variations in the total supply of money occur only in the amount of deposits subject to check.

The main conclusion resulting from these facts is that monetary control, to be of any value, must be exercised over the supply of bank-money, or deposits subject to check, rather than over the supply of cash. Brief mention should be made here of two other conclusions, which are incidental but not unimportant. The first is that reliance on the gold standard as a means of automatic monetary control is more than a little silly, in view of the enormous gold supply and the flexibility which the gold-reserve requirement permits in the matter of expanding deposits subject to check. The second is that, given the circumstances existing in this country, talk of inflation resulting from printing greenbacks or devaluing gold or from monetizing silver is mostly nonsense. For example, if we should be so foolish as to print two or three billion dollars' worth of greenbacks, to pay the bonus or to pass out in some other way, the increased amount of cash in the hands of the public (or an equivalent amount of that which is already in circulation) might be expected soon to flow into the banks and to end up eventually in the Federal Reserve banks, where it would lie idle. If inflation occurs—which is far from probable unless the country should be seized by senseless panic—it is almost certain to occur in the volume of checking accounts.

Now the deposits subject to check in the banking system increase or decrease as the banks increase or decrease their loans and investments. This is one of the most extraordinary things in the modern economic system—that the banks, acting collectively, can and do increase or decrease the country's supply of money, without affecting the

supply of cash one way or another, merely by writing entries in their books. Here is how it works:

For the sake of simplicity, let us assume that a bank in a certain town gets hold of, say, \$100,000 in cash, in addition to what it had already. It thereupon makes ten loans of \$10,000 each to various persons or firms in the town or in the surrounding community. These borrowers, though, do not take cash but leave the amount of their loans on deposit, and thus the bank's deposits are increased by \$100,000 merely by setting down the amounts in its books. This increased liability is offset by \$100,000 worth of notes of the borrowers, and the bank's balance sheet is simply inflated on both sides by a like amount. Meanwhile the \$100,000 in cash remains intact.

Imagine now that there is only one bank in the entire community, that practically everybody has an account with it, and that there is no business done with the outside world. We may safely assume then that there is as much actual cash scattered about as is required to take care of the small shopping needs of the population. The amount of this will vary somewhat; as people spend it in the stores the stores in turn deposit it in the bank, and the people draw out more to meet everyday needs; but the total variation will not be great. All the important business of the community is transacted by means of check payments.

Those ten persons each of whom borrowed \$10,000 and left the amounts on deposit immediately begin drawing checks to pay the manufacturers, the wholesalers, and others to whom they owe money. But the recipients of the checks promptly take them to the bank and deposit them in their own accounts. The bank pays out no cash whatever, but merely charges the amount of each check to the account of the one who drew it and credits the

same amount to the account of the person or firm depositing it.

What then is to prevent the bank from immediately making another batch of loans aggregating \$100,000, and another batch, and still another and another indefinitely, without ever needing to get hold of any more cash? Theoretically, there is absolutely nothing to prevent it. Moreover, the bank could buy bonds or other securities, paying for them by setting up deposits to the credit of those who sold them.

Practically, the process can't go quite so far, although it can go to astonishing lengths.

Of course there is no such community, with its bank and its self-sufficient population. But if we consider the entire country and every bank in it as practically a self-contained system, we shall see that, with certain limitations to be discussed presently, this system functions in a manner remarkably like that of our hypothetical small community.

Borrowers from banks do not invariably leave the full amount of their loans on deposit, even temporarily, although they usually do. When they draw checks though, the recipients of the checks frequently deposit them, not in the same bank but in other banks. This process would require a great deal of cash in any particular bank's supply were it not also constantly having deposited with it checks on other banks. But such is actually the case in practice, so that each bank is periodically paying to or collecting from other banks only the net balance which it owes or which is owed to it. Thus, since the total amount of cash in the hands of the public stays about the same, the amount of deposits resulting from the making of loans and investments by all the banks in the country simply shifts about within the banking system and increases or decreases with the total of loans and investments.

The analogy with the single community is generally valid if we bear in mind the over-simplification that the comparison entails.

A certain amount of cash must be kept in the system, to take care of inter-bank balances and for other purposes. Some must also be kept for payment to those depositors who happen to demand it; the greater the total of deposits the larger the amount required. It is not possible to say precisely how much will be needed, but the amount is expressed in terms of a percentage of deposits and is usually somewhat more than is strictly necessary. The amount of cash thus kept in the banking system is called the reserve.

As will be made clear later on, however, bank reserves, meaning the reserves of all the banks, have come to be considered not primarily as the amounts kept on hand to meet cash requirements, but as the means to place a necessary restraint upon the degree to which the banks collectively can expand the total of their deposits by making loans and investments in the manner described above. In other words, reserves provide the key to monetary control. Before dealing with the manner in which this power of restraint is or can be used, however, it will be necessary to make clear certain aspects of the operation of the Federal Reserve System, which is the central banking system of the United States.

For the member banks of the Federal Reserve System, which include all national banks and such State banks as have joined the system, the reserves are prescribed by federal law, and the cash thus required to be kept must be left on deposit with the Federal Reserve banks. In the case of non-member banks, the reserve percentages are prescribed by the various State laws, and until they all become members—which they must do by the middle of 1936 or 1937 in order to continue to have their

deposits insured unless Congress should be so blind as to change the law—it will be impossible for the federal authorities to exercise any effective control over their operations. But to avoid too many complications, let us assume that the Federal Reserve System already comprehends all the banks in the country.

Without going into the details of just what are the reserve requirements for the various classes of member banks, it will be sufficient to remark that they are so prescribed by law that the banks collectively can expand their deposits, and consequently their loans and investments, to an amount equal to about ten times the total amount of cash they have on deposit with the Federal Reserve banks. For each new dollar of cash they obtain they can extend about ten dollars of credit, either in the form of loans or in that of investment securities purchased, the resulting deposits, of course, remaining in the banking system until the loans are paid off or the securities are sold.

One of the principal functions of the Federal Reserve System, in addition to that of keeping the bank reserves of the country and performing various other services, is to come to the rescue of banks which are confronted with sudden demands for more cash than they have immediately available. This is accomplished through the rediscount facilities of the System, whereby member banks can take the notes of borrowers in their possession to a Federal Reserve bank and immediately obtain cash for them, subsequently turning over the amounts involved when the notes fall due and are paid off. Another method of arriving at the same result is for a bank to borrow from the Federal Reserve bank of which it is a member, by pledging certain collateral for short periods to meet emergencies. In both cases the practical effect is to borrow from the

Federal Reserve banks, and the interest rate charged is referred to as the rediscount rate.

But cash can be obtained from such borrowing, not only to meet emergencies but also to increase the member banks' reserves. Consequently, despite the reserve percentages prescribed by law, there is theoretically nothing to prevent the member banks from borrowing from the Federals whenever they like, and then expanding their loans and investments, and along with them their deposits, in amounts equal to about ten times the amounts borrowed. They do not usually do so, because they find it uncomfortable to be constantly in debt to the Federals, to say nothing of the fact that generally the Federals will not permit it.

Here we encounter one of the simplest methods of monetary control employed by the Federal Reserve System. By raising the interest rates on loans to member banks, borrowings may be discouraged. Conversely, by lowering the rates, member banks may be encouraged to borrow and put themselves in a position to expand their loans and investments on the basis of the increased reserves thus obtained, although, as indicated above, they are not supposed to borrow except for emergencies. No direct control of expansion in this manner by the member banks can be exercised through the rediscount rate, except when the aggregate of deposits resulting from loans and investments is approaching the limit allowed by the amount of reserves which such member banks have already. So long as they have plenty of reserves, which is almost always the case, they can go on expanding their deposits indefinitely, without needing to borrow from the Federals.

An increase of the rediscount rate is believed to have some psychological effect, as a warning that expansion is proceeding too rapidly, but the practical

decision in the matter of continuing to increase loans and investments is made by the thousands of banks and the hundreds of thousands of borrowers or sellers of investment securities all over the country according to their unrestrained judgment. A lowering of the rate of course might have the opposite psychological effect, indicating that more expansion is considered desirable; but here again the practical decisions are made elsewhere. The futility of this as a business stimulant has been well illustrated since the stock market crash in 1929; for lowering the rediscount rate has had no perceptible effect on the lending policy of the banks.

III

Heretofore the most important means of monetary control exercised by the Federal Reserve System has been through what are called open-market operations. In simplest terms, this means that the Federal Reserve banks buy from or sell to their member banks the various kinds of securities or other assets permitted by law. When the Federals buy they pay for their purchases with the equivalent of cash, that is, by crediting the deposit accounts of the selling banks, thus increasing the reserves of such banks and permitting about ten times as great an increase in member bank deposits and loans and investments. When the Federals sell, the effect upon reserves is reversed, since ordinarily the member banks must pay for their purchases out of the cash they have on deposit with the Federals.

Thus, through open-market operations, the Federal Reserve System has a very considerable power to increase or decrease member bank reserves, and, consequently, the ability of member banks to extend credit, in accordance with the judgment of the rulers of the System as to what is desirable. This

power is limited on the one hand only by the amount of funds which the Federals have available for the purchase of permitted assets or by the willingness of the member banks and the public to sell such assets. It is limited on the other hand only by the amount of permitted assets which the Federals have available for sale or the willingness of the member banks to buy such assets. In the matter of willingness this can be arranged under ordinary circumstances through the price, which is offered for the sale or purchase as the case may be, by the Federals. Likewise as to funds available, the Federals have a very large potential amount, being limited in the deposits they can set up to pay for their purchases only by their gold-reserve requirement, which for all practical purposes is no limit at all; while in the matter of assets available for sale, the amount is usually quite substantial.

Nevertheless, the power to control the supply of money through open-market operations is more theoretical than real, especially when expansion rather than restraint or contraction is desired. Increasing the reserves of member banks, when they already have plenty, can at most only put a little more pressure on them to use their idle funds for making loans and investments when they already have a strong incentive to do so, but are deterred by their inability to find enough business which they consider sound. In the past few years the member banks have accumulated an enormous volume of reserves in excess of legal requirements, sufficient to permit expansion of their deposits by many billions of dollars. They have not done so, primarily because prospective borrowers with the proper assurance of ability to repay the loans have not presented themselves.

As a means to restrain monetary expansion, open-market operations

would doubtless be moderately effective under ordinary conditions, but might prove to be very costly to the Federals in times of great economic activity. That is, in order to keep on selling securities the Federals might have to reduce the prices so much that heavy losses would be incurred. Moreover, in the nature of things, there must be a limit to the amounts which the Federals would have for sale.

All things considered, it has become a matter of necessity for the Federal Reserve System to have the power of getting at member bank reserves directly. And in fact the Federal Reserve Board now has this power, with respect to curbing undesirable expansion, in a little known amendment to the Federal Reserve Act, passed in 1933 as a rider to the so-called Thomas inflation amendment to the Agricultural Adjustment Act. Under the law as thus amended, the required percentage of reserves against deposits in member banks may be increased in the discretion of the Board whenever the President of the United States declares an emergency to exist by reason of credit expansion.

By this means, if the Board is willing to make full use of its power, the member banks may be promptly compelled to stop expanding their deposits through making loans and investments, or they may even be forced to effect a reduction. Merely by computing the reserve percentage that would be necessary to arrest expansion or to reduce deposits to a given level, and then issuing a decree that this percentage shall rule, practically any desired result in the way of restraint could be obtained. This provision of the law is a very potent instrument if employed as a brake on a runaway business situation. Let us consider briefly now why the need for monetary control, in the sense of restraint, is peculiarly urgent.

In accordance with orthodox or classical banking principles, banks should make only short-term commercial loans, and they should have no other investments. This doctrine is a corollary of the extremely important fact emphasized above, that in the setting up of deposits subject to check as the result of extending credit the banks create money. New money, so the theory runs, should not be brought into existence except for use in current transactions—that is, generally, in facilitating the movement of goods or services through the processes of production, on to their ultimate consumption. This involves only short-term loans, which are paid off by the time consumption is complete, with the result that the money they represent goes out of existence. The entire process of course is continuous; as old loans are paid off new ones are made for other transactions; but the total volume of money resulting from credit thus outstanding fluctuates only with the actual need for money to carry on the current business of the country.

It will be realized at once that if all banks adhered strictly to the orthodox principles, it would be comparatively easy to control their expansion or contraction of money. If the volume reached undesirable proportions other forces in the economic system might be expected to come into play, tending to bring about an automatic adjustment.

Unfortunately, however, no banking system in the world can now be said to follow the orthodox principles, even approximately, although in England and Canada and a few other countries such principles are still regarded as an influence for automatic control of the money supply. In the United States, save only for comparatively brief periods, we have never even pretended to adhere to them. For various reasons our banks have always used their power to expand deposits, not only for

making short-term commercial loans, but also for investing in long-term bonds and making long-term loans such as those secured by real estate mortgages.

Theoretical justification for such practices comes from the fact that a considerable proportion of the deposits in our banking system are classified as savings or time deposits. They are supposed to represent money already in existence, in the form of accumulated funds not immediately needed. Many bankers reason that savings entrusted to them need not be used for short-term commercial loans, but positively ought to be employed in the creation of durable wealth, represented by long-term loans and investments.

Now the theory involved here is sound enough. Its practical application is what leads to a number of problems.

The principal problem, from our present point of view, arises from the fact that when a bank makes a long-term loan or investment the amount involved is usually left on deposit subject to check, giving rise to an immediate increase in the total money supply, quite the same as in the case of short-term loans. It may mean that property or wealth of some kind, whether mortgaged to secure the loan or representing the tangible assets back of the investment securities purchased, is turned into money. But it may mean merely the establishment of claims to income (corporate earnings, for example, or taxes) which will not come into existence for many years, and the turning of these into money. Transactions of this kind sometimes have the effect of enormously expanding the supply of money in the country and encouraging the wildest kind of speculation, accompanied by boom conditions which are bound sooner or later to end in a collapse.

Now there are no automatic controls of the expansion of the money supply which results from long-term loans or investments by the banks. Wholly unjustified expectations of future profits, on the part of millions of people, may lead to the development through monetary expansion of a business and economic situation that can only result in disaster. This state of affairs makes it a matter of vital necessity that some kind of positive control shall be exercised over the volume to which the money supply can be inflated through credit operations.

IV

We have already considered the three principal instruments of control which have been, or are now, possessed by the Federal Reserve System—namely, the rediscount rate, open-market operations, and latterly, direct power to change the percentage of reserves required against deposits in member banks. We have seen, moreover, that the first two of these are of doubtful, or at least limited, utility. Recent experience has demonstrated their lack of practical value. Partly perhaps from fear that their vigorous use would have repercussions on business as well as on finance, partly because of the inherent weakness of the instruments of control themselves, and especially because of decentralized authority over them, they have been neither the means of curbing the dangerous expansion of money resulting from credit nor the means of stimulating expansion when, as during the past five years, expansion has been desperately needed.

As to the third instrument of control, we have seen that it might become a very powerful weapon to be used for purposes of restraint. We must now devote a little more attention to the

possible use of central bank action for purposes of stimulation.

Monetary pundits who adhere to the so-called "quantity theory" start off with a formula which is true by definition, to the effect that *the total number of transactions in any economic system, multiplied by the prices at which all those transactions take place, equals the total quantity of money in the system, multiplied by the velocity, or rate of turnover, of all that money*. Since nobody disputes the accuracy of the formula, the theorists then go on to argue that by manipulating the gold standard, and especially by controlling the volume of deposits in the banks, we can increase or decrease the total quantity of money; so that, assuming the velocity to remain about the same, either prices will have to go up or down or else the total number of transactions will have to increase or decrease. Thus if more active business is desired all we need do is to expand the quantity of money, through the various powers of the central banking system; and according to the more naïve theorists we need not trouble our heads over who gets the new money, the assumption being that automatic forces in the economic system will bring about a correct distribution of it.

In the world as it is, however, this theory—at least in its pristine simplicity—encounters two exceedingly awkward facts. In the first place, it appears to be impossible, by any conceivable power of the central banking system, to increase the amount of money resulting from bank credit, except at times when most authorities believe that no expansion is desired. The reason is that loans are not made in increasing volume unless people wish to borrow and the banks wish to lend, which happens only when business prospects seem good. Prudent persons and business concerns generally refuse to borrow except under such

conditions, and well-conducted banks cannot even afford to consider other kinds of borrowers. Moreover, this would necessarily remain true no matter who owned and operated the banking system, since it would very soon wreck itself if conducted according to less rigorous principles.

In the second place we know positively that the velocity of money cannot be assumed to remain constant, or anywhere near it. A demonstration of this fact occurred in the spring and early summer of 1933—during the revival which followed Roosevelt's inauguration—when the total quantity of money in the country was decreasing or remaining about the same, while both prices and the number of transactions were increasing quite rapidly and substantially. This could only have resulted from a sharp increase in the rate of turnover, or velocity, of the money in circulation. It may be safely asserted, therefore, that even if we *could* expand the total quantity of money, the increase would be promptly compensated by a decrease in the velocity, unless other forces came into play to stimulate business activity.

The more sophisticated of the quantity theorists have an argument to deal with both of these difficulties. They contend that the very processes involved in trying to expand bank deposits through central bank action will result in liberating other forces in the economic system, which will make it profitable for prudent borrowers to borrow and for well-conducted banks to lend. Without attempting to do justice to the refinements of this argument, it may be crudely stated as follows: Through lowering the rediscount rate, the cost of borrowed money will be lowered, not only for commercial credit but for long-term credit as well, and consequently prospective borrowers will be encouraged to go ahead with all sorts of enterprises. To

supplement the effects of this, the Federal Reserve banks increase the reserves of member banks through buying bonds and other assets, or they lower the ratio of reserves required, and thus add greatly to the member banks' power to make loans and investments. Confronted with this situation, especially as regards increased amounts of funds lying idle, the member banks will be so eager to make loans and investments that, willy nilly, deposits resulting from credit will expand.

This argument will have to be met with a statement of fact. Each time the Federal Reserve System has attempted to bring about expansion when it was generally agreed that expansion was urgently necessary the effort has resulted in failure.

But even this fact is not uncompromising enough to stump the best of the quantity theorists. They retort that where failure has occurred the action of the Federal Reserve System has been too late; that the stimulus should have been applied sooner. I shall not attempt to answer this argument here. There are no undisputed facts to be cited one way or the other, and to deal with the matter theoretically would require a lengthy treatise. I shall merely assert that I do not believe it to be correct, although admitting that it is worthy of a great deal of respect and that it is far more difficult to refute than anything tackled in this article so far.

The reasons for my disbelief lie in a conviction that forces entirely outside of, and largely independent of, the banking and monetary system are responsible for bad business conditions, and consequently, for contraction of the money supply. Those forces are numerous and complex, but the principal one lies in the distribution of the national income. With a correct distribution of the purchasing power

which is created in the very processes of producing and marketing goods and services, the equipment and the labor power of the nation could be used up to full capacity. All that is demanded of the banking and monetary system is that it function smoothly, and without breakdown, in response to the demands of business and industry for money derived from credit.

V

Our analysis has shown that monetary control, in the sense of restraint, is a matter of necessity in our economic system; that this is all the more true because of the apparently incorrigible practices of our banks in making long-term loans and investments, thus creating money not only as an offset to tangible permanent wealth but as something represented by a mere expectation of wealth to be produced in the far away future. Control might be of value, moreover, in the matter of stimulating monetary and business expansion, though here its value is more doubtful.

At all events, monetary control has now become one of the most momentous of all the questions confronting the Government and the people of the United States. The problem has become acute, not over whether control shall be exercised but over who shall exercise it; for we have come to realize that in the growing complexity of our economic structure no such thing as an effective automatic control system can be devised.

Such control as we have had heretofore has been divided among a large number of bankers on the one hand and an agency of the Government on the other. Its lack of effectiveness may be largely attributed to this very fact, although as emphasized above, the instruments of control in the hands of the Federal Reserve System, until

the recent acquisition of power to attack the member bank reserve ratio directly, have been of limited or doubtful efficacy. Such powers of control as have existed have rested largely with the management and the boards of directors of the twelve Federal Reserve banks, the majority of whom are elected by, and responsible only to, the thousands of member banks in the System. The Federal Reserve Board has indeed been endowed with considerable power; but there can be no doubt that practically always the bankers have had the predominating influence, in so far as there has been any definite pursuance of policy.

Two conclusions emerge unavoidably from this state of affairs. In the first place, a mechanism must be devised which can and will make the power, including the newly acquired power, of the Federal Reserve System effective: effective most assuredly with respect to restraint, and with respect to stimulation if possible. This can be accomplished in practice only by vesting the authority in a compact group of persons fully responsible for their actions. In the second place, the power involved in monetary control is of such importance to every human being in the country, that to confer it on anybody but the Government itself would be unthinkable.

Here we come to the most bitterly controversial portion of the banking bill of 1935, which may or may not have been enacted into law by the time these words appear in print. Title II of this bill provides for the concentration of the power of monetary control in the Federal Reserve Board, with a considerable degree of direct responsibility to the President and full responsibility to Congress. Only general principles of control are laid down in the legislation, and the Board is authorized, after some consultation with representatives of the bankers, to go

ahead and administer the law. No new power is conferred to exercise supervision over the detailed credit operations of the banks. These are left largely to individual judgment, as they would have to be under any banking system; but in so far as central bank action can be used to regulate the total supply of money resulting from credit transactions, the Federal Reserve Board under the new dispensation is to be endowed with full authority and full responsibility for taking such action. For the first time in our history, full legislative recognition is being given to the all-important monetary function of the commercial banking system.

Objections to the bill, except on the part of those bankers and others who balk at any kind of restraint—even of such abominable financial practices as were all too common prior to 1933—appear to be inspired by a sincere distrust of political government. Without any attempt to discuss the question fully, it may be pointed out that the two dangers which seem most to be dreaded—namely, partisan administration, and resort to the spoils system in the matter of personnel, with possible dishonesty or incompetence—are not beyond the power of Congress or the law to cope with. In fact the banking bill of 1935 goes far to provide safeguards in both respects. A particularly clear and straightforward discussion of the whole question is contained in an address of Governor Eccles of the Federal Reserve Board before the Ohio Bankers' Association at Columbus on February 12, 1935.

At first glance it might appear desirable to set up for the control of money something like a fourth branch of the Government, as completely independent of the other branches as is the Supreme Court with respect to the Legislative and the Executive, thus relying on our traditional concept of

checks and balances to maintain the desired degree of stability. When we remind ourselves, however, of the basic differences between the duties of the Supreme Court in interpreting the organic law of the Constitution, and the task of administering the provisions of legislation in matters of immediate concern to everybody, it becomes clear at once that the power of such administration must rest where to some extent at least the people can get at it. The banking bill of 1935 provides for what appears to be in fact a happy compromise between the Supreme Court conception and that of direct responsibility of the political party in power at the moment, by having five members of the Federal Reserve Board appointed for twelve-year terms, while the Governor, and the Secretary of the Treasury and the Comptroller of the Currency, as *ex-officio* members, hold office only at the will of the President.

Control through administration has got to be exercised by somebody. In a sense the question is control by New York *versus* control by Washington. And without for a moment suggesting that the bankers of New York as a group might not be thoroughly competent and well intentioned, it still must be said that control by New York can be counted upon neither to be primarily in the public interest nor to be exercised in accordance with any coherent policy, merely because such control could not very well be divorced from self interest.

Governmental administration at its best may be very fine indeed, as witness the experience of the Interstate Commerce Commission, the Federal Reserve Board itself in so far as it has had adequate powers, and other agencies which might be mentioned. At its worst it might conceivably be as bad as some of the outrageous performances of the Ohio gang under Harding.

But even at its worst, it is preferable, in such a vital matter as monetary control, to control by irresponsible private interests—for the very good reason that if it becomes unbearably bad it can be thrown out neck and crop by the orderly processes of the ballot box, whereas the private interests are beyond the reach of the electorate save through revolution.

But the question after all is somewhat academic. The Constitution itself defines the authority and implies the duty of Congress to control the supply of money. And since the practical administration of this authority and duty can be carried out only through some such responsible agency as the Federal Reserve Board, honest opposition to the powers in this respect

contained in the banking bill of 1935 would appear to be based either on ignorance of the processes whereby the greater part of the money supply is brought into being, or on a deliberate desire to continue to flout the Constitution.

Whether the bill as submitted is passed or not, something of the kind must be enacted sooner or later; and surely, the sooner the better. When such measures of control do become the law of the land we should be very foolish to place sole reliance on them to keep us out of depressions. But they will provide an indispensable adjunct to the other and far more difficult efforts we shall have to make, to avoid the breakdown and destruction of our economic society.





MUSIC AND THE MOVIES

BY DOUGLAS MOORE

FROM the time of the earliest public performances of moving pictures the relationship with music has been regarded as important. In the days of the nickelodeon the assisting pianist was a picturesque feature of all picture programs. With fingers which seemed to defy all principles of wear and tear, he or she played from opening to closing, with one eye on the screen and the other often on a novel reposing on the lap. The nature of the selections performed depended upon the temperament and experience of the performer. The young lady (I remember Edna at the Globe in New Haven. She wore silk shirtwaists and could even discharge her musical duties with one hand if one of her gentleman friends occupied an adjacent seat) usually played the latest ragtime, methodically going through the stack of music on the piano rack only to interrupt this with occasional realistic touches to complement such dramatic scenes as falling off cliffs, custard-pie warfare, and the inevitable chase by the police. For a death scene she played "When I Lost You," and for sadness she turned to "Hearts and Flowers." The man pianist, who was usually an ex-piano teacher of German extraction, played more solid fare, minor salon pieces of the nineteenth century; but he too was not unmindful of the dramatic possibilities to which he would occasionally respond with improvisation. Can the aging pioneer public of the movies ever forget the

sinister staccato theme which was universally played for the villain's entrance?

When the converted shop was replaced by the movie palace, the pipe organ with its gaudy glories was substituted for the friendly piano. Let us not stop here to bewail the influence of the movie upon our organists and our respect for the instrument. Church music drew always closer to the theater during the nineteenth century, and it was only natural that the movies should carry the cheapening process farther. The effect of the organ on the movies, however, was not altogether bad. Further attempts were made by imaginative performers to bring the music closer to the material of the screen. In general, the musical value of the performance was better.

The next step in expansion was the incorporation of the movie orchestra. This usually excellent body of players performed an overture and accompanied, for at least a part of the time, the projection of the picture. This led to the demand for especially composed music to circulate with the picture. The music was so arranged as to synchronize with the effects of the picture and to emphasize its dramatic points. When the orchestra was in recess a transcription of the special score was played, with varying effectiveness, by the organist.

An early example of effective combination of music and screen was "The

Birth of a Nation," for which I believe David Wark Griffith himself arranged the music. The score was only partly original, but the symphonic and operatic quotations were not over familiar, the songs were well chosen, and the dramatic effects were well arranged. Anyone who recalls this picture will remember the important part which the musical score played in its success.

Later on several good composers were called in to write original music for important films. Some of these scores proved to be excellent. I can recall the music for "The Thief of Bagdad," which was written by Mortimer Wilson. This music was all original and it was good enough for subsequent quotation on orchestral-concert programs. It almost looked for a time as if an important new outlet was to be found for music and that the film music drama might replace the traditional grand opera.

When the sound film arrived upon the scene great changes took place in the musical situation. Theater orchestras were disbanded, to be replaced by the artistically inferior but infinitely cheaper sound apparatus. The first effect of this was to create an unemployment situation among orchestra musicians which is one of the grave economic problems of to-day. The recording process, at first imperfect, lowered the musical standards but made possible an exact musical accompaniment for the film at all performances, in outlying small theaters as well as in the motion-picture "cathedrals."

This brought about two important results. First, the principle of an accompanying score was universally established. Second, the mass production of so much music resulted in the loss of quality and established the musical hack in the studio in place of the composer with something to say.

Musical scores, which in the days of the theater orchestra had often been of some artistic merit, now became perfunctory and flat. Occasionally something of interest appeared such as "Tabu," with an arranged score by Hugo Riesenfeld; but the average product was as mechanical as the instrument which displayed it.

At this point speech and song were added to the screen. After a preliminary skirmish or two with such offerings as Martinelli singing the "Lament from Pagliacci" for a movie short feature, the directorial genius hit upon the theme song, one of the most annoying phenomena that ever plagued a long-suffering public. Each picture had one of these forever bobbing up in the course of the action. A new impetus was given to the tin pan alley publishers, and with characteristic enthusiasm they plugged their offerings until even the most highly salaried executives realized that the situation had become absurd. Mr. Edward Marks in his entertaining book on the song business, *They All Sang*, describes the final débâcle with a song quaintly entitled "Woman Disputed, I Love You," which was immediately parodied in a Broadway revue by the gleefully received "Hammacher Schlemmer, I Love You." Shortly after this the theme song idea quietly expired.

The first talkies undoubtedly stimulated the waning movie business. In spite of the fact that the art of photographic pantomime had been steadily progressing and had culminated in such fine pictures as "The Last Laugh" and "The Big Parade," audiences were on the decline. Here was a novelty to bring them back. Lovers of the cinema art, however, deplored the fact that the new technic resulted in an abandonment of most of the artistic gains which had been made by the films. Speech was a poor substitute

for the delights of the eye, especially speech as recorded and synchronized in the early offerings. Stage works, both dramatic and musical, were bodily transplanted to the screen, and producers forgot that the essence of the medium was visual. The early musical comedies were unsuccessful and were abandoned. Hollywood was deserted by the musicians, and the directors were compelled to pioneer in a new field, that of unaccompanied dialogue.

Fortunately, the public love of novelty carried the picture business through the difficult days of experimentation. Meanwhile Hollywood gradually discovered that stage directors and actors hastily imported from Broadway were not necessarily the ones to succeed in the new medium. The old silent (on the screen) performers rushed to the elocution studios to learn how to speak. The directors bided their time and waited for a return to the old conditions. Meanwhile a new group of directors, some from Europe and some native, experimented with the photographic dialogued medium and gradually discovered ways of salvaging some of the successful features of the old silent films. It is interesting to note that the tendency in the past year or two has been toward more and more pantomime and less dialogue. The idea of visual flow has been rediscovered, the magic of photography has been at least partly restored, and we are now receiving examples of greatly improved pictures. The taste of the public appears to be improving. Even the clean-up of morals has served to better the quality of the pictures from an artistic point of view, much to the surprise of many. It has been discovered that the new art of the film can much more successfully reproduce the novel than can the stage. Furthermore, the public appears to be delighted. The long-awaited educa-

tional contribution of the cinema seems to be actually under way.

II

What is the situation with regard to music? Has the ground lost in the talkie revolution been regained? The answer is, unfortunately only in part. On the one hand sound recording and performance have been greatly improved since the early days. The music that we hear is better played and a more palatable substitute for the vanished theater orchestra. The return to favor of the screen musical comedy and the more imaginative treatment of the medium have resulted in a very superior type of popular operetta and revue. Hollywood has been able to attract our best popular composers and is not content with reproducing Broadway successes, but provides musical shows conceived for the special medium of the motion picture.

The cartoon comedies, especially the Silly Symphonies of Walt Disney, have made excellent use of accompanying music. Sometimes this takes the form of little songs, like the vastly entertaining "Big Bad Wolf," sometimes it is a parody of familiar music such as the "William Tell" Overture in the Band Concert. Most critics will agree that Disney is one of the most original contributors to the new art of the motion picture, and his use of music is no less original and delightful.

But, on the other hand, what of the serious musical accompaniment to screen comedies and dramas that was so promising in the old days of the silent films? This was replaced by spoken dialogue. Dialogue spoken to musical accompaniment has never been very satisfactory, and although the increasing use of pantomime affords space for music which could be telling and of interpretative value, few

directors have taken advantage of this opportunity. You will notice that, although in many of the more pretentious films there is a musical background, it seldom achieves distinction. In fact, the persons who are called upon to furnish this music are the studio orchestra leaders, who are not composers at all. They either cull symphonic and operatic flowers from their garden of memories or, like Burbank, produce synthetic fruits and blossoms which resemble these by the grafting process. Except for the talented song writers, Hollywood has no interest as yet in the creative composer. I do not know a single instance when a composer of prominence has been called upon in the films in this country. Abroad the situation is slightly better. Incidental music has been written for the films by Richard Strauss, Florent Schmitt, Arthur Honegger, and other accomplished composers. René Claire with his two very successful films, "*Le Million*" and "*A Nous la Liberté*," provided an excellent and witty accompaniment from the pen of George Auric, a French composer of international prominence. These pictures demonstrated the value of a good musical accompaniment to comedy. Frank Tuttle in a Paramount picture, the title of which I forget, borrowed some of this technic, and used a clever musical accompaniment by a studio composer of talent. So far as I know, no serious music has been composed here for a dramatic picture.

Aside from the obvious truth that if the musical contribution to a picture is to be effective it must be fresh and deeply felt, there are other reasons why the perfunctory hack musical score is unsatisfactory. Familiar music lifted from its context carries with it its original associations. Perhaps the movie directors think that the "Ride of the Valkyries" or the opening of the "Fourth Symphony of Brahms" are

unfamiliar to a majority of their publics and, therefore, serve very nicely for their purposes; but in these days of frequent performances of operatic and symphonic music over national broadcasts, this is a dangerous assumption. Any recognition of familiar music lifted from its context provides a distraction, not an enhancement to the scene in question. But even worse than the overworked masterpiece is the tired, derivative music which the hack furnishes from his own pen. Anyone who is at all susceptible to music—and most people are even if unconsciously—revolts from such animated musical cadavers. An example of the studio creative art may be cited in the nauseous fanfares which accompany the blurbs about coming attractions. Here at any rate is a fitting accompaniment to the windy superlatives and empty overstatement of the Hollywood advertising technic.

The theater, which in this country and Europe has never realized the possibilities of music to the extent that the Chinese, for example, do, nevertheless has at one time or another called upon such composers for incidental music as Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann, Berlioz, Bizet, Mendelssohn, Grieg, Tchaikowsky, Elgar, Holst, Honegger, and Hindemith. How sensible it would be for a young, wealthy, and ambitious art like the contemporary motion picture to attract to its development the competent talented composers that America is revealing to-day. It would seem all the more logical in view of the fact that the contemporary film technic would allow so much opportunity for musical distinction, much more in fact than the theater could ever do. Another advantage which the film has over the theater in incidental music is the comparative cheapness. No play producer could afford a symphony orchestra for each performance of his play but,

thanks to the excellence of modern recording, the film could offer a symphony orchestra and a great chorus without turning a hair. The great American public is certainly fond of music. Whether it will ever support opera nationally is open to question. What could be more appropriate for the development of the dramatic instincts of our composers than the young and typically American art of the motion picture?

III

Incidental music has three great contributions to make to the play or the picture: unity, atmosphere, and enhancement of dramatic values. The first is suggested by Wagner's idea of tone speech. He says: "The great value of the orchestra is its power of uttering the unspeakable. It may do this in three ways—by its organic alliance with gesture, by bringing up the remembrance of an emotion when the singer is not giving voice to it, and by giving a foreboding of words as yet unspoken." The identification of persons or emotions with definite musical ideas may be carried occasionally to annoying lengths in the Wagner music dramas, but when he succeeds as in Siegfried's Funeral March in recalling all the previous material relating to the hero, the poignancy of the funeral procession is enormously increased. The theory behind the theme song was not so much at fault as the quality of music and the over-obviousness of its repetition. A nostalgic bit of music linked with a romantic character can be made very appealing to an audience. Wagner's idea of the foreboding of events to come was not developed even in his own works very extensively. It is, nevertheless, full of possibilities. There was an interesting instance of this in the musical accompaniment to "Chapayev, the Red Commander,"

which impressed me as being extraordinarily good, although I cannot mention the composer or arranger, as I arrived too late for the preliminary announcements. The scene was concerned with the night attack on the Red army by a greatly outnumbering White army. The sympathies of the audience had been enlisted in the cause of the Reds. We saw first the peacefully sleeping camp of the Reds and then the galloping cavalry of the Whites. The music which accompanied the latter was not the realistic, imitation hoof beats which one would have expected; it was not even exciting, it was sad. The audience knew that the gallant commander and his band were going to be wiped out in the attack, and the music with rare sympathy predicted the disaster. This was a case not of identification—because the music was new—but of prediction of mood, and I found it very touching.

The contribution of music to atmosphere is almost too apparent to mention. Not only place but period can be suggested powerfully by the character of the music. "Berkeley Square" for instance, revealed the heroine playing the harpsichord, and it actually was a harpsichord if sight and sound may be trusted. Even though the average audience might not recognize the instrument, there would be unconscious recognition of something belonging to another age, something very beautiful and strange. In the excellent "What Every Woman Knows" the Wylie family was shown grouped round a very tinny piano singing "Loch Lomond." It was charmingly done, just the right quality of untrained voices and earnestness. "Chapayev" also had some beautiful singing of Russian songs by men's voices in the camp scenes and even during the attack. It was sufficiently imperfect to suggest a plausible combina-

tion with the action, and it helped create the Russian illusion. I am afraid that if this picture had been done in Hollywood it would have been "The Volga Boat Song"; but this was all fresh unfamiliar material and it was very convincing.

The danger of correlation between music and drama is in taking titles at their face value. There is the classic story of the public school music and history project when for the story of the burning of Rome the music selected was a dashing piano piece of the "Maiden's Prayer" type, written about fifty years ago and called "The Burning of Rome." The music of the carefully prepared Greek Games at Barnard College used to be selected from the very eighteenth-century classic operas of Gluck. The result was more Viennese than Athenian. Here is where the composer is safer to trust than the arranger. For purposes of musical association, if the real article is not available—that is, the actual music of the place and period—it is better to trust the imagination of the creative artist than to pin one's faith on titles. As a rule, however, Hollywood manages the atmospheric use of music quite well and there are many instances of excellent effects.

It is in the enhancement of dramatic values that we get to the real heart of the matter. The greatest sensitiveness and skill are necessary to effect a proper combination between situation and music. There are two types of combination in general, realistic and expressionistic. While the former has some uses, it also leads to abuses and a literalness that is a positive handicap to the scene. You will remember that when sound was first used in pictures the sound apparatus exultantly recorded every door slamming, every footstep, and all the trivial noises that ordinarily escape the attention. All these were distorted so that they came

as a shock to the audiences, and when we had ceased to wonder at the apparatus which recorded them we resented their intrusion upon the story because they were irrelevant. Directors soon learned that literalness in sound was as dangerous as in photography. The artistic process is always the selective one.

Now it is undeniably true that music can imitate many noises and physical actions. Composers of the nineteenth century explored the possibilities of musical story-telling by means of these imitative effects, and the result was the symphonic poem. Even Bach did not feel superior to descriptive effects in his music, as his choral preludes and many cantatas attest. But the symphonic poem and the music of Bach did not give us imitation alone. The musical values were there and the underlying emotional feeling. Realistic music raises some of the same problems that recorded sound did in the early days. The selective process must be used by the artist. An imitative effect may be made part of the scene and of the emotion which should accompany it; but it easily may prove to be a distraction when not sensitively related to the underlying dramatic values. One of the best uses of realistic incidental music was, strictly speaking, not music at all—the drum beats in Eugene O'Neill's play, "The Emperor Jones." These beats were supposed to come from the gathering pursuit; but in their increasing frequency and volume they were more than this—a symbol of the approaching nemesis of the ex-pullman porter. It is quite conceivable that an imitative sound of nature might set the key for a whole scene and that a fine accompaniment might be built upon it; but the occasional glissando to indicate a fall, or muted trombone to indicate a laugh, or flute trill to indicate a bird are more often than not a distraction.

Expressionistic music seizes upon the underlying dramatic idea and enhances it by its eloquence. The power of music over the imagination is probably greater than that of any other medium of expression. Properly conceived, it is a magnificent aid to any form of dramatic projection. At its best it should pass almost unnoticed but should add to the emotional reaction of the audience unconsciously. For this reason it is important that music with other and different associations should never be used. Banal music such as the music hack usually gives us detracts from our pleasure, but bizarre music would be almost worse. It is probably true, however, that audiences can assimilate a degree of originality and modernity in combination with the drama that could not be tolerated by itself. Above all, the music must be deeply felt by the composer and must be absolutely sincere. Such conviction on the part of the artist will usually carry conviction and understanding to an audience.

We have already noticed that the underlying emotion of the scene is not always the obvious one in the example quoted from "Chapayev." Several years ago I was requested to prepare some incidental music to Bruno Frank's "Twelve Thousand," a play about the recruiting of the Hessian troops which were used by the English as mercenaries against the American Revolutionaries. It seems that the troops were sold by the Duke of Hesse in order to raise money to lavish upon his very decorative mistress. The troops, poorly clad and only half fed, understood and resented this transaction. One of the best scenes took place in the palace while the troops were marching by. The mistress, attracted by the sound of the music, went to the window to watch them and wave encouragement. To her discomfiture her appearance was greeted with jeers

and insults and, considerably shaken, she recoiled from the window. The only off-stage sound called for by the author was a military march played by fife and drum to indicate the action. This music was conceived in terms of the situation rather than realistically. The audience was neither to see the troops nor hear them; the music alone could indicate their action. I wrote a march which resembled a German military march of the period, but contained sufficient distortion and dissonance to project if possible the hate which was supposed to be emanating from the troops. When this music was first played in rehearsal the principal actress, who was, incidentally, wife of the producer, was appalled. "Don't you see," she said with pity in her voice, "the troops are marching past the window. They march down that street every day. All we want is a military march to suggest that they are there." I stuck by my guns, and the fife and drum persisted in their musical obscenities. In performance the scene was effective; so far as I know the audience never objected; and the actress was eventually very complimentary about the assistance which the music gave her in sustaining the action.

I have no doubt that if we were to collaborate again the same resistance would have to be overcome. Stage people have never received much assistance from music and consequently do not expect it or think it important. Otis Skinner says that the actors of his generation thought highly of incidental music and often used it; but if memory serves me correctly, incidental music in the halcyon days of the small theater orchestra, which played genteel excerpts between the acts, was of a rather obvious type. In the Chinese theater music is an integral part of the dramatic action. The performances of Mei Lan Fang several years ago showed what could be done by skillful combi-

nation. Whether it was comedy, melodrama, or tragedy, there was always off-stage music to parallel the action. Even allowing for the strangeness of the Chinese idiom to our Western ears, much of this was extremely effective and helped in the projection of dramatic ideas.

It is perhaps too much to expect the legitimate stage, which is struggling to keep alive by curtailing expenses and which distrusts new ideas anyway, to do much experimenting with musical accompaniment. With the movies the situation is different. Not only are new ideas welcomed, but the producers of Hollywood can afford the best tal-

ent to develop them. It would be a great feather in the cap of the young art of the motion picture if it could realize the musical possibilities which the theater has so largely ignored. The American musical scene is showing great vitality to-day. On every side there are young composers with talent and skill who could be called upon for original music to supplement the expanding dramatic values of the screen. The leaders of the film world who realize that the picture art is still in the formative stage and are ambitious to experiment with and develop it would be wise not to overlook an element which is accessible, eloquent, and vital.





MEN LIKE WAR

BY LEO C. ROSTEN

WITH no single problem of social behavior has man failed more disastrously than with that of war. The whole brilliant body of our science and scholarship has given us no weapon and no method with which we can hope to prevent what has become periodic catastrophe. In every field of science we have made incredible progress, but we have no science of international organization; and we approach the problem of war with little more than lofty aspirations and a rather depressing knowledge of the inadequacy of our resources.

At no time in history has pacifist sentiment been so widespread and articulate. Anti-war efforts to-day range from religious exhortation and good-will tours to organized Leagues for Peace with impressive membership rolls. Yet the totality of pacifist achievement is a feeble force in the international arena. It will remain feeble until we rethink our problem and redefine our goal. Pacifism will remain negligible as long as we place a naïve faith and a wishful trust in peace pacts, "moral leadership," international "understanding," and the whole series of incantations which we invoke for a disease which is deadly and deeply rooted in the social body. It will remain sterile until we bring into the full focus of our comprehension the nature of the fundamental soil from which war and militarism take sustenance.

Religion has failed us in former crises and will fail again. For centuries it has

preached that war is wicked, immoral, against the will of God. Every major religion from Confucianism to Christianity has pleaded for the ideals of peace. But after several centuries of religious discipline man has reconciled himself to the sophism that "religion does not enter the sphere of politics"; that there is an allegiance to Country as well as to Conscience; that there is a "national" morality which is higher than individual morality. The tragic paradox of Christians fighting for the same God and the same Right on opposite sides of a common field of slaughter is too obvious to need comment. In war preachers also present arms.

Philosophy has failed. The wise men from Plato through Kant to Bertrand Russell have subjected war to a merciless attack, as impregnable in its reasoning as it is admirable in its intentions. But philosophers are not significant, nor philosophy even relevant, in that stage of political hysteria which culminates in murder for glory.

Rationalism has failed. It has repeatedly emphasized what is the first proposition of economic geometry: war does not pay. Victors no less than vanquished are crushed under its consequences. War means economic disequilibrium, suicidal destruction, depression, inflation—collapse. Yet neither economics nor reasoning plays a major dissuading role in the insanity of militarism which sweeps the world.

International Socialism has failed. The German Social Democrats capitulated

lated to nationalism when they voted the war funds to the Kaiser, and the highly touted Second Internationale fell into a political paralysis from which it never fully recovered.

The Communists have waged perhaps the most effective campaign against war by insisting, with passionate reiteration, that war is economic in origin and economic in function. The analysis made famous in Lenin's brilliant work on imperialism is realistic and convincing and has won a host of disciples. The great spectacle of 1914 serves admirably as Exhibit A in a demonstration of economics as the propelling force in modern war; it teaches even the illiterate the meaning of Africa, China, and the Balkans in the heroic war to "make the world safe for democracy." Yet to-day it is the threat of revolution and the fear of revolution by the ruling powers, rather than any acquiescence to Marxist economics or Communist propaganda, which is Communism's contribution to world peace.

Religious creeds, economic schools, statesmen, generals, and citizens alike—all agree, with touching solemnity, that war is madness and barbarism. The patriotic folly of the last war is still, in 1935, very much with us, and there is a good deal of meaning in the ironic remark that it is somewhat premature to worry about the next war when it is not certain that we shall survive the consequences of the past one.

And yet, despite speeches, warnings, and impassioned harangues, we are impotent to check the headlong march of preparation in materials and—more important—in attitudes, which leads straight to another cataclysm. Rationalism, religion, and sentimental humanitarianism fail in their pacifist tasks. The clue to war is not found in their wisdom.

The moral of this diagnosis is that war has a profound *psychological* at-

traction and exerts an important psychological function for man. We shall be faced with this unpleasant truth: the rational advantages of peace are often offset, in immeasurable proportion, by the psychological compensations of war. And neither fulminations from the pulpit nor ten thousand appeals to reason can be of any prophylactic effect where the disease is psychological in genesis. To put the axiom before the argument: Men like war.

This does not imply that man's perversity is the *cause* of war. All attempts to prove a single, infallible "cause" of any social phenomenon have failed, and any effort to postulate a psychological monism is certain to be equally incomplete and incorrect.

No one who has read the fantastic story of nineteenth-century imperialism (the Boer War, the Fashoda Crisis, the squabbles over Morocco, the rape of Africa and the Far East), who has studied the origins of the Great War, or who seeks the "why?" of the current maneuvers in post-war Europe will deny emphatic recognition to the theory that in war non-psychological issues are very much at stake. One cannot discount markets—for "surplus" products, population, and capital—and profits as pawns in the game of politics. Nor can one ignore the incalculable role of more subtle influences: military castes, foreign offices, traditions, and that blend of hysteria, arrogance, and greed which we call nationalism. No picture of war is complete without the unholy trinity of history: Profits, Personalities, and Prejudices. And modern scholarship has taught us to add to competition for raw materials and for fields of high-profit investment, the catalytic role of the press lords and the intrigues of munitions makers. War, in short, is neither a strictly economic nor a starkly psychological complex: it is a pattern of subtle and com-

pulling fibers which runs through the collective consciousness and fortifies that economic unconscious which the Marxists have so insistently publicized.

But all this does not deny the axiom which it is the purpose of this article to illuminate: Men like war.

II

War means far more than bloodshed, suffering, and horror, as the pacifist assumes. War contains the promise of gratification to desires and impulses so deeply encysted in the personality of man that no amount of moralistic or rational thundering can penetrate to them. Man's primitivism vibrates to the call of militarism because it recognizes, through no "conscious" mechanism, opportunities for murder, sadism, and violence.

Man is a potential murderer. If he were not he could never murder. This much is self-evident. (A glance at the homicide figures for any civilized country will dispel the indignation of the righteous at this point: from 1930 to 1933 there were 44,740 homicides in the United States alone!) Man is psychologically competent to murder under certain circumstances. Whether man is born that way or "gets" that way is a matter for the technical psychologist. The point here is that war, like all the bewildering abnormalities in which man indulges, from flagellation to transvestism, is only a dramatic expression of potentialities which lie deep in the nature of each of us. In any period of crisis, when the "moral lid" is off, when social disapproval is withdrawn, and the threat of punishment is gone, there bursts forth a torrent of destructive energies which must lurk somewhere in the structure of the personality, and which reach reality only under extraordinary conditions.

There is an essential incompatibility

between the necessities of society and the bundle of impulsive urges (even in the simplest physiological sense) with which man begins life. Society must educate, train, "make social" its young. It must raise them into an acceptance of social taboos and an assumption of human responsibilities. This is done through discipline, moral dogmatism, and punishment. We all suffer cruel frustrations, and we react not with Christian acquiescence, but with a confused, inarticulate rage which is directed toward parents, teachers, the police, or the "capitalist system." One need be no Freudian to be aware of this: the literature of the world from Zeno to Shelley, Samuel Butler, Prince Kropotkin, and Emma Goldman is full of the rebellion of every type of personality against the repressive agencies of childhood.

Thus, man is predisposed to accept a pattern of violence. His aggressions are apotheosized in that socially sanctioned debauchery which is war. In the brutally frank language of the clinic, "man is at one time or another sadistic, patricidal, masochistic, matricidal, fetichistic, homosexual," etc., etc. (Dr. G. V. Hamilton.) It is this man who is real, and not the angel born "trailing clouds of glory." And it is in the light of contemporary psychology that the nature and the meaning of war must be reexamined.

It is impossible to cure a kleptomaniac by repeating that stealing is naughty. Nor can we prevent war by sermonizing that "war is inhuman" or that "war doesn't pay," not because our reasoning is defective, but because rational exhortations are useless against irrational motivations and non-rational compensations. The call of war, compact of these, cuts through the layers of morality, conscience, and common sense to the primary and primitive reservoir of the human personality.

"Man," a great psychologist has said,

"is more moral than he thinks, and far more immoral than he can imagine."

III

No doubt this seems incredibly grotesque. It is certainly shocking. Because it is untrue? But we have plenty of evidence to support it. We are shocked because we do not *wish* to believe that it is true: it is too strong a threat to our conscience and too severe a blow to our pride. We dismiss it uneasily as the result of a preoccupation with psychopathics. Let us then seek evidence in the common man, the "normal" man, the good citizen and homelover who is a model father and a member of the church. If one talks to the soldiers of the last war one swiftly discovers that to the majority of them the war was heroic and thrilling. It is only the exceptionally sensitive, like Eric Remarque, or the exceptionally embittered, like Ernest Hemingway, who found the war a succession of horrors. One of the mistakes of the pacifist is the assumption that such soldiers were typical.

Here is a statement from a veteran which is unusual only in its frankness:

A lot of people like myself enjoyed the war. I don't think there was anything monstrous about me for liking it. The things I loved about it were all things denied us in peacetime . . . : *i.e.*, close association with large numbers of one's fellow-men in a common purpose, the chance to put forth intensive and disinterested effort in a cause greater than one's own personal concerns, economic equality, freedom from economic worries, adventure. (Ramon Guthrie, in a letter to the *New Republic*, Oct. 25, 1933.)

There is more wisdom in this than in a dozen books on peace. Many soldiers still recall with curious pleasure "the time I ripped that Hun open." However startling such confessions may seem, let us not forget that they

are paralleled every day in a thousand ways. The vast majority of men enjoy seeing two prize fighters batter each other into a gratifying pulp, or take a perverse pleasure in "lynching a nigger," or are thrilled at the opportunity to bash in the head of a "radical," a conscientious objector or, more recently, a Jew.

War, like lynchings, riots, pogroms, and carnivals, does offer rewards which are impossible in peace. There is, as Mr. Guthrie remarks, the altruism of a noble cause, the camaraderie of participation in mass activity, the freedom from worries about food, clothing, shelter, and pay. (With our unemployment at a modest ten million we should be stupid to ignore the last inducement.) The army offers the thrill of the uniform, the vanity of chevrons, the pride of decorations for bravery. There is the irresistible excitement of the drums and the intoxicating pleasure of what H. L. Mencken has called the greatest enemy of mankind: the military band. There is the melodrama of flags, pageants, parades, extravagant oratory, and the glorious thrill of being worshipped by mothers, sweethearts, and the multitudes that line the boulevards. It is not easy to resist when tribute from a nation is dangled before humble eyes.

We do not need the distasteful evidence of psychology to realize that as long as men work as addressing-clerks or attendants to Bolt No. 264, without pleasure, without dignity, without meaning, war offers individual redemption and personal glory. Every twelve-dollar-a-week messenger, every henpecked husband, every factory drudge sees himself a potential hero in the great cause. The possibility of being honored, promoted, lionized; the chance to command and know power—these are potent lures. And when Country, Right, and Duty are enlisted in the recruiting campaign, then the

whole weight of morality is added to the temptations.

These things are strikingly absent in peace. To most men peace is a life of routine and monotony. Indeed the term "peace" may be profoundly misleading: it suggests security and contentment. But political "peace" is quite different from psychological peace: the tensions of the personality do not conform to some distant political equilibrium. If we were to construct a psychograph of the normal emotional condition of a nation during peace we should realize the vast melancholia, despair, and conflict which is generally available for mobilization in some attractive crusade. There were 59,406 suicides in the United States from 1930 to 1932. There is no way of knowing how many near-suicides hovered on the edge of self-destruction. Add to this sum the figures on murder, divorce, criminal acts, delinquencies, the whole catalogue of transgressions, and you begin to comprehend the permanent disequilibrium of men.

It is impossible to dismiss the number of human beings who with a little patriotic coaxing would welcome an escape from the monotony, the futility, and the conflicts of everyday life in the dramatic and edifying role of the soldier. There is an enormous army, invisible and silent, which is prepared to embrace with joy the call to action, sacrifice, and reward. The statement of Army Surgeon-General Patterson that suicides in the army always rise during peace reinforces the theory that there are men for whom the burden of inaction is intolerable and to whom the promise of violence is irresistible. "Patriotism" has very little to do with enlistments, for the psychological remunerations of war are deep and manifold, and quite different from what patriots assume them to be.

War is an opportunity to act out in

reality the conflicts of the personality. It is an escape from, and hence a solution of, internal crises which are devastating and unbearable. In this light there is a wealth of insight in Bernard Shaw's epigram: "All armies consist mostly of cowards." War is a nostrum for a vast assortment of psychic ills. It is simple to resolve a conflict by accepting the illusion that someone else is threatening, evil, guilty, and must be exterminated at once. We always believe, because we are predisposed to believe, that it is only the enemy who rapes, ravages, violates nurses, and bayonets children. Symbols of immorality and diabolism, whether "Hun," "Yellow Peril," or "Jew," permit and justify the release of violent personal aggressions. Thousands of men, relieving themselves of the burden of their own tensions and their own guilt-laden desires, find an excuse for the freeing of forbidden impulses, and cry out to God for the blood of the enemy, in the name of Humanity, Bleeding Belgium or La Patrie. War is the public release of private aggressions.

What of conscience, one may ask, which should forbid such perversity? Conscience, as someone has astutely observed, is that part of the psyche which dissolves in alcohol. War is far more intoxicating than alcohol.

We elude our consciences with scientific nicety. Be it noticed that we never *choose* to go to war: the enemy always "forces" us to make that disagreeable decision. We surrender to sadism only after we have bribed our consciences with patriotic shibboleths. "Duty," "Honor," "Civilization"—all the slogans of war are passports to forbidden regions. Our statesmen and propagandists give us more than enough convincing reasons to buttress what is, at bottom, an unconscious preference. Every war is fought for some "higher purpose," some divine

right, some holy mission—for both sides. The Sultan in the Crusades, the atheist Frederick the Great, the agnostic Clemenceau invoked God no less than that distinguished son of the church, Cesare Borgia. And in our own country there were a thousand men of God who, like the Reverend Andrew Caraker, said, "Had Jesus lived He would have been the first to volunteer in the American Army, the first to wear a gas mask, the first to shoulder a rifle." (At an American Legion banquet in Baltimore, in—of all times!—1931.)

Once the good citizen is fortified by the sanctions of his church and country, the compensations of war become even more various. For the hypnosis of the battlefield lies in its inherent promise of a moratorium on morals, punishment, and taboos. War is a *carte blanche* to all the pent-up impulses and all the unfulfilled desires of a life of frustration. Soldiers revel in both the new freedom of their position and the new "morality" of their purpose. Every war is characterized by an orgy of indulgences which are not strictly in the line of duty and which can hardly be called, by any extravagance of Fourth of July oratory, "patriotic." It would shock only old ladies at a knitting convention to know how many of Our Boys were as intrigued by fantasies of the secret vices of Gay Paree as they were by the Glory, God, and Duty on which they were urged to concentrate their patriotic thoughts.

If a Salvation Army faith in human goodness, or a reliance on the censoring strength of the conscience, has not been disturbed by all this evidence, then it is imperative to remember the tremendous role of propaganda in militaristic preparation. Propaganda has been perfected to an art which has all the magic of a sorcerer's science. When the resistances of conscience or

the sobriety of reason forbid the easy acceptance of a life of violence, propaganda is thrown into the campaign of recruiting. Propaganda has become an essential of warfare in the age which relies upon mass mobilization. In the phrase of the man who "sold the war to the United States," Mr. George Creel, propagandistic devices are "paper bullets." Propaganda is the hocus-pocus by which conscience and reason are lulled to sleep so that the violent forces may swarm into reality and expression. It is a dramatization of a country's approval to men to "go out there and kill." With modern technics of color advertising, movies, radio, slogans—and the good old reliable public-speech demagoguery—propaganda is an incalculably formidable weapon of war.

Military men know this: one of the most emphatic necessities of an army is "morale." Building morale is the process of breaking down lifelong inhibitions and of strengthening impulses of violence which are otherwise forbidden. Soldiers, like prize fighters, animal trainers, strong-arm police, and hangmen, are permitted to act out their sadism in socially sanctioned forms. In its final sense, war is the institutionalization of man's aggressions.

In a little book which ought to be required reading for pacifists, militarists, and scientists, Dr. Edward Glover of London, a distinguished psychologist, remarks:

War is a manifestation of conflict between human impulses, an attempt to solve some difficulty . . . a mass insanity, if you like, provided you remember that *insanity is simply a dramatic attempt to deal with individual conflict*, a curative process initiated in the hope of preventing disruption, but ending in hopeless disintegration. (*War, Sadism and Pacifism*, p. 46. My italics.)

If we are to benefit by the investigations of the social psychologist we must strip our thinking of those sweet stereo-

types which stamp man as good and noble, but "misled." Man is, at bottom, hardly good and noble: the terms are those of ethics and have no relevance for empirical psychology; and man is not so much "misled" as he is coaxed into surrendering to his unconscious drives.

To the pacifist war may signify horror, to the economist folly, to the philosopher barbarism; but to the mass of men it means many precious things: romance to the miserable, action to the inhibited, power to the impotent, reward to all the unnoticed. The release of terrific tensions and the gratification of terrible impulses—that is war. And its entrance is not through logic to the mind, nor through morality to the heart; but through compulsive temptations to the reservoir of constricted, explosive desires which men call, with pathetic naïveté, the "soul."

Men denounce war—rationally. But psychologically, in the deepest recesses of the personality—men like war.

IV

At this juncture the dilemma seems insoluble. If this is what man is, then is not war necessary? Are not mass orgies of gratification inevitable periodically? Can there be permanent peace when men like war?

The solution of war lies in two conditions—of *peace*. It is a glaring evidence of confusion to consider war some independent entity, isolated from peace. To divorce the phenomena of war from the problems of peace is tantamount to spreading salves on a cancer-lump when the source of the disease is lodged in some malignant hidden cell.

As long as peace is characterized by economic insecurity, miserable living conditions, monotony of work, and a universal feeling of hopelessness and

futility, then the melodrama of war will be all too welcome. *Hence*: (1) We must enrich the pattern of peace so that it becomes emotionally gratifying and emotionally all-responsive.

As long as war offers men positive functional pleasures which are, in the words of the veteran's letter, "denied us in peace," then peace cannot compete with war for man's allegiance. *Hence*: (2) We must incorporate into the structure of peace *substitutes* for military aggression which are psychologically as cathartic, but socially harmless. William James approximated the truth in his phrase, "a moral equivalent for war." To the post-Victorian it is more exact to consider psychological equivalents.

It is ironic that the second of these prescriptions, which seems more abstract and unattainable, is to-day far simpler to achieve than the first. We already utilize the strategy of substitution to a degree of which we are not aware. We have already experimented with the technic and the vocabulary of what I should like to call "pacific militarism." The Recovery Program of President Roosevelt, for example, utilizes many of the symbols of war: we are, indeed, told that we are waging a war—a war against unemployment, against social insecurity, a war for social justice. There was in the Blue Eagle, the codes, the honor rolls, the public commendation and the public stigmatizing of the New Deal all the panoply of a military campaign and a holy crusade. It was not wholly fortuitous that a general was the first head of the N.R.A. And the fact that the Recovery Program is a failure is an economic indictment which does not contradict the fundamental emotional values that were attached to it.

It is quite conceivable that substitutes for aggression can be properly dramatized and ballyhooed into significant psychological proportions: prize fights,

football games, inter-city, inter-state and inter-nation competitive sports. We should devote as much money, attention, and energy to the Olympic Games as to disarmament conferences.

I am convinced that the League of Nations and the World Court, so gravely and despicably misinterpreted by Mr. Hearst, Father Coughlin, and that great scholar Will Rogers, possess tremendous pacifist power. Not because they are in themselves guarantees against war, but because, if properly interpreted to the citizens of the world, they can serve as invaluable *arenas of conflict* in which men may experience vicarious national triumphs and glories—without necessitating the sacrifice of millions of lives and the destruction of billions in wealth.

It is essential that peace be dramatized, enriched, properly manipulated. Peace, too, must be "waged." In this sphere Soviet Russia has made astounding progress. The critical problem of some sixty nationalities and cultures within a single state has been solved by fusing their separate loyalties into a common emotional energy, directed against a common symbolic enemy. To the visitor it is amazing to see how realistically the average Russian takes the war against nature, the fight to conquer Western technology, the campaign to master science and culture.

In a thousand ways the structure of man's psyche can be cemented into integration by devising possibilities for the participation of the masses in dramatic, although symbolic, activities of aggression. We can rest assured that the ingenuity of the men who propagandized the last war will not be inadequate to the tasks of a new peace.

Politics is the stage on which men act out their struggle for psychological security, says Professor H. D. Lasswell. It is quite possible to relieve the combustion of the psychological kettle by constructing a psycho-political spout,

from which potential violence streams out in a steady, controlled flow. It is the problem of scientific internationalism to make the state of peace as emotionally significant and as positive in function as the saturnalia of war.

But unfortunately before we can dream of such abstract panaceas we are faced with the challenge to our first prescription. We cannot, in preoccupation with psychological analyses, ignore the explosive circumstances of the present-day world. Millions are unemployed, wages are low, men are idle, stagnant, and desperate. Nationalism rises like a fever and in a dozen countries troops are marching. At such a time any consideration of ultimate psychological nostrums is premature, foolhardy, and somewhat fantastic.

No one who lives in the same national asylum with professional patriots, munitions makers, militarists, and potential fascists can dare forget the urgency of immediate realistic action. As long as the men and interests that will profit by war are unchecked, war is a pressing and imminent danger. For that reason we are compelled, by the exigencies of the moment, to throw our energies into every available pacifist channel. We cannot have enough Leagues Against War, enough petitions for disarmament, enough pacifist "propaganda," enough enlightened and militant public opinion. We cannot, indeed, have enough Congressional investigations of the kind Mr. Hearst has recently libelled as "muckraking." The inflammatory activities of the yellow press to-day, resembling its unforgettable behavior in the days before the Spanish-American War, manipulate every monstrosity of sex, scare, and sensationalism to whip the martial spirit into a frenzy. That role cannot be "muckraked" too persistently as a demonstration of how "patriotism" is manufactured.

There has been far too little publi-

cizing of the chicanery of current pro-war forces. The Shearer Scandal of 1927, the exposés of the Nye Committee, the language of professional patriots in the new propaganda for war (described in detail by Mr. George Seldes, *HARPER'S MAGAZINE*, October, 1934)—these are challenging evidences of the poisons which infect the public mind. An American Legion speaker told the children of California—during Education (*sic!*) Week—that “war brings out the best in you. It makes a man of you.”

All the energy enlisted in the fight against these forces is invaluable. But the most discouraging obstacle to intelligent pacifist endeavor is that our society is unwilling, or unable, to face the shocking paradox of unemployment, malnutrition, and economic insecurity. We have as yet perfected no palliatives for these ills, much less permanent cures. And the horde of the unoccupied, the embittered, and the desperate is an army in the making, ready to acclaim a Man on Horseback.

The world which is graced by Messrs. Mussolini and Hitler should remember the consequences of economic crisis. The Italian atheist and the Austrian house-painter rode to power on a wave of demagoguery which promised employment and dignity; but there was inherent in it the promise of a violent catharsis of all the aggressions which economic crisis intensifies. If we have learned anything from our paranoid Cæsars, it is that some men know very well that “to win the masses you must tell them the crudest and most stupid things” (Adolf Hitler) and that there is a profound acumen in blaring: “Only war brings to the maximum degree of development all human energies, and imprints on the people who have the virtue to face it a seal of nobil-

ity” (Mussolini). Those who imagine that such fustian is unpalatable to Americans should recall that General Smedley Butler, over the jeers of a skeptical and antagonistic press, has verified exactly parallel efforts in our own country.

Intelligent men must fight for legislation to take the profits out of war, to control munitions manufacture, to nationalize all men and all materials, to provide for embargoes on weapons, etc.—not because they are omnipotent abracadabras but because they are imperative as checks to the preparatory and contributory forces which make another war imminent.

But we can never forget that the germs which economics creates are most dangerous in the immediate problems of social pathology. It is only when unemployment, slums, insecurity, and the shocking exploitations of men have been destroyed, whether by prophylaxis à la Roosevelt or by surgery à la Lenin, that the political psychologist can begin to treat the deeper sources of man's madness.

If our society cannot, as it must, make peace gratifying, rich, and emotionally significant, then we are either optimistic or deluded to dream of some more abstract psychological therapy.

But the analyst can at least present a warning to his world and dedicate a hypothesis to it. The understanding of the compensations of war to men who live in what is miscalled “peace” and the realization of war's positive psychological function are the first intelligible steps to an intelligent treatment of international catastrophe.

Men like war. That is the challenge which scientists and social engineers, perhaps of some future society, must meet if Western civilization is to be stopped in its march to a final holocaust.



DATELINE VIENNA

BY JOHN GUNTHER

WHEN I get up in the morning there are about twenty newspapers on my desk. They range from the torpid *Tageblatt* to the lively *Tag*, and I glance through them for a quick survey of the news of the day. The first job of any American newspaper correspondent in Europe is to read the local papers. They should give him, in handy form, the essential background of facts for his dispatches. But what do I find, thumbing through the Vienna papers every day? Not much.

I start with the *Neue Freie Presse*, the most venerable and distinguished Viennese newspaper. Remember, I am seeking the day's news, especially from Austria, the territory I cover for my American newspaper. Well, the main "news" story in to-day's *Neue Freie Presse* is a calm and meditative essay on the nitrate industry in Chile. Underneath is a feuilleton, or literary filler, describing, of all things, the colonization of Manhattan Island by the Dutch. Also on Page 1 are four brief cable items, touching minor developments in Washington, Paris, Brussels, and Peking. Page 2 is solid with news of Germany and the carry-over of the Manhattan feuilleton. Page 3 has datelines from London, Budapest, and Sofia, and some advertising. It is not till midway down Page 4 that I find a single word about Austria or Vienna. This is a routine report of a speech by the Chancellor, Dr. Schuschnigg. Later on there are other Austrian items, like society news

(cramped without paragraphing in a single column of small and almost unreadable type), announcements of meetings, and the regular departments devoted to sport, the theater, and economics and finance. But no real news of what is going on in politics.

I turn to the other papers. Physically, they are as similar as tenpins. All of them are tabloid in format, measuring 12½ inches by 18; they contain from 6 to 16 pages; they are expensive for their bulk, running from 10 *Groschen* (2 cents) to 24 *Groschen* (5 cents) a copy. The make-up is conservative. Headlines are modest because by decree of the Austrian government it is forbidden to use type bigger than our 24-point.

The Vienna press is much more "serious" than ours. In this morning's *Tageblatt*, for instance, I find a really admirable article on recent experiments in America on ultra-violet rays. But I don't care much, professionally, about ultra-violet rays. What I care about is the day's news in Austria and the surrounding countries. And I don't find it. The lighter papers, the boulevard sheets, do contain political news, but it is vehemently polemical and biased; in Europe no proper distinction is drawn between news, as such, and editorial comment. All the papers, moreover, are compelled to print verbatim any official declaration of the Austrian government, and as a result long columns of type are identical or almost identical in every paper.

Except in one or two mildly sensationalist organs, the Vienna papers print almost no scandal or crime news. This is admirable. Describing a suicide or minor crime, they publish only the initials of the victim or malefactor, not the full name, and only the district where he or she lived, not the exact address. We might well, in America, copy this humane and sensible innovation. But the point is that I don't care a hoot about minor crimes and scandals, any more than the New York correspondent of a Vienna paper would care about proceedings in a sub-society divorce case. What I am after is the real news of the day. And I don't get it.

European newspapers are, by and large, political organs. They are mouthpieces of certain special interests, such as a rich publisher with political ambitions, a political party, or the government itself. Genuine newspapers are almost unknown on the continent of Europe. News is adjusted or debased to fit opinion. No European publisher can understand that an American newspaper proprietor may have strong political views and yet allow his news writers almost perfect freedom in the reporting of facts. Facts, alas, are likely to be the last thing a European publisher is interested in.

The first thing that disappears under a dictatorship is freedom of the press. Mussolini was not comfortably in power until he had eliminated the criticism of the Milan *Corriere della Sera* and the *Stampa* of Turin; newspapers died like flies in winter when Hitler took office in Berlin. Free expression of opinion is the one thing that a dictator cannot tolerate. Mass meetings he can cajole; armies he can command; newspapers he must suppress. Give a man complete power over the written word in any country, and half the job of dictatorship is done.

Thus in Austria you find every paper faithfully reflecting the point of view of the clerical, quasi-Fascist regime. News which the government doesn't like simply doesn't appear in print. This is accomplished not so much by direct censorship as by the power of suggestion. The opposition press has, of course, been suppressed; the papers which remain vie with one another slavishly to present the government's point of view. In Germany, for instance, Dr. Goebbels, the propaganda minister, doesn't find it necessary to superintend the make-up of every German newspaper; each editor is a sort of sub-Goebbels on his own hook, striving to outdo his competitors and gain the Ministry of Propaganda's precious and essential favor.

My job is Austria; but I have said that newspapers died like flies when the Nazis came to power in Germany, and I might elaborate on this a moment. Nazi Germany is a graveyard of newspapers. In the first two years of Hitlerism, no fewer than fourteen hundred daily newspapers died. Editors lost their jobs; composing rooms rusted; the free crossplay of opinion and the illumination of criticism perished. Those papers which survived were *gleichgeschaltet*, "co-ordinated," so that a once-liberal organ like the *Berliner Tageblatt* is now a tarnished, warped Nazi megaphone. Not one word may be said against the regime by any newspaper in Germany; no journalist, by terms of the press law, may have a job unless he is acceptable to Dr. Goebbels; the country is a colossal journalistic blank.

The majority of German papers died, not because they were murdered by the government, but for the simple fact that no one would any longer read them. They collapsed of news starvation. They were allowed to print only government communiqués and bottled news and comment, and readers

found no point in buying them. The circulation of the *Berliner Tageblatt* has, for instance, sunk from 285,000 copies per day, pre-Hitler, to 41,500 now. The chief Nazi newspaper, the *Völkische Beobachter*, has a circulation of only 285,000 copies per day, although it is read all over Germany and every public institution in the Reich is compelled to subscribe to it. The circulation of Dr. Goebbels's paper, the *Angriff*, is only 53,000.

In Europe control of the press by the government may include the most precise details. Take Italy, for instance. I have just chanced across this item in the *New York Times*:

Marshal Balbo, the man whose mass flight to Chicago made him world-famous, has reshaped, rewrought, and rebuilt Lybia in his just-completed first year as governor. But the hurrahs and hero worship that seemed to follow him and his dare-deviltry wherever he went have completely disappeared. *The name of Balbo may not be mentioned by an Italian newspaper more than once a month.*

In Austria some vague rudiments of press independence do remain. This is because Austrian character is much addicted to compromise, and the Austrian dictatorship is ever so much milder and sloppier than the regimes in Germany, Italy, or Soviet Russia. Occasionally I do find a bit of news in the Vienna press that is not obviously government medicine. But not often. How, then, do I work? How do I obtain news? What is my twenty-four-hour-a-day routine, covering Austria and the surrounding countries for an American newspaper?

II

First, like most other foreign correspondents in Vienna, I subscribe to a local news agency, which, like our city press associations in America, issues mimeographed bulletins at regular intervals, supplementing them by tele-

phone calls when an important story breaks. The service costs about \$20 per month. It gives good surface coverage of Balkan news; but it does not cover Vienna. For Vienna I use another agency, run by a young Hungarian, who 'phones me intermittently through the day. I pay him \$12 per month. His business is to find the news behind the news, haunt the telegraph bureau, watch the provincial papers, maintain contact with the government, and keep in touch with whatever news sources he may have.

Then, like all of us, I must hire tipsters who are, in a word, spies. I pay them \$1.00 or so for each usable bit of information. It must be kept in mind that free expression of opinion is forbidden in Austria, and that at least two-thirds of the people have plenty of opinion—against the government—to express. Since this may not be had legally in printed form, it must be got by word of mouth. The socialists form one large opposition group, so it is necessary to have a socialist tipster who will tell you, often at risk to his own neck, what is going on in socialist circles. The Nazis form a second large opposition group, and it is necessary to have a Nazi tipster too. You should, in addition, strive to keep in touch with people inside the government who are dissatisfied with the government; with representatives of all the numerous private armies in Austria; with the communists, who are rising rapidly in strength; and with the monarchists, who want to restore Prince Otto Habsburg to the cold throne of his fathers.

Yesterday no fewer than five different men and women, representing five different segments of suppressed opinion, called at my flat with information. Such information, spread by word of mouth, is bound to be contradictory and it is often inaccurate, yet almost impossible to check. Suppose a secret

socialist meeting is broken up in the Wienerwald—the lovely forest surrounding Vienna. One lad may have been shot, half a dozen arrested. By the time the news comes to me it is likely to be distorted and exaggerated beyond belief. Every one of my friends will have a different story to tell, a different version to give. Thus an axiom: forbid free speech, and the tongue of rumor doubly flies.

Both of the main dissident parties in Austria have developed a comprehensive secret and illegal literature. For months I received, in the open mails, the new *Arbeiterzeitung*, the socialist organ, published in miniature in Brünn, Czechoslovakia. Until recently I also got a Nazi newspaper in the mails, likewise baby-size and illegal. And at least two or three times a week I find a plain envelope in our mail box, usually delivered by hand—by someone we never see—containing mimeographed sheets of forbidden Nazi, socialist, or communist “news” and propaganda.

At about 10.15 this morning my local Vienna news service telephoned to ask if I had heard about a speech made the night before by Prince Starhemberg, the Vice-Chancellor and leader of the Heimwehr, the chief private army in Austria. I said, no. My man gave me what purported to be the gist of the speech, which was delivered in private to an assembly of Heimwehr officers. Of course the Vienna papers had not even printed the news that Starhemberg was speaking. My man said that Starhemberg had promised an early return of the Habsburgs to Austria, with the Heimwehr aiding and abetting the coup.

I was inclined to doubt the facts of this story. It was highly important if true. I was not suspicious of the honesty of my tipster, simply curious about his sources of information. The state of journalism in the Danube countries

is such that it is better to trust nobody implicitly. One would think it would be easy to verify the main elements of a story like this. Starhemberg is, after all, the No. 2 man in Austria. I called up the government press bureau. No information. I called up Heimwehr headquarters. No information. I called up a neutral legation which has an excellent espionage system, and which might have planted an agent in Starhemberg's audience; but the legation had not even heard about the speech. I called up the Italian press attaché, because the Italians are Starhemberg's allies, indeed his masters. Only vague confirmation. Finally I called up a Heimwehr officer I know, thinking he might have been among the listeners; but he had not been; he promised, however, to find someone who had, and to call me back.

Every day at about eleven I walk downtown and spend a half hour or so at the Café Imperial, on the broad flank of Schwarzenbergplatz. The coffee house is, of course, the inner soul of Vienna, the essential embodiment of the spirit of the town. It is, as everyone knows, much more than just a place to drink coffee in. Coffee you may have, in literally forty different varieties, but you have also literature, conversation, and peace of soul and mind. And in the Café Imperial, in the morning, and in the more modest Café Louvre, in the afternoon, you get journalism, Viennese-brand.

To-day at the *Stammtisch* (reserved table where cronies meet) in the Imperial the following personages were present: Dr. F., the distinguished correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian*; Helmholtz, the foreign editor of a Viennese daily; Count S-P, the last *chef-du-cabinet* of the Emperor Karl; Dr. Steiner, a specialist in roulette, the private habits of royalty, and the constitution of Jugoslavia; two American correspondents besides myself; the

press attaché of the Blank legation; an acute and well-informed Dutch journalist, and two or three tipsters and hangers-on. This group meets informally almost every morning to gossip, read the papers, sip coffee, and discuss the news and problems of the day.

So many journalists go to the coffee houses in Vienna for the simple reason that newspapers, especially foreign newspapers, cost money, and at a rendez-vous like the Imperial you may read them free. The Imperial takes in about 20 Viennese and between 40 and 50 foreign papers, including representative organs from places as scattered as British India, Norway, Czechoslovakia, Palestine, and the United States of America. All are neatly bound on rattan frames, filed in a big cabinet in charge of a special waiter—who can never find just the one you want. For the price of a coffee, twenty cents, you may sit all day and read the lot.

Now the basis of journalism in Europe is friendship. It is not enough to read the papers—even assuming the papers printed any news worth reading. It is not enough to have cordial relations with the government press bureau—even assuming the government press bureau will not lie to you in your face, as it will if it has to. The good foreign correspondent needs friends. At the end of his telephone, or across the table at the *Stammtisch*, men should be available who can instantly give him information on stories, explain the background of events, interpret new developments, and introduce him to new friends. News gathering in Europe is largely a collaboration whereby men who know and trust one another exchange gossip, background, and information.

At the Imperial to-day my colleagues were interested in two events aside from the Starhemberg speech, the un-

certain details of which—meager as they were—I contributed to them. First, it appeared that Goemboes, the Hungarian prime minister, was planning to hold new elections. So we asked Count S-P the inner, inside meaning of this. Second, it seemed apparent, from news furnished by the legation press officer, that King Boris was facing a shakeup, perhaps a coup d'état, in Bulgaria. So Dr. F., whose knowledge is encyclopædic, gave us an authoritative survey of the basic facts in the Bulgarian political situation.

The revolutions in Germany and Austria have put a certain price on friendship. Not a few men and women whom we used to meet at the Imperial or entertain at lunch at home are exiles now from Berlin and Vienna, or are in prison or concentration camps, or are living shadowy and secret lives, not yet rooted out and caught by the assiduous police. It is no secret that American foreign correspondents in Berlin were of the most signal help to various Jews, socialists, liberals, pacifists, democrats when Hitler took power. From them, in return, they got information. But now it is often dangerous for an American reporter to see friends who have fallen into the shadow of political disfavor. It may get the friends into serious trouble. They fear to be noticed in foreign company, particularly that of a foreign journalist. This is one of the cardinal evils of dictatorship: it spoils a fine human relationship, the mutual trust of people who formerly got professional help as well as pleasure from one another's company.

I left the Imperial at about twelve because I had an appointment at a foreign legation. Meanwhile a friend had called Dr. F. with some more rumor, some more information or misinformation, about the Starhemberg speech. It appeared the young Vice-Chancellor had furiously slated mem-

bers of the clerical entourage of his chief, the Prime Minister, Dr. Schuschnigg. This was getting better and better. But was it true? The noon papers came out, *Stunde* and *Telegraf*, but not a word was in them. The government, though Starhemberg is part of it, had doubtless decided to suppress the speech, since it must have dealt with delicate foreign issues. And Heimwehr headquarters remained absolutely mum.

My legation call was more or less routine. Once a week or so I try to see the Czechs, the Italians, the Jugoslavs, to find out the general line of policy and gossip. The American legation, too, impeccably neutral and very well-informed, and infinitely more friendly and efficient than many of our missions in Europe, is on my regular calling list. The value of any legation as a news source depends on how well you know the people in it.

The functions of a good newspaper correspondent are almost precisely those of a good diplomat. They both have a double duty to perform: to collect and transmit information. In the old days the diplomat was a negotiator, a sort of messenger-agent of his king or government; but the speed and convenience of modern methods of telephone and radio communication have ended that. Nowadays a Secretary of State, sitting tight at home, can do the negotiating himself.

As a rule, correspondents stick fairly closely to the local head of mission of their government. At Geneva, for instance, the whole body of the French correspondents consults daily with the French plenipotentiary, at 7 p.m. in his headquarters at the Hotel Des Bergues. And sometimes newspaper men are useful to diplomats, quite aside from mere trading of information. The other day a neutral minister asked me if I would do him a favor.

"Please," he went on, "invite me to

lunch or tea, and without telling him I suggested it, ask X too. I want to talk to X but I can't very well ask him to my house."

X was a socialist leader, recently out of concentration camp, who, it just happens, is a friend of mine.

III

One of the results of this collaboration is that a foreign correspondent in a town like Vienna—a bureau-head at least—has to live a fairly extensive social life. He never gets a big enough salary to entertain as do Ministers in various legations; but, on a smaller scale, he has the same results to get. He must try to establish terms of thee-and-thou intimacy with the great, near-great, and would-be-great of his capital, and almost the only way to do this is to entertain people and be entertained in return.

Two perils confront an American newspaper correspondent at this stage. First, he may go "diplomatic" himself, and take to thinking of himself as a politician, bloated with secrets of state, instead of a newspaper reporter at the end of a wire. Second, he may get tangled in a labyrinth of confidences; his tongue may be tied not because he knows too little but because he knows too much, and he cannot send it to his paper because it is all such private information. And the worst sin in European journalism is to betray a news source.

Correspondents often get into trouble by trying to steer a strait and narrow path between conflicting and contradictory masses of information. I remember a colleague in Syria during the Druse war whose talent for objectivity became positively dangerous.

A French officer came up to me: "I understand you are a friend of B's. If you want to render him a service, tell him to get out of Beirut or we shall

have to expel him, because he is far too thick with the Syrians."

In the same week, out in the Lebanon Hills, a Syrian friend told me: "If you have any regard for your friend B., advise him to watch his step. Some of our boys don't like him. We know he is far too thick with the French."

Having finished my legation call, I went home, read the early afternoon newspapers, had lunch, tried again—vainly—to check on the Starhemberg speech, and wrote some mail stories. Meanwhile I discovered that the speech was causing a small commotion abroad because several English correspondents had sent it without checking it. This produces complications because all over the world newspaper tastes are jaded. If one correspondent sends a sensation, his competitors may be rebuked for not doing likewise. A man biting a dog is no longer news. He would have to bite an elephant to make news in Central Europe these agitated days.

At 4 o'clock I had a date at the Austrian press bureau, and I drove in the drowsy sunshine to the *Bundeskanzleramt*, the seat of the Austrian government, where Chancellor Dollfuss was murdered last July. The place bristles with detectives and you have to sign a chit of paper to get in. Soldiers in the courtyard squat behind machine guns. Yet the old porter, in this military atmosphere, was as comfortably Viennese as ever, saluting with the familiar "*Ich habe die Ehre.*" (I have the honor.) He is more polite if you wear gloves, gloves supposedly being the hallmark of a really respectable personage—an odd Viennese quirk. There is no elevator in the building. Five flights up, on foot, is the press bureau.

Now, press bureaus are institutions maintained by all European governments for the dissemination of propa-

ganda and the control of news. On the face of it, there is nothing wrong about them. Almost all governments are sensitive to public opinion abroad; almost all governments like good publicity. The press bureau, at its simplest, is an instrument for rationalizing and centralizing publicity on a national basis. Its activities ramify in several ways:

1. The press chief is usually very close to the head of the government, and may report to him daily on what is going on in the world. In Italy, for instance, the chief of press office is no less a personage than Count Ciano, Mussolini's son-in-law.

2. The press chief "advises," bribes, censors and, if necessary, suppresses the local newspapers of the country.

3. The press chief is usually in close contact with the official agency in each country, like Havas in France, Stefani in Italy, and so on, and also with the local radio and broadcasting system, which in Europe is usually a government monopoly.

4. The press chief, or one of his subordinates, is or should be the liaison officer between the foreign newspaper men and the local authorities.

When I met one of the subordinate officials in the *Bundeskanzleramt* today—the chief himself is formidably aloof and inaccessible—I wanted to know two things. First, was it true that the government was going to delay indefinitely the trials of socialist leaders of the February "rising"? (The events of February were, of course, in reality a Heimwehr coup d'état.) Second, where could I get accurate unemployment statistics, town by town, year by year, for Austria? I didn't mention the Starhemberg matter because I knew the government was suppressing the speech and would say nothing about it, even privately. The official dealing with me evaded the first question—perhaps he didn't really

know the answer—and answered the second. It is usually this way. You can count on a prompt and accurate response to a question of fact on a non-political issue. But not on controversial matters of politics or policy. If I had asked some question really embarrassing to the government, the official—I am not being personal about this—would have had to lie.

The essence of good propaganda is, or should be, intelligent persuasion. The press chief, if he is sensible, should make every effort to make foreign correspondents feel at home in his country, make them like their habitat. He should smooth their way with the local authorities, introduce them to representative and pleasant citizens of the town, encourage their questions, pursue a policy of candor, and respect their judgment on their own professional problems. Alas, very few European press officers have enough good sense to do this.

In Central Europe the situation is peculiar, and sometimes one feels considerable sympathy for the harried press officer, because the quality of journalism is so often low. "Journalist" is a word of very loose definition in the Danube countries: a man may write an article once a year for some remote village sheet and call himself a journalist; in reality he may be a spy, agent-provocateur, or general nuisance-maker. Then too, European press officers object and rightly object to the sensational "special correspondent" from England or America who pays a flying visit to a country, invents sensations, and disappears in a spray of scandal.

Press bureaus vary as do nationalities. Spain, for instance, arid and insular, self-sufficient and magnificent, gives not a rap about publicity. "An ancient nation, it cares very little what people think of it; the country has no press-complex." Go to Madrid, and it

will take you two or three days to find the press bureau and two or three weeks—if ever—before it lifts a finger in your behalf.

But go to Poland. The press office will do everything except decorate you, and possibly even that. Go to Hungary. Here the machinery of government persuasion has probably reached its highest European point. The Hungarians will give you maps and books, dinners and cabaret parties, leaflets and handouts, vintage tokay and trips through either the night life of Budapest or the day life of the countryside. So will the Rumanians.

There are various ways of making a newspaper man comfortable, *i.e.*, bribing him to like the country he is in. One is reduced railway fares on the national railways. Another is invitations to state receptions. Another, in France, is the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor, and, in other countries, other decorations. In Vienna the press department gives fortnightly teas, with speeches by some member of the government. In Berlin the authorities are great on *Bierabends*. These are vast, swank, crowded affairs where the leading correspondents are invited to come and guzzle, taking in drafts of conversation from Goering or Goebbels between gulps of beer. But the easiest method of bribery is the interview.

Most newspaper men love the flattery of intimate conversation with a head of state or prime minister—and indeed, they would be odd fish if they didn't. It tickles the editor too when his correspondent has been received by Hitler, Mussolini, Masaryk, or King Carol of Rumania. But such "interviews" are often little more than handouts. When a newspaper man is received by a head of state one of three things usually happens:

First, the correspondent may be so overwhelmed with the flattery of a

royal or ministerial audience that he is won over to sympathy with the country for good and all. Second, the magnitude of the privilege being granted him will be so explicitly conveyed to the correspondent that he is made to feel an obligation to write something favorable no matter how the interview turns out. Third, if it is an unsatisfactory interview and the correspondent writes the truth, he is considered a public enemy for ever after. This third eventuality seldom occurs because the press officer efficiently guards himself; it is extremely rare for an interview to be granted except on the strict understanding that the quoted passages be submitted for approval before publication.

The fact that newspaper men are very easily converted to friendship with a country by being given good interviews is now apparent to most European foreign offices. Some press departments, stupid, do not yet realize it, like the Austrian. The press officers who are really intelligent arrange interviews with considerable alacrity; their chief trouble may be getting the necessary permission from a stupid prime minister or king.

I leave the *Bundeskanzleramt* a little before five and walk round the corner to the Café Louvre, where a *Stammtisch* much like that of the Imperial meets in the afternoon and evening. Toward six, crossing the city again—with the shadows lengthening on the noisy, lazy streets—I reach home once more and to my great pleasure I discover that my Heimwehr friend has called and left a perfectly accurate account of what *did* happen at the Starhemberg speech. It is, as I suspected, not much of a story, after all. Yet it is worth cabling since I have nothing else to-day. The Hungarian and Bulgarian stories I picked up at the Imperial aren't yet "ripe," and I must wait for more information on the Socialist

trial. All that Starhemberg did actually say was that the question of Habsburg restoration was not "actual"; it was a matter for all the powers, not Austria alone, to decide; nevertheless, he thought personally that a restoration was desirable and he hoped the Heimwehr—some day—would help in effecting it.

(Later. One Vienna paper finally did publish the Prince's remarks. It got them not from the Prince or his entourage or from the Austrian foreign office, but from London!—translated and cabled back from an English daily which had accurately reported the speech. So the Viennese man-in-the-street a block from the Konzerthaus where the Prince spoke, first heard about the speech by telegram from London twelve hundred miles away! Then a characteristically Viennese touch—all the other local papers printed "official" denials that the Prince had said what he really did say.)

By drying up the springs of news, by throttling the correspondent with a press bureau gag, a European government inevitably produces exactly the result it wishes to avoid—exaggeration, misinformation, the purple rush of rumor. Foreign correspondents do their best to tell the truth. But, as the Foreign Press Association of Berlin said in one of its spats with Dr. Goebbels, "an essential condition to truth-telling is accurate, reliable, and prompt information"; in all except isolated cases it is, in fact, "meagerness of officially controlled information that is largely responsible for epidemics of rumor." But no European dictatorship will admit this. It cannot afford to, because it cannot afford to give freedom to the press.

Press conferences like those of President Roosevelt are unthinkable in Europe. They would vastly clear the reeking atmosphere of more than one European country. But they are im-

possible, and for four main reasons: (1) most European heads of state have too much stuffing in their shirts, and not enough in their heads; (2) candid contact with the press, on free terms, is the last thing most European governments want; (3) frontiers are too close in Europe and politics too international, with the result that no European head of state could express himself freely without causing diplomatic affront to his wounded neighbors; (4) the quality of most European journalism is so low—too many European journalists are not educated enough in morals and manners to merit confidence.

IV

Finally, having written my story, I am ready to send it. A foreign reporter has two jobs in connection with every story he handles. Getting and writing it are one phase; putting it on the ocean cables is another. No story exists until you have transmitted it, until it has reached the foreign desk in New York or Chicago. This costs money because cable tolls are expensive, and as a result the reporter has always to calculate whether his story is worth the cost of sending it, the price of admission, so to speak.

We in Vienna send our stories almost exclusively by telephone. We telephone Paris (or London, the relay-point for some papers), and from Paris the dispatch is cabled or radioed to America. Correspondents of individual newspapers in practically all inland news centers of Europe—Warsaw, Berlin, Rome, Madrid, Geneva—use the telephone in this manner. This is a veritable revolution in the handling of European news. It is far quicker than the old telegraph or radio, far cheaper, and above all it avoids—indeed eliminates—that old-time bugbear of newspaper men in Europe, censorship.

Moscow, parenthetically, is a differ-

ent story, because the standing rule in the U.S.S.R. is that every newspaper report leaving the country must bear the stamp of the government censor. This censorship is, in general, fairly liberally applied, and there is no falseface about it. The censorship is overt and acknowledged, not furtive and sporadic as in Italy or Germany. Correspondents even in Moscow are coming more and more to use the telephone for important news. This evades the censorship—although the line may be interfered with occasionally—and the soviet government doesn't like it; but it is hard to stop.

The telephone service almost everywhere in Europe is pretty good, though not quite so good as in America. Usually I have to wait not more than four or five minutes to get Paris from Vienna. If there is further delay I may put in a *dringend* (urgent) call, which costs twice as much, but which usually comes through immediately. Telephone calls are classified by speed and price in Europe, just as are telegrams in America. In Germany you may use a *Blitz* (lightning) call; it costs ten times the normal rate and assures practically instantaneous service.

It took me seven minutes to talk my Starhemberg story into the Paris telephone to-day. We have a dictaphone in our Paris office, which accelerates and simplifies the procedure. I talk directly into the dictaphone 1000 miles away, and an operator listens in, asking me to repeat any word or name that is not clear. The bill for my seven minutes of talk was 37.03 Austrian *Schillings*, or, at present exchange, \$7.05. Had I used the old-fashioned telegraph or radio, excellent as these services were in a manner of speaking, it would have taken at least two hours for my message to have reached Paris, as against seven minutes, and the cost would have been \$19.35 instead of \$7.05. No wonder we use the telephone!

But even more important than this, the telephone is deadly to censorship. It is almost impossible to censor a telephone message, for the simple reason that by the time the censor has heard something he doesn't like, the recipient of the call has heard it too; it's too late to do anything about it. Moreover, it is a technical job of great difficulty for a censorship to eavesdrop on all the telephone lines of a great capital; a big staff, competent to understand journalism in all languages, would have to be on duty twenty-four hours a day.

Of course the censor may cancel the telephone privileges of a correspondent or refuse to honor calls to or from a given number. But I have never heard of a single instance of this being done, even in Russia. The correspondent in most countries would have an easy reply to it. He would simply telephone his story from a hotel round the corner to some new telephone number abroad.

The only way, in fact, to keep news from leaving a country by telephone is to close down the entire telephone service. Governments seldom do this, because—an important point—most of them feel a sense of shame about censorship and they do not like the correspondents to know that they are being watched. The essence of censorship, except in Moscow, is secrecy. In Madrid, Berlin, Rome, the Balkan capitals, no one knows exactly who the censor is—as a rule—or how, where, when he works.

Once a government did stop all its telephones to keep news from leaving the country: Spain, during the counter-revolution of October 1934. Of course

governments may suspend service during a crisis. This occurred after the murder of Dollfuss in Vienna last year. What did the correspondents do? Simply hopped in a car and telephoned our stories from Bratislava, Czechoslovakia, an hour and a half away.

This was a nuisance, I admit; the lines were choked, delay was terrible, and we missed important Vienna news en route; the fact remained that everybody did get the story out, and not so tardily as might have been expected. Perhaps this is a special case. Bratislava, it happens, is very near Vienna. Undoubtedly governments can delay and hamper news transmission, but they will suffer for it. Instead of news, they will get rumor, and bad-tempered rumor, from unfriendly capitals outside. It is literally and physically impossible to suppress important news for very long. Sooner or later it will come out.

So now I have finished my Vienna day. On some days there is more news, some days less. Often there are mystifications, circumlocutions, untruths to be encountered and surmounted or not surmounted, as the case may be. Sometimes there is a real crisis. Then the mixups haphazardly sponsored by the local authorities or playfully muzzled or muddled by the inefficient, charming, newsless Austrian press are magnified tenfold. We are no heroes, God knows. All we want is reasonable freedom to do our work in. We know Vienna for what it is, the most delightful city in Europe. We don't care much if the Viennese don't know what's going on. But we want to know ourselves.



DEBT

A STORY

BY WALTER GILKYSON

THE sun shone through the archway of the porch on his right; there was a ship in the green morning sea just beyond St. George's with a tender beside her, looking for all the world like a small nosing replica of the steamer itself. The April wind, soft with the mild young fragrance of the island, swept through the oleander bushes in front of the house, disturbing a cardinal who darted across the white wall and disappeared. There was another one still in the bush, whistling for all he was worth. Harry Layton, who watched him from the open door, felt as cheerful as the bird.

Dorothy would be out in a minute. He stepped down on the grass and into the sunlight that filled the small courtyard with a dazzling invigorating warmth. It burned pleasantly on his bare back and legs; they were brick red and his square flat face and heavy nose had peeled twice and were turning brown. He walked over to the ebony tree that he had planted a week ago and examined the gray trunk to see whether there were any signs of life. His huge blunt-fingered hands touched the bark gently; he stooped down, then squatted on his heels to examine the earth round the tree. With a swift easy stretch that belied his great size and height, he stood up and then glanced back at the porch.

"It's going to grow," he said.

Dorothy smiled as if he had come

round to her way of thinking. She was even more optimistic than he was, which was going very far. At the sight of her, standing there with that look of grave composure on her dark face, stepping out on the grass and coming toward him like a slender image of bronze draped with bright cloth at the breast and loins, and a white towel over one shoulder, he felt as if he had never known a care in his life and never would, and that Dorothy, his white house, the island of Bermuda, and the sea and the ship were all a marvellous moment that would go on forever, bringing the memory of its morning perfection into whatever evening lands the years—the far years that he couldn't even imagine—might take them. They had been married two years, and in that time he had seen her against the fantastic background of many outlandish places, and at moments the small central figure in a definitely dangerous situation, but never without that look of grave composure on her face.

She ran her hand down the trunk of the tree until she came to a bud. "Everything grows here," she said, looking up at him with her face foreshortened so that her forehead and wide-set green eyes looked disproportionately large. "Now that we've bought the house I'll probably produce an infant and upset our plans."

"Children can travel," said Layton

cheerfully. "Or we can leave him with Jim."

"No, we've left enough with Jim." Her warm, faintly husky voice was resolute and self-reproachful. "As a guardian angel I sometimes think Jim is overworked. Not that he minds," she added quickly, as if to take any possible sting out of her words.

"He doesn't, he enjoys it," said Harry with great confidence. "After all, it's only a matter of investing our money and taking care of the income tax. Look, Dorothy, there's a Lady Boat going out." He pointed at the white steamer, so close that she seemed to be making for the wharf. "Saint Kitts, Grenada, and Demerara, with a stop in Hayti on the way back. We'll do that next month."

"Harry, your eyes turn bright blue when you look at a boat and your hair stands on end." She regarded him critically, a suppressed smile at the corners of her big mouth. "I think it's getting thicker and more Germanic-looking, like yellow winter grass."

"For God's sake!" He twisted with discomfort. "Come on, let's swim."

The water was cold, but he swam out with Dorothy nearly half way to the rocks. She stayed in after he had climbed up on the wharf, so he sat in the sun and waited, hot and tingling from his reaction to the water. With a sense of utter physical well-being he let himself drift into contemplation of his immense good fortune that seemed, both past and future, to merge with subtle harmony into the scene before him. It was complete, and so was his good fortune complete. It shone on him as the sun shone on this bright April morning. The world might be terrible, and it was in spots, but he couldn't complain about what had happened to him; he was a lucky man. As free as that boat which moved through dim shoals of purple toward the opening sky, and never lonely, because his

work kept him company, and that small figure swimming with busy pre-occupation in an element that was neither air nor water, but only liquid space above formidable jagged shapes crouching harmlessly on the sea floor. There was such a thing as happiness; he was filled with it at this moment, and it carried him into a sort of golden eternity. To be free to love your work and your wife, and to be young; to follow an infinite horizon down to the very end of life. He folded his arms as if clasping his good fortune to his breast, and the glorious pageantry of the globe passed in a stream of light and darkness before his eyes.

Dorothy climbed up on the steps and sat down beside him. "Remember the fish in the harbor of Amboina?" she said. "I think I recognized one down there." She drew up her legs and crossed them like a fragile Buddha. "I like to remember one place when I'm in another," she announced.

They had breakfast in the big living room which now, after two weeks, felt comfortably familiar. Patrina Geranium, who was fifteen years old and the daughter of their cook, waited on the table with the bright-eyed bobbing friendliness of the Bermuda negro. Her father, England and New Zealand Inchcup, was a great find, Dorothy said, being able to preach, garden, carpenter, and sail a boat as well as cook. "He can show you the channel when the motor-boat comes," she suggested. "They promised to get it up here sometime this afternoon, didn't they?"

Harry nodded. "I'd like to put glass in the bottom of that boat," he said thoughtfully.

After drifting about for a moment or two in the living room, Dorothy went to the studio to "bite a plate" for an etching of one of her illustrations in Harry's book. The house became quiet and he sat down at his desk in

the front part of the room to get to work. It could hardly be called work, and he wondered sometimes if it really was, or if indeed he had ever actually worked in his life. As a child he had pored over pictures of what to him were the strangely dissimilar and exciting members of a mythical tribe of Indians living near Scranton, Pennsylvania, where he also lived. He had known them by name and dress, and talked with them and dreamed of them at night. Just when they had lost their local character and become divided into separate primitive races he couldn't remember, nor could he quite fix the time when his simple pictorial amazement and delight had changed to an absorbing curiosity about these strange people and a determination to see them and know them. Certainly long before college he had made up his mind to be a traveler and to study the wilder tribes of the earth, and at college the science of anthropology had given precision and scope to his passion, absorbing the colored fragments of adventure that haunted his imagination into a timeless vision of history to be pursued steadfastly in the obscure and exotic corners of the earth. His Indians, from mere pictures in a forgotten book, had become the immediate and enduring purpose of his life, as if from their remote and fever-laden jungles they promised magic and a satisfaction of the nostalgic instinct which drove him to dig about the roots of time in which they stood so richly implanted. He had devoured countless books, gone to Cambridge after Princeton, running up at vacation time to the British Museum; and never ceasing, whether weary of study or so translated that the touch, taste, and smell of the tropics seemed to rise from the page, to hope and believe that sometime he would see those countries and those people, and never be forced to return

to Scranton and his job in the mill.

Two years ago his father had died. By his will and the kindness of Brother Jim his own immediate good fortune had begun. Maybe in the course of years he might justify their confidence and love.

If this study of the Toradjas of Celebes turned out to be anything it would be a beginning. The desk was heaped high with folders containing notes made during the year and a half he and Dorothy had lived in the Malay Archipelago. Now it had to be put into shape and the fact and color of his experience and the knowledge gained so fused that the book would be true without being dull, if that were possible. He didn't know. The obscure, detailed, monotonous, ritualistic life that to him was like a revelation of mankind in a sort of childhood twilight, whose slow archaic rhythm could scarcely be distinguished from the incessant mindless growth and decay of nature herself, might seem drab and pointless when expressed in words. He had no art. As Dorothy said, he took the Toradjas too seriously. And maybe himself. But to write this book and make it good was the only way in which he could even attempt to justify his freedom or communicate the value of what to him was neither more nor less than enchantment.

He went on after lunch until Dorothy came in and stopped him. "How about a ride to St. David's?" she said. "We're invited to Paget Monday for dinner at the Butterfields', and I accepted. Was that right?"

"Sure."

"Caroline Peters came down on the *Monarch* to-day, and she's staying at Castle Harbour, Emily said."

"We'll ask her over." He gathered up his papers and put the knife on them. "I got started anyhow, Dorothy, but it's going to be a big job."

They bicycled down the hill and

into the village of Bailey's Bay, then on for another mile between oleander bushes just coming into flower, and gardens that lay on the white road behind hedges that half concealed the reticent peaceful houses outlined in white against the blue sea. The sun was far down on the left when they crossed the causeway leading to St. George's, and the Castle Harbour Hotel on the right shone from its hill across a mile of shallow water. It seemed to Harry even farther away and almost legendary, like a strange outcropping of luxury in the midst of solitude. All that he had escaped from was contained in that white intrusion which clung to its hill like a fortress of rest for weary giants. The tangled skein of affairs hung invisibly from its walls, dropped by tired hands. Men like Jim came there to rest. It was a symbol of the strain and effort that supported his own particular kind of existence and made it possible for him to do what he wanted.

When they returned to the house Patrina Geranium told them the motor-boat had come. Her father was at the boathouse, covering it up for the night, she said. They hurried down and found England and New Zealand inside, just putting the cover on the engine.

"We'll go out to-morrow and you can show me the channel," said Harry, a little disappointed.

"Yes, sir." The big negro swung lightly around the edge of the house and onto the wharf. His large benign face and slow-moving eyes expressed a great certainty and self-confidence. "It is quite a handsome boat," he said in his lazy English voice that rose and fell with a sort of minor complaint. "I was in charge of a boat like that in my last position, but the owner was disinterested in navigation and we did little about it." The words came with mournful delicacy from his thick lips,

and he looked at the bay wistfully as if seeking his lost opportunity. "If you wish to go out in her now, sir, for a minute or two in the twilight I can get her ready."

"There isn't time," said Dorothy. She turned as Patrina Geranium appeared at the top of the hill.

"Telephone message for Mr. Layton, Mrs. Layton," she cried.

As soon as Harry picked up the receiver he was back again in Scranton. Robert Pattison was on the 'phone.

"We're at Castle Harbour, came down to-day, and we want the young lady and you to come over and have dinner with us." The level authoritative voice stopped at the brink of a command. "Judge Beale and Martin McKinstry are down here too, and we want to see you very much." There was silence.

"We're just sitting down to dinner," Harry said, "but can't you come over and have it with us?"

There was an embarrassed laugh. "That's too short notice, I don't think we'd better."

"To-morrow, then?"

"Yes, I think we could. But wouldn't you like to come over after dinner?"

"Yes, I will, most certainly."

"And the young lady?"

"I'll ask her."

"Fine. Good-by."

Harry laid down the receiver.

"They're old family friends," he called to Dorothy in the living room. "You don't mind having them for dinner, do you?"

"No, of course not, but find out how many there are," she answered cheerfully.

He put on a dinner coat as a concession to his friends and the hotel. Dorothy said she wouldn't go because they were all coming to-morrow night, and that he had better telephone for a carriage instead of getting mussed up

on his bicycle, so he went back to the kitchen to ask England and New Zealand the name of the livery stable which they had used once before.

"You are forgetting the boat, sir," England and New Zealand reminded him with an air of admonishment. "Unless you prefer not to use the boat and consider a carriage more appropriate."

"I'd forgotten all about it!" Harry exclaimed.

"I can pilot you there and *back*," said the negro, as though the latter were unusual, "provided you would like to proceed by water instead of by land."

"One's as good as another." It was difficult not to laugh at the mild deliberate eloquence of his cook, who stood like a dark-faced prophet before the stove and the steaming pots, ready to offer magic to the devout. "At nine o'clock," Harry said, feeling that the appointment was becoming very serious to them both.

When they left the wharf an hour later he knew he could steer the boat himself, with a few directions from England and New Zealand. The reef that lay half a mile from shore must have many openings, and he suspected his cook of creating imaginary difficulties for the purpose of showing the boss how much he knew. Without saying anything, Harry measured the distance from the shore to the house, and the exact point where the man turned north to pass through the reef. He was confident, sending the boat along quite fast, and making a wide sweep to the east as if the water were no longer dangerous. The crest of the island slid by on the right in wooded patches broken by pale lighted houses that turned in a slow arc under the stars as the boat swung round the headland of St. George's. The island of St. David's lay to the left. They passed under an iron bridge that con-

finied the noise of the boat to a dank echo. In a curve of dim land the hotel appeared, clinging to its hill like a jewelled octopus with one tentacle in the water.

Nevertheless, it was a dignified and beautiful place, at least from the outside, Harry thought as he crossed the plaza above the bay. He felt vaguely uncomfortable, as he always did when confronted with anything that reminded him of the life which under other circumstances he would have to lead. Great luxury depressed him the way a statement from Jim depressed him or the memory of his father's letters about the mill: being a challenge and a reproach, an intimation of idleness and worthlessness on his part, who lived as did everyone who failed to make money, by the jealous sufferance of business. He had been born with the materialistic conscience of Pennsylvania, inherited from generations of shrewd, cautious, acquisitive ancestors who were never bold but always magnificently tenacious. In their opinion the science of anthropology began at home and not on the other side of the world. That was indulgence. And yet they had been very kind to him. As he entered the door of the restaurant where the clerk said his friends were waiting, he felt like a truant who had come to give an account of himself.

They were at a table in one corner of the room, seated side by side and looking at the dance floor which was filled with moving figures and blue light. Notwithstanding their great difference in appearance, each face was sober and incurious, almost on guard, expressing neither criticism nor diffidence but merely acceptance, analysis, and appraisal of the precise scene before them and nothing more. It was an attitude as familiar to him as the house where he had been born, and it made him one of them by a sort

of wordless understanding that formed the tacit likeness of race, superseding all voluble differences that might spring from occupation or interest or conviction. The bald massive head and white rim of hair and opaque eyes of Robert Pattison reminded him of his father. They belonged to the same type. Judge Beale still had the habit of running his fingers through his thick white hair and then stroking the back of his head. In the restaurant he looked theatrical with his blue eyes, black eyelashes and eyebrows, and handsome scarlet face. The first to see him, Judge Beale waved his hand and then spoke to the other men.

Years, assurance, all the direction and purpose he had acquired since boyhood seemed to fall away and leave him as he greeted his father's friends. Like his father, they stood among the powers of childhood, setting the standards against which he had rebelled. Their air of solid local success had a walled-in certainty that made his own far-flung activity appear nebulous and thin, calling for explanation and excuse. He was on a perpetual vacation in a place where they had come to rest. Embarrassed, not knowing what to say, he sat down beside them, furious at himself for being so weak and lacking in self-confidence. Martin McKinstry immediately asked him what he was doing and when he said he was writing a book about the Toradjas, Judge Beale cleared his throat, repeated the name with wonder, and fell silent. The compelling and brilliant reality of that obscure race faded out in the heavy silence that followed, as if unable to endure the scrutiny of practical men.

"You must write an article about Celebes for the *Scranton Daily Republican*," said Martin McKinstry. "I meant to ask you, but we haven't any of us seen you for so long. Our readers are interested in what you're do-

ing, and nobody in the town has ever traveled as extensively as you have. Milder whiskey than at home, isn't it? And costs less." His quick ugly face moved forward an inch at the sight of the group coming through the nearby door. With an editor's instinct he had perceived their exact importance, but he said nothing, only dropped his eyelids and smiled faintly. A bit of knowledge had been stored up for future use.

"You do your work I suppose at certain set hours of the day?" Mr. Pattison asked. "There must be a great many distractions in a place like this. Not that there's any particular obligation upon a man to work," he added with a tinge of bitterness in his voice. "Our own generation has been a hard-working one, but we've left the world in quite a mess. My boys don't want to go into the steel business and I'm not going to force them. I had to. When I was your age, Harry, I wanted to be an architect."

"Did you?" The confession surprised him. It was hard to imagine Mr. Pattison as anything but the stout prematurely aged captain of industry that he was. "I don't see why—" he began, and then stopped.

"Obligation," said Mr. Pattison lightly. "Luck, if you please. My father was in a hole in 1893. It's chance; you get into a situation and there you are. The same thing might happen if you walked down the street with a friend and somebody hit him."

That wouldn't change a man's career, Harry thought, unless he was injured or killed. Such risks didn't bother him because he took them for granted, hoping he would meet them decently if they occurred. His own work involved a certain amount of danger, although very much less than people supposed; but it was incidental and didn't require a deliberate sacrifice. Mr. Pattison had been caught

at the beginning, just as he might be caught now if it hadn't been for his father and Brother Jim. He must ask more about Jim and the mill.

"Or get married at twenty-three," Martin McKinstry interrupted, lifting his black eyebrows and contorting his seamed bitten face into an ironic smile. "Marriages, even the best of them, spring from chance encounters."

"Yours is better than you deserve," said Judge Beale. "I'd like to know what you would have done if you hadn't married."

"Written plays, maybe," said the editor. "It's what I intended to do when I left college. This is not a complaint, Jerry, but a philosophic reflection on the beginning of a man's career. Either you incur an obligation or somebody incurs an obligation to you, and in the latter event you ride free, as you do, or Harry here does. You've done what you liked all your life, and so has the boy, which is all to the good so long as you don't take too much credit for it. I'm not at all sure the best work in the world isn't done that way, even though it is at somebody else's expense."

That gave him more assurance when he asked, as casually as he could, how Jim was making out with the mill. "He never tells me," he explained, "although of course I have no financial interest in it now."

"So I understand," Robert Pattison answered slowly. "By your father's will the business was left to Jim with a charge against it of a certain sum payable to you."

"Three hundred thousand dollars." It upset them to hear the sum mentioned although every one of them knew exactly how much it was. "Jim paid me that amount and he's been taking care of it for me ever since."

Nobody spoke. The grave implications of business silenced them; in a moment they had become brooding,

tight-lipped, and apprehensive, more wary than if in the presence of physical danger. His question had come home to them where they lived, transforming them as a surgeon at a party is transformed by a message from the hospital, or a captain at dinner when the table steward whispers of an accident. They envisaged a possible destruction of material values, the terrible stifling constriction that comes from poverty, and the agony and shame of empty hands. All that they saw bore down on his spirit with the weight of sin. In the midst of revelry he had caught a glimpse of the watchers of the dead. "Is there anything wrong with the mill?" he cried out, and then stopped, recoiling from the sharpness of his own voice.

It startled them all. Judge Beale looked at him with surprise and disapproval.

"Your brother's having a fight," he said, "and so is everyone else in the United States."

"I know that." The admission sounded like an admission of guilt. "There hasn't been any . . . change, has there? For the worse I mean."

Robert Pattison glanced at the other two men.

"Please tell me! You know Jim, he never says a word."

"Jim's proud of you," said Mr. Pattison irrelevantly. "There's no reason why he should bother you with business of his own."

"Which might be better if I hadn't taken three hundred thousand dollars out of it." It was a relief to say that in plain words.

Martin McKinstry looked at him sympathetically. "Jim will get through," he said with grim assurance. "Just as a manner of humanity I think you ought to know how things are, because they aren't as bad as you imagine. Jim's pledged the stock of the company to the bank, and they aren't press-

ing him and won't; but in the meantime the family is living close."

Layton nodded. Almeira, Tidore, and Tifore, they were distant islands whose beautiful names shone in bright syllables over seas that he had crossed at Jim's expense. There was no freedom after all, no escape from the weight of burdens that another bore. "Are Jack and Henry still at St. Paul's?" he asked timidly.

"Yes, so far. Don't you worry now. Jim'll get along."

The dancing stopped suddenly and the sound of gay voices and laughter scattered over the room. Robert Pattison turned in his chair, then called McKinstry's attention to a couple still on the floor, dancing cheek to cheek. The waiter came up and Mr. Pattison ordered another round of Scotch, then turned, humming under his breath, and regarded the couple with bland reminiscent approval.

"Our young lady when she comes down here insists on the Princess," he said.

"More life," Judge Beale suggested. "They run in shoals. Now my boys..." He went on to explain the prejudices and preferences of his three sons.

Jim and his trouble had been decently buried. It angered Layton; they showed Jim's brother too much consideration. To spare a man so abruptly was not to spare him at all; what he owed Jim they deliberately avoided. "Do you know," he stammered, feeling himself grow red, "I think I ought to put that money back in the business."

The effect of his words astonished him. Mr. Pattison drew away as if offended. The judge shook his head impatiently and frowned. "Jim wouldn't take it," said Mr. Pattison in a severe voice. "It's not a commercial loan."

"Of course not, but I'm his brother."

"Your father took care of that," said the judge with the irritation of one

called upon to explain an obvious fact. "Jim was given the business, Harry, you understand that, don't you? And you were given three hundred thousand dollars."

"That's the law of it."

"And the justice too if it's the law."

"Your father placed that obligation upon Jim, and don't you go disturbing it, young man," said Martin McKinstry, shaking his finger at him. "Remember the Toorajahs of Celebes and all the other books you have to write."

Harry was silent. For a moment no one spoke. Then Robert Pattison leaned forward and put his hand on Harry's arm. "It's what we were talking about," he said in a gentle voice that, nevertheless, admitted of no argument. "Every man, including your brother Jim, has to meet his obligations in the form in which they are presented."

It was a stern philosophy and absolved him from all responsibility. If not humane, their creed was utterly just, leaving each man's duty where fate had placed it. A sense of universal obligation would in time, if fully developed, reduce all mankind to a monotonous likeness where individual achievement, and indeed character, would be lost in a uniform mass of mutually helpful creatures. His work—like all work that had ever been done in the world—depended upon the exercise of a very definite kind of selfishness, and he wanted to go on with his work and the life he was leading; to think of stopping was like imagining death. And yet Jim needed money. Not only to live, but for the rehabilitation of the mill. He sighed deeply. The men had become silent, as if standing aloof from his struggle.

"I must go," he said. If he stayed any longer it would only result in a discussion that he would be sorry for afterward. "We'll look for you at half past seven to-morrow night."

They accompanied him to the pier. As he descended the steps they stood above him, side by side, of unequal height but strangely similar in their evocation of the world it seemed he could never leave. They had stated a question and answered it in their own fashion, ignoring with righteous determination the moral byways that might perplex a weaker soul. As the boat moved off in the light haze their figures became more and more indistinct and finally disappeared, leaving Layton alone in the shallow harbor under a starless sky with a grave trouble in his heart that blurred his vision and contaminated his peace.

"It is transformatal weather," said England and New Zealand from the stern where he was steering the boat. "A sudden change of sky is one of the idiosyncrasies of the month of April in Bermuda. There is a prohibition upon steamships leaving the harbor after dark that is inexplicable to boats owned privately, such as ours."

He lengthened the last word with a lingering pride that increased the bizarre refinement of his accent. Harry's distress lifted as he contemplated the big negro who sat with the wheel between his knees and a cloth cap pushed back from his forehead, revealing the earnest and childlike solemnity of his face that seemed to be sculptured out of the darkness, and without life save for the white flicker of his eyes. England and New Zealand had no problems. In spite of his extraordinary vocabulary he presented the simplicity of a Toradja.

"You know what you're doing, don't you, no matter how the sky changes," said Harry enviously.

"The bay is in the palm of my hand," the negro answered. His words filled the hollow darkness under the bridge with an echo of assurance. It died away, leaving no sound but that of the engine and the swiftly moving

water that came toward them from an obscure and indeterminate horizon. The lights from the shore were faint, and the sea and the sky had become a transparent shadow, damp and fragrant, blowing over them in a wind that was like a distillation of flowering earth and salt sea water. Harry's trouble grew more and more remote as the strange momentary solitude expanded to an acquiescent peace of mind in which not only the present but the years beyond were peopled with shapes that moved in the heat-stricken silence of great rivers, beside desolate huts, and upon cliffs above thin smoke issuing from a plain of mighty treetops. The incorrigible traveler in him awoke, overriding obligation with a passion that would not be stayed. A man had to live at no matter whose expense. Jim insisted upon living; the negro in front of him would put up a terrible fight for life. Even Dorothy—no, she wouldn't where someone she loved was concerned. But then women . . .

"We turn here," said England and New Zealand in a resonant voice. "Yonder—"

But he never finished the sentence. It was interrupted by a splitting, grinding shock that threw Harry forward on his hands and knees.

He struggled to his feet. The stern of the boat was under water. He stood on an inclined plane that sank beneath him with a slow sidewise motion. England and New Zealand, leaping across on the starboard side, climbed up on the deck. It slanted shoreward and he flung himself down and grasped the upper edge with both hands.

The slow turning motion continued and the water washed through the cockpit in dark gleams. Harry swung a leg over the starboard side. The negro lay flat on the deck, silent, motionless, with his feet slowly sinking

and his hands curved like iron clamps about the edge.

"Get out of there," Harry shouted, "or you'll sink with the boat."

"I cahn't swim," the negro sobbed with a fantastically incongruous accent. He pushed his forehead down on the deck as if to keep out the sight of the water. Harry seized his right hand and tore it loose.

"Jump out now, quick," he commanded. "When the boat turns over you can hold on to it."

England and New Zealand drew himself up and crouched on the edge. His great lips were shaking and his eyes fixed on Harry were wild with entreaty. "You take care of me, sir, in the water," he moaned. "I cahn't swim—" His voice rose to a stifled animal cry. Then, lifting his arms in supplication, he wrapped them about his head and plunged off the boat.

Harry dived in and came up in front of him. The man was a water-wheel in a cloud of spray. If those hands got hold of him— He came in from behind and seized the negro by the collar. Sinking, he grasped him under the arms and drove him toward the boat.

The weight lifted and he came up beside England and New Zealand, who had hold of the keel by the bow. She was nearly over. The negro's body rose from the water and descended with the final settling of the boat. She was lower, and he had a better grip. Harry swam away and got off his shoes and trousers. Then he felt around for the rock.

Balanced there, with the water up to his breast, he considered the situation. "Is the tide coming in or out?" he called.

"Coming in, sir," said England and New Zealand. He turned cautiously as if seeking Harry through the darkness.

"You stay there and I'll swim in to shore. I won't be long."

"Mr. Layton!" The man's voice was hollow with fear. "You won't swim off and leave me by myself, will you?"

"Can't you hold on?"

"No, sir. I will drown." His words carried terrible conviction.

"Now behave yourself," said Harry severely. "You hold on tight and I'll be right back."

As he passed the bow of the boat England and New Zealand changed his position, then stretched out an arm as if to intercept him. "I cahn't stay here alone!" he cried in a mournful bellow. "Mr. Layton!" He reached out frantically and his arm beat the air.

"Stop it!" Harry shouted. The man was out of his mind. "You'll fall off!" Hell. That was just what he'd done. Screaming and churning in the water like someone crazy.

"If you stop that I'll take you in. Stop it." He caught hold of his wrist and the man climbed up on him in a spouting, writhing, idiotic frenzy. Harry drove him back. "Be quiet—stay still—" He couldn't see for the way the man splashed. "Awgh—" There was no sense in him. He was a maniac. Harry hauled off and hit him in the face.

That stopped him. To make sure he hit him again. The man was a bundle of cloth in his hands. Heavy. He settled under him, pulled one arm up over his shoulder, and began to swim.

It must be six hundred yards to shore. He swam slowly, careful to keep the negro's head up out of the water, holding his slack wrist clasped in his right hand. Now and then, as he drew back for a stroke, their heads touched. The poor crazy fool, he was quiet enough now.

Swimming double was slow work. The water lapped at his mouth and swirled off from his face, to return again and again. He watched a light

on shore; it grew a little brighter and nearer, but very slowly.

Another light had come out from the trees. There was form and depth to the outline of the shore. It overhung the water in caves that were guarded by rocks. They joined together on the right hand side in a low promontory.

The neckband of his shirt bothered him and he tore it loose. His arms and chest and the back of his neck began to ache. He was afraid his fingers might go stiff and let the negro slip. He bumped along behind him with a comforting monotony. It was quiet except for the gurgle in his ears and the slow hesitant beating of his heart.

The rock was not so far off now, maybe fifty yards. It wavered, dropped out of sight, and reappeared. He wasn't moving, only keeping up. England and New Zealand must be awash. He pulled down and the negro's head touched his.

Slowly, inch by inch, he fought his way on. The overhanging shadow moved forward, receded, came closer, shutting out more and more of the sky. It was dark. A bird flew over him with a terrified scream. He could almost touch the foam in the hollow of the rock. Then a sharp invigorating pain flashed through his foot.

He pushed down, took a step, then another, and his knees struck the edge of the rock. He put out his hand and pulled himself up. The negro dragged back into the water with a dead dripping weight.

Harry got under him, leaned against the side, and took hold above. Then he tore his way up on the jagged points, climbed over the edge, and let the negro roll out on the rock.

England and New Zealand groaned as if revived by the contact with earth, stretched out his legs and drew them up to his stomach. He began to whimper and twitch as if he were coming out of a bad dream. Then he sat up

and stared at Harry without a sign of recognition and a mighty collection of words rolled out of his mouth. The experience had loosened him up completely and turned him into a mad dripping oracle who was still immersed in the terror of his descent to death. Harry shouted at him and the man stopped abruptly. For an instant his face was blank, then a look of understanding struggled to the surface.

"I am not dead," he pronounced in an awe-stricken voice.

"You damn nearly were," said Harry contentedly. Seated beside the negro, he looked out over the water at the boat, now a small almost indistinguishable spot against the horizon.

"You carried me in, sir?"

Harry nodded. "You're an awful fool in the water, England and New Zealand, for a man named after so much of the British Empire."

"I thank you, sir, from the bottom of my heart."

The deep reverent voice prickled through him with a great discomfort.

"I carried you for perhaps half an hour." That stated the question and the answer. His mind had grown bitterly clear. The half hour of struggle that was now a memory had washed away all the bright certainty of good fortune; he himself had been carried like that for two years. Ternate, Zamboanga, and Flores, his freedom and life of adventure among islands whose names rang like bells in the haunted secret thoughts of youth, were only a dark dripping weight on his brother's back, who carried him, a boy drunk with glamour, through implacable tides. He looked at the distant spot on the horizon, then back at the negro who sat with grateful humble servility at his feet.

"England and New Zealand," he said, "you're expensive. You've cost me anywhere up to three hundred thousand dollars."



DOCTORS, PATIENTS, AND THE STATE

BY JOHN A. HARTWELL, M.D.

The views expressed in this article are the author's own and do not in any way represent those of any institution with which he is or has been connected.—*The Editors.*

IN ARRIVING at a correct evaluation of the trends toward control of general medical practice by an extension of existing forms of state medicine or the adoption of socialized medicine, it is needful to lay an historical background as a point of departure. This necessity arises from the fact that medical practice is of two distinct forms. The one has to do with public health, prevention of community disease and the care of special groups which experience has shown need special handling while the second has to do with the care of the individual who is sick and whose sickness concerns himself alone.

The practice of medicine in the beginning was almost entirely of the personal, or second, type. The healer, the medicine man, the doctor was concerned with a sick or wounded man. The State took an interest in providing a pure water supply and disposing of filth; but these precautions were more for military and political reasons than for the conservation of health.

The practice of individual medicine for the curing of the sick was far advanced before any serious effort was made by society to provide what we now understand by a state-controlled form of public health. This was the case to some extent because until Jenner evolved the practice of vaccination the means for preventing disease was lacking. When we came to possess

knowledge of bacteriology and immunology the foundation for an effective form of public health and the prevention of disease was at hand.

The application, however, of this knowledge to the treatment of the sick person as a part of the armamentarium of the physician and the surgeon progressed more rapidly than its use by the State. For easily understood reasons the individual is always ahead of the community in supplying his wants, and this is peculiarly so in matters pertaining to health. The form of medical practice known as Public Health lagged while the other form advanced with each new accession of knowledge.

To be sure, some of the more able rulers in early times, for example, Emperor Frederick II in 1224, made provision for public hygiene, but in general it may be said that the science of Public Health as now understood came into being late in the last century. By that time the practice of medicine and surgery had already reached the high plane made possible by the advances in the various sciences ministering to the medical profession. Even where there was requisite knowledge for improvement in community health, governmental inertia ruled, while energy was the order of the day with practicing doctors. It was not the initiative of government and its army surgeons, but of Florence Nightingale which taught the lesson of Scutari. It

was not a desire to protect the health of its people that made the government send Goethals and Gorgas to turn a pest hole of disease into a health resort. We needed a Panama Canal that our Atlantic and Pacific fleets could operate almost as one. We needed ready sea communication between coast and coast. It was not a State government that as late as 1914 wished to create the first efficient Department of Public Health for the State of New York, but a practicing physician, Hermann Biggs, who forced it upon the State and then became its Commissioner.

This evidence of the slowness with which a broad concept of public health had developed—and much more could be adduced, both here and abroad—only goes to emphasize the astonishing rapidity with which it is now weaving itself into all governmental activities. With this change there is also a great increase in the field covered and government is, as advances in medical science and practice permit, drawing more and more types of ill health into its program of prevention and cure. The insane, the tuberculous, the contagious (including the venereal), the feeble-minded, the backward and physically handicapped school child—all are embraced in the health program. Added to these is the increasing number of indigents who in their medical care have always been a group for which the State, supplemented by voluntary aid, has held itself responsible.

It is now accepted that government alone can fulfill the requirements of properly administering this broad program, that tax funds must defray the expense, and that doctors who furnish the medical service needed must accept their compensation from the State. This development is encroaching upon the traditionally supported policy that the care of the individual sick is peculiarly the concern of the doctor, to be arranged for under private agreement

with his patient, and thus to an increasing degree a form of State medicine has become a part of our medico-social structure.

The first serious attempt to change the private physician-patient relation, except under the guise of Public Health, occurred when Bismarck in 1881 began to agitate for an inclusion of the medical care of those immediately above the pauper level as a concern of the State. He did not place the whole cost upon government, but sought to allocate it among patient, employer, and tax funds. Bismarck frankly said that his motive was to combat a growing sentiment for socialism. As a result there was created in Germany in 1884 a form of State health insurance whereby those within certain earning limits who were unable or unwilling to buy good medical care were forced to become partners with their employers and their government in the purchasing of it, and the doctors received their compensation from the government. The degree of its success in improving the quality of medical care available to the portion of the citizens it was created to help is quite differently evaluated by different observers and reporters. Likewise, the effect it has had on the independence and progress of medical science is a matter of dispute. That the law as enacted needs much revision before it can be considered as a model for other countries which may be concerned with experiments in medico-sociology allows of no discussion.

In 1912 Lloyd George forced through the Parliament the National Health Insurance Act for England, whereby all employees receiving the equivalent of \$1,250 or less in wages were required to take part in a prepayment for medical service. The employer and the government were called upon to add their quota and the practicing physicians were expected to

render the needed medical service under the watchful eye of the authorities and at a price determined by the exchequer.

Thus two great countries had determined that the age-old tradition whereby all but the actually indigent should find and provide for their medical needs through an arrangement with the individual doctor was to be set aside. The poor were to remain the recognized wards of the State; the rich to command the service of the best of the medical profession; the well-to-do to fare in much the same way; those in the upper scale of the self-supporting class would still be cared for by the family doctor, though at a probable sacrifice to himself and his patient; but the strata between these and the poor were to be collectively and individually the concern of the State. Socialization of medicine? No, but a move in that direction. State medicine? Yes, and something that would change the age-long relation existing between some fifteen millions of Englishmen and the practicing doctors. There was a provision that any licensed physician in England or Scotland could register for participation in this undertaking. The beneficiaries had the privilege of choosing any doctor in their neighborhood as the family doctor, and for their contribution of ten cents per week were entitled to such medical care as is customary under the ordinary meaning of family practice. For each patient listed with him the doctor would receive from the central fund two dollars per year, which, on the basis of a thousand clients so listed, amounted to \$2,000 annually. This would be a fixed income and would be earned no matter how little or how much sickness might occur among the patients listed, and the doctor was free to carry on any private or hospital practice that he might secure. As in Germany, employer and

State contributed their proper share toward the maintenance of the central fund. Provision was made by which a patient if dissatisfied could make complaint to established medical authority and if he wished could change his chosen doctor for another. The doctor also was privileged to decline the acceptance of any patient or, if he so desired for any reason, have a patient transferred from his list to that of another. A set of regulations was provided for the administration of this National Health Insurance Act under the Ministry of Health, in which the doctors themselves were granted a very important part in the actual medical aspects.

This in brief is the essential of the National Health Insurance Act in its purely medical aspects. Because of formerly existing forms of medical benefits, cash payments for loss of wages, disability, and other adventitious conditions, the Act has been hampered in a way that makes an accurate evaluation of it as a health measure alone difficult.

The plan has now been in operation for over twenty years, and at the present time more than fifteen million patients are receiving medical care under it and nearly all doctors situated so as to give general medical care in industrial areas are registered on the panel. According to statements issued by the British Medical Association and officers of the Ministry of Health, the Act has worked to the advantage of the patients, the medical profession, and the science and art of medicine as well. Both the government and the profession are looking for the means of extending its provisions to cover the families of the insured, to enlarge its scope so as to give care in maternity and other special fields and to provide hospitalization where needed.

Some observers find much to be de-

sired in the working of the Act. That the English themselves see elements in it which should be modified is reported by those most closely associated with it, and certain of them who have studied conditions with us venture to warn us against their mistakes. We are advised by them that the medical care of the sick must be disassociated from any form of payment for loss of wages or unemployment because of sickness; there must be no intermediary between the doctor and the patient; nothing shall in any way interfere with the absolute free choice of his physician by the patient; all elements having to do with medical treatment must be entirely controlled by the medical profession; such disciplinary needs as arise because of incapacity, negligence, or dishonesty on the part of a doctor are to be applied by the profession or the ministry of health.

Germany and England led the way in the plan of health insurance abroad, and now more than fifteen European countries have adopted it to greater or less extent—some of the smaller with notable success.

II

Such then was the experience to be drawn upon by our country when the questions of workmen's compensation, state medicine, and socialization of medicine became issues with us. The first to be dealt with was the furnishing of efficient treatment for the injuries received by workmen in the course and as a result of their occupation. The charge for this is borne entirely by the employer, who holds a policy with a recognized insurance carrier or the State Insurance Fund set up for the purpose, or by becoming a self-insurer. Under most compensation legislation the workman receives both medical care for injury and disability pay for the time he is kept from work by reason of his injury. It is approximately

twenty years since this form of health protection went into operation in the State of New York. It came into being without serious concern on the part of the medical profession, but to some extent was looked upon with apprehension as taking from the doctors freedom of action in the treatment of their patients. This apprehension mostly took the form of opposition to any legislation of this nature, rather than a recognition of its possibilities and a co-operative effort to mold it within sound principles. The result was the enactment of a law for the protection of those injured in the course of occupation, which did not have the support of the body of the medical profession. It involved directly and indirectly millions of dollars annually. Within a short period there was something of a stigma attached to Compensation Practice. Few of the leaders among the doctors in many communities took either part or interest in it. Those of a more commercial turn of mind became the dominant factor and evidence accumulated that the best interests of the workmen were not being served, that the insurance carriers and a venal portion of the medical men were in collusion, and that unless radical changes were made, the competent and best element of the profession would continue to hold aloof. In the end the situation became sufficiently bad for Governor Roosevelt to appoint a medical and lay commission to make an investigation and formulate the basis for amended legislation. Such legislation was presented but suffered defeat. However, a sufficient sentiment was aroused to have Governor Lehman appoint a second commission, and its report with resultant legislation has been enacted into law under the title of the Medical Abuses Act. This was signed by the Governor at the present session, to go into effect July 1st next.

The essential difference between the old and the new law is that organized medicine as represented by the State and County Medical Societies is given a definite responsibility toward administering, through a Council on which it has equal representation with labor and the employers, everything that pertains to the medical and surgical care of the employees. To this end doctors will be designated who are believed qualified by the local societies to render the required service, the employee will have free choice from this panel, provision is made for supervision and arbitration, and the doctors' fees, at an agreed rate in accordance with the prevailing rate of pay under similar conditions, will be paid from a State fund raised by an insurance premium, assessed against the employers. A main object of the new law is to eliminate the influence of the insurance carriers upon the doctors and thus prevent the care of the workman or the length of disability depending on other than his actual medical or surgical needs.

Those most able to judge believe that the medical profession will accept its responsibility with earnestness and efficiency, and that there will result a competent service for the workman, a just charge against the employer, and a fair return to the insurance carrier and the doctors rendering the service.

In reviewing this bit of history one cannot avoid the query as to how much advantage would have accrued had all concerned accepted the fact that political forces were at work which could not be denied and had guided legislation into wiser directions from the beginning. In other States, following the experiment in New York, this has been done with advantage, and herein lies a lesson for attacking the next problem in forms of medical practice, namely the subject of our thesis as to how far and in what direction we shall

travel on the road of state medicine or socialized medical practice. The situation faces the medical profession and society in an aggravated form in this country at this time.

As already recited, Germany faced it to some extent when Bismarck fought Marxian socialism by providing certain forms of social security (a term now fully defined in the minds of the people), among which was medical care for those who were knocking at the doors of established authority for a fuller recognition. Lloyd George, thirty years later, repeated the experiment. Now Franklin Roosevelt adopts it and his Administration demands that adequate medical care of all types be afforded to the sick individual who is believed unable to procure it for himself.

Thus we are to-day where European countries have trod before us. The conception that the sick poor are wards of the state or other philanthropic agencies is too well established in this country to need any elaboration. That those who possess the financial means to meet all obligations should make provision for their own medical needs is also an accepted truth of our social structure.

Between the rich and the poor is that vast mass which makes up some three-fourths more or less of the population, depending upon the level of income which is set as requisite for complete independence for extraordinary as well as ordinary demands upon the family budget.

It is self-evident that sickness, neither in nature nor amount, is a predictable hazard and, therefore, its cost cannot be accurately written into the budget. To the self-supporting family of moderate means the average expenditure for sickness in any one year may be a matter of little moment. Nevertheless, competent studies have confirmed the common knowledge that

among this group medical care is often not sought when desired because of economic fear, or if sought, is purchased at less than its legitimate cost. The sum total of this latter service which is rendered annually by the medical profession will never be known, but it is a staggering amount and is a principal factor in the low return which falls to the credit side of the doctor's budget.

When, however, sickness comes to these people in an aggravated form or lasts over a protracted period the financial burden is overwhelming. One of three things results, according to the mental attitude of those concerned, none of which is desirable. Any reserve that has been accumulated through the years is quickly expended and debt is incurred; or the situation is too difficult to be met, despair and discouragement take the lead, and after an attempt to provide proper medical care, the struggle is abandoned, makeshifts are used, and a life is lost or damaged for the lack of it. These are the predicaments into which those of the more self-respecting and independent character find themselves. Or finally, no effort is made other than an appeal to private or public charity, with a loss of self-respect, independence, and self-reliance. From this latter experience there is learned the undesirable lesson that when trial comes effort may be abandoned and help will be provided without it.

While the proportion of those who have to face the tragedy of such illness in any one year is small, the sum total bulks large and it means a disaster which must be avoided.

The depression is an undoubted factor in precipitating the need for some solution of these problems, but it is not a dominant one, and however solved, it must be on a basis of effectiveness in depression and in normal conditions. The question at issue

is whether under existing conditions of society and trends of thought concerning the duties of society toward its varying elements, the *status quo* of medical practice is able to furnish the most desirable quality of medical care to the individual sick in the lower strata of financial independence. The answer to this question, as formulated by the best thought among the medical profession and the laity, is in the negative.

Ample evidence has been given to indicate that political trends have been a dominant factor in creating some sort of governmental control over medical practice whenever occasion demanded. One cannot fail to recognize that once again powerful political forces are at work to establish a new form of social security, and medicine is rightly or wrongly considered a proper point for attack. While we are justly proud of what has been accomplished in the past, we cannot escape the conclusion that all the people all the time are not receiving the best medical care that medical science and medical practice can give them. Whether actuated by the feeling that these people are by right entitled to such care or by the feeling that it is an economic advantage to supply it to them, is not of importance to determine at this moment. Both factors are operating and in the end will be satisfied.

III

How then shall such care be provided? The fact that only doctors are able to furnish treatment to the sick must not be lost sight of and, therefore, the doctors must not be deprived of a determining voice as to how the care shall be administered. Any plan that directly or indirectly requires the doctor to work under conditions that he finds disadvantageous for the care of his patient is obviously faulty. Any

plan that fails to provide the doctor with a reasonable compensation for the service rendered is unsound.

Experience has taught that where any undertaking involves the huge amount of money that is involved in the furnishing of medical care to the people of this country—approximately three billion dollars annually—there is always a danger that when government steps in politics will follow, and unless very efficient safeguards are set up, an appreciable amount of the total sum will be diverted from the intended purpose, in this case of improving the care of the sick, to excessive administrative costs and possibly to dishonest ends, included in the general term of graft. How to avoid this and still satisfy our needs has been given serious consideration in this country over a period of at least twenty years. Since the appointment of the Committee on the Cost of Medical Care, under the chairmanship of Dr. Lyman Wilbur, it has been a topic of intense discussion by the laity, the socially minded, and the medical profession.

Numerous plans have been projected and put into operation in different portions of the country. Large industry has attempted a solution by setting up more or less elaborate provision for the care of its employees, either as a contribution by the industry or a partnership by which the employees pay a certain proportion. In many instances a very high grade of medical service has been provided in this way, and there is general satisfaction, both to employers and employed, with the care that is being given and the resultant health that is being maintained.

There has arisen a form of group practice of medicine by which a number of doctors voluntarily associate themselves together to give treatment at a fixed rate to a large number of clients within the radius of their ac-

tivity. The treatment is given on the basis of an annual fee, or for service actually rendered. Here also very satisfactory results have been obtained in some instances.

In certain parts of the country a form of voluntary participation in an insurance scheme has been established with varying success. The financial soundness of this latter plan, of course, depends upon the continuance of a sufficient number of participants to furnish the necessary funds in order that the type and extent of treatment given shall not be handicapped by economic stress.

The discussion now centers around the proposal that we in this country should follow the example set by the European countries and provide a form of compulsory health insurance under the law, somewhat similar to that existing in England. This solution of the problem is being seriously advocated by many of those who have given longest consideration to the question. It receives thoughtful consideration in the reports that are coming from the technical advisory committees working under the President's Social Security Program. In its essentials it differs from the procedures operative abroad in that there shall be associated with it no other form of insurance, and that the medical profession itself shall have a far larger part in its administration than has occurred in other countries. All are agreed that under no circumstances shall there be any intermediary between the doctor and the patient in the actual care of the latter. All are in accord that the funds collected, whether from the employers and employees or the State, shall be sufficiently large so that the doctor will not be handicapped by lack of funds in furnishing an adequate quality of medical service and shall receive a proper return for the service rendered, in accordance with the scale of living

to which his education and position entitle him.

It is also important that if this type of work is to be an important source of the doctor's income he should be sufficiently free to perfect himself in his profession by time and opportunity for a continuing education. For these purposes it is believed by those advocating this solution that it should be made applicable to those in a higher economic bracket than has been the case in other countries.

The American Medical Association has recorded its opposition to compulsory health insurance in the forms up to the present attempted or advocated. The ground for the opposition rests on the belief that experience in Europe has by no means demonstrated the success of this venture into state medicine. It is not accepted that the doctor is better situated than formerly or that the patient is receiving as good care as under the doctor-patient relation. The system is unduly controlled by governmental agencies which deprive the doctor of the absolutely indispensable freedom of action, without which he cannot take good care of his patients. The Association fears that no means by which these faults may be avoided will be found and demands that another solution than compulsory health insurance be sought.

Its House of Delegates at its 1934 meeting presented certain requisites in the form of Ten Points, which should be the guide to any legislative program. In the main it has followed the conclusion of other students of the subject in that every safeguard must be set up to insure a confidential relation between the patient and a family physician. This demands absolute freedom of choice on the part of the patient as to his physician without any intermediary. The medical profession shall bear full responsibility for the character of medical service, and this

extends to all medical phases of all institutions involved. All qualified physicians who wish to be a part of the medical service should be included within its scope. There should be no restrictions on treatment or prescribing not formulated and enforced by the organized medical profession.

While there are many points of detail that may be subject to difference of opinion in the administration of a program embodying this portion of the principles as set forth by the American Medical Association, the principles themselves are in general accepted.

The point at issue involves the method of paying for the service rendered to the patients. In Point Six, the Medical Association requires that "However the cost of medical service may be distributed, the immediate cost should be borne by the patient if able to pay at the time the service is rendered," and in Point Nine, "Systems for the relief of low-income classes should be limited strictly to those below the 'comfort level' standard of incomes." These are indications that the House of Delegates would make applicable any change in the present forms of providing medical service to those only who are immediately above the pauper class. Another school of thought demands that those in the next higher economic grade be included.

The essential difference between these views is that the medical profession believes that it has in the past and can continue in the future to give adequate medical care to this group under the present method of medical practice, while the others deny this and wish the State to step in and adopt as its wards to a greater or lesser degree those above the "comfort level," who will suffer disaster when the victim of so-called "catastrophic" sickness.

Were we living in a normal frame of mind it is probable that the profession would be granted the opportunity to

prove by a process of evolution just where the "comfort level" should be placed, above which it could satisfy the demand to furnish adequate medical care to the individual under the physician-patient system.

As pointed out, political exigencies have been powerful factors in molding forms of medical practice, and such are present now. One in particular is powerfully at work. Four million of our young men during the Great War learned the value of medical care, and in addition learned that they could receive this care without cost to themselves, because the government as represented in the Army, Navy, and Air Services had a concern in keeping them physically fit. The veterans have been an important factor in urging and having enacted legislation for medical and hospital care at government expense of every man who wore a uniform, whether his illness of the time had any relation to his having been in service or not. Thus results an experiment in state medicine concerning four million voters, and possibly their dependents, which is a step toward socialization of medicine and which has important political bearings.

Under this and other pressure, the profession must ask itself if the stream can be stemmed sufficiently to allow of orderly development, or would the wiser way be to direct its course? As already pointed out, there are several plans in operation for the care of the group being considered with a fair degree of success, and these plans should be carefully studied to determine their further applicability.

Voluntary insurance against other hazards has proved successful, and it has been argued that the same may be successfully applied to health hazards, even though experience does not seem to bear this out on a large scale. In one form or another, voluntary insurance was used in Europe for many

years, but now has in nearly every instance been superseded by some type of compulsory insurance. Usually it has failed to set up a sufficient reserve to provide good medical care when needed, because the numbers contributing to the scheme have not been sufficiently large to maintain funds at a level to grant sound security. Could the group under consideration be educated to the fact that if all entered into a voluntary health-insurance program the cost would be relatively small and the benefit substantial, progress might be made. It is doubtful that the time for such a development will be granted. The urge toward all forms of protection, either by some insurance plan or from state funds, is too great, and protection against sickness will follow this urge.

In New York State a form of unemployment insurance has just become a law whereby the employers pay the entire cost. Bills are being presented to the same legislature advocating forms of compulsory health insurance which are unsound in nearly every essential. Experience with the Workmen's Compensation Act should teach that time is the essence of the problem and that to avoid unsound legislation a sound method of providing pay for the care of the sick among the group especially concerned must become a part of our social program.

To place the health of all individuals as well as the community under the direct control of the State is a solution offered by a section of the medical profession and by other groups of a socialistic tendency. "Socialization of Medicine" has become an effective slogan. Under it all citizens shall become State wards in health matters as in education. One will no more be allowed to play truant from the doctor's office or the state clinic than from the schoolhouse. If he desires, he may find and pay his own doctor, but if he

neglects to do so, he shall be apprehended by the medical truant officer, haled before a state-paid doctor and willy-nilly must accept such treatment as the State determines is for the good of the community and himself. In short, he must receive a prescribed amount of health instruction and control, just as now he must absorb a certain amount of learning. And be it noted, if he is under par physically or mentally, special provision will be made for him, just as now those underprivileged in mental equipment are made the recipients of special provision by the school authorities in the matter of teaching privileges.

The State already furnishes compulsory medical care in the case of the insane and contagious diseases, when the individual does not provide it voluntarily, and is doing this in increasing amount. Here, however, the purpose is for the protection of others rather than the sick individual. Also in increasing amount the State concerns itself with the health of its wards within the educational system. These are not considered socialized medicine but rather a form of state medicine, to which our people have become gradually accustomed and increasingly in accord.

The medical profession has wisely kept this growing power of state medicine under close observation, but it has in all instances become a strong supporter when satisfied that the public good is thereby benefited. The apprehension that through it the status of the profession will be lowered and hence the public good suffer is a salutary one, because the highest interests of the doctor and the public are completely interwoven—damage the one and the other inevitably suffers. But in all cases where these State functions are wisely administered the profession's influence and accomplishment have been enhanced, and it may be

said with complete certainty that more and more are the mutual obligations between health officers and the practicing physician being understood and used for the common good.

IV

It is now essential that all concerned should carefully analyze and in a judicial attitude determine what are the actual results to be hoped from and what are the dangers to be avoided in various types of health insurance as they have been tried in other countries. That there are definite hazards, and that none of the countries that have experimented are fully satisfied with insurance in its present working form, seems to be accepted by all. That if its defects are removed and wiser provision made for utilizing the best that the medical profession affords in the way of treatment, with assurance that governmental authorities will not interfere with the use of this treatment by the doctors, it may be that the funds needed when the patient is not able to pay will be made available. Should the standard of income of those participating be elevated, the total cost could be met by employers, employees, and State in a way that would assure the doctor professional and economic security while furnishing medical service to the patient in a way to preserve his dignity and self-respect.

Medical care is becoming an increasing item in national expenditure. The reasons for this are that the advances in all forms of science have become more and more applicable to the practice of medicine. Many methods of an expensive form of examination which were unknown thirty years ago are now essential. The requirements for the treatment of disease have also grown enormously in cost. Further, the obtaining of a medical education has become a costly business which re-

quires from six to ten years, after college graduation, of intensive work at an individual expense of not less than \$600 and more often \$1,000 a year. Another period of years passes before an assured income is in sight, and then for a large part of the profession in this country that income never rises above the level of the very group of the population under consideration.

Thus the wisdom of confining the benefits of any program to too low an economic level of the population is questioned. Provided there is inclusion of those who are able to pay more adequately for the benefits received and that the employers as well as the State contribute something toward the intended program, it is deemed possible to set up a sufficient reserve fund to get adequate medical care, including maternity and other special care, with hospitalization when needed. The amount necessary to accomplish this has been variously estimated and is considerably higher than has been attempted in most other countries. More study is required to be certain of the needed sum, but between twenty and thirty dollars for a protected person yearly seems to be a safe guide.

It is suggested that the principle of paying in accordance with ability to pay be applied. We are accustomed to this in other forms of taxation. Our income tax is graded according to it. Our sick impost could be on the same basis and made applicable, for example, only to those families earning between maximum and minimum yearly amounts, which would yield sufficient funds to pay for the service to that portion of the population which it is determined should be protected.

There is at present in many parts of the country a form of state medicine being practiced which has arisen to its present proportions because of the un-

employment situation. One such experiment—in the City of New York—deserves especial consideration because it is sufficiently large to be applicable to the numbers composing that portion of the whole population with which we are concerned. There are on the relief rolls in New York City at the present time approximately one and a quarter million individuals. In addition to other forms of relief, these persons are receiving such medical care as they need in their homes. For this purpose there are employed approximately 3,100 licensed doctors who have indicated their willingness to provide such medical service at the fixed charge of two dollars per visit. The scope of this work does not include illnesses which require hospitalization nor the minor and chronic ambulatory illnesses which can be cared for in the out-patient departments of our hospitals. The experiment, however, has demonstrated that for the home care of these sick a simple administrative method has been devised whereby the patients are receiving good care within their homes by the employment of the general family doctors and that the administrative cost of this undertaking is approximately eleven per cent of the total sum expended.

The numbers involved, as will be noted, are greater than the population of most of the cities of the United States, and if such a program can be successfully carried out on such a scale, it is probable that it can be made applicable to higher economic groups within the population. In the latter case those benefiting from the service should bear some share in the expense and thus change the system from one of purely state medicine to a partnership between the individual receiving the benefit and the State.

The Commissioner of Health of New York State is at the present time discussing a closer integration between

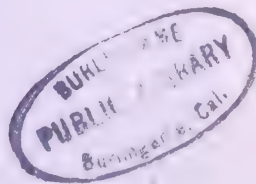
the Department of Health and the practicing physician. He would place additional facilities at the disposal of the family doctor and the specialist for the purpose of caring for the group with which we are particularly concerned. So long as the illness of these people remains of the ordinary minor type or of short duration the care shall be on the old basis of a doctor-patient relation. When, however, there arises the so-called "catastrophic" sickness which threatens the financial stability of the individual, the State will come to the aid of both the doctor and the patient. It is possible that some plan of this sort would have great advantages in the rural districts and even in the smaller cities.

These then in outlined form are certain aspects of the problem concerning the health of our people which at present are receiving attention from physicians and laymen. They are matters of political import. Their application is national but their solution to a large extent must be local. Conditions in the large city, the small city, and the rural community are so entirely different that each must receive its own treatment.

No attempt has been made to give

great detail of either the problem or its solution. Rather it has been the desire to call attention to the fact that a problem in medical practice does exist and that socio-political forces are demanding its solution. To allow the case to go by default is not the course of wisdom. Nor should it be left for solution to those who are not best equipped to fully understand the complex elements involved.

To completely socialize medicine which so intimately touches the life of every individual in such a peculiarly personal way, as the first experiment in a wider application of socialization, will hardly appeal to the sound judgment of our political creed. It is better to approach the needs of the present and future by a modification of long tried methods which have served us so well in the past. The result will be an orderly evolution rather than an experimental revolution. To guide the wheels of such an evolutionary development wisely must be the aim of the medical profession, the well informed among the laity, and the leaders of political thought who are honestly concerned with the advancement of a social security concept which will stand the test of adoption.





WHERE ATAHUALPA DIED

BY CARLETON BEALS

MARQUIS Alvaro de Bracamonte y Orbegoso of the Peruvian coast city of Trujillo is dead. So are his Big Dane dogs which terrorized the whole community. He was the choicest flower of an epoch that is almost gone now. No more picturesque madman ever lived than Don Alvaro.

For four centuries the Orbegosos were masters in Trujillo and its surrounding sugar and cotton fields. Ever since Pizarro founded the place early in the sixteenth century, and named it in memory of his home town in the province of Cáceres in Spain, the Orbegosos, made wealthy by grants from the Crown, had driven Indians and negro slaves and Chinese coolies to their tasks on the broad fertile acres of the Moche and Chicama valley lands. Now, though a few members still own broad acres, the family has decayed. One relative, Haya de la Torre—outstanding leader of the new revolutionary Apra movement—is hated by the remainder who live, somewhat straitened, from the remnants of the family peculium. The larger estates have passed into the hands of foreigners—Grace and Company, the Gildermeisters, etc.—and Trujillo has changed from a feudal fief into a seething center of revolutionary peasant proletariat. The millionaire Bracamonte y Orbegoso represented the last great arrogance and extravagance of the family and of an era.

The pride of his heart was his ten Big Dane dogs. Like their master,

they were perfect gentlemen at home and wild beasts abroad. At home each was cared for by a special servant and slept on silk, had a gold jeweled collar, and ate delicacies out of a silver plate. The Marquis' chief pleasure in life was to loose them on the populace. The great iron-studded doors of his house would swing open, and the huge beasts would rush baying and barking into the street. Ferocious animals, they did not hesitate to attack man, woman, or child.

"The dogs of Bracamonte are out!" would be cried out from all sides, and people would hurry indoors.

Bracamonte, if he did not follow in the wake of his pets, would post himself on the roof to watch the sport. Woe betide any neighbor dog that had not scurried to safety. The Big Danes would pounce on it and with a single crunch of its neck, fling it aside dead, sometimes devour it alive. On occasion, lacking anything else to attack and excited by their freedom, the Big Danes would turn on one another. A spectacle indeed! The frightened neighbors would peer out from their balconies or the roof-tops at the ferocious battle until the servants could rush up to pacify their charges.

Often Bracamonte and his troop of servants led the dogs to the market to unleash them. The Indian folk, selling their wares, would scatter for safety with screams. The great dogs would dash through the market in all directions like minions of hell. Over

would go the stands of potatoes and other vegetables, grown by the poor Indians on the icy slopes of the Andes and carried for hundreds of miles down to the city on their backs. The dogs would glut themselves on fish and meat from the stalls, finishing some poor soul's livelihood for the entire year. Once one of the Danes caught a twelve-year-old Indian lad unable to escape quickly enough by the throat and shook him to death as though he were a rat. Bracamonte laughed and considered the morning a huge success. Since he was so wealthy and powerful, nothing was ever done to him. The people were afraid to do anything to his dogs.

At night the Danes could often be heard baying at the moon from the Bracamonte house. The blood-curdling sound sent shivers down the spines of the good burghers of Trujillo. They all hated the arrogant feudal lord; but one and all, priest and Prefect, business man and tradesman, they fawned at his feet. Several Prefects did remonstrate with him. He had them promptly removed and demoted. One, more importunate, he punished by drawing his pistol and making him eat a whole basket of raw cucumbers. "Eat them!" shouted the Marquis, and the man who represented law and order in Trujillo knelt down and began eating, till he almost burst. He left the Bracamonte house holding his stomach and took to his bed. He himself asked to be changed to a post elsewhere.

It took an Orbegoso to tame an Orbegoso. It was my father-in-law Colonel Carlos Leyva, a relative of the family, who finally put a stop to it all. He was then the new young Prefect of a new government which had come in against the will of the feudal lords and had not yet been corrupted by them. He sent sharp orders to Bracamonte to keep his dogs at home. Old Braca-

monte laughed loudly in his throat and immediately launched them on the street. Prefect Leyva went with his men to shoot them. Ten Big Danes wallowed in their blood. Bracamonte was heartbroken; he rushed into the street and knelt down and wept over their dead bodies.

He challenged Leyva to a duel. Leyva refused to fight a relative and a man older than himself. But when Bracamonte became insulting, Leyva had him dragged off to jail to lie among the vermin-covered Indians he had abused so long. Bracamonte raged, threatened a thousand things, so Leyva had him marched on foot all the way to his distant Paiján estate and told him if he ever set foot in Trujillo again, he would be shot on sight.

Prefect Leyva not only killed the Big Danes; he killed a whole epoch of feudal lawlessness and abuses.

II

One gets an idea of what this region was before the Spaniards came by visiting the Pyramids of the Sun and Moon and other ruins, now mostly covered by great drifts of white sand, over toward the mountains beyond nearby Moche; and by visiting the many miles of ruins in Chan Chan, twenty minutes by car from Trujillo, toward the sea.

The finest pottery in all Peru is dug up from under the sand where once stood the mighty Mochican city. The Mochicans were a great people who flourished in the dawn of Peruvian history—from before Christ till some five centuries after. Their artifacts are superior to anything since. They had built great aqueducts about the Moche and Chicama valleys, utilizing every inch of cultivable land, reclaiming great stretches from the ever-encroaching desert. One single fragment of aqueduct in the foothills of the Chicama Valley—about fifty miles

of it remains—required the moving of five million tons of earth. The Mochicans built viaducts on raised piles through the desert above the level of the restless sands.

Later they were conquered by the Chimús from the north, who founded a great dynasty and built the city of Chan Chan, which in its heyday probably numbered two hundred thousand inhabitants. From the carved palace of the Great Chimú, with its bas-reliefs of textile motifs and formalized fishes and pelicans, it stretches for miles—great courts and athletic fields and reservoirs divided off into wards by huge triple walls. Along the sea ran a mighty parapet to protect vast meadows of irrigated land.

The old places have crumbled. Trujillo, now with a beggarly twenty-three thousand inhabitants, is thus the third known metropolis to stand on this balmy shore of eternal spring. Strangled by the surrounding foreign estates, it drowns dilapidated and sullen with a pathetic sort of shimmering beauty from the reflected tints—soft blue, pink, green, rose—of its calcimined houses. Old carved Spanish balconies—seraglio style—sag over the cobbled streets; old church spires tilt above the flat roofs.

The pageant of history suggested by the pyramids and Chan Chan and modern Trujillo, led me over the trail of the old Spanish conquest which broke the power of the earlier peoples and put the Orbegosos and others of their kind into the saddle for so many centuries. If the assassination of the dogs of Bracamonte was symbolic of the ending of an epoch, so Pizarro's assassination of Atahualpa, the last of the independent Inca emperors, was likewise the death-knell of an epoch; it was more—the death-knell of a whole civilization.

The trail to the site of the clash of these two great personalities—the

illiterate ex-swineherd Pizarro, clad in shining mail, and the great Inca, head of the greatest empire of the New World—leads to Cajamarca in the high Sierras above Trujillo.

The passenger auto to Pacasmayo was to pick me up at the patio of my little hotel at eight in the morning. At nine a messenger said we would not get off until eleven. At eleven-thirty he told me we were leaving right away. At one I had lunch. At three the messenger came again to tell me we were leaving at once. At four we were off.

Our way wound out through tree-shaded lanes and a little village of barking dogs, past the crumbling walls of Chan Chan and on into the desert. First we passed through rolling, shingly country sparse of vegetation—a few cacti and false pepper trees; then we plunged into the desert along a twisting track of sand where once went a magnificent Mochican highway, but now is a shifting zigzag scarcely passable, the proud result of Seligman loans to Dictator Leguía. After rising country, we slid down into the rich Chicama valley, through the great German Casa Grande sugar estate, and once more across the vague road through the sands.

Nothing is more majestic, fantastic, and fear-inspiring than the Peruvian desert that stretches for fifteen hundred miles, from the jungles of Ecuador to the Chilean waste on the south, which runs on for another three thousand miles—nearly five thousand miles of desert! Through this narrow coast strip of barrenness, some thirty perennial streams move down to the sea, green bands of cotton and sugar, coffee and coca fields, of canebrakes and algarroba trees, in an expanse of desolation. We passed through wind-smoothed hills, round and bald, without the tiniest vestige of vegetation, a fluid roundness in which the eye seeks in vain for some straight angle, some

harsher projection of rock. It is a landscape akin to primitive sea-life, to eels and jelly-fishes—gigantic hills without bones or vertebræ. When in the midst of them, one feels as if wrapped round by the digestive tract of some primordial pulp, save that they are dry and sterile, dead—all except their outlines, fluid, living, seeming to roll into one another like molten metal, a series of heaving ellipses and hyperboles and pear-shaped domes, like the cupolas of buried temples, like the smooth sombrero crowns of buried giants.

We came to an expanse of pure sand dunes, rippled with the wind, a tracing so fine and symmetrical as to seem the work of a conscious engraver, ripple on ripple as on the straw-colored flounce of a dancing girl, designs beautiful but apparently meaningless. Here in the Peruvian desert one may encounter the supreme idealization of form—form for form's sake. Beneath the form is death—bones of animals, horses, mules strewn about, half-covered. A human cranium and a femur emerge, telling mute tale of desperate black-mouthed strangling death. But aside from such interruptions, nature here devotes herself, with cruel indifference to everything else, to the task of creating pure form and line. Nature here has turned into a masterful modernist painter of the abstract.

Far up on the Andes, several thousand feet above the sea, the sand has accumulated in great white or tawny drifts. From the great sifted mounds poke the stony flanks of harsh mountains, silent iron crags, buried in a torment of eternal sands. How many centuries has it taken to sift and lift those fine particles into the heights, turning the crags into little coral reefs among a forlorn sea of powdered dust?

Most astounding was a vast red plain, strewn with tiny seaweedlike plants scarcely visible. Around each of these plants sand, caught from the air

as it whirls by, slowly collects in tiny crescents. Thus begin mountains of sand, great cones, smooth save for the wind-ripples in front, but steep and concave behind—all of them perfectly white above the level of the red plain, as though the desert had grown fecund, breeding half-moon baby crescents that would grow up into white monsters of beauty. In the dying light of the afternoon, and seen from a hundred different angles, these take on as many different white plastic forms and combinations of spherical design; some look like writhing white bodies, torn with love or torment. For a moment I had the impression of strewn corpses whose blood had run out to tint the plain, which in the last flame of the setting sun turned to a bright scarlet. As twilight deepened, the landscape grew even more fantastic, by nightfall had become grotesque, Dantesque, terrifying, as eerie as the scenes one beholds by palming the closed eyes.

Farther on we came to a dead lake-bottom, choked with dying vegetation and huge drifts of sand. Once every twenty-five years or so, the warm Del Niño current, which sweeps out of the Gulf of Guayaquil from the north, edges down along the coast and pushes aside the cold Humboldt current flowing up from the Antarctic. The meeting of those two currents, one hot from the tropics, the other icy cold, causes vaporization; and across the desert drives a tempest of rain that washes away adobe houses and brings pestilence to the population. For a few brief months the desert blooms like a rose. Corn and other crops can be grown anywhere. If such rains continued the coast would soon be converted into a dense jungle, like that of Ecuador or Colombia; but in three or four months the unexpected plants wither away; in a few more months the desert sands blot out all trace.

In this particular spot the high coast

dunes had blocked the escape of tons of water, a lake had spread out. About six months before, it had disappeared through seepage, evaporation, and the blowing in of sand; but the water had lasted long enough to give rise to a curious flora. Strangely enough, the plants that burst forth at such a time are mostly spore-bearing varieties of species belonging in evolution to the primitive ages of the world—queerly distorted, grossly bloated. Out of the desert, apparently so sterile, so utterly barren, had sprung—at the touching wand of rain—life. Eventually the lake had dried up; great white loose drifts of sand had flowed in—our car could scarcely plow through them. It was terrifying now to see the cane-brakes and other vegetation nearly all dead, the moisture gone, the roots buried, the stalks broken and withered, all this plant life awaiting complete extinction. In a few months more the desert would again extend over it all, barren, implacable, in monstrous silence with all its flowing curves of meaningless beauty.

The desert is a symbol of time in these regions, time without beginning or end. Far off against the mountains poking up above the sand beyond Moche are the Mochican pyramids; there by the sea is Chan Chan; there stands modern Trujillo. Over them have flowed the cycles of history in curves of death no man can decipher; over them time has flowed like the immutable breath of the desert. Man's history here seems like the story of this dead lake that bloomed for a brief span and now fades into the emptiness of silence.

III

Pacasmayo is a tilted town of steep muddy streets beside a river on the sea where the long low swells of the Pacific break gently with a smoke of surf. My hotel room hung over the little river;

all night the sound of its gurgling waters made an undertone to restless sleep during the hot hours that cooled only toward dawn.

On the cane seats of the little train we wound toward the Andes, again across the desert, weaving through its mysterious dunes. At dismal little stations Indians in ragged European clothes sold cheese and weazened fruit and candies. Negroes, sons of slaves, lounged on the platforms.

The line ended in a scraggly town of shacks, tin roofs, and flat adobe and thatched houses in a river bottom of sugar cane fields. Ahead, the river had washed out the highway for miles. We secured bony half-sized horses and clambered along the edge of river cliffs.

By five o'clock that afternoon we clattered across a high-flung bridge to where some twenty passenger autos were waiting and began the process of bargaining for the ride to Cajamarca.

Fate landed me in a car with an ill-mannered army officer, his frail wife in a torn black dress, three squawling babies, a three-hundred-pound woman with a loose tongue, a Chinaman with five smelly fish speared on a pliable branch, and heaps of bags and bundles.

It was dark before we got started. The last glimmer of desert sands had died away. The little farms along the ravine looked dark and cheerless despite the faint curls of smoke still visible. For hours we climbed up and up, leaving a black abyss behind us, which—fortunately for our nerves—we could not see. The road became more twisting, the hairpin curves more frequent. About midnight we stood on the crest of the first cordillera of the Andes. We stopped there at a little spring to replenish the boiling radiator.

Below, in the vast ravine, lay a sea of fog. Over this was just rising a big silver moon. Along its swollen face still floated wisps of mist. Finally it broke free. It was uncanny to see the

moon actually rising thousands of feet below us, as though it had somehow emerged from the bowels of the earth itself. Soon it shed its bright rays over the white roof of billowing cloud, which looked more like a tumbled Arctic ice-floe swamped with the drifts of countless blizzards rather than a harsh Andean valley a few degrees south of the equator. But above the snowlike expanse were now visible the steep brusque flanks of the Andes; here and there the moonlight changed to a flame of coppery gold on a bald precipice flung up from nowhere into nowhere.

We nosed over the crest of the mountains and dropped down on the other side into a pea-soup fog. The chauffeur slowed down with a screech of brakes and nosed his way along the precipices. The auto lights made the road visible only a few feet ahead. More than once he gave a soft musical Spanish curse as he almost missed the way at some sharp curve.

The road, descending now, was all the more dangerous, and the fog, instead of lifting, grew even thicker until the road was practically invisible. We managed to creep up to a little inn. There the chauffeur refused to risk any farther advance until the fog lifted. Other cars were also waiting.

We sat at the little oilcloth-covered tables while the Indian proprietor prepared us hot cinnamon tea. With the dampish mist bellying in through the open door, we huddled over our tea, shivering and miserable, to wait as patiently as we could. An Armenian salesman snored with his head against a hole in the plaster. The Chinaman sat with his dead fish in front of him and mumbled to himself. The fat woman "Ahed" and "Ohed." A Congressman, taking a short respite from special sessions deciding the fateful Leticia question and the threatening war with Colombia, was hastening back to his constituency to lay the wires for

his reelection in elections that were never to be celebrated. He was talking with the engineer of the rutted track of a road over which we had just come. The engineer was bewailing the lack of funds—everything was going for war preparations. The road was being washed away more every day. The patchwork barely made it passable, did nothing to preserve it. He told heartrending stories of Indians torn away from their homes, their families, and fields, and forced to work indefinitely on other roads without pay. He refused to be a party to such methods but feared he would lose his job.

Another passenger produced a guitar and, with a little group in one corner, played and sang popular songs. For three hours we drowsed while the throaty voices sang on and on. Occasionally the chauffeur went to the door and scanned the fog but each time came back shaking his head dismally.

Not till two in the morning did he decide to risk it. Half frozen, our heads sunk deep in our heavy overcoats, we clambered back into the car. Painfully we edged on down, curve after curve, through the fog, still thick. After about half an hour we left it behind. We had swung round a crest of mountain above the valley of Cajamarca. The night was now clear, the moon riding overhead casting silver glory over far reaches of gigantic mountains. Behind us we could just see the billowing mist through which we had come; it lay in a broad belt on the mountain side, like a gauze bandage on the chest of a negro. Far above projected the sharp saw of the Andean peaks, one tipped with the silver fire of snow.

Whirling about another turn, we saw the lights of Cajamarca—far below. In about half an hour we had dropped down into the valley itself.

Here, four centuries before, Pizarro with a handful of followers had toiled

over these lofty crags and down upon the lost Inca city that once stood here—into a world unknown and legendary. To the right of where he had entered, at the famous hot springs, he had seen the gleaming tents of Atahualpa, emperor of all the peoples from Ecuador and Colombia clear to northern Argentina. Forty thousand strong were the Emperor's immediate cohorts. It is told that Pizarro's stout heart sank at the sight of such a host. But taking their courage in hand, the little band unfurled its battle pennants of Cross and Crown and galloped in armored array across the fertile upland city toward the stone city—just as a rain storm closed in about them with the fall of cold night.

We joggled over cobbled streets to the entrance of a little hotel. A sleepy-eyed concierge took me up to a beatific room recently papered in pink, its furniture so new it was still odorous from the mill. But sheets and pillow-cases were lacking. He sniffled and said he was sorry. They were locked up, could not be got at until the morrow. I could sleep between the blankets and put a towel over the pillows.

I was awakened early in a cold morning with a feeble sun by a large black spider scuttling across my face. He escaped to haunt my memory unpleasantly all that day. That night as I lay down I spied him on the ceiling right over my head. I killed him by a shoe well hurled. To my dismay the shoe broke a hole in the new pink wall-paper; the ceiling, instead of being solid as I had imagined, was made of stretched muslin. I amused myself by thinking how Pizarro had come into these fearful heights to conquer an empire, but that my most furious battle would probably be this one with a black spider, though it seemed to me at the moment a very important one.

The outlines of the old Inca city can only be imagined, for one must dis-

count the Spaniards' glowing accounts of its massive splendors. They saw it after months of toiling up the Andes through snow and ice, suffering deprivations, misery, sickness, and for many of them death. Any sort of place would have looked grand. But the few stones that do remain, huge hewn blocks of six-foot dimensions, indicate that it must have been an impressive metropolis. In Cuzco and elsewhere the older ruins have remained; upon them and with them were built the newer Spanish city. But in Cajamarca they have inexplicably disappeared. The Spanish city is mostly a thing of flimsy adobe. The churches, though, are massive enough, but with smaller moveable stone blocks; perhaps the later builders sawed the old Inca stones into pieces.

Modern Cajamarca is not an achievement in civilization. Open stinking drains run down the centers of the streets. The broken cobbles are grass-grown from the heavy day and night rains that make the town dreary and cold, a penetrating cold because of the thinness of the upland air. There are no cafés or places of amusement except the club for a handful of aristocrats and officials; there is not even a moving picture house. The stores are fly-specked cubby-holes with a dismal array of odds and ends. My attempt to purchase a hundred sheets of typewriter paper caused a flurry of excitement. I acquired eighty-six sheets painfully counted; these exhausted the town's entire supply, and this though Cajamarca is one of Peru's more important centers. And yet, I reflected, human happiness, except for perverted creatures like myself, does not necessarily consist in buying typing paper.

But there is not even a bookstore, though a youth in a doorway was selling out a dirty stock of cheap second-hand paper-bound novels and dusty theological tomes. On the other hand,

Cajamarca goes in for journalism phrenetically. Two daily papers come out with fresh smudgy ink, impregnated with venom and vitriol, one run by a priest and supported by the local landlords, the other by the new revolutionary Apra party. But most of the news from the outside world consists of cribbings from the Lima papers rewritten according to the respective bias of each editor.

The only real art in the place, though an occasional modern exhibit is held in the local club-rooms, consists of saintly carvings in one of the convents, a frieze of medieval figures rudely shaped but with immense vitality and feeling; but even these have been daubed over by some later-day hand with horrible flaming colors, a fact which is said to have made Juan Leguía, son of the recent dictator, so furious that he got drunk instead of attending the official banquet prepared in his honor. Certainly it was an admirable excuse.

Nowhere else did I encounter such poverty as in Cajamarca. The natives there are a sorry, poverty-stricken lot. These, I reflected, are the descendants of the people whom the Conquistadores eulogized for their proud bearing, their beautiful textiles, their prosperity. Now they are diseased, alcoholic, doped with cocaine, in dirty rags. In the ill-kempt market they huddle in the upland cold with their meager wares, scrawny potatoes, yams, roots, sugarcane, coca leaves, and occasionally stacks of beans, but they have no artistic handicrafts as in central and southern Peru.

In the broad barren plaza an Indian procession marched round and round—rag-tailed folk following a saintly image and blowing mournful notes on the reed *quenas*. One fairly husky Indian carried a fifteen-foot bamboo horn, from which with lung-splitting effort he occasionally emitted a deaf-

ening, shrill blast—an instrument once probably used by the Incas for calling signals across the vast ravines of the Andes in ancient days of power and glory.

In this very plaza Inca rule had been destroyed, an empire had been shattered, and the golden fragments handed over to the Spanish Crown. Here in a now vanished palace Pizarro had camped with his adventurous followers. Here Atahualpa, surrounded by his crimson Canari guards, rode in his silken litter to confront the strange white captain from over the sea. Here Dominican Friar Valverde had argued with him to accept the rule of that unknown king and the dogmas of the Christian religion. Here the Spaniards had suddenly beset the Emperor's forces and had taken his haughty person prisoner with indescribable butchery.

For months the Emperor was held in captivity, though permitted the outward symbols of his authority. He dressed in his imperial robes—some were of the finest bat-skins—he kept his concubines, received emissaries. He learned to speak Spanish, became an adept at chess. One day he asked a Spanish soldier to write the word "God" for him on his finger nail and was hugely elated that all whom he met could tell him what the strange hieroglyphic meant—except Pizarro. The Spanish commander never forgave Atahualpa that glance of scorn when the Emperor discovered he could not read. Little by little the native ruler realized that the leader who had treacherously seized him was more boorish, more ignorant than even most of the men about him.

Atahualpa learned that, next to God, the chief interest of the newcomers was in gold. He offered to buy his way to liberty with a room full of gold. There, buried in the inner patio of an old convent school and

IV

now used as a classroom, is perhaps the only authentic remnant of the Inca city. The large treasure room is of hewn stone. Gradually Atahualpa's messengers heaped it high with the precious metal. There still is a trace of the red line the Spaniards drew high on the wall to mark the necessary quantity—the equivalent in modern money of fifteen million dollars. Adjoining this room were formerly two smaller rooms which he also filled with silver. But though Atahualpa kept his promise he was not released, instead was treacherously executed on trumped-up charges. The Pizarro forces, augmented by reinforcements, moved on to Cuzco, the imperial capital, amid scenes of growing disorder and desolation as the Inca empire crumbled rapidly into chaos.

Out beyond Cajamarca, fifteen minutes by car, are the old sulphur baths, boiling hot, now occupied by a modern pavilion with individual swimming pools. One Inca pool still remains intact—the size and shape unchanged, the same huge stones in their places, the same broad platform steps leading down to the deeper part. There, where perhaps Atahualpa himself had bathed, I reclined or swam about—minus the concubines.

They had been loyal to the Emperor in his hour of doom. They had tried to fling themselves into the flames when he was to be burned at the stake. Because of his last-minute conversion to Christianity, the Spaniards snatched him from his fiery death and rewarded him by the kindlier strangle knout. One and all his concubines committed suicide. Not so the holy Virgins of the Sun sanctuaries, who were raped by the conquerors and either became their mistresses or passed on into common prostitution.

The rain continued in Cajamarca; endlessly it sluiced down over the sagging red-tiled, moss-grown roofs, colder and colder. Two more road-bridges high above the town were washed away. Cajamarca, once an imperial city, now a dilapidated town of misery, sank into more dismal isolation as it was cut off from all modern communication from the outside world.

As I rode horseback through the storm back over the lofty Andes toward the coast, I felt still closer to the hardships and adventures of the early Conquistadores. Something of that epic violence seemed to dog the steps of my horse through those majestic crags.

And the terrorizing Big Dane dogs of Bracamonte now seemed all one piece with the spirit of the early conquest. For four centuries that spirit has ruled, a ruthless, fantastic, almost superhuman violation of Peru.

Atahualpa died long ago. His blood sowed dragons' teeth. Now the Big Dane dogs are also dead. But new violences are knocking at the doors. Painfully, slowly, or again swiftly and fiercely, Peru the nation goes through the labor of being born into modernity—a violent amalgamation to form a country neither Spanish nor Indian, but welded of both. The old feuds, the old oppressions will disappear. New ones will take their place. After four centuries a new page is being written.

Four centuries hence, perhaps some other traveler will pass through here to record the romance of the present struggle which seems to promise brutality and sordidness of its own variety, but which is also charged with new hope.



THE MEAT IN THE AGRICULTURAL STEW

BY GOVE HAMBIDGE

THE agricultural adjustment program is still in the pot, and he would be rash who would predict what the stew will be like when the cooking is done. But it contains ingredients that should be to the liking of liberal, radical, or fascist, and evil only to the old-time individualist. It is true that radicals have expressed nothing but distaste for the AAA stew, but perhaps they have overlooked the meat and concentrated their attention entirely on the dumplings.

I mentioned the old-time individualist. Here I should like to insert an aside. Individualism is a thing close to the hearts and native to the traditions of America. Thoreau was an individualist, Walt Whitman was an individualist, Dreiser, Sherwood Anderson, and Robinson Jeffers—each is an individualist in his own way. Our history has been an unsuccessful effort to realize individualism in a true and deep sense—the right of man or woman to live his or her life freely and fully. We still cling stubbornly to that dream. When we hear *individualism* bandied about as a term of political and economic opprobrium many of us feel an inner resentment.

What we badly need is a new word for political economists to use in place of *individualism* in its technical sense. I suggest that we coin the word *idiocrat* for this purpose. It would mean, according to its origin, one who believes in the rule of unmitigated self-interest,

and acts accordingly, with notorious social and economic consequences. *Idiocracy* would be the domination or exploitation of many individuals by one, or by a small group, for selfish interests. This is the enemy, for it crushes the life out of individualism; and the battle, in America, is not so much to set up any doctrinaire kind of collectivism as to give full play to individualism in the older sense, by whatever means may finally prove to be necessary. Moreover, *idiocrat* has an agreeable resemblance to *idiot*, and *idiocracy* to *idiocy*; whereas to call a man an individualist merely confuses the issue; nor does the term *rugged* make it any better, for Americans admire ruggedness.

This may not be true abroad, where there has perhaps not been so passionate a devotion to this particular ideal; but I think it is true in America.

The primary method of the AAA to secure what might be called a living wage for farmers has been to curtail production. From the standpoint of fundamentals, this is probably all wrong. I say *probably* only because there is still a large amount of statistical work to be done before we can be sure how far wrong it is. But consider our own domestic needs for food alone.

In discussions of the agricultural problem it is commonly pointed out that the capacity of the human stomach is limited, and that food production must be strictly bound by these limits.

It may also be pointed out that Americans as a whole probably get as much food as they can eat. And again, the increase in our population is at a declining rate, and it is estimated that within a few decades there will no longer be any net increase at all. These three factors place rigid restrictions on the consumption and, therefore, on the production of food.

Yet they do not tell the whole story. For if it is true that Americans get a sufficient total quantity of food, it is also true that a large proportion of them do not get enough of the so-called protective foods—milk, vegetables, and fruits—nor as much meat and eggs as would be desirable in a well-balanced dietary. In 1929 more than 21 per cent of the 27½ million families in America had incomes under \$1000 a year; and it is practically certain that all of these families lived below the dietary danger line, subject throughout life to nutritional diseases in mild or acute forms. Altogether, 21½ million, or more than 78 per cent of the total number of families, presumably did not have a diet closely approaching what modern nutritionists might call optimum. To attain such a dietary a family of four would have needed an income of \$3000 a year or more if an undue proportion of it was not to be spent for food; and less than 22 per cent of all American families had incomes as high as that in 1929. (Standards for such a dietary, tentative but highly significant, correlated with cost figures, are given in Circular 296, Bureau of Home Economics, U. S. Department of Agriculture, by Hazel K. Stiebeling and Medora M. Ward.)

But we do not now produce enough food to give Americans such a dietary if they could all afford it and were educated up to it. We should have been obliged to increase production of every food crop with the sole exception of

grain for human consumption—dairy cattle, beef cattle, hogs, sheep, poultry, vegetables, fruits, and of course animal feed crops. These necessary increases would range from 22 per cent to 282 per cent in individual cases; and the total increase in farm acreage required would be 13.2 per cent over all the acreage we had in production for food crops in 1933. This 13.2 per cent increase required for domestic consumption alone would amount to 41 million acres—just about the acreage that is now supposed to be causing all our trouble because it was put into crops during the War, to supply foreign nations.

In passing, it should be pointed out that the need for increased acreage at the highest dietary level would be due to the increased quantity of animal products in the dietary. A cannibal might make a filling meal off a pound loaf of bread. He might also make a meal off the choice cuts of a missionary. The latter would involve a much larger acreage, for the cannibal would obviously be consuming, at second hand, all the grain the missionary had eaten up to that unfortunate moment.

In spite of the limitations of stomach size it would not be necessary for Americans to develop the capacity of a Diamond Jim Brady in order to consume the products of a considerably larger acreage. It could be done by enabling them to attain a really good dietary. Nor is it necessary to accept that full estimate of 41 million acres. If American agriculture could expand even by a little, farmers would consider it a godsend.

This does not tell anything like the whole story—if we persist in sticking to fundamentals. For if America, perhaps the best fed nation in the world, badly needs an improved dietary, it would seem certain that many other nations must need it much more. We are less than 6 per cent of the world's

population of 2 billion. Among that 2 billion there are not only many millions who suffer from the hidden hunger of dietary deficiencies, but other millions who perish of slow or swift starvation from lack of food enough to keep their bodies going. How many of the latter there are is any man's guess, but periodic news of famine in India or China might incline us to set the guess fairly high.

II

All this naturally leads to another question. Farming is not devoted entirely to the production of food. It includes the production of cotton, wool, linen, and various other raw materials. Now suppose the American nation could lift itself up not only to a high dietary level, but also to a corresponding level in everything else that contributes to a high standard of living, should we not find that agriculture did not produce enough to supply the raw materials needed for such a standard? Would not a really high national standard of living necessitate an increase in acreage and production for agricultural products other than food?

We lack figures at present for a statistical basis; but one may draw some conclusion from the general estimate in the study by the Brookings Institution, "America's Capacity to Consume." According to this estimate, if the 19.4 million American families whose incomes were less than \$2500 a year in 1929 had all been raised to the \$2500 level, they would have spent 40 per cent more for food than they actually spent in 1929; 65 per cent more for shelter and home maintenance; 65 per cent more for attire and adornment; and 115 per cent more for "other consumers' goods and services." Such an increase in the low-bracket incomes, though drastic in the light of present

conditions, is modest from the standpoint of fundamentals; since \$2500 a year is not enough to furnish a high standard of living for a family of several members. Yet it would involve a great demand for more goods.

The figures have not been broken down to show what would be the increased demand, for example, for cotton and wool. But guesswork based on personal experience is not without a certain validity here. My own family is that of a middle-class professional man, pushed down by recent economic events to a rather low level. We could readily use, at a rough estimate, three times the quantity of clothing, household linen, curtains, rugs, and other textiles we now have or can afford—and that without reveling in luxury. But there are a good many millions of families worse off than mine. How much more in the way of textile products could they use? One may guess that the amount would be very large.

The statement is sometimes made that the need for clothing is limited like the need for food; one can use only so much. But the limitation here is considerably more elastic than it is in the case of food. Not only do families with low incomes have less clothing than they could use; they also wear it to the ultimate limit of usefulness, and sometimes beyond. With a more liberal income the rate of discard and replacement is more rapid and changes for the sake of style are more readily made. Waste, in other words, is increased. But in this field material waste is psychological conservation; for the inadequate wardrobe has destructive effects on one's attitude toward life.

Altogether, it would not seem far-fetched to say that raising the national standard of living to a high level would necessitate even greater increases in the production of textile raw materials than in the production of food. And again, there is the rest of the world to

be brought into the picture. We constitute only six per cent. What are the potential needs of the other ninety-four per cent? How much more cloth could the world's tattered and miserably housed millions use if they could get it?

I have already said that a greatly improved standard of living would *probably* involve a considerable increase in the acreage and production of agricultural crops in America. Possibly, however, no increased *acreage* would be required if the general productiveness of agriculture were raised to a sufficiently high level. This is the contention of agricultural scientists—that we could produce far more on the acreage we now have, with fewer farmers, by making full use of existing technical knowledge. But what is possible in selected areas or on demonstration farms is not necessarily possible for agriculture as a whole; there is always a great lag between the ideal and the average actuality. Nevertheless, there is this element of doubt as to the real need for increased acreage. For different reasons, there might also be some doubt as to the need for increased *production*—in America; for possibly other agricultural areas might be able to meet the world's greatest potential need for food and raw materials better and more economically than we. These theoretical uncertainties emphasize the desirability of collecting more information than is now available on certain points.

What has been said here does not take account of another possibility of agricultural expansion. This is the possibility continually stressed by Henry Ford and others of the salvation-by-science, we-have-no-need-for-social-control school of thought, of using farm products for industrial purposes to a far greater extent than is now the case. For example, a method that would make alcohol a more economical

motor fuel than petroleum products might result in an enormous expansion in the production of corn. But on the other hand, the corn might not be raised by farmers. It might be produced by underlings of a vast Standard Alcohol Trust.

The possibilities here outlined have nothing to do with reemployment and the raising of wages to the 1929 level. This has been stressed as an essential part of any permanent improvement in agricultural prosperity. But in 1929 American agriculture was already far on its way down the toboggan slide; the depression was merely a sudden sharp dip in the slide, one of those dips that make the bottom fall out of the stomach. A return to 1929 conditions, that is, a jump in industrial prosperity to the highest level America has yet known, would still leave agriculture faced by the necessity for drastic retrenchment. This is not to minimize the need for increased employment; but a distribution of income quite unlike that which prevailed in 1929 would be an entirely different matter. The galvanizing force for agriculture would be a change in the status of all the lower eighty per cent of American families who in 1929 earned less than three thousand dollars—a change that would bring them to the point where they could live like those immediately above them.

All in all, it seems overwhelmingly probable that if an inventory of the world's need for agricultural products to furnish a really good standard of living were placed over against an inventory of present production, item by item, the latter would be short. However, there would be individual exceptions to this. World wheat production, for example, rose to something like $3\frac{1}{2}$ billion bushels annually, which is at the rate of about one hundred and ten pounds for every man, woman, and child on earth, or a third

of a pound a day. It would seem hardly possible to consume that much, taking into consideration the vast numbers of people who do not use wheat but rice as the foundation of the diet. In other words, there is always the possibility of having an actual world surplus of wheat, beyond reasonable need. But the same poverty that shuts the great majority off from a decent standard of living places a heavy emphasis on grain, which must necessarily be the chief food, sometimes almost the only food, of poor men.

All this is true—from the standpoint of fundamentals. But let anyone answer candidly how near he thinks America is to dealing with these fundamentals. How near are we to a forthright, single-minded effort to lift 80 per cent of the population up to the economic level of the top 20 per cent—or rather, to the level of that great majority of the top 20 per cent who are not wealthy but merely moderately well off? To suggest the practical possibility of such an effort in the near future seems fantastic. The social and economic changes involved are too deep; we do not understand them; we are afraid of them; we shrink from them. We are not yet ready to make a vigorous, clean-cut attack on the problem from this standpoint.

This fact made retrenchment—a form of sabotage familiar in industry—inevitable in the present agricultural program. Yet important as this part of the program is, it might still be considered as only a dumpling in the stew.

III

Perhaps the most thoroughgoing and astute left-wing critic of the agricultural program is Louis M. Hacker. Hacker's thesis is that the American farmer is doomed, first because his agricultural plant is so heavily overcapitalized that he cannot possibly

compete for foreign markets with farmers in new agricultural regions whose production costs are very much lower; second, because American industry and finance are at the point in their historical development where they need vast foreign outlets for manufactured goods and credit; and the goods and credit can be paid for only by greatly increased imports of agricultural products into America. Thus even in his home market the American farmer will be crushed under a flood of cheap products from abroad, to the end that industry and finance may prosper. His doom is inescapable peasantry.

One must pay tribute to the grandeur of the prophecy. It makes the future stand out stark against a fateful sky. One sees the American farmer as a mute victim of ponderous forces moving with impersonal inexorability. He plods onward to his doom, a tragic figure.

If the soundness of the doom theory be granted, escape would have been impossible so long as farmers stood alone—isolated individuals, ignorant of deep economic currents and forces, speaking no common language, at the mercy of any organized groups that cared to exploit them. And this in the main has been the condition of farmers in America (and for the most part, throughout the world). The Green Rising has had its splendors, but it has been sporadic, short-lived, limited in extent, and often narrow in aims. For the most part, rural understanding of economic forces and trends has been much less astute than industrial understanding of these things; and rural organization for well-thought-out objectives has been negligible compared with industrial and financial organization. There has never been any glue strong enough to keep the elements in most farm groups stuck together.

But this situation is being reversed

under the agricultural program. Not slowly but rapidly, not in small groups but in gigantic groups, agriculture is being welded together in a manner and to a degree that would hardly have been dreamed of as possible at any time in the past. Starting from scratch at the beginning of 1933, by the end of 1934 you have three million farmers signed up for adjustment contracts, and perhaps another million operating under marketing agreements. This is two-thirds of the total number of American farmers according to the 1930 census; but those co-operating probably represent an even larger proportion of the total farm acreage in America than their numbers indicate. And all of this co-operation is for the purpose of carrying out a vast agricultural plan, national in scope, with international implications, and on a democratic basis. This, as I see it, is the real meat of the situation.

By comparison, the organization of labor in the United States has proceeded at a snail's pace. In 1934 the membership of the American Federation of Labor, after fifty-three years of effort, was 2,608,000. Add 500,000 members of the four railroad brotherhoods not affiliated with the A. F. of L., and you have very nearly our total labor union strength. Figures are not available to show just what percentage of all eligible workers are members of labor unions, but it is very much less than the 66 per cent of farmers who within two years were co-operating for aims somewhat like the aims of union labor. This is surely a tribute to the astuteness and the energy of those responsible for formulating and administering agricultural policies.

But even more significant is the fact that the economic education, the coherence, the articulateness, and the fighting spirit of these farmers are all apparently advancing at an accelerating pace. Of this there can be little doubt. If

American farmers are destined for inevitable peasantry under the drive of the needs of industry and finance, it becomes more and more questionable whether they will go like sheep to the slaughter, and more and more likely that they will put up a memorable fight.

In a single season 24,000 farmer meetings were held in the Southern cotton belt. In a period of two months 1500 meetings were held in one small section of Texas. Thousands of other meetings have been held and are being held throughout the rural United States.

These meetings have primarily centered on the various adjustment contracts for cotton, wheat, tobacco, corn, hogs, and on the marketing agreements that cover a considerable number of other commodities. Thus they come to grips with immediate economic problems and result in co-operative action; and in the process the farmer's economic horizon is widened.

There has been another recent development which promises to go far beyond the contract meetings in its educational possibilities, although it grew directly out of them. When you start discussing a contract to reduce acreage, along with all your neighbors in the county, you may soon get into deep water. A hundred questions come up. Why is it necessary to reduce acreage at all? Why won't the market absorb current production? Why is it that foreign markets have passed out of the picture? Can they be restored, and if so, how? What is the relation of the demand for farm products to factory payrolls and consumer incomes? What is its relation to the dietary habits of the American people? How much of the national income does the farmer get and how much is he entitled to?

More and more farmers are asking such questions. Finding how difficult they are to answer, more and more farmers are coming face to face with

the fact of their own ignorance. As a result there is a spontaneous and rapidly growing demand for discussion meetings; and field men say it promises to sweep over States and become a movement of very large proportions. At these meetings the appetite for facts and interpretations is reported to be voracious. In fact, field men who have seen the beginnings of this movement for democratic discussion of economic issues believe it may hold bigger possibilities than anything that has happened in America in a long time.

It is too early to predict what will be the outcome. Only a start has been made, chiefly in Texas, Oklahoma, Kansas, Utah, Colorado, and Illinois, with some of the land-grant colleges co-operating. But early as it is, there is already an eager demand for instruction in the technic of group discussions and an even more eager demand for discussion material on economic and social problems as they relate to agriculture. Present indications are, first, that the movement may become a major phenomenon in the rural life of America; second, that it may lead to a pretty thorough probing of economic issues in the light of to-day's major political and economic points of view.

The dynamic possibilities go beyond mere discussion. It must not be forgotten that back of the movement there is a growing solidarity of co-operation for purposes roughly similar to the aims of organized labor and a kind of planning that in breadth and unity already equals the planning of labor. And it must not be forgotten that if the number of farmers has steadily dwindled during the past few decades, their potential power has been correspondingly concentrated. To-day some 6 to 7 million farmers hold in their hands the life of 126 million Americans. This is a fact they will realize if they get to thinking about these things. Realizing

it, they should object to being driven like sheep to their doom.

There are dangers. The whole movement might readily be hand-fed and put through its training paces by a government bent on fascism. Or it might become a sleek national club directed by the more prosperous land-owning farmers interested only in fortifying their own position. If agriculture is capable of producing enough vigorous clear-headed rebels and if the movement is genuinely democratic, it will escape these dangers and may do extraordinary things. The two if's are large and momentous ones.

IV

The farmer is often pictured as one whose instinct is to produce in order that he may feed, clothe, and otherwise furnish the world. According to this view he hates to cut down production deliberately. Whether this is true or not, he cannot under the current economic system allow the ancient beneficent instinct of producers to guide his farming operations. He must produce, not to supply the world's needs, but only to sell to the world what it can buy at a price sufficient to meet his costs and give him in addition enough to buy the necessities of life in his turn. If he produces more than the world can buy at this price the excess pushes the price down; and if the price goes low enough he can no longer produce at all, because he cannot meet even his costs. He is then translated from farmer into pauper and must either find other work or go on the relief rolls.

The economic struggle may be thought of as centering round three simple equations. The farmer's alleged instinct is to satisfy the equation:

$$\text{Production} = \text{Need}$$

If he were allowed to do this production would have to be greatly ex-

panded, for the evidence is overwhelming that production is less than need—or as we might put it:

Production < Need

But this equation has no immediate significance in our economic organization. What the farmer must do actually is to produce just enough to satisfy the market demand at a necessary price—this necessary price being high enough to include a profit which will enable him to supply his own needs. That is, he must satisfy the equation:

Production = Demand-at-Necessary-Price

But it is incontrovertible that for a good many years this equation was not being satisfied in the American economy. We had in America a condition in which production was ruinously greater than demand-at-the-necessary-price, because of the loss of foreign markets—that is:

Production > Demand-at-Necessary-Price

There are several ways to correct this and bring the equation in balance.

It is useless to drive the price down in order to increase demand, for two reasons—first, because we soon reach a point where the price is lower than the necessary price—and this has actually been the condition in American agriculture; second, because no matter how low prices are driven (practically speaking), the demand can be increased only by a limited amount; for the bulk of the products are bought by the bulk of the people, who must have other things besides agricultural products; and their poverty is so great that low food prices merely enable them to buy a little more of these other things.

The balancing operation then must be performed primarily on the other side of the equation—that is, production must be reduced by taking out

land or reducing the number of farmers or both. This tends to raise the price on the other side of the equation until it comes nearer to the necessary price. And the price (or more accurately, the return to the farmer) may be increased also by artificial devices such as imposing a tax on the processing of farm products by manufacturers and others, and then giving the proceeds of the tax to the farmer in the form of a benefit payment.

Both of these methods were adopted under the Agricultural Adjustment Act. The acreage in food crops was reduced to fit careful estimates of effective demand. Production of hogs was reduced. There have been processing taxes, benefit payments to farmers, and marketing agreements made for the purpose of boosting prices. A slight beginning has been made in taking marginal farmers out of production; but the social problems involved here are difficult to solve, and it is only a beginning.

So far, the weight of evidence is that these methods are working. Both the gross income and the purchasing power (that is, the net income) of farmers have been increased, and we are nearer to balancing the equation

Production = Demand-at-Necessary-Price

than we were before the agricultural adjustment effort started. As a result, farmers have felt a new surge of economic well-being.

There are other possible methods of weighting the second half of the equation. For example, the margin of profit might be raised by reducing costs of production, in three ways: (1) deflating farm values; (2) bringing down the cost of things farmers have to buy, including machinery, fertilizers, building materials, credit, transportation, and what not; (3) increasing productivity both per acre and per man-hour

by improving farm practices. The first and the last of these methods at least are within the scope of an agricultural adjustment program, and there is no intrinsic reason why they should not be given considerably more emphasis in the future. In fact, long-time planning for better land use is becoming a more and more important part of the present program; but here too the problems are large and complex and they cannot be solved rapidly.

Two other methods of weighting the second half of the equation must be mentioned. One is to increase demand by recapturing foreign markets. A great deal of thought and effort is now being spent on this; but at best it is a slow process; and in the face of the present hell-bent determination of many countries to be self-sustaining, it is doubtful how far the most heroic efforts can succeed. Certainly we cannot hope to export goods without accepting imports in return to pay for them, and there is a distinct possibility that the only imports we could accept in sufficient quantities, in an industrial economy, would be not manufactured but agricultural products—which would accomplish the reverse of what the farmer wishes and bring on Hacker's doom. The other method is inflation. Evidence indicates that the government's modified inflation policy has played a considerable part in increasing farm returns. But it works both ways, increasing the cost of everything the farmer buys as well as the price of what he sells.

That many of the devices used to bring our equation into balance are fantastic and cynical—from the standpoint of fundamentals—has been said many times. We reduce production in the face of bitter need, instead of giving need the means wherewith to buy. We rob Peter the consumer by means of a processing tax in order to pay Paul the producer a benefit. Such

ironies are unavoidable in the process of balancing this particular equation on which our whole economic system is based; and one who believes in the equation is the last person in the world who has a right to object to the ironies it involves. They have been acutely on the minds of some of the agricultural adjusters. But in general these men have worked out a shrewd procedure to wrestle the equation into shape for the benefit of farmers, and their sufficient answer to objections is that the procedure seems to be doing what it set out to do.

The truth is that at present America is in somewhat the position of a man who wants to play chess but is limited to following the rules of checkers. So he tries to devise some sort of hybrid game that will be a cross between the two. It may turn out to be a good game—but chess devotees doubt it and old-fashioned checker fans want nothing to do with it.

What we are apparently trying to do with the present liberal program as a whole is to reconcile our two basic equations, $\text{Production} = \text{Need}$ and $\text{Production} = \text{Demand-at-Necessary-Price}$. This could be done only through a third equation:

$$\text{Demand-at-Necessary-Price} = \text{Need}$$

We should then obviously have an equality all round, that is:

$$\begin{aligned} \text{Demand-at-Necessary-Price} &= \\ \text{Need} &= \text{Production} \end{aligned}$$

Liberals hope this can be done. Radicals believe it cannot. They believe that as long as profits are a necessary factor, need must always be far greater than demand-at-the-necessary-price, and that if we really want to satisfy the equation

$$\text{Production} = \text{Need}$$

we shall have to leave out the profit factor and concentrate single-mindedly

on the two terms of that equation. They argue that if we do this all our productive energies and every technical and scientific advance would have to be utilized to the limit to catch up with the world's unsatisfied needs.

Thus there is a basic cleavage in point of view; and radical criticism of the agricultural program is based flatly on the second point of view. Meanwhile it is perhaps fair to say that an increasing proportion of the American people as a whole are on the fence. Some, including the idiocrats, will stick out for the profit factor until the bitter end. But an increasing number are coming to the point where they do not much care whether we keep the profit factor or not. What they desperately want is results; but on the whole, they would rather keep the profit method than not if it can be made to work better than it has been working, because they are used to it and they are afraid of what might be involved in making a change. It is this large group who cheer on the present effort and prevent a more radical experiment.

But so far as agriculture is concerned, there is reason to believe that a much needed job is being done from any point of view except that of the idiocrat. Under any system but an idiocracy, whether some form of liberalized capitalism, fascism, socialism, or communism, we should have to have planned agricultural production, planned use of our land resources, and close co-operation of farmers on a national scale. Farmers would have to learn to think of their problems in relation to national and world needs. They would have to be able to co-ordinate their efforts with those of other economic groups. They would have to be able to speed up or slow down or shift the emphasis from one thing to another in unison; for under any system it is doubtful if a perfect plan would spring full-grown from the brain

of Jove at half-past ten. There would be mistakes, and there would have to be modifications and revisions, and a flexible, responsive agriculture would be absolutely necessary. And finally, under any system but a dictatorship farmers would have to be able to run their affairs democratically.

Such things as these are by no means easy to achieve. But they are being brought about through the agricultural program. The measure of the shortcomings of Henry A. Wallace has not yet been taken; but whatever these may prove to be, in the measure of his assets are great probity and patience, no little breadth of mind, a deep faith in democracy and in the possibility of orderly progress through democratic methods, and a shrewd knowledge of the psychology of farmers. Never has agriculture in America been so close to conscious cohesion as under Wallace's leadership. The achievement is not one to belittle, even though deep problems have not been touched.

Farm organization is still in the stage where its policy is wholly concerned with getting for farmers the benefits enjoyed by capitalist industry. When and by what means farmers may be persuaded that their fortunes ultimately depend on establishing the equation $\text{Production} = \text{Need}$ is an unanswerable question. Enforced nationalism will drive us in that direction; since without foreign markets the only way we can avoid scrapping a large part of the agricultural and industrial plant is to enable our own people to absorb all we can produce.

But in order to move in that direction we should have to begin as Wallace has begun—by making it possible for millions of independent units to act with a co-ordinated point of view and aim. A strong wind from the left would blow away the ironical details of the present program. The underlying structure would remain.

The Lion's Mouth



REQUIESCAT CUM LAUDE

BY DIXON WECTER

THE collegiate year having now closed and the tumult and the shouting of a thousand commencements having died upon the June air, I venture a modest proposal. I hope that college presidents and trustees will listen to it, for it concerns a problem that may have dismayed some of them as they bestowed diplomas upon those as yet questionable assets, the members of the class of 1935.

Universities which are proverbial for dignity, honor, and wisdom are often secretly irked by the antics of their nationally celebrated alumni. Yale has awarded her bachelor's degree to America's highest-paid and perhaps most artless crooner, who often refers to her with pride and affection; Harvard has been a little restive under the warm professions of class spirit from a favorite of the Third Reich, who eagerly attended his reunion last year under armed guard; the University of the South has conferred its bachelor's and master's degree and its honorary doctorate upon a gentleman whose best-known bids for fame have been an expedition to kidnap the Kaiser and an equally futile attempt to avoid wearing the striped clothes offered him gratis by the State of North Carolina; and

another university in the South faces the fact that it has bestowed honors upon a popular evangelist whose career has included indictments for arson and homicide. The granting of a degree, with its symbol of indestructible parchment, is a definitive act beyond recall; it is truly a *fait accompli*, like begetting a child. When an institution clothes a man in her academic vestments and delivers into his hands a diploma, a kind of filial bond or silver cord is established which binds him always to alma mater. It is a grave responsibility and relationship, into which no university has any business to enter with levity or recklessness.

If, on the contrary, a student leaves without his degree, the case is different: he is an Ishmael, a free-lance, whose future victories as well as follies are all his own—and hence it is easy enough for him or the university to forget that he ever darkened her doors. Princeton has received scant acknowledgment from its expelled freshman Eugene O'Neill, even as did Oxford from Percy Shelley; but conversely, the proudest boast of Tulane University is that the present Senior Senator from Louisiana never gained the trophy of her degree—so that each has taken great pains to disclaim the other.

One obvious reason why many universities are now abashed by fools in mortarboards and knaves with sheepskins may be mentioned. During the late Golden Era most of our colleges strove with one another in the mass-output of graduates, bachelors of such arts as eurhythmic, taffy-making, and

playing the saxophone; meanwhile honorary degrees were rained lavishly upon directors of public utilities, rubber companies, and mail-order houses, or in fact any potential contributor of ten thousand dollars to the endowment fund. Small wonder then that a number of melancholy scholars are now washing dishes in Child's or, on the other hand, that a choice band of ex-financiers now meditate in Leavenworth and Atlanta upon the rights and privileges accruing to a Doctor of Laws. Nor is the former of these conditions, at least, peculiar to America; thus Premier Flandin has lately complained about the hordes of university graduates and diploma-holders in France, what he calls "the over-production of the intellectual proletariat."

For the sake then of academic dignity and discretion I venture the proposal that universities give their honors posthumously. Like the degrees of canonization—venerable, blessed, sainted—this verdict upon the candidate's wisdom should be rendered after all the evidence is in. If the Church is not sure of a saint until he is dead, how can the university be more confident of a sage? Let us see briefly how the system would operate. Friends and admirers of a late alumnus would agitate his case, until it attracted the notice of the President and Trustees. The Faculty, with its flair for research, would then be ordered to start a process of inquiry, digging into all the musty records about the nominee—reports of his public speeches in war and peace, petitions he had signed, communications he had written to the *New York Times*, and all the mute testimony of stockbrokers' accounts, I.O.U.s, pawn-tickets, diaries, and love letters. All his surviving relatives would be severely cross-questioned by the law faculty respecting the gravity of his private life. On the other hand,

present undergraduates of his college might come forth to depose that, after using his old note books, translations, and other relics, they had been miraculously enabled to pass all their courses. Partisans of the candidate would quote under oath some very judicious remark which he once made in the showers of the country club regarding the Diesel engine, the possibility of inflation, or the future of the Republican Party; meanwhile the *Advocatus Diaboli* would comb the State for enemies to testify concerning his behavior at a class dinner in June, 1929, when after four cocktails he performed his celebrated exploit of kidnapping the bowl of guppies from a hotel lobby.

The results of such an inquiry would set the seal of impartial judgment upon a man's whole career; in the absence of both flattery and slander, posterity would be able fairly to appraise forever his intelligence and wisdom. This method would eliminate at the start perhaps nine-tenths of all aspirants for degrees, including the honorary—thus restoring to the academic laurel some of the high prestige it once enjoyed. Moreover, the lurid brush of the Commencement Day orator would be replaced by the cool incisive chisel of the stone-cutter—a distinct gain in brevity and sincerity. Furthermore, no university would have to face charges of being a "diploma-mill"—whatever that odious term may mean—or of bending the knee to Mammon. And finally this new system of awards would inspire the quick, as well as do justice to the dead. "So let me live and die for dear old Rutgers," the fervent alumnus would exclaim, "that my children and my children's children may call me Baccalaureus, or even Magister, or—who knows?—there remains, if I expire in the odor of sagacity, the hope of a glorious resurrection as a Doctor of Philosophy."



Editor's Easy Chair



BLESSED ARE THE MEEK

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

ANYONE who has it in him to add to cheerfulness in life has nowadays a large field in which to operate. Will Rogers cultivates it as much as anybody. William Allen White, who was not above operating occasionally in that field, is less festive than he was. Chauncey Depew, in his time, was a diligent dispeller of gloom. He worked hard all day and rested himself in the evening making after-dinner speeches. He got to the Senate, was a Presidential candidate, was invited to be Secretary of State but declined. But his real job was the New York Central Railroad. What was remarked of him was that, talking a great deal in public and abundantly reported in the newspapers, he never said unkind things about anybody.

A review in the *Times* of a life of Van Buren by Holmes Alexander speaks of him as "This mild and meek little wonder-worker whom no one ever saw angry or perturbed, and who always won everybody by his gentle suavity, and yet no one has recorded that he ever promised and did not perform, that he ever bent the knee except physically. He always seemed to be yielding and never yielded. It was always the others who yielded."

Very unlike Hitler, wasn't he? He was President one term and could have had another if he had knuckled down to slavery; but he wouldn't.

Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth. They do not get the credit that is their due but they usually get the inheritance.

For example, Mr. Ochs, of the *Times*, who died in April. One heard it said of him—Great man? No! Good money-maker that was all! But it was far from all. He was remarkable. The great newspaper men before him had been Pulitzer, Dana, Bennett, all remarkable, very. George Jones of the *Times* had done a great public service. Godkin made and kept the *Evening Post* an interesting paper, but the *Times* had gone to seed, was running down hill, and Ochs, from Chattanooga, saw it was a great bargain for the right buyer and, encouraged by some friend, scraped together what money he could, came to New York and bought control of it. What followed was just another one of those miracles that come from the union of the right man and his job. Ochs, raised in a printing house and who had had the experience of bringing one moribund paper to life, knew what to do for the *Times* and how to do it.

When the Spanish War came, when Hearst and Pulitzer and Bennett were spending money lavishly for dispatches and Ochs had none to spend, he dropped the price of his paper to one cent and in that way increased his circulation and kept his advertising.

That was about the only sensational thing he ever did.

Frank Cobb used to say of the *Times* that it "merchandised the news" the best of anybody. Ochs was a Democrat but not immoderately. He never showed any inclination to wreck his paper for his Party, but he had every disposition to print the news as he got it and to get all he could that was, as the *Times* said, "fit to print." As one read about him, the testimony seemed to be that he practiced all the Christian virtues and published all the Jewish obituaries. Louis Wiley, his manager, had the same gift of beneficence. He spoke kindly even to the erring when he could, remembered everybody's birthday that was worth remembering, as also did Mr. Ochs. Mr. Ochs made a lot of money, but that was only an incident of what he did, for most of the money went right back into the paper. The publisher and owner lived simply enough.

The (Morning) *Sun* has passed away; the *World* has passed away; the *Herald* is one of twins, all of them in their day forces of more or less violence, and now what will happen to the *Times*?

Periodicals are sensitive to change, but at least the *Times* is not so tied up to any line of politics that its continuance depends upon it. As it stands, it is the product of a very able organization. It is to the interest of the country and of the world that it should go on doing the work it has done so well for nearly forty years.

BUT it is in its way a monument to meekness. What is meekness anyhow? How far does it mean knowing one's job and particularly the limitations of it? Meekness—is it selflessness? Is it to lose oneself in one's duties? Is it control of tongue, of temper? Moses, said to be the meekest man, was as dominant and peremptory a char-

acter as one easily finds in all history. No softy; fully capable of wrath and its expression.

There is another example of all those things. The twenty-fifth anniversary of his stay in office is proceeding in England and indeed in all English dominions at precisely this time of writing.

A man who was in Europe at the beginning of the World War, and who saw everybody, reported that the maddest man he saw was King George. He was mad clear through. Inside of the British monarch there is due allowance of pepper but it is kept in its place. A valuable man, King George; of great service to England and indeed to all the world; a stabilizer, a unionizer, the figure-head of the great British Empire and commended, regarded, and beloved throughout its limits. Nobody hates King George even in Ireland, and a good part of his magic is that he keeps out of politics. If you ask what professions are represented in Heaven, you may be told: lawyers, yes; doctors, yes; preachers, probably; politicians, NONE. King George keeps out of politics, that is out of party politics. And yet he reigns. When the clock strikes for him to play his turn he plays it. When there is a new Cabinet to be made he says who shall make it. When the King came down from Scotland on a sudden call because the Cabinet was breaking up and MacDonald wished to resign, he made MacDonald stay on. The Cabinet was made over and has gone on ever since and contrary to political habits of centuries in Britain.

King George reigns we are told but does not rule. There is an example in that to such strong and independent newspapers as the *Times*. To stick to their jobs, to print the news, all they can get of it, clarifying what they may, emphasizing what they will, informing the minds of the people but not

attempting to usurp the function of governments and run the country. What the people need, what the officers of government need, is knowledge, including knowledge of what is going on. A newspaper that can furnish that does a service of incomparable importance.

WINSTON SPENCER CHURCHILL, able and renowned Englishman, descendant of the great Duke of Marlborough and grandson of Leonard Jerome of New York, looks across the seas with friendly but anxious eyes. Speaking as an Englishman, he said (April 28) of the United States: "Their prosperity is our refreshment. Their joys feed our hopes. Shadows of their problems fall across our path. Their disasters would darken our daily life."

He thinks that British prosperity is very much mixed up with ours and so, of course, it is. He thought our New Deal was not doing well by us. He spoke of a "most irresistible impression of disappointment in friendly minds" because it did not seem at the moment to be yielding the longed-for results. He reviewed it as he saw it, too much at length to be quoted here, but wound up by prescribing for President Roosevelt the simple course that "he should show himself resolved to act without thought for self or party, but only for the nation as a whole; that he should wield the mighty authority which he still held without the slightest regard of partisanship or passion, in accordance with what he sincerely believed to be the true interest of his country.

"In this spirit," said Mr. Churchill, "he will be able to avow mistakes with candor, correct them with composure. If he fails, he will fall with dignity. If he rises he will be able to persevere."

That, of course, is good sense and good counsel, but is more useful in

expounding what is in Mr. Churchill's mind than in amending what is in the President's; for the President must know already that partisanship is out of date; that he must see the country as a whole and take care of it as he can, leaving the election of 1936 to take care of itself.

A President must be a politician. George Washington was no politician at all; there was no recorded experience of being a President to guide him. He was a great deal more than a simple soldier: he was a great leader, a man to make a nation, trained and used to say Go! and Do! and disgusted with the human obstacles that balked him. Grand man was our Father George!

But Lincoln was a politician; he had to be; a man of infinite patience, never changing his course but willing to tack against a head wind. He knew he must have popular support. He never sacrificed a principle or any whit of high purpose to get it, but he never lost a man or a measure by intruding his own dignity as a factor in what was under consideration. He worked like a tool in the hands of a master builder. A politician—yes, wonderfully—but unswerving in purpose for all of that. To say as much of our present President is to say a vast deal, but there are many who think it can be said. There are sails on the Ship of State and how they are set depends on how the wind blows. Our President is a yachtsman, he knows about sails. He is a fisherman and probably knows something about fishing. Once when there was a big job on to save the world a number of fishermen got office. They name churches after them to this day.

Franklin Roosevelt holds to his course. He may tack, he may jibe. He knows the meaning of flotsam and jetsam, of jettison, salvage, and other sea words, but he shows no sign of turning back.

Two types of mind contemplate the future and the efforts of the present Administration to lift the country out of the morass. One type looks exclusively to facts, to particular policies and what has resulted from them—to the number of the unemployed and whether it has increased or lessened, to trade, whether it is reviving or dying off—what is left of it. The other type goes a good deal by faith. It knows that the United States cannot fail sooner or later to function as a going concern. It knows prosperity will come back but it cannot tell the preliminary processes on its fingers. It sees an enormous readjustment going on, sees it hopefully but vaguely. It does not know at all precisely how it will develop or with what consequences to this or that social or economic group. The pulse of the great machine that we watch in operation is these believers in the United States, and believers in a large way in the present expedients for its benefit. The other people who go about, measuring this and that operation, computing its results, are the brakes on the national car and in their way indispensable. A good critic has a great value. He is more constructive than a foolish friend who praises faults, but he is only useful to the going machine and it is not he that makes it go. The driving force comes from men of faith. It is mainly on them that rests the job to save the world. Mr. Churchill with his friendly spirit and friendly words of warning seems a useful critic, but he is only that.

In a Memorial Day address more than fifty years ago, Oliver Wendell Holmes, a judge in a Massachusetts Court, found this to say:

"To fight out a war, you must believe something and want something with all your might. So must you do to carry anything else to an end worth

reaching. More than that, you must be willing to commit yourself to a course, perhaps a long and hard one, without being able to foresee exactly where you will come out. All that is required of you is that you should go somewhither as hard as ever you can. The rest belongs to fate. . . . Desire cannot be imparted by argument, it can be by contagion. Feeling begets feeling, and great feeling begets great feeling."

Immediately following those remarks of Mr. Churchill's which appeared in Hearst's *American* came the President's Fireside Talk, so called, by radio in which he expressed confidence that recovery was really setting in. He felt it in the air, he said, as never before, and his opinion gets a good deal of backing from competent critics who watch the course of business. As Mr. Lippmann has pointed out, the President has got all the legislation that is indispensable to carry out his plans and purposes through the rest of his term. He has got the money that he wants and he has got from Congress most of the bills that he must have. He is not at odds with his critics; he is attentive to them, and he is criticized widely and freely. The Republican Party has got to put up a candidate next year and they are professionally and properly critical of the man at present in the White House because their candidate will probably have to run against him. But the mass of the people who talk down Mr. Roosevelt do not talk up any likely opponent to him. They seem to have no idea as yet who will head their party.

But all that is too far ahead to be discussed with profit. A lot is going to happen before the nominating conventions meet and there will be new issues and new divisions and no one knows what else.



Harper's Magazine

GILBERT AND SULLIVAN

PART I

BY HESKETH PEARSON

This is the first of three articles in which Mr. Pearson tells the story of the most famous collaboration in theatrical history. The chronicle begins at the moment when William Schwenck Gilbert, Arthur Sullivan, and D'Oyly Carte came together. Gilbert (a curious compound of irascibility and charm, of hot temper, strong opinions, and Victorian discretion) was then a highly successful dramatist, author of a large and varied assortment of plays, serious and frivolous—and also of the *Bab Ballads*. Gilbert himself thought his sentimental plays were his best and was piqued that the public did not agree. Sullivan (a man of quite different and almost feminine temperament) was an equally successful composer of symphonies, oratorios, etc., and of popular songs such as "The Sands of Dee" and "I'll Sing Thee Songs of Araby." He had also experimented with lighter composition, writing music for Burnand's farce, "Cox and Box." (Incidentally, he had already collaborated with Gilbert in 1871 on a serious operatic extravaganza, "Thespis," which had failed.) In such high regard was Sullivan's religious music held in royal circles that it was beginning to be rumored that he might be knighted.—*The Editors*.

ONE day early in the year 1875 the manager of the Royalty Theatre, Soho, happened to meet Gilbert in the street. The manager's name was Richard D'Oyly Carte, and the fact that he was known to certain members of the theatrical profession as "oily Carte" implies that his success was partly due to his manner. But manner is not everything, and his success

was primarily due to a genius for spotting "winners" which the rest of the world still regarded as "outsiders." When he met Gilbert in the year 1875 he had already perceived that a combination of Gilbert and Sullivan would probably make a fortune for anyone with gumption enough to back them, and he asked the dramatist whether he would write a one-act piece for music

by Sullivan to fill the bill at the Royalty, where Offenbach's "*La Périchole*" was shortly to be produced. Curiously enough, Gilbert had recently dramatized a story he had written for *Fun*, and Carl Rosa had agreed to do the music for it; but the death of Mrs. Rosa had resulted in the return of the libretto, and Gilbert promised to let Carte read it. Carte immediately saw its possibilities and arranged a meeting between Gilbert and Sullivan.

On a bitterly cold morning, the snow falling thickly, Gilbert donned a heavy fur coat, stuffed the manuscript of "*Trial by Jury*" into one of its pockets and called on Sullivan. Whether the cold had got into his bones, or he was suffering from the disappointment frequently felt by an author over an earlier work written in a frame of mind he cannot recapture, it is impossible to say. At any rate he gave Sullivan the impression that he thought the piece beneath his genius, reading it with growing indignation, his manner becoming more flustered and furious as he proceeded, and finishing the business with a violent gesture and a hostile snort. Meanwhile Sullivan had been rocking with silent laughter from beginning to end of the recital. The libretto was exactly suited to his taste and within a fortnight he had set it to music. It was produced at the Royalty Theatre on March 25th, 1875, and made such a sensation that, though played as an after-piece, it quickly became the main attraction. Sullivan's brother, Frederic, was so good as the Judge that Gilbert attributed the success of the piece "in no slight degree" to his performance; while W. S. Penley, afterwards famous in "*Charley's Aunt*" and "*The Private Secretary*," made his first appearance on the stage as the Foreman of the Jury.

D'Oyly Carte was not content to see

his "outsiders" romp home in one race. Moreover, he was ambitious; he wished to be an owner, not merely a backer. But he was a cautious man; he did not care to risk all until he was sure of winning all; so he decided to form a company. After assuring Gilbert and Sullivan that their future was safe in his keeping and obtaining their assurance that they would not work together for anyone else, he began the search for money. His efforts were not successful at first, because no one believed there was any money to be made out of English light opera. "*Trial by Jury*," said the people with fat purses, was a flash in the pan. Could the authors fill the bill? Could they succeed with a full-length opera? That was the question. Carte believed they could, and as he had not been a theatrical agent for nothing he managed at length to persuade certain music-publishers that the game was worth a gamble.

The partnership was slow in forming. By the close of 1876 Carte had decided to float a company with himself as managing director. This was known as the Comedy Opera Company, and it was financed by Carte and four others, two of whom, Chappell and Metzler, were music publishers. The Company took a lease of the Opera Comique in Wych Street, Strand, and by the middle of 1877 they were ready to produce the next opera by Gilbert and Sullivan.

But Gilbert and Sullivan were not yet ready with their opera. Gilbert had by no means decided that libretti were his strong suit; his heart still hankered after "straight" plays; and before he started working on his next opera he wrote and produced a drama, "*Dan'l Druce*," and a farce, "*Engaged*." Sullivan was in the same boat. His musical friends were perturbed by his sudden success in light opera and did their best to keep his thoughts from

wandering in such facile fields. Two of them, Sir Coutts and Lady Lindsay, took him off to Italy in the summer of 1875, in the hope that, brooding on Lake Como, his mind would turn to higher issues. But the soft air of the place made him lazy and it was impossible to think of oratorios when the sun was shining or when the still water gave back the moon's reflection and the mountains stood like guardian ghosts and the lights of the villages twinkled in the distance.

Prone to laziness, he was always fighting it by the formation of sudden resolutions, which he carried into effect before he had time to regret them. He left Como at a moment's notice and returned to London, staying a few hours at Cologne on the way, where he went to the Cathedral and "burst out crying, as I always do at children's voices." At home again he plunged into work, writing songs—among them "Thou'rt Passing Hence," which sobbed its way through the concert halls of England for two decades—and conducting orchestras up and down the country.

He was a creature of extremes; his periods of absolute idleness were succeeded by periods of feverish occupation; he completely abandoned himself either to a condition of mental vacuum or to one of mental vigor; there was no half-way house for him. Two of the reasons for these excesses of restlessness and inertia may be inferred from his physical health and his spiritual being. From 1872 to the end of his life he was subject to agonizing spasms of pain due to stone in the kidney; the presence or near-presence of this disease drove him to work in a frantic effort to forget it; its complete absence was such a relief that he would take advantage of the blessed interregnum and revel in the futilities of social life or dream away the hours in some rural retreat. The spiritual

aspect is rather more complicated. He was secretly discontented with the serious work that he had already done, that he felt he ought to go on doing, that his friends were always begging him to do, and, therefore, a little ashamed of the fact that the lighter type of composition came to him with such frightening facility. It was the old story once again of the natural comedian who wanted to play Hamlet. Further, he was not altogether happy in the temperament that impelled him into social circles which had no proper contact with the world of music to which he truly belonged, which could only distract him from his creative purpose, use him for their own amusement, and give him nothing in exchange but excitement and the illusion of fame. From his illness and from his inner dissatisfaction with his musical gifts and social popularity he was in ceaseless retreat, and he tried to drug the physical pain and soothe the spiritual discomfort with bouts of activity that left no time for thought and fits of indolence that excluded thought.

Though each agreed in underestimating the work he did in collaboration with the other, the attitude of Sullivan to his serious compositions was quite different from that of Gilbert to his serious plays, and herein lay their essential difference of character. Gilbert had an extremely high opinion of his contribution to what he believed to be the higher drama, and while Sullivan turned to comic opera with relief, Gilbert turned to it with regret. Any internal discomfort over his work that Gilbert endured was due, not to a feeling that he could not live up to his best, but to a feeling that the general public could not live up to his best. Thus he had no need to forget himself in a constant social whirl or in a sort of negative dreamland. His irritation with the world for its lack of appreciation was expressed in irruptions of wit

or explosions of temper, while his laziness was that of a healthy man, not a lapse into coma but a deepening of self-consciousness.

It was because Gilbert did not wish to stop writing "straight" plays that over two and a half years elapsed before "Trial by Jury" was followed by another joint-production, and during that interval several things of importance happened to Sullivan. The Duke of Edinburgh, seconded by the Prince of Wales, persuaded him to become Principal of the National Training School of Music, out of which the Royal College of Music was born; and he was given the honorary degree of Doctor in Music by the University of Cambridge. These distinctions, apart from the new duties resulting from the first, increased the demands on his time as a conductor, and he hurried from place to place in a vortex of engagements, spending half his time in cheerless trains and chilly cabs, and sometimes suffering so acutely from his disease during a performance that he could not see the audience for the tears of agony that streamed from his eyes.

But something that was far more tragic for him than personal ill-health occurred in January, 1877. Sullivan's affection for his mother, his father, and his brother was abnormally strong. Again we note the difference between him and Gilbert, whose relations hardly exist for the biographer. But then Gilbert was a truly typical Englishman. Sullivan's feeling for his family was essentially un-English. It was the feeling of a stranger in an alien land for his kin. Their very existence supported him, made life's struggle worth the pains. When, therefore, his brother Frederic fell ill at the beginning of 1877, Sullivan abandoned everything and spent all his time in the sickroom. Frederic had been his most intimate friend and he loved him as no Englishman loves a brother; that is

to say, he would thankfully have died instead. Frederic's death bereft Sullivan of the will to work. For weeks he did nothing and scarcely even saw his friends for fear he should suddenly burst out crying and cause them distress. In the spring of that year the publication of his most famous song, "The Lost Chord," made an unparalleled sensation. Everyone who could sing, and thousands who couldn't, sang it, and the whole country resounded with its melancholy strains. Sullivan had written it while watching at the bedside of Frederic, and so it became a monody for his brother.

II

Meanwhile Gilbert, who never did more work for his money than was absolutely necessary, had been busy turning the material of an early story into the libretto for which Carte was pressing him, and at the beginning of April, 1877, he despatched "The Sorcerer" to Sullivan. Weeks of delay followed. Sullivan had not recovered from his brother's death and the engagement of a suitable cast presented grave difficulties.

Gilbert had experienced so much trouble with leading actors that he decided to have no "stars" in his company but instead to train a number of amateurs, or at least professional beginners, for the peculiar needs of his operas. He had an especial objection to tenors, who were usually temperamental and liable to walk out of the theater when given advice. "They never can act," he declared, "and they are more trouble than all the other members of the company put together." At the end of his life he said that the tenor had been the curse of every piece he had written. Fortunately he did not write his leading parts for tenors, and the directors of the Company were horrified when they heard that he had en-

gaged a drawing-room entertainer named George Grossmith, who had never once appeared on the professional stage, for the principal part, and a man with an uncertain ear for music named Rutland Barrington, also quite inexperienced as an actor, for another important part. Even Grossmith himself wondered why he was being engaged for the leading character in a comic opera.

"I should have thought you required a fine man with a fine voice," he said.

"No, that is just what we don't want," replied Gilbert.

Barrington was equally curious about his own engagement to play the part of a parson, but Gilbert consoled him with the assurance that as his father had once very nearly been a clergyman he obviously had the church in his blood. Asked by someone else why he had taken the risk of casting Barrington for a singing part, Gilbert answered, "He's a staid, stolid swine, and that's what I want."

As things turned out these were his two most successful pieces of casting. Grossmith and Barrington became inseparable from Savoy Opera and made the hits of their lives in the works of Gilbert and Sullivan.

Sullivan put the finishing touches to his music at the beginning of November, 1877, and "The Sorcerer" was produced at the Opera Comique on the 17th of that month. Its career of six months was nearly broken short on several occasions by the nervousness of Carte's fellow-directors, who wanted to close the theater whenever the booking showed a downward tendency and changed their minds the moment it improved. Gilbert was so pleased with the reception of the piece that he began another at once, while Sullivan's pleasure took the form of a holiday in Paris.

Just before the end of the year Sullivan received the scenario of "H.M.S.

Pinafore" from Gilbert, who said, "I have very little doubt whatever but that you will be pleased with it." Sullivan was so much pleased with it that, returning home, he began to work on it at once in spite of the most violent attacks of illness. Throughout the entire period of composition he was racked with pain and only managed to complete the work between paroxysms of agony which almost left him insensible.

Paroxysms of a different kind were taking place on the stage during rehearsals. Gilbert was already enforcing those methods of production which were to make his name a byword in the profession and revolutionize the art of dramatic presentation. He had learned from Robertson that in drama the whole was greater than the part, and he was busy subordinating his actors to the play. He regarded each of his libretti as a composer regards a symphony, which can be wrecked by the playing of a single false note, and he determined from the outset to achieve perfect harmony from his orchestra of actors. Every word had to be said with a certain inflection, every movement had to be made in a certain manner, every position had to be judged to a square inch, every piece of "business" had to be considered in its relation to the scene. The actors were not allowed, as in the old days, to emerge for an instant from the frame of the picture he was trying to create. They were like chessmen on a board, to be moved at the discretion of the player-producer; they were like marionettes, whose motions were governed by the master; they were the members of a team, under the strict discipline of its captain.

For this reason he preferred his actors to be novices, who could be taught by himself and would not resent the teaching. For this reason, too, he arrived at the first rehearsal with a

fairly complete mental picture of all the moves, all the inflections, all the "business" and all the positions of all the actors at every moment of the play. For hour after hour before the commencement of rehearsals he would sit at his desk with replicas of the scenes on a scale of half an inch to a foot, with blocks of wood three inches high representing the males, two and a half inches high representing the females, and work out every detail of the production. It was not likely, therefore, that he was going to stand any nonsense from an actor who was solely concerned with his part and who did not mind what happened to the play so long as he made a personal success. At the rehearsals of "Pinafore" a player of the older school refused to repeat for perhaps the fiftieth time a piece of "business" which Gilbert was patiently instructing him to do.

"No, sir, I object," said the actor warmly. "I have been on the stage quite long enough."

"Quite," agreed Gilbert, and dismissed him on the spot.

Gilbert could never see eye-to-eye with people who considered that their proper place was in the center of the stage, and when a lady who was rehearsing the part of Josephine in "Pinafore" pointed out that she had always occupied that position in Italian Opera, he remarked:

"Unfortunately this is not Italian Opera, but only a low burlesque of the worst possible kind."

The lady continued her career in Italian Opera.

Another well-known actress who was cast for a part in "Pinafore" walked out of the theater when she heard that a newcomer with no experience named Jessie Bond was to play in her scenes. Though upsetting at the time, it turned out luckily for Gilbert and Sullivan, as Jessie Bond became one of the most popular Savoy favorites.

Explosions between producer and actors were frequent in the early days, though when Gilbert had gained the complete ascendancy over his actors that had always been his aim their occurrence was rare. His anger only flashed out when anyone questioned his authority and his wit was usually confined to such harmless squibs as that recorded by Barrington:

"Cross left on that speech, I think, Barrington, and sit on the skylight over the saloon, pensively," advised Gilbert at a rehearsal of "Pinafore."

The actor did so, but the stage carpenter had sewn the skylight with packthread and it collapsed under Barrington's fourteen stones.

"That's *expensively*," remarked Gilbert.

"H.M.S. Pinafore" was produced on May 25th, 1878 and, its merits apart, caused something of a sensation because of the caricature of W. H. Smith, the publisher, who had recently been appointed First Lord of the Admiralty by Disraeli. For some of the lyrics Gilbert had drawn on the *Bab Ballads*, one of which he adapted for his present purpose. This cutting ridicule of the political game, together with the satire on blatant patriotism in the same opera, reveals a vital aspect of Gilbert's character and explains why he had to wait so long for a knighthood.

It must be repeated that the qualities of wariness and daring were mixed in his nature in about equal proportions; and also, it may be added, stupidity and insight. He was a typical Briton with a streak of genius, possibly the only known example. He could see through a thing but he could not see round it. He was visited with sudden flashes of reality but he was not gifted with a steady vision. He had acute perceptions but no guiding philosophy. He was a respectable man who made fun of respectability, a sentimentalist who laughed at senti-

ment, a patriot who ridiculed patriotism. Again and again, at the bidding of some powerful intuition, he exposed a social or national absurdity; but as often as not he failed to see the point of his exposure and fell back upon a piece of conventional claptrap which was equally typical of him. His sudden exhibitions of daring and insight, coupled with his native caution and conventionality, made his work uneven and incalculable, and it was Sullivan's music that rendered it wholly palatable to the Victorians. The Englishman is perhaps the only man in the world who can laugh at himself; add music to the satire, and he brings the house down; for music removes the sting of reality. Nevertheless, the chief powers in the land never quite got over the "contempt of court" shown in "Trial by Jury," the contempt of Cabinets in "Pinafore," and the continuous digs at authority in the rest of the operas, culminating with the contempt of the Royal Court in "Utopia"; and they took their only possible revenge. The average Englishman laughed, applauded, and whistled the delectable tunes; the important Englishman watched, smiled wryly, and sometimes writhed inwardly.

Gilbert's prudence and childlike simplicity were never more conspicuously displayed together than in his statement to Sullivan that, since the First Lord in the opera was a violent radical, while the well-known publisher was a pronounced conservative, there could be no suspicion that W. H. Smith was intended. He was, however, quite right. No one entertained the least suspicion on the point. Everyone was absolutely certain about it. And within a few weeks of the production Disraeli was referring to "Pinafore Smith."

Owing to the fact that London was visited by a heat-wave that summer, the audiences at the Opera Comique

varied in size, and the directors had periodical fits of panic. They announced the withdrawal of the piece about once a fortnight and cancelled the announcement whenever the receipts went up. D'Oyly Carte calmed them to the best of his ability, but both he and the company were kept on tenterhooks for months owing to the nervous condition of his co-directors. Then two things happened to give the show a fillip. Sullivan, who was conducting the Promenade Concerts at Covent Garden, included an arrangement of the "Pinafore" music in one evening's program. It was liked so much that crowds of concert-goers visited the opera, which was running to good houses by the end of August. Next came the news that "Pinafore" had taken New York by storm and was playing to enormous business at no less than eight theaters; and since England was just beginning to model her taste on that of America, and America was just beginning to accept everything English as a model of taste, "Pinafore" soon became the rage in both countries.

Of course it was pirated in America. There was no copyright agreement between the two countries; and unless the author of a play could produce it on the spot, before anyone else could steal it and produce it first, he could whistle for his royalties. American publishers and theatrical managers made fortunes out of "Pinafore" while Gilbert and Sullivan gnashed their teeth in impotence. Adding insult to injury, the Americans put in a number of local gags, songs about "pants" (which they have an incurable habit of rhyming with "dance") and such-like unsuitable sallies. Gilbert, Sullivan, and Carte decided that something had to be done about it, and the latter sailed for America to take stock of the situation.

During his absence a crisis occurred at the Opera Comique. The lease of

the theater expired at the end of July, 1879, and Carte had determined, now that Gilbert and Sullivan opera seemed a fairly safe investment, to wind up the Company and carry on the business himself. The collaborators, weary of the panicstricken methods of the other members of the board, stood behind Carte, who bought out his co-directors. But the nightly spectacle of packed houses had an inspiring effect on the retiring directors, who decided to claim the scenery as their property and to put the production on at another theater.

On the last night of their regime they broke into the back of the Opera Comique with a gang of hired roughs and attempted to remove the scenery and properties by force. Their intrusion occurred toward the end of the performance and the audience, hearing the noise, thought that a fire had broken out. Grossmith walked down to the footlights, explained the situation to the people in front, and after a free fight between chorus and roughs, much enjoyed by the audience, the intruders were kicked out, and the performance was concluded. Summonses were promptly issued and the raiding directors were publicly rebuked in court; but they produced "Pinafore" at the Imperial Theatre and later transferred it to the Olympic, almost next door to the Opera Comique. Gilbert and Sullivan issued a public statement to the effect that the production at the Opera Comique was the authorized version, but playgoers filled both houses for some time in order to make their own comparisons.

In the summer of that year a long report from Carte persuaded Gilbert and Sullivan to visit America in order to give their authorized version of "Pinafore" in New York. Before leaving, Sullivan underwent an operation for crushing the stone in the kidney, and received felicitations upon its

success from the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh. Gilbert was suffering from a different complaint. "I will not have another libretto of mine produced if the Americans are going to steal it," he declared: "not that I need the money so much, but it upsets my digestion."

III

Reporters swooped down upon them the instant their boat reached New York, and the American public, through the medium of its press, was quickly introduced to the two famous visitors: the librettist, a tall military-looking gentleman with fair hair, rosy complexion, bright blue eyes, and high massive forehead, who spoke quickly and jerkily in a deep hearty voice; the composer, a short, plump, daintily clad person, with a thick neck, dark hair and eyes, olive-tinted mobile face, sensuous lips, and tender expression, whose voice was wistful and full of feeling. They were interviewed so thoroughly that Sullivan wondered "where do all these Americans end?" and Gilbert ceased to wonder. Each of them took pains to make it known that he had done far better work than "Pinafore" unaided by the other. Gilbert said it was a little mortifying to find that a trifle like "Pinafore" should so far exceed in success the plays he held in more serious estimation. Sullivan regretted that his oratorios and other compositions of a more classical and ambitious style had not received the popular approval accorded to "Pinafore." Neither of them felt unduly flattered when some judge, in an after-dinner speech, hoped they would be brought before him on the charge of being drunk and disorderly, so that he might repay the pleasure "Pinafore" had given him by letting them off.

While Gilbert and Sullivan were re-

hearing their opera and being entertained and interviewed until their heads swam, the barrel-organs of New York were churning out the tunes of "Pinafore," the music shops were flooded with its scores, most of the theaters were playing it, and such was the demand for it throughout the States that one paper announced: "At present there are forty-two companies playing 'Pinafore' about the country. Companies formed after 6 p.m. yesterday are not included." The authorized edition of the work appeared on December 1st at the Fifth Avenue Theater and received an ovation. Everyone in the audience was of course already familiar with the airs, but the orchestration, with which the numerous American bands had not troubled their heads, was a revelation. It was greeted as a comparatively new work, and it looked as if a ninth company were about to coin money in the city. Gilbert, in his speech before the curtain after the first performance, said, "It has been our purpose to produce something that should be innocent but not imbecile." That was the slogan of the collaborators: clean but clever fun. They had made up their minds, they said, to do all in their power to wipe out the grosser elements of early-Victorian burlesque, "never to let an evil word escape our characters, and never to allow a man to appear as a woman or vice versa." That Gilbert's intention was entirely successful is vouched for by Dean Welldon: "He wrote no play, nor even perhaps a line, that the sensitive modesty of a young girl might shrink from hearing."

If "Pinafore" had not already been whistled and quoted in America until it became a point of honor in decent society not to do either, the new and true version might have run for years. As things were, business appreciably slackened after the first outburst of excitement, and Sullivan began to work

feverishly on the new opera which Gilbert had completed before leaving England. This was "The Pirates of Penzance." Sullivan had written the songs for the second act when he received the libretto and had sketched out a number of songs in the first act. The second act he had brought with him but he had carelessly left the sketches for the first act at home and now had to rewrite from memory. Between public dinners, visitors, attacks of pain, rehearsals of the completed second act, and his job as conductor at the theater, he managed somehow to finish the first act and score the entire work during December, though he seldom got to bed until 5.30 in the morning. Just before the opening night he had trouble with the band, the members of which voted that "The Pirates" came under the heading of Grand Opera, which entitled them to higher rates of pay. The position was not improved by the manager of the theater, who told them that they should be content with the high honor of being conducted by England's greatest composer; for it occurred to them that they should be paid more for the high honor as well as for the Grand Opera, and they raised both points when threatening to down instruments. Sullivan adroitly turned the tables on them. He disclaimed the greatness that had been thrust upon him and said that he felt the honor of conducting such a brilliant orchestra. He even hinted that his work was not worthy of them and that, if they felt so too, he should wire at once to England for a less sensitive orchestra. They agreed to abase themselves on the same terms as before.

On the night of December 30th, after the final dress rehearsal, Sullivan returned to his hotel and began work on the Overture, finishing it at five o'clock on the morning of the 31st, and rehearsing it six hours later. He was

not well enough to eat that day, so went to bed in the afternoon and tried to sleep. Still feeling wretchedly ill and worn out with fatigue, for he could not sleep, he rose, dressed slowly, and wandered off to a club, where he had twelve oysters and a glass of champagne. More dead than alive, he went on to the theater, took his place in the orchestra, lifted his baton, and "The Pirates of Penzance" swept New York off its feet.

Beyond drawing on his forgotten opera, "Thespis," for a chorus, Gilbert had taken great pains with this new work and the result was so delightfully fresh that no one took exception even to the Pirate King's remark, "I don't think much of our profession, but, contrasted with respectability, it is comparatively honest." After all, Pirate Kings were allowed to have their bit of fun. But when the piece was produced in London the skit on "the very model of a modern Major-General" was not welcomed in certain quarters:

"For my military knowledge, though I'm plucky and adventury,
Has only been brought down to the beginning of the century."

Another joke caused grave displeasure in high places and Gilbert was made to pay for it later on. When the Police say to the Pirates

"We charge you yield, in Queen Victoria's name,"

the Pirate King replies:

"We yield at once, with humbled mien,
Because, with all our faults, we love our Queen."

There was not much harm in that, though the Queen might not have valued the loyalty of pirates. But when immediately afterward the pirates are excused on the ground that

"They are no members of the common throng;
They are all noblemen who have gone wrong!"

and the General exclaims:

"No Englishman unmoved that statement hears,
Because, with all our faults, we love our House of Peers,"

several eminent people considered that the hit went past the woolsack to the throne.

However, American sensibilities were not wounded because they were not being attacked, and the Fifth Avenue Theater did record business. The chief difficulty of the trio, Gilbert-Sullivan-Carte, was to prevent the pirating of "The Pirates." In America half a century ago a work became anyone's property the moment it was printed; so after every performance the music had to be hidden away in a safe. Large bribes were offered to members of the orchestra to loan their scores and a careful eye had to be kept on their movements. Musicians were placed in the audience by piratical managers with instructions to jot down the themes, and eventually various fragmentary versions appeared elsewhere; but this time New York had the original work, produced and conducted by the creators themselves, and would not be fobbed off with cheap substitutes. Also the trio decided at once to send out a number of companies on tour, and they worked day and night to forestall those who would cheat them of their rights, rehearsing three or four companies at the same time, and, when they should have been resting, attending numberless social functions.

The strain told particularly on Sullivan, still a victim to his old trouble, and sometimes he was found in a semi-conscious condition from pain and overwork. The circumstances which forced the strain upon him rankled in his mind and he was heard to say, "A free and independent American citizen ought not to be robbed of his right of robbing someone else."

Gilbert, though equally annoyed, had a stronger constitution and treated his American acquaintances in a less direct fashion:

"Oh, Mr. Gilbert," said a wealthy lady at some dinner-party, "your friend Mr. Sullivan's music is really too delightful. It reminds me so much of dear Baytch (Bach). Do tell me: what is Baytch doing just now? Is he still composing?"

"Well, no, madam," Gilbert returned, "just now, as a matter of fact, dear Baytch is by way of decomposing."

Having launched their last company at Buffalo, they went to see Niagara Falls. They had made up their minds to return to England in time to produce "The Pirates" for the opening of the spring season. Their boat was to sail on March 3rd, and when they reached Niagara they had ten days to spare. Gilbert went back to New York to settle their affairs. Sullivan went on to Ottawa where he stayed with Princess Louise and the Marquess of Lorne at Government House; which must have irritated a certain watchmaker's wife, who, unaware of his friendships in royal circles, had refused to dine at some function in New York because Mr. Arthur Sullivan, a mere musician, whose tunes were played on the barrel-organs, had been asked to sit at the same table.

IV

Though their biographers have ignored the early signs of discord between the partners, it is at this point that we must note the beginning of a quarrel, the root cause of which lay in their divergent temperaments. Gilbert, it must always be remembered, was the dominant partner, and Sullivan's admiration of him had something feminine in it. Gilbert was in a very real sense the begetter of Sullivan's best music; he was the Svengali who

by hypnotizing Trilby-Sullivan could create the notes he wanted; and Sullivan surrendered gladly to the magnetism of a personality that could extract from him the essence of a lighthearted happiness he was otherwise unable to express.

But there was another side to this artistically ideal partnership. Gilbert was jealous of the music he had inspired in Sullivan, and Sullivan was annoyed that he should be dependent upon Gilbert. These emotions became stronger as time went on; but in the earlier stages they took the form of banter with Gilbert, of reserve with Sullivan. Wherever Gilbert went he heard people whistling Sullivan's tunes and singing Sullivan's praise. He had no ear for music and little admiration for it, and the constant repetition of melodies that would never have been written but for his words aroused his resentment. He relieved himself by chaffing Sullivan in public; and though Sullivan had borne it patiently enough in London, the persistent facetiousness of the elder man at his expense whenever they were the guests of honor at social functions in New York jarred upon him and embittered him. When he returned home he complained to Fred Clay that he did not think he could put up with it much longer.

The great success of "The Pirates of Penzance," which opened at the Opera Comique on April 3rd, 1880, temporarily saved the situation because in London the partners never met outside business, and there was no business to bring them together until a successor to the new opera should be required. Acting probably on the advice of Fred Clay, Sullivan made a gesture of friendship to Gilbert soon after "The Pirates" was produced. It may have been his way of hinting that Gilbert should in future supply him with more serious libretti, for he always enter-

tained the curious belief that solemn music was more important than light music; but whatever his reason he asked Gilbert to prepare a verse-version of "The Martyr of Antioch," which he was writing for the Leeds Festival.

Gilbert, who liked being mistaken for a poet, at once complied. The work was produced in the autumn and dedicated to the Princess of Wales. Grave musicians again acclaimed Sullivan as a master and wondered how a man who was capable of writing such a moving anthem in his latest oratorio as "Brother, Thou Hast Gone Before Us" could go on setting music to such nonsense as "When the enterprising burglar's not a-burgling," which was being received with roars of applause at the Opera Comique.

But "The Pirates" could not last forever and Gilbert was already hard at work on a successor. The æsthetic craze was then at its height. Oscar Wilde was to be seen in Piccadilly in fancy dress; and the philistines, led by George Du Maurier in *Punch*, were indulging in the popular pastime of pelting poets. Gilbert, who had a good eye to business, saw which way the wind was blowing and determined to add a few puffs of his own. Then he had a fit of laziness. Why not base his libretto on "The Rival Curates," one of the *Bab Ballads*? Curates were more absurd than æsthetes, who had been sufficiently castigated by Du Maurier and Burnand. Besides, he really disliked the affectations of parsons and he hated the way in which they were idolized by women. His objection to the clergy was notorious. Staying in some provincial hotel, he once found himself the only layman among a number of divines who were present for a conference in the town, one of whom addressed him with quiet irony:

"I should think, Mr. Gilbert, you

must feel slightly out of place in this company?"

"Yes," answered Gilbert, "I feel like a lion in a den of Daniels."

So, between laziness and inclination, he began a libretto which should hold the typical curate up to ridicule. He had not been working on it for long when he was attacked by severe twinges of caution. Would it be popular? Would people be amused by a chorus of comical curates? Would it not be thought that he was laughing at religion? Even with the music of a devout composer of oratorios . . . no, it was too dangerous. Instantly he switched round, reverted to the original plan, and with a sigh of relief went after safer game.

Sullivan, the success of whose recent oratorio had made him dissatisfied with lesser themes, packed a part of "Patience" in his bag, dismissed the subject from his mind, and departed for a holiday of two months in the Riviera and Italy. He was back in London by the middle of February, 1881, but as was usual with him, he had to work overtime to get "Patience" finished by the day of production. He started to score the work ten days before the first night, and began to sketch out the Overture forty-eight hours before the curtain went up.

"Patience" was first seen at the Opera Comique on April 23rd, 1881, and had an immense success. The theater in Wych Street could not hold the people who rushed to see it, and D'Oyly Carte, who for some time had been building a permanent home for Gilbert and Sullivan opera, was able to transfer it on October 10th to the Savoy Theatre, which was the first playhouse in London to be lighted by electricity and where the queue system for unreserved seats was first instituted. The opening night at the new theater was the occasion for a great social display; the Prince of Wales was there,

Sullivan conducted (as he always did when the Prince came), and after the performance he took the Prince behind the scenes and presented the principal members of the company to him.

"Patience" was clearly in for a long run, and though Gilbert talked vaguely of their next piece, which he called "Iolanthe," Sullivan scarcely gave it a moment's thought. Instead he took advantage of the prevailing prosperity and moved into his final home, No. 1 Queen's Mansions, a forbidding block of flats in Queen Victoria Street. After that he set out for Egypt, where he spent three lazy months, sending glowing accounts to his mother from Cairo of Dervish dancers, Arabian music, official dinners, Moslem processions, visits to the Khedive, and an evening of riotous games with the Duke of Clarence and Prince George (King George V) who "knocked me about a good deal."

The summer of 1882 found him in Cornwall, where he was staying with friends, writing the music for "Iolanthe" and playing poker. He did not care for the first act of the new opera and asked Gilbert to meet him and talk it over. Gilbert was yachting on the south coast, and the meeting took place in the coffee-room of the Half Moon Hotel in Exeter, where they started the afternoon with ham and eggs and ended it with a new act. Since "Patience" had been pirated all over America, they decided to send over a company of "Iolanthe" and produce it simultaneously in New York and London. As usual, Sullivan was late with the music; fits of laziness were followed by spurts of overwork, which brought on a severe attack of his kidney complaint; but by laboring steadily through the nights, sometimes until six or seven in the morning, he contrived to finish the job four days before the opening night.

On November 25, 1882, the curtain

of the Savoy Theatre went up on "An Arcadian Landscape" and came down to thunderous applause. Gilbert and Sullivan had scored another enormous success. It meant more to Sullivan than his collaborator because, just before leaving home that night, he had heard of the bankruptcy of the stock-brokers with whom all his securities were deposited, and the consequent loss of the whole of his life's savings.

Gilbert's securities were more secure. By 1883 he was busy building himself a house at No. 39 Harrington Gardens, South Kensington, and here he lived until 1890; though he also had a house called "Breakspears" at Uxbridge for the summer months, playing a lot of tennis there and extending the length of the court because he found it difficult to keep a ball within the regulation limits. Having more money than he needed for a livelihood, he lavished it on his new London home. His family arms and crest appeared over the doorway, carved on a shield of stone and supported by birds held by cupids. An Elizabethan navigator named Sir Humphrey Gilbert, who founded the first English colony in North America, was claimed as an ancestor, and Gilbert commemorated him by placing a stone ship on the gable of the house. When someone asked whether the ship was *H.M.S. Pinafore* he answered hotly: "I do not put my trademark on the top of my house." Ornate chimneypieces, panelled walls, oak beams, heavily-molded ceilings, stained-glass windows, elaborate wall-papers, and tapestries were in evidence throughout the house, which was fitted up with all the latest improvements—really novel in 1883—telephone, electric light, central heating, a bathroom on every floor, and so forth. In this remarkable mansion, which still retains many of its original characteristics, Gilbert wrote three of his most famous operas ("The Mikado," "The

Yeomen of the Guard" and "The Gondoliers") and two less famous ones ("Princess Ida" and "Ruddigore") seated comfortably in an armchair in his study. This house, and no other, is, therefore, the mecca of all true Gilbertians.

Gilbert hated waste, and the plot of "Iolanthe," like so many songs and ideas in the other operas, was taken from a *Bab Ballad*. His gibes at peers and M.P.s throughout this opera were soon the talk of every club, and both lords and commoners had to pretend they were enjoying the joke as much as anyone; but it was lucky for Gilbert that he was too successful to be attacked or ignored. His next libretto was founded on a play he had written fourteen years earlier, "The Princess," which was itself a parody of Tennyson's poem. To save himself trouble he lifted chunks of dialogue from the earlier work and transferred it bodily to "Princess Ida," which thus became a blank-verse opera. It was produced on January 5, 1884, and compared with its predecessors it might have been described as a failure, for it only reached a total of two hundred and forty-six performances.

Sullivan at first did not like it and "a slight breeze" occurred between the two, but after Gilbert had dealt with his objections he was pacified. In May, 1883, before he began to write the music, Sullivan was knighted, and *The Musical Review* came out with the statement that it would henceforth be *infra dig* for Sir Arthur Sullivan to write music to Mr. W. S. Gilbert's words, a sentiment that found constant expression, from now on, in the graver periodicals of the day and in the mouths of those friends who believed that Sullivan was frittering away his gifts and who failed to see that the original and highly individual work he was doing with Gilbert was incomparably better than the echoes of Men-

delssohn, Auber, and Gounod which were heard too often in his oratorios and incidental music. It may be noted as a curious feature of the Victorian Age that "grave" work was, for the first time in English art, exalted above "gay" work. Gilbert himself accepted this convention and rated his solemn plays far more highly than his amusing operas. The Elizabethans had a more balanced and realistic view of life, and it would never have occurred to them, or to any age before the Victorian, that tragedy was superior to comedy or that Hamlet was a higher manifestation of genius than Falstaff.

Sullivan listened to these earnest promptings with one ear, and their effect upon him will shortly be apparent, but he had another ear for the siren voices that sang of social advancement and financial success. He knew to whom he was chiefly indebted for his knighthood, and on his forty-first birthday he gave a dinner-party to the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Edinburgh, several peers of the realm, and a commoner or two, including Gilbert. A musical entertainment followed, in which some of the leading singers of the day took part, and at a quarter-past eleven Sullivan surprised his royal guests by ringing up the Savoy Theatre on the telephone. It was a Sunday night and he had asked the company playing "Iolanthe" to do selections from the opera at the theater, so that his guests might enjoy the novelty of "listening-in" by means of an electrophone which he had installed at his flat. The Prince was delighted; everyone was delighted, except perhaps Gilbert, who did not care for princes or prima-donnas and believed that the opera, especially his words, could have been enjoyed with more advantage to all concerned from a box or stall at the Savoy Theatre the following evening.

It may have been Sullivan's knight-hood or it may have been Sullivan's criticism that ruffled Gilbert and caused a certain amount of friction during the rehearsals of "Princess Ida." The actors did not take kindly to the blank verse and Gilbert was frequently forced to correct them. One gentleman, exasperated by repeated promptings, burst out:

"Look here, sir, I will *not* be bullied. I know my lines."

"That may be so, but you don't know mine," snapped Gilbert.

Grossmith had several brushes with the producer, and after one of the latter's sharp comments said indignantly:

"I beg your pardon!"

"I accept the apology," retorted Gilbert; "let's get on with the rehearsal."

At last Grossmith could endure it no longer. He had been made to go over the same scene about twenty times in succession and when told to do so again he exploded:

"I've rehearsed this confounded business until I feel a perfect fool!"

"Ah," said Gilbert, "'now we can talk on equal terms."

Sullivan had his troubles too. His friend Fred Clay had a paralytic stroke in December, 1883, followed by another within twenty-four hours, and Sullivan was so upset that he could not work, though the date of production was but three weeks ahead.

Then, to make up for lost time, he worked day and night together. Since he was constantly putting off his work, he was constantly overworked, and the strain of overwork always brought a return of his malady. As with "Iolanthe," he finished the music four days before the date of production, and then the reaction set in. Brain and body collapsed. On the afternoon of January 5th the doctor, convinced that his patient would be unable to conduct the performance, injected morphia to ease his pain. At seven o'clock Sullivan took another injection and a cup of black coffee. Slowly and painfully he dragged himself out of bed, was helped into his clothes by his valet, and drove to the Savoy. Half-conscious, he entered the orchestra. A terrific reception braced him and he got through the evening without difficulty. But after his "call" with Gilbert before the curtain he fainted and was taken home by friends.

Though the first performance of "Princess Ida" was rapturously received, the blank verse was not in the Gilbert and Sullivan tradition, and playgoers were disappointed. The actors too did not care for their parts, and Rutland Barrington attributed the comparative failure of the piece to the fact that King Hildebrand was not given sufficient prominence. He was playing the part himself, which may conceivably have influenced his opinion.

(To be continued)



CHEMISTRY WRECKS THE FARM

BY WAYNE W. PARRISH AND HAROLD F. CLARK

IN THE sense that we have known it in the past, American agriculture is a dying industry. The nation's largest single business still remaining in the hands of private citizens is in the midst of a scientific revolution, and the farm as an individual production unit—the final refuge from a mechanized and goose-stepped civilization—is seeing its last days. For chemistry and technology are bringing agriculture under control.

In broad terms, one may say that the farm is being wrecked by a series of three major frontal attacks, any one of which is deadly enough to have caused a serious crisis:

1. Intensive farming on the soil, with the use of synthetic fertilizers, mechanization, and other control factors, is progressing to such an extent that with even a fifty per cent efficiency in the best farming practices a mere fraction of the present cultivated farm land would suffice to produce all food-stuffs and raiments we need in this country.

2. The whole aim and direction of the chemical revolution in agriculture is to duplicate and to take out of cultivation all staple products of nature and to manufacture them synthetically by automatic processes in factories, thus achieving a uniformity of product unobtainable in nature and eliminating fortuitous elements of chance.

3. The world tendency toward national self-sufficiency is cutting the heart out of world agricultural trade

permanently. Foreign markets for agricultural products in any material degree are gone forever. The chemical age gives every highly technical nation a choice between self-sufficiency and trade on whatever barter or bargaining basis it desires, thus upsetting time-honored geographical alignments of monopolies of certain natural products and altering the whole concept of imperialism.

This is an entirely new situation for agriculture. For centuries the threat of eventual scarcity of food and land hung over the world. Within a few decades the march of science has brought about a complete reversal. On the one hand the chemist and the technologist have made possible the production of greater and greater quantities of products on less and less land, resulting in enormous surpluses of acreage, crops, and labor. At the same time, ironically enough, the chemist is removing one product after another from the soil into the laboratory, throwing still more land out of cultivation and further reducing the amount of labor needed.

What has already happened to American agriculture is clearly shown in the statistics of our farm population and production. In 1790, we have carefully estimated from reliable figures, 90 per cent of the population was engaged in agriculture. In 1930 this ratio had fallen to 20 per cent. (The half-way mark, when half the population was engaged in agriculture,

occurred in the decade 1870-1880.)

But if anyone thinks that 20 per cent of the population is needed to produce the 1930 production of foodstuffs and raiments, let him not be misled; for the Department of Agriculture in one of its unheralded but significant reports has told the true story without actually saying so. This report shows that 85 per cent of all agricultural products entering trade are produced by half the farmers of the country. Considering the present inefficient stage of agriculture, this means that half of our farm population, by only slightly increasing the efficiency of operation (an extremely simple matter), could produce 100 per cent of all agricultural products now entering trade. We often think of America as still predominantly agricultural, but 10 per cent of the population hardly connotes dominance. The experts know that if the present knowledge of farm operation were properly applied, it would be relatively easy to produce the 1930 crops with only five per cent of the population.

Aside from the inroads of the chemical revolution, several other factors are playing leading roles in this historic transition. One is the decline in the growth of population in the United States, pointing toward a levelling off in half a century or less, and making unnecessary any considerable expansion of enterprise. Mechanization of agriculture and transportation has released from farm labor hundreds of thousands of workers who made meager livelihoods as farm hands. Many of these persons, with no property ties and too inefficient for industry, have become wholly dependent on government relief and odd jobs. Mechanization has not only affected the labor market, but mechanical equipment such as the gasoline engine has released an estimated thirty million acres from cultivation of food consumed by

horses. It is estimated that the elimination of the horse reduced the consumption of food as sharply as if forty million persons had stopped eating.

Sociological factors have also played their part. The substitution of motor transportation for walking is estimated to have so reduced the energy requirements of the population that the consumption of meat decreased by 15 per cent during the decade 1920-30. The ten million head of cattle that this reduction represented would have consumed as much food as fifty million persons. The demand for farm products as a whole declined 17 per cent during that decade. All of these factors contribute to the immediate crisis, as well as form an integral part of the long-term problem.

On all sides it is becoming more apparent that agriculture is in the midst of fundamental changes. William J. Hale, a chemist who has portrayed the invasion of chemistry in agriculture in his book, *The Farm Chemurgic*, estimates that chemical research has rendered economically futile twenty-five per cent of the population of Europe and America within the short space of three decades; and Dr. O. M. Willcox, agrobiologist who is concerned solely with intensive agriculture, states in his *Reshaping Agriculture* that it would be relatively easy to eliminate four out of five farmers and four out of five acres in cultivation if the best-known practices of farming were adopted to-day.

II

The idea that the farmer is a subservient caretaker of God's handiwork, and thus is quite helpless to alter the age-old cycle of the rain, wind, and sun, has persisted through the centuries up into modern times. Only in recent years have there been signs of fundamental changes. Instead of praying

for rain, the more progressive of the farmers have decided that it is more practical to control the water supply by storing water for periods of drought. And instead of constantly moving to fresh lands when the old soil is played out, some are discovering that it is more economical to restore fertility by scientific methods.

The agricultural chemist has been the principal disturber of the rustic scene. What is a farm, after all, he asks, but a little factory, a factory that uses an inordinate amount of space and lies idle a good many months out of the year; or, to put it another way, a simple and extremely inefficient chemical laboratory which converts certain organic elements that man can't use into those elements he can use? The farming that has been generally practiced is distinctly savage. The farmer sticks some seeds in the ground, disturbs the soil a little, and does little or nothing until the plants grow up. The whole business has largely been left to God. Lacking pests, droughts, floods, tornadoes, hailstorms, and other acts of nature, the farmer has harvested his crops once a year.

But within the past century, and chiefly since the turn of the present century, the chemist has come upon the scene. He discovered what plants are made of, and he found that the soil itself contributes nothing to the growing processes except to act as a reservoir and retainer for the plant, moisture, and the necessary chemical elements that contribute to plant growth. He analyzed the plants themselves, and began his laboratory attempts to duplicate each plant in test tubes by using its chemical components.

The chemist has thus made two vital contributions. By seeking out the secrets of plant composition and growth, he not only learned to "make two blades of grass grow where one grew before," but he learned to dupli-

cate that grass synthetically in numerous forms and varieties in a factory.

On these two fronts fundamental changes have taken place. Production on an acre of land has doubled and trebled; and meanwhile millions of acres of land have gone out of cultivation with the rise of synthetics. Natural dyes, for example, have disappeared over the world with the complete absorption of the industry by synthetic dyes. Manufactured synthetic perfumes eliminated vast areas under cultivation for flowers. An entirely new synthetic fiber, rayon, has transformed the textile world of silk, cotton, and wool. With twelve million dollars a year being poured into chemical research—half of this into synthetics alone—it is not difficult to foresee the inroads that the chemist will continue to make into agriculture.

To simplify the revolutionary trends in the entire agricultural enterprise, we have divided the development of farming into four stages. These stages are not chronological; indeed, the revolution has in some instances advanced so swiftly that the fourth and synthetic stage was reached without recourse to the second and third. They are:

1. Primitive stage, still practiced over wide areas of the earth, in which seeds are planted in straight rows in the soil and the whole business is left to nature. A little fertilization is used but mostly unscientifically.

2. Intensive stage, gradually coming into use, in which large quantities of synthetically produced fertilizers are applied to the soil to reap enormous yields. This stage is so perfected that it is known with precision that a specified quantity of the organic chemical matter will yield a specified quantity of crop.

3. Control stage, which eliminates the soil as being unnecessary to plant growth. Plants are grown in a solution of necessary organic substances in

trays or cabinets, with a new crop every few weeks. This stage takes agriculture off the farm into factories or kitchens and places it under strict man-made control.

4. Synthetic stage, in which the chemist transfers the whole agricultural enterprise to the factory, eliminating seeds, plant, sun, soil, winds, and rain. He finds out what a plant is made of, duplicates or imitates it, and provides unlimited production of uniform product by automatic processes.

The chemical phase of the agricultural revolution has an analogy in the industrial revolution. Both are identical in effecting ever greater productivity with less and less need for labor. Coupled with this in agriculture is less and less need for land. It was the perfection of the steam engine in the latter part of the eighteenth century that finally culminated in the first installation of automatic mass-production machinery in 1920. Not until the comparatively recent arrival of automatic machinery with straightline production methods did the industrial revolution begin to force a real crisis in the problem of absorbing displaced workers in new fields.

The chemical revolution began much later than the industrial but has not been long in catching up. In one sense the perfection in Germany in 1913 of the Haber-Bosch process of nitrate fixation is analogous to the invention of the steam engine. Indeed, the implications of the nitrogen-fixation process are greater than of the steam engine, for it ended forever the threat of diminishing fertility of the soils.

III

Of the utmost importance in these days when the Agricultural Adjustment Administration is tinkering with the problem of taking a few million acres out of, or putting them back into,

cultivation is the direction of the second of the four stages listed in the preceding section: intensive farming.

The belief has been prevalent that an acre of land could produce just so much corn or wheat or cotton and no more. It has been believed that God provided good land and bad land, that production of that land was almost static, and that man couldn't do much to change the situation. The agrobiologist is changing this idea by demonstrating that poor land can be turned into the best by the application of intensive farming methods. He has shown that soil itself was not the contributing factor to plant growth. It is what's in the soil—and things can be put into it.

Granted that Dr. Willcox is somewhat visionary when he says that 80 per cent of cultivated farm land can be eliminated by the general introduction of the best practice, it cannot be doubted that the whole farming enterprise is manifestly moving steadily in that direction. And since farming is stimulated by the whip of competition and profits (when and if they come), there is no reason to believe that the trend will be deflected. Intensive farming, despite the increased costs of fertilizers, water control, and other factors, is more economical in the long run than extensive farming, hence the forward trend is toward growing larger crop yields on smaller areas of land.

To illustrate the difference between extensive and intensive farming, suppose Farmer A has ten acres and Farmer B has twenty acres. Farmer A buys fertilizers for intensive farming and thus adds to his initial cost, but he obtains the same crop yield from ten acres that Farmer B obtains from his twenty acres. But Farmer A has less labor cost, for he farms only half the acreage of B, and his taxes, or rent, are less. Further, his crop is likely to be of better quality, and his soil is left in

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better condition than his neighbor's.

American agriculture, Dr. Willcox says in his *Reshaping Agriculture*, is only 11.3 per cent efficient to-day on the scale of the most efficient methods. If the farmer is now in the midst of a crisis, with ability to produce enormous surpluses, what will happen when the efficiency level is doubled or trebled as in all probability it will be? "Let the coefficient of 11.3 be doubled—brought up to a mere 22.6, which is still below the coefficient of most European agricultures—and the social-economic destruction along the marginal lines of our farmers would be catastrophic," Dr. Willcox asserts.

This threat of catastrophe is not so far-fetched when one examines the present and potential yields of our major crops. The average acre yield of corn in this country, for example, is 25.5 bushels. The agrobiologist maintains that the calculated maximum yield of corn is 225 bushels an acre, and as a matter of record this yield has actually been reached. The average yield of cotton is 0.32 bale an acre; but the agrobiologist says we can raise 4.6 bales an acre by calculation, and he points to the known maximum yield of 3.5 bales an acre to prove his point. Although we raise great surpluses of wheat in non-drought years, the present-day yield is only 8.4 per cent of the calculated possible yield if the best practices were used. And so it goes with all the major crops. Year by year the yield is greater per acre, and yet we are to-day only 11.3 per cent efficient. Raise this to 25 per cent efficiency, or 50 per cent, and then what of the surpluses?

By achieving 100 per cent efficiency in farming methods according to the agrobiologist (a theoretical maximum which has little chance of ever being reached), we could grow on 20,600,000 acres the 1930 actual harvest of eight major crops which required 241,000,-

000 acres. But eliminating the theoretical maximum and taking the known yield per acre as a basis, the total acreage needed for the eight crops is only 27,460,000 acres, an area only a trifle less than the 28,800,000 acres in the farms of Colorado. Dr. Willcox concedes that a 70 per cent efficiency is "reasonable," a level which would require about 40,000,000 acres, which is less than the farm area of Kansas.

Perhaps this 70 per cent level of efficiency is fantasy, but long before the heights of fantasy are reached, the realities of crisis appear. For not only would a mere doubling of efficiency cause a serious disruption of agriculture, but Dr. Willcox and his agrobiologists have not even begun to consider the problem of synthetics and the replacing of natural products by manufactured ones. If intensive farming means increased production on less land with less labor, what is the problem raised by the synthetics which would take this production out of the soil and into the factory?

Controlled agriculture—our third stage—happily avoids all the risks and uncertainties of nature by transferring farming to the factory or the home and placing it under strict supervision and control. More than that, it opens the way to fresh crops every few weeks all the year round. Since soil is almost useless anyway, the plants are grown without it in metal trays in ovenlike cabinets. The plants supply their own heat, and only a few hours of work daily are needed to supply water to the trays in which have been placed a few ounces of chemical food in powder form, there being a different chemical food for each kind of crop.

These cabinets, each containing ten trays providing a fresh crop every day with a ten-day rotation, are finding increased popularity on farms in England, Denmark, and Germany, where they are used for growing fodder crops

for cattle and poultry. Only one cabinet has been brought to America and is supplying fodder for cows on a dairy farm near Summit, N. J., while secret tests are being conducted on its efficiency. The crop grows miraculously. A tray of seed corn begins to sprout within a few hours and in ten days is a foot high. The seed germinated is said to produce five times the volume of seed planted in the ground. Dairy farms find the process economical.

Experiments are being conducted in England in the growing of fresh vegetables, with the prediction that the time is not far away when the householder can grow his own year-round supply of greenstuffs in his kitchen or basement in a cabinet resembling an ice-box or electric refrigerator. This stage of agriculture is still in its infancy, but the revolutionary economic and social implications of its extensive development for growing household vegetables are obvious.

IV

The most amazing strides in the agricultural enterprise have been made in the realm of synthetics, a phase of the rural revolution that has received almost no attention from the standpoint of the farmer and his future. Synthetics mean either an exact reproduction in the laboratory of a natural product heretofore grown in the soil or the creation of an artificial substitute. Sometimes the finished product is a mixture of the synthetic and the natural; but whatever the process, the whole of agriculture is gradually being brought under scientific control. Synthetics assure a uniform product with continuous production the year round, a decided advantage over the more uncertain and slower crop cycle.

Synthetic production of agricultural products began seventy-five years ago, when the chemist found that he could

completely eliminate the cultivation of natural dyes by synthetic production in factories. It has been only since the World War, however, that the vast potentialities of synthetics have appeared. For although the synthetic industry moved forward steadily, chemistry has followed rather than preceded the advances of mechanics. Thus the past few decades have brought us such startling new objects from the industrial revolution as the radio, the automobile, the airplane, the moving picture, and a hundred new uses for electric power; the next few decades will bring us developments just as significant, but in the chemically dominated fields of foods, clothing, and plastics. Directly or indirectly, the bulk of these will be concerned with agriculture.

It is necessary to sketch only briefly the growth of synthetics to indicate the trend for the future. The traditional illustration of course is the dye industry; but chemistry is not likely to provide many such altogether devastating examples in the future. More acreage in indigo over the world disappeared than we need to grow cotton in this country to-day. The growing of vast quantities of madder stopped within the space of a few years. Not only was the dye industry forever lifted from the soil but the chemist was enabled to create by synthesis scores of new dyes that nature had never herself been able to provide.

The second spectacular invasion was in the textile industry. Patient years of research in trying to duplicate a natural fiber were rewarded with the commercial production of rayon—a product, curiously enough, which is not a duplication of natural silk at all but which is an entirely new synthetic fiber. Although rayon has not altogether replaced natural fibers (about 75 per cent of its composition is cotton linters—the short, poor cotton—and 25 per cent is wood pulp), it, nevertheless,

has played hob with the textile industry and has critically affected the production of natural silk.

The chemist found that the common base of cellulose for all textiles is obtainable, not only from certain trees and plants, but from virtually all fibrous growth, including even weeds and corn stalks. The laboratories are only now struggling with the cellulose problem, but the strides made in artificial textiles have opened the way for a myriad of other products, for the cellulose base can be used for plastics in housing, interior finishings, enamels, laminated plastic tiling, and a host of other items.

Not only have the chemists made it virtually certain that cotton, silk, and wool will be largely dominated by synthetics in the future, but certain large industrial interests are almost ready to venture into large-scale production of houses and equipment with plastics as the key material. The raw agricultural product of the past thus becomes merely an incidental adjunct of industry. The finest cotton is no longer desirable when poor cotton serves the industrial purpose. Fine lumber becomes unnecessary when any kind of fibrous material, even weeds, is suitable as a base for plastic houses.

Existing industries are always skeptical and scornful when confronted with predictions. The natural-dye industry maintained it could never be abolished by the laboratory, but it is now non-existent. Silk growers said nothing could replace the natural fiber, but the industry is being wrecked by substitutes. Cotton growers scoff at artificial cotton, but synthetic cotton in small quantities is already on the market in this country. The raising of sheep, being a long, tedious job, is destined to go by the boards with the development of synthetic wool processes which have already been the subject of extensive experimentation.

The synthetic-rubber industry has moved forward and is bound to supplant the market now occupied by the natural product. Perfumes once supported a vast agricultural population, but to-day the bulk of perfumes are synthetic. To produce a pound of Bulgarian rose oil requires from 250,000 to 750,000 roses, according to the character of the crop. The chemist produces unlimited quantities of synthetic rose oil at a fraction of the cost of the natural. Natural musk may cost \$250 a pound, but the synthetic can be purchased for a few dollars.

The drug industry has been revolutionized by synthetics. Many essential drug products have been removed from agriculture to the synthetic laboratory. Natural leather is disappearing under the strain of competition with substitutes, and the substitutes are almost as good as the raw hides. The paint and varnish industry has been transformed by synthesis, much to the benefit of the industry; for paints and varnishes no longer vary in quality from year to year according to the character of the crops.

Not the least important invasion of chemistry into agriculture is in foodstuffs. Virtually all foods, from wheat and corn to beans, can be made in the laboratory. The problem was merely to break down the natural food into its chemical constituents and rebuild these constituents into new food forms. While this is not strictly a synthetic process, it at least transfers the making of foods from the farm to the factory. One of the outstanding achievements to date has been the manufacture of butter substitutes.

The matter of synthetic foodstuffs is often misunderstood. There will in all likelihood be no change in the present method of eating, and there is little immediate prospect of being served concentrated pellets of chemical elements as our main diet. But there is

a prospect that a large variety of new foods will be produced under scientific control of the laboratory. Factory production of milk—a purer and more healthful beverage—is sure to come and at cheaper prices. Milk is 87 per cent water anyway, and it will be relatively easy to substitute a machine for the cow as the agent for converting cellulose (grass) and such into a liquid we call milk.

Only a few months ago the first two “synthetic” sheep in the history of the world were slaughtered with appropriate academic ceremony at Cornell University. These two sheep had never tasted a blade of grass or a kernel of grain. In fact, it was only for the purpose of taking photographs that the hapless sheep were even given the singular thrill of walking on grass. They were weaned from their mothers early and placed on a diet of a synthetic mixture of casein, cellulose, starch, vitamin concentrates, and salts. They grew to maturity rapidly under this curious diet and were killed at the age of a year and a half. They were beautiful sheep, their wool was excellent, and they were free from one of the most common parasites found in almost all sheep of the region. It would seem to be obvious that the chemical revolution is only beginning to open up a new and bewildering world.

The development of synthetics will not necessarily mean complete replacement of natural products, but it will mean sharp adjustments, often affecting millions of acres of land and the livelihood of hundreds of thousands of persons. These adjustments are coming with ever-increasing frequency, causing crises of price, of land values, and of livelihood.

A strong synthetic industry has arisen since the World War, organized into the Synthetic Organic Chemical Manufacturers Association. As spokesman for the industry, C. A.

Mace, the association secretary, expresses their ideas in the following significant words: “The greatest advantage of synthetic products lies in the control of manufacturing and uniformity of product, something that is impossible with natural agricultural products. When synthesis keeps out the natural product forever, it is because the synthetic product is uniform. Synthetic vanillin is the same every week and every year, all the time. Natural vanilla beans change from year to year. The nearer you get agriculture to industry, the more you divorce it from the vicissitudes of climate and the like, the more you keep it under control.”

V

A word must be said in passing about the old concepts of agricultural economics. Fundamental changes have come so swiftly with the overcoming of the threat of scarcity and the advancement of chemistry that the academic economist is practically useless. In agriculture, as in many other fields, the economist is a victim of cultural lag, worrying about problems that have already been solved. He continues to discuss the problems of a half-century or two centuries ago, when he should be equipping himself to discuss the changes, shifts, and redistribution of occupations which accompany actual progress.

Incredible as it may seem under existing conditions, Ricardo still sets the pace of agricultural economics. Ricardo, it will be recalled, maintained that land is getting scarcer and scarcer, that land is constant and indestructible and cannot be increased, and that, therefore, the person who owns land will be in control of the economic situation. Poorer and poorer land will have to be used, he said, and that would make a higher and higher rent on good land, and the difference be-

We should never pay any part of the population to keep from producing when there are unlimited things to be done and when our standard of living is so utterly short of minimum decency.

There are still those in high places who believe the solution to farming lies in foreign trade. Little need be said on this subject. Increasingly, nations will not *have* to have foreign trade. What they will have will depend upon treaties, barter, and such arrangements. Transfers will be made only where they are directly more profitable. This may not mean any great material trade. Any highly technical country to-day may have a choice for the first time. The synthetic industries have already broken numerous monopolies held by one or two countries. Dyes and perfumes have largely been eliminated from foreign trade. Nitrate-fixation processes broke the Chilean monopoly of nitrates. The Japanese monopoly of camphor was broken by German synthetics. Synthetic rubber will break the Dutch and British monopolies.

The fighting point now is not geography, but economic advantage; for the importance of geographical location of natural products has been fast disappearing. Even if synthetic substitutes be inferior to the natural products, or even though they cost more, the price and quality factors become unimportant in a crisis involving war or economic advantage. Germany's present desperate mobilization of her scientific industries to become self-sufficient through synthetics and chemistry is a pertinent illustration of the lessened need of foreign trade. With a battle cry of "irrespective of production costs," Germany is experimenting feverishly with all varieties of fabrics. Through increased fertilization her whole farm program has taken great strides forward. She still leads the

world in scientific research and much of this is being directed toward agricultural self-sufficiency.

Thus any nation that depends on either imports or exports or both is in a precarious situation. With vast areas of land being opened to cotton cultivation in Brazil, as well as in the East, there will be little salvation in exporting American cotton in the coming years. The drive toward national self-sufficiency has gone ahead in almost every country on the globe. Chemistry, particularly since its invasion into agriculture, has practically doomed large foreign trade.

It seems clear from the evidence that, far from being in a temporary crisis which can be adjusted by slight reductions in acreages and manipulation of prices, agriculture has entered a physical revolution of significant proportions. Certain it is that the day of the traditional farmer and his rustic isolation is over. No longer is he an independent entrepreneur. He is becoming more and more an adjunct to industry and dependent on its swift changes and its highly competitive markets. No longer can he profitably expand to new lands except to eke out his life on a subsistence level.

As intensive agriculture advances and as the synthetic industry moves more and more products from soil to the factory, hundreds of millions of acres will have to go out of commercial cultivation. The problem of redistributing population will increasingly be a paramount task of the central government. The opening up of this marginal land to subsistence homesteading means only a lower standard of living. The threat of scarcity has been overcome but the problem of social control has hardly begun. The AAA will have to move down the alphabet if agriculture is to get on its feet.



THE HOME PLACE: SPRING

A STORY

BY DOROTHY THOMAS

PHYLLIS put out her hand to pick up her comb from the dresser. When her fingers slid over bare wood and left their mark she saw that it was only the outline of the comb where it had lain in the dust. She had forgotten in her sleepiness last night that she had already picked it up and put it on the candy box which held her embroidery threads.

Little Betty had gone from her own bed to her parents' and was sitting astride her father's chest chanting, "Daddy, you're a big old rocky hill, with the old dirt all blown away! What am I?"

"You're a darn nuisance," Ralph said fondly, yawned, and set his cheek lightly on the little knee against his face.

"You're not a *bear*!" Betty squealed; "you're a hill, Daddy!"

Phyllis peered into the little wavy mirror over the dresser and said, "Ralph, I'm gray. I've got two gray hairs. Or maybe it's just the dust. My hair's gritty."

Ralph laughed in his throat and held Betty's pummeling fists away from him. "How is it?" he asked. "Looks clearer to me!"

Phyllis resolved in her heart not to hold Ralph's indifference to her first gray hairs against him and moved heavily to the little window.

"It's fine," she said. "So still. And I can see clear to the cottonwoods."

Little Betty stopped tussling with her father, slid from the bed, and went to the window to see for herself. Phyllis thought her little figure, shadowed under her gown against the window, distressingly thin. She wished so that the child would eat more and be less restless. If only Edna's boys would leave the child alone! For a week, because of the dust, the school had been closed and the boys, shut up in the house, had been noisy and meaner than ever. Betty dreaded their teasing and tagged her grandmother about the place all day and cried if one of the boys pointed a finger at her. Phyllis had decided that when school began again she would keep Betty at home, teach her herself, and give the child a chance to be carefree and happy for at least part of the daylight hours.

"Get dressed, Betty," she said. "It's almost breakfast time. Your Aunt Edna's been downstairs a long time."

"Aunt Edna?" Betty said. "Is Edna my aunt? I didn't know Edna was my aunt. Is she, Daddy?"

Ralph was sitting on the edge of the bed, putting on his socks. "Fraid so, Pet," he said, and grinned at Phyllis over his child's head. "We hadn't meant to tell you until you were much older, until you had all your second teeth at least," he said in a deep-down voice that Betty knew at once for his foolishness voice. She laughed ex-

pectantly. "But since you've asked, Edna is your aunt in a way, and Willy is another, and no help for it."

Phyllis smiled, pleased to see him in such a good mood. "Shame on you, Ralph," she said, and drew Betty to her and fastened the child's underwaist. "Uncle Tom married Aunt Edna, and Uncle Harvey married Willa, and so they're your aunts," she explained.

Betty, who until that moment had thought that marriages came only to princesses and princes and never certainly to one's own uncles, nodded gravely.

Ralph kimboed his arms and sang in his deepest bass, "And they all lived together in a little crooked house."

When they had gone downstairs, Betty on Ralph's shoulder, Phyllis went slowly about the room, putting it to rights. She made up her bed and Ralph's and the little box-on-two-chairs bed that was Betty's. There was a homey gaiety about the room once it was in order that always surprised her and comforted her much. The red-and-white quilts she and her mother-in-law had hung for curtains to shut off the storeroom part, the red-dotted, thin Swiss curtains at the window that had once been the voluminous skirt of her mother-in-law's Sunday summer dress, and the blue-and-white quilt on the big bed gave the unfinished low-raftered room color and life. And it was their own, hers and Ralph's and Betty's, away from the rest of the house and the Young family. Here Ralph was more himself than he ever was downstairs, and here Betty, away from her cousins' rough teasing, laughed and played and was a different child.

After she had dusted the window ledge and the dresser and little rocking chair Phyllis sat on the edge of her bed resting. Breathing was very hard for her. She wondered how much easier it would be without the

dust. She remembered that the last weeks before Betty's birth had been long and trying ones. But there was no comparison between that time and the present. That had been a wet and lovely spring, with the fields green as far as she could see from her window, and the mornings sweet with lark song. She would wake in the big maple bed to hear Olga, her noisy, big-hearted hired girl, moving about the house. Ralph would come in from the morning chores, smelling of the stable, hang his hat on the bedpost, give it a whirl and say, "How are you, Baby? Don't get up unless you feel like it." Ralph had begun to call her Baby in fun during the months of their engagement, and the name had rooted. How she had been cherished!

Below stairs the life of the house was in noisy motion. Edna was doubtless getting breakfast with Mama Young's help. Already, Mama Young's voice was raised breathily in a hymn: "Peace, peace, sweet peace; wonderful gift from Above. . . ." Old Granma Young would be sitting up in her bed in the kitchen corner, having her say about the weather, assuring anybody who would listen that she'd seen as bad dust storms in the old days when they lived in the sod house, and that the grasshoppers were "a good sight worse" anyway, grumbling a little at not finding herself in the room that had been hers for almost half her long life. Willa would still be sleeping in Old Granma's room, and the kitchen would be free of menfolk. Edna's three boys were in the house; their shouting and scuffling came up faintly.

Phyllis heard slow, heavy steps on the stairs, and knew her mother-in-law was coming up to see how she was. "Hoo-hoo," the old woman said at the door and came in with her rolling, comfortable walk. "Well, how do you feel?" she asked and sat down by Phyllis and laid a plump warm hand on her knee.

"Little better, with the wind down, isn't it?"

"Much," Phyllis said. "Is breakfast ready?"

"Almost. The menfolks are just coming in. But don't come down if you don't feel up to it. I'll fix a plate for you and send you up some coffee."

"I'll go down," Phyllis said. "It spoils Edna's day if I don't come down." She laughed and sat gasping after her laugh.

"Well, never mind her," Granma Young said. "She's got Willy to fret about now. I must say, myself, I don't know how Willy sleeps so late. How do you suppose she ever managed when she had to get up and go to an office of a morning? It was ten when she got to the kitchen yesterday morning, and she wasn't dressed then. I wish you'd seen Edna. She didn't say anything, didn't even look at her; but my! And Edna's washing this morning. I put your wash in with the rest. And it's a wash, I tell you. Over two weeks—now if the wind'll only stay down till it dries. The first boiler of white clothes is on now. Willa'll have to do her own wash by hand, I guess. I went in and got Harvey's shirts and underthings, and she never woke. My, the good shirts that boy has—enough to do all our boys for Sunday for years, and they're wearing out so fast, wearing them in the field. Next time we've any cash on hand I'm going to buy up a whole bolt of shirting and make a lot of shirts. My, the shirts I used to make when the three boys were all home, and the washings we'd have. Sometimes three lines full and the yard fence too with just the men's clothes. And still I wished I had a girl to sew for."

"Let's go down," Phyllis said, and they went down together, Mama Young a step ahead, turning to put up a steadying hand, saying, "Take it easy on these stairs. I declare I don't know

how Arch ever got by both his mother and me and built in such steep old stairs. I guess then he thought we'd never be using the upstairs much. Oh dear!" Granma Young finished most of her recollections of other years with a tender, forgiving "Oh dear!"

"It's funny," Phyllis said, "how you always feel without thinking that when you go downstairs, or when you go up, if you're down, that the air will be easier to breathe there."

"Well, the kitchen's full of steam from the washing and if that's not easier to breathe it's different anyway."

In the kitchen Phyllis went at once to her husband's old grandmother and sat down on the bed beside her. It was best to get the old woman's warnings and omens about the weather and the family health out of the way first thing. Old Granma, confused as she was about almost everything, always remembered that Phyllis was the one of her grandsons' wives that was soon to have a baby. She always had ready some piece of advice, dipping back into her memory, bringing up scraps of woman-wisdom from even before her own time. "There's a herb," she told Phyllis quaveringly, "grows down beyond the mill. I've heard my Aunt Kate speak of it. You take a path, she says, and go down beyond the oaks, and there 'tis—a round-leaved plant. Boil it and drink the water off it. Keeps the feet and ankles from swelling. In Indiana, the folks' place in Indiana, you go down beyond the mill. You take a path . . ." Old Granma lost herself, along the path back in Indiana, and slowly let go Phyllis's hands, shut her eyes, and swallowed loudly in her corded throat.

The menfolk were washing and combing, getting ready for breakfast.

"Mighty fine day," Grandpa Young was saying loudly, so that his old mother, who loved weather as she loved her life, might hear and be glad.

"Clearest day we've had for a month. Pity it's not a school day, Betty. Think they'd have school, clear as it is, if it wasn't Saturday."

Edna was filling oatmeal bowls with thick oatmeal, and little Betty, pleased and important, was carrying them to the table for her, saying "There!" as she put down each bowl, just as her grandmother said "There." Grandpa saw and winked at Ralph, pleased as he always was with Betty's ways. He moved to his place at the head of the long table, sat down, and looked round on his sons and his sons' wives, and his grandchildren. "All here, Mama?" he asked. "Looks like we can work to-day, boys. A fine day." He bowed his head and said the blessing. Edna got up as soon as he had finished and brought the coffee. Only Willa's place was vacant. Mama Young had insisted, despite her protests, that Old Granma should not get up because she had had two dizzy spells the day before. The old lady ate noisily, wanting them at the table not to forget her.

"Who's missing?" Granpa Young asked innocently, noticing Willa's unturned plate. "Somebody sick?"

"Who do you suppose?" Edna said.

The older boys, Tom and Ralph, knew well that Grandpa had not thought of making trouble, that he was as free from guile as a man could be; but Harvey, who was less used to his father's ways since his return, felt reproached and got up and said, "I'll fetch her," and went into the dining room and on to Old Granma's room to wake his wife.

"Now here," Grandpa called, "that's all right. Never mind, Son." He puckered his mouth to whistle, as he always did when he was embarrassed, and then remembered he was at the table and took a long whistling drink of coffee instead and sighed.

"Edna is my aunt," Betty announced cheerfully, "and so is Willa!"

Her cousins laughed loudly, and little George said, "Aw, you crazy, didn't you know *that*?"

Willa came in with Harvey, her yellow hair in a knot on the back of her head, washed, and came to the table. She wrapped her pajama jacket tightly about her, hunched her shoulders, and said, "No, thanks," shortly when her father-in-law passed her the cream pitcher, and pushed the oatmeal bowl from her with the palm of her hand. She sipped her coffee slowly and spoke to no one.

Grandpa outlined the work for the day, finishing with a kind, "If that suits you, boys." He was happy that a day had come fit for work. Phyllis thought he was disappointed that his sons were so silent and unresponsive.

Tommy, Edna's oldest boy, shouted for more oatmeal, and Edna reached across the table and handed him Willa's bowl. "Here," she said; "oatmeal's not good enough for some people." Willa put up her thin red-nailed hands and pressed the pins tighter in the knot of her hair. "I said I wasn't hungry," she said. "I can't eat when I'm dragged out this early in the morning. I've *told* you I don't want breakfast." She set her teeth on her underlip and looked across the table at Tom, a wide-eyed, direct hurt look. Tom looked down quickly and said, "Bread, please, mama," and did not look up again.

Willa pushed her chair back from the table, wound her bare feet in mules about the legs, breathed on her nails, and rubbed them on the worn brocade lapel of her pajama jacket.

Phyllis and her mother-in-law exchanged one of their brief communing glances. Harvey saw it, and said, "Willa, for Pete's sake, do you have to do your nails at the table?"

"Why, I'm not doing my nails," Willa cried in her high voice. "I was just looking at them. My God, I

can't do a *thing*, you don't bark at me. The whole bunch of you! You think just because—"

"Oh, keep still," Harvey said. "Go get some clothes on and quit this 'poor-little-me'!"

Tom looked up at Harvey, opened his mouth to speak, decided against it, and reached out and clamped a hand on his youngest son's shoulder and said, "What's your hurry? You don't need to take bites like that, do you?"

Willa got up from her place and said, "I didn't do a thing! You come in and drag me out here before I can fix my hair even, and then jump on me 'cause I'm not dressed. Whatta you want? I can't do a thing you aren't all over me!" Her voice had risen to a scream. Old Granma in her bed said loudly, "George, George, who is this woman? What's she doing here?"

Ralph, who had a way with his old grandmother, went to her and explained gently, "That's *Harve*, Granma, not George. That's Harve's wife."

"Oh," the old lady said, "that's right. I forgot. Come here, child," and held out her hand. Willa went to her and sat down on the edge of the bed, fumbled in her jacket pocket for a cigarette, lighted it, and flipped the match toward the cob box.

Harvey looked round on his family, ashamed as he always was for Willa's smoking. When they first came home he had forbidden her to smoke after he saw the horror in his mother's face, but Willa had cried and been unmanageably bitter. "Are you *crazy*?" she had wailed. "Just because we've got to live off here in the sticks with this outfit, do we have to *act* like 'em?"

"Well," Old Granma had soothed her daughter-in-law, "my Aunt Kate smoked a pipe and she lived to ninety-four. I can stand that a lot better'n I can the way she fixes up. I never

thought George'd go off up there and bring home a heathen woman." A whole winter's association with Harvey and Willa had not convinced Old Granma that Harvey was not her youngest son, George, who had gone to the Klondyke and had been "good as dead" for thirty years.

Old Granma took Willa's hand in hers, looked at the red nails, and said, "Weren't there any missionaries up there, George? Couldn't you learn her something yourself?"

"Precious little," Harvey said loudly.

Willa jerked her hand from Old Granma's and ran into her room. Harvey took his hat and followed his brother Tom from the kitchen.

Phyllis went to the door with Ralph. He kissed her and said, "Get outside, Baby, why don't you? While it's nice like this."

"Yes," his mother said, "come with me, Phyllis. I'm going to set out plants until Edna has the clothes ready to hang out. A day like this puts some hope in a body."

"Is it going to rain?" Betty cried. "Is it, Granpa?"

"Bless you, it don't look it," Granpa said and put his hand on her curls. "But it's still and clear and sunny. It's the best day we've had."

When the menfolks and the little boys had gone Phyllis gathered up the dishes. "I'll do them," she told Edna; "you go on with your washing. No telling how long it'll stay clear like this."

Edna gave her short snort of a laugh. "Better keep off your feet," she said. "Leave the dishes till I get the wash out. I'll do them then."

"No, I'll wash them," Phyllis said, and Edna made no more protest but went back to her washing machine. Phyllis felt that her mother-in-law was right, that Edna's hatred for Willa had pretty well crowded out her grudge toward Phyllis. When Edna stopped

her washing, dried her hands, and took the heavy platter from Phyllis to set it up on the high pantry shelf, Phyllis felt something near to kindness in her "Here, let me do that!"

When she had finished with the dishes, Phyllis decided to sew a while and went to Old Granma's room, that had been hers and Ralph's room when they first came to the Home Place, to get some pillow-slips from a trunk that was still there. She thought she might make the pillow-slips over into baby clothes, into a dress and underskirt to match, for the new baby. When she rapped at the door Willa said, "Who is it?" and then, "Come in."

Willa was lying on the unmade bed. "I'm sorry to bother you," Phyllis said, trying not to look at the disorder, "but I want some things from my trunk."

"Okay, go ahead," Willa said.

Phyllis opened up her trunk and began laying piles of towels and pillow-cases on the old sofa.

"You sure have stuff enough," Willa observed. "You didn't make it all yourself, did you?"

"Most of it," Phyllis said. "The girls in my building gave me a shower too. I was teaching then, you know."

"Yes, Harvey said you were a school teacher. I don't see how you could do it. I'd never have the patience, myself. Kids drive me nuts."

Phyllis said nothing.

"Most of them do," Willa said. "Yours is cute. But those boys! Aren't they just the meanest, orneriest little devils you ever saw?"

"Yes!" Phyllis said from a pent-up heart. "Yes, they are."

"It's not Tom's fault," Willa went on quickly. "*He's* all right, Tom is. But what can he do? It's *hers*!"

Phyllis was silent. To concur in Willa's opinion of Edna's boys was one thing. To touch on the very sore subject of Edna's behavior was another.

Willa was looking at her keenly, eagerly.

"There's little any of us can do," Phyllis said. "We're here. We've lost our homes. The folks are doing their best to make us at home here. We'll just have to wait and—" she recognized her voice as her old school-teaching one, and stopped.

"And *what*?" Willa shrilled. "It's not so bad for you. They *like* you; they all carry you round on a chip, and Ralph's swell to you. What would you do if he ever lit into you the way Harve lights into me every time I open my mouth, when I'm not doing a *thing*? He's jealous. That's what. He's jealous of Tom just because he's treated me decent. The whole bunch of them are down on me. Are we all just gonna stay on here? Why don't they get *out*? Why don't they *do* something!"

"Maybe we can get out, maybe we can find something a little later," Phyllis said, her voice trembling. "But you see, Tom and Ralph are farmers. They had their own places. They want to farm again." She spread out her hands. "When things are better, when it rains—when this clears up—here the land isn't spoiled like it is out west. When it rains . . ."

"What, when it rains?" Willa cried. "We'll still *be* here. Can a little old place like this keep a dozen people? Why don't Harve get out and find something? I tell you what, he's not trying. He thinks if he stays here he'll break me, that I'll get out, leave him. See?"

"Oh, dear!" Phyllis said, like her mother-in-law.

"Well, maybe I will. He's asking for it. Let him take what he gets."

"He's asked for what?" Phyllis said.

"He'll see," Willa said, and selected the longest of the cigarette-ends in the saucer on the chair by the bed and put it into her holder.

Phyllis put the pillow-cases back in the trunk—she had decided she could not sew that morning. She went out to where her mother-in-law and little Betty were setting out pansy plants beside the house.

"My goodness, child, you're white!" Mama Young said. "What you been doing?"

"Talking with Willa," Phyllis said.

She could indeed see "clear to the cottonwoods." The sun, that for so many days had been what Old Granma called "end-of-the-world red," was a paler color. "I think I'll go for a walk," she said. "I think I'll walk to the cottonwoods."

"Oh, do you think you ought to?" Mama Young said, straightening up with a hand on her back. "That's quite a piece. You better take Betty with you."

But Betty didn't want to go. To be setting out plants with her grandmother was a lot more fun than walking to the cottonwoods with her mother. Phyllis did not urge her. She really wanted to go alone. Inside the fence she walked slowly in the brittle grass, watching the little puffs of dust that rose with each step. It was spring, but the earth and the young grass and the air smelled not of life but of death. If she could do without breathing it would not be half so bad; but to be conscious, painfully conscious, of each breath was trying, saddening. When she came to the top of the gently rolling hill she could look down on the dry drifted creek bed and see the hollowed place where the sod house had stood when Old Granma Young had come out from Indiana. The great cottonwoods were of Young planting. She came to the first of the trees and rested, standing panting, with her back against it. She went on to the biggest tree, sat down with her back against it, and looked up

into the maze of its little dusty, gray-green leaves.

From where she sat she could see the Young home place, with the little figures of Mama Young and Betty moving between the well and the flower garden. Across the road from the Young place, the big square house Tom had built for Edna stood up against the roiled sky. Phyllis disliked the house with a shamed, rebellious dislike. It was ugly, stolid, like Edna. It stood for Tom's and Edna's unjust feeling that Ralph and she, because Tom and his father had helped Ralph buy land and farm machinery that had had to go, were to blame more than anyone or anything else for the anxious poverty they all lived in now.

The little old Young house was prettier than most, with its vines and porches and gateways. Mama Young's seal was on it. It looked peaceful, clean, and good. There were only two people in it, as she looked on, Phyllis reminded herself—two unloved, bitter women. One was working in a steamy kitchen, the other was lying on her bed in a disordered room or standing before Old Granma's speckled mirror, coaxing a wave into her yellow hair or thinning her brows with a pair of tweezers. Maybe Willa would make her threat good. Maybe she would "do something." Maybe she would go away.

A car stopped on the highway and a woman leaned out to shout, "Anything wrong?" It was strange no doubt to see a woman sitting under the cottonwoods alone in the forenoon.

"No. Thank you. No," Phyllis shouted back, her hands cupped around her mouth. The car moved on.

Phyllis got up and began gathering tumbleweeds from along the fence, to pile them together and make a little hiding place for herself. She skewered the weeds together with sticks she picked up and a couple of dried corn-

stalks. Her bower hid her from the road and left the field and house in clear view. She took off her sweater, rolled it to use for a pillow, and lay down. Lying there, the land seemed wider, kinder. She went to sleep, and an ant, crawling on her arm, woke her. Below her in the field a little whirlwind played by itself. Down near the dry creek bed she saw something moving and, as they came nearer, she made out a pheasant cock and three hens going their slow and rhythmic way. They were not shining, superb, as pheasants ought to be. They were dull, bedraggled, and scrawny. The sight of them made her sadder than anything she had known during the winter. She had thought herself immune to any but duller sorrows, but the ruined pheasants made her cry with sudden, hurting sobs. When she looked again the birds were still in sight, taking their slow way down the creek bed. She went to sleep and slept fitfully, dimly conscious of the rough ground under her and of the ant that had come to travel along her arm again. The wind woke her with its strong smell of powdered furrows.

She got to her feet and leaned against the tree a minute, looking toward the house. There a little Edna was scurrying along, taking in her clothes from the line. The whipping bit of pink would be her own apron. Dust rose in whirls from the field and hid the house. She saw that she had better start for home. If a bad wind came she might lose her way and they would be anxious about her. She kept close to the fence as she went, took off her sweater and put it over her head and walked as fast as she could. She had watched so many dust storms, from the little window in the ell room, from the kitchen downstairs, but she had never been out in one for longer than it took her to walk from the yard into the house. She was ex-

cited and frightened. The wind came in only infrequent gusts and the going was unpleasant, but nothing worse. But the hurrying was too much for her. She stopped and rested against a fence post. Her sweater sleeve caught on a barb of the fence wire and she struggled with it to get it loose, her eyes almost shut against the sifting cloud, when she heard someone calling her name and saw one of the men running up the slope toward her. It was not Ralph but Tom.

"Hi, there," he panted. "Mama's scared stiff about you. How far'd you go?"

She tried to answer him and found that she hadn't the breath for it.

"I don't think it's going to blow bad," he said. "It's no storm, just a little wind. You take it easy. If it blows hard, I'll carry you." She took his arm and hurried along beside him, head down, the sweater over her face, and stopped for breath whenever she felt she could go no farther without resting.

Ralph came to meet them when they were resting a moment on the last rise, and scolded with loving anger. "Good Lord, Baby, why'd you go so far? I didn't know you'd gone. Came in—put up my team—didn't know till I got to the house . . ." He had been running and was out of breath.

Before she could answer him Tom had gone on, leaving Ralph to look after her. When they reached the yard gate Grandpa was there to open it and add his word of concern. Mama Young, with Betty clinging to her apron, was on the step to meet them.

Old Granma was out of her bed, insisting loudly that they should send for the doctor, that Phyllis would be sure to have her baby "right away," and Edna said, "Well, she's here and she seems all right. How'd it be to eat dinner before it's stone cold?"

Mama Young insisted that Phyllis should go to bed and rest. Ralph went upstairs with her, and his mother came up almost at once with a large pan of warm water, soap, and a towel. "Go on down, Son, and get your dinner," she said to Ralph. "I'll see to Phyllis."

Mama Young knelt and took off Phyllis's shoes and stockings, talking soothingly all the while.

In bed, after her bath and a bowl of hot potato soup, Phyllis fell asleep almost at once, with her mother-in-law's voice droning on gently. She was dreaming that she was in her father's house, and that he had just come home from his office at the bank and was saying, "Got something for my girl. Guess what?" and that he had taken from under his coat one of her embroidered pillow-slips and handed it to her like a sack. Inside the sack she had felt the little body of a newborn baby stirring. "Oh, it's come," she thought, "with no fuss, no pain, no worry." Her father had seen to everything in his quiet kindly way. Someone was knocking, and she ran to the door and peeked out to see if it might be Ralph, and sure enough it was Ralph. "Ralph," she called, eager to tell him that the baby had come with no bother to anyone—and woke to hear Harvey saying, "It's Harve. May I come in?"

She sat up in bed and drew the quilt up under her chin.

"Come in," she said. "Is it night already?"

Harvey sat down in the little rocker. "No, just getting a little thicker," he said. "Sure is dark up here. Shall I light the lamp?"

"Please do," Phyllis said. "There on the dresser." When the lamp was lighted, Harvey looked about the room and said, "Well, I declare—as Mama says—you've certainly worked this place over. Best-looking room in the house."

"Thanks," Phyllis said. "It's your mother's quilts make it so cozy. I think when I have a house again, I'll hang quilts for curtains all over the place."

"Is all the junk that used to be stored up here behind those red-and-white ones?" Harvey asked. "Care if I look?"

She listened to his rummaging about while the lamp he carried threw his shadow on the rafters. He came back presently, set the lamp down on the floor, and said, "Will you look at this now! My knife. Tom gave me this knife. Must have been when I was eight or ten. Tom's quite a bit older than Ralph and me, you know; couple of boys between him and Ralph that died when they were little." He opened the blades and laid the knife in his palm, blades up, and held it out for Phyllis to admire. "This is a good knife," he said, turning it back in the lamplight. "Boy! I remember when I lost it and hunted everywhere for it. I got down and rolled over the whole yard—when you lose a knife in the grass the only way to find it is to roll for it. I remember I used to lie in bed and try to remember where I had it last. That old train that goes by around nine used to have the longest, saddest old wail of a whistle; well, it used to say one thing to me—I'd hear it over under the bluffs by the river—'I lo-o-o-st it right along h-e-e-re somewhere. . . .' Mama must have found it some place and put it away for me up here." He sat down on the floor and began to play mumblety-peg with the knife. He sighed. "Yes, sir," he said, "Tom gave me this knife. Never thought then I'd be stalking my wife to keep her from working on him, did I?"

"What?" Phyllis said. That Tom watched Willa, knew always when she came into the room and where she was in the room and what she was doing, and that Willa showed off for Tom,

pouting and looking lonely and lost and abused, Phyllis knew well enough, and all the others knew; but nothing had ever been said about it.

"Right," Harvey said. "Willy said she was going upstairs to look out the south window and see if it was clearing up any, and almost right away Tom says he's going up after his watch. So—up I go. They've just gone down. I've been doing that sort of trailing the best part of the winter, in a quiet brotherly way. Don't know why I bother."

Phyllis looked at him. The lamp lighted his face clearly. There was nothing in his expression to suggest any deeper concern than his words suggested.

"I don't think—," Phyllis began.

"That anything will come of it? No, I suppose not. He'll just go on mooning and pulling his long face and being the devil to get on with when we're out working. No siree! We were fearfully and wonderfully brought up, we Young boys. I can't see any of us going in for adultery." He tossed the knife farther than he had tossed it before and left it standing in the board until it stopped quivering before he reached for it.

"Oh Lord," he said, "what I'd like would be some golf. That's one thing. I've still got my sticks. I left 'em out there and never went back after 'em. Guess I could send for 'em. We could lay out a few holes along the creek. Met my best girl, playing golf."

"I wouldn't think of Willa playing," Phyllis said, sure that Harvey was not speaking of Willa.

"Willy? I guess not. No. No, this girl's name was Doris. I used to go out to her brother's place to play. She came to visit. I was out there a lot. About every week-end."

"What happened?"

"Nothing. I couldn't have bought her shoes."

"Her shoes likely didn't mean a lot to her. You should have asked her anyway."

"Maybe. I didn't think so at the time. She was married last fall. A real nice wedding. Took up a whole page in the *Tribune*."

"And so you married Willa?" Phyllis said.

"Well, not just 'and so.' Willy and I worked in the same place. You see she took most of my dictation when I was in the office. I saw her a lot; she was up at my place a lot. She got mad about the time I met Doris. She had a chance to get another job. It wasn't as good salary but it was easier, and it looked like it might amount to something more than the one she had. Well, she'd been mad and she came and asked me if I thought she ought to change—take this other job. I thought maybe she wanted to get out because we'd not been getting on very well, see, and I thought we could get on all right, and I didn't want her changing on my account, and I said I thought she ought to stay on. She'd been there longer than I had. I thought we could get on all right. Well, when this outfit went under we were both out of a job. I had my rent paid ahead, another month, on my apartment, and I was pretty sure I could get something to do—this was just before Doris was married. Willy was pretty low. She owed some money for clothes and was behind with her rent." He sighed again. "About a third of her stuff was over at my place anyway. We got married."

Phyllis remembered Harvey as he had looked at the time of her wedding. He was a junior in the University then. Her bridesmaids had been terribly awed at his good looks, his apparent sophistication, and his football record. Remembering her wedding, and looking at Harvey's face as he remembered his, brought tears to her eyes. "Will

you hand me a handkerchief from the little blue box in the top dresser drawer, Harvey?" she asked.

"Right," he said. "I hope you didn't find my tale distressing. I'm pretty used to it myself." He lifted the lamp to the dresser and opened the drawer. "Say, who's this?" he asked and took a picture from the drawer.

"Oh, that's an old sweetheart of Tom's. Your mother found it, when she was sorting the things in this room before I moved in. Isn't she pretty? I saved the picture out, put it in my drawer. I like to think of her as one of the family."

"Oh, sure, I can remember her. She *was* mighty pretty. Mama thought Tom would never get over it when she died . . . that was during the War."

"Do you think," Phyllis asked cautiously, "that she looks anything like Willa?"

Harvey considered, holding the picture at arm's length. "No, I wouldn't say so. She was light and small. That's all the resemblance I'd see." He gave the handkerchief to Phyllis and saw the tears on her lashes. "Aw, say," he said, alarmed, "don't you think about that stuff. I'll get on with Willa now for as long as she'll get on with me. I'm not worried about it. And Tom—he's pretty much married himself; and Edna will take care of herself—here, I'll read you something."

He got down to look at the books in the little case under the window, selected one, and wiped the dust from it on his sleeve. "Here," he said, "I'll read you some poetry."

He sat in the little rocker and rocked while he hunted for a poem he thought would cheer and please her. Phyllis watched him and listened to the wind. Outside, with the added darkness of dust, the air was a heavy, ugly brown. The floor, the window ledge, the quilt under her hands were coated

with dust. Her palms were gritty.

The rain has taught us nothing at all.

Harvey was reading in his slow, deep voice. She thought to herself the dust had taught her something in the beginning, but it had stayed too long, dinged its lesson over and over, every day, almost every hour, until it meant nothing at all but a kind of angry, hopeless inanity.

The hawk that motionless above the hill

In the pure sky

Stands like a blackened planet,

She thought of the pheasants in the field and how she had cried for them . . .

Seeing him shut his wings and fall

Has taught us nothing at all.

In the shadow of the hawk we feather our nests.

"We feather our nests," she repeated after Harvey; "that's what we do, isn't it?" and recognized, in spite of her feeling, the teacherliness in her voice.

Harvey closed the book with a finger at the place.

"Yes. Well," he said, "I guess you do. But you're the only one. Think Tom or I'd get a lot of kick out of nesting, hawks or no hawks?"

"There's your mother," Phyllis said.

"Yes, there's Mother and Dad. They've got on."

"Finish it," Phyllis said.

"Yes," Harvey said, but did not begin at once; he rocked, looking at the black window, the book hung in his huge hands between his knees.

Someone came upstairs. It was Ralph with little Betty hung across his shoulder like a meal sack. The child was laughing and squealing happily.

"Hello," Ralph said and set his daughter down on his brother's knee. "Didn't know you were up here, Harve."

"He's been reading to me," Phyllis said.

Little Betty took the book and read silently to herself, spelling the words with her lips. "Mama wants to know if you want your supper sent up or if you feel like coming down," Ralph said.

"I'll go down," Phyllis said, "but, oh, I dread those stairs! Did you boys fall down them when you were little?"

"Constantly," Harvey said, "or as often as we got past Mama and got the stair door open."

Phyllis said she thought she ought to dress, but Ralph said, "No, don't bother. Supper is ready. Come like you are. Here's your robe." He knelt and held her slippers for her then picked her up in his arms. "Carry the lamp, Harve," he said, "and you run ahead and open doors, Betty."

"Oh, Ralph; down those steep stairs!"

"Afraid?"

"A little. Let me down!"

"Nope. Go on, Harve. If I drop you, Harve here will pass me the lamp, catch you, and you'll never know what happened."

Betty ran ahead and cried for everyone to come and "see Daddy carry Mother downstairs."

Over the lamp, over Harve's head, Phyllis looked down into the steamy kitchen. The room was hung with indoor clotheslines, heavy with shirts, house dresses, and overalls; for the dust had come before the colored clothes were hung out. It was like looking down into a tropical forest where all the trees and vines were denim blue. From near the stove Edna looked up at her, a dish of steaming food in her hands. Her heavy face was homely with sweat and fatigue. Edna's boys shouted excitedly to see Ralph carrying Phyllis, and Tom went to the table and drew out Phyllis's chair for her.

"You'd think there was a fire," Edna said wearily.

Old Granma said she felt lots better and that if they made her stay in bed any longer she'd rot, that she was going to get up. Ralph folded a quilt from her bed and hung it over her chair for her. "Here you are, Granma," he yelled in her better ear. "Here's your chair fixed for you," and helped her up and led her to the table.

"Well, that's fine," Grandpa said. "Nice to have everyone up to the table." He looked round and saw that Willa was missing and began his breathy embarrassed whistle. Harvey went to the dining room door and called Willa, but she did not answer.

"Everything's going to be cold again," Edna said.

"Can't you keep from harping on that?" Tom said hotly. "The wind's so bad she didn't hear, likely."

"Well, the rest of us manage to get here," Edna said. "Looks like when she never lifts a hand to get a meal—"

Mama Young saw that trouble was dangerously near. "Edna's tired," she said, "and it's discouraging to get a meal and have to see it get cold." She smiled appealingly on her sons.

"You bet I'm tired," Edna said, looking hard at Tom. "If you'd done a two-weeks' wash for thirteen people, and half of it so dusty it's got to be done over again, you'd be tired too."

"Did your sleep rest you good?" Mama Young asked Phyllis.

Edna looked angrily at Phyllis. "My Lord," she cried, her heavy voice trembling with weariness, "you'd think nobody'd ever had a baby before!"

She got up from her chair and went to the stove and yanked open the oven door.

Grandpa Young took advantage of the sudden stillness to bow his head and ask the blessing. As soon as the "Amen" was said, Mama Young got up from the table and went to Edna.

"Why, Edna," she asked in a gentle, scared whisper, "you aren't, you aren't —*that way*, are you?"

"No," Edna said loudly, "and a lot of difference it would make if I was! Can't you see me carried to the table in a bathrobe if I was?" She laughed shortly, her ugly snorting laugh, and slid a pan of biscuits onto a plate.

Harvey came back from the dining room and went to his mother. "Mama," he said, "do you know where Willa is? She's not in there."

"Why, I don't know, Son; she must be around somewhere. She . . ."

Tom got up from his chair. "She's gone," he said. "She went into town with the Fergusons."

"What?" Grandpa Young said; "what'd you say, Tom?"

"She went to town with Fergusons," Tom said again loudly. "She's going in to Omaha on the train to-night. How long do you think she was going to stand it, like it was here?" He looked angrily at them all, his lower lip thrust out.

"And where," Edna asked, "did she get the money to go to Omaha?"

"I gave it to her," Tom said.

"You would!" Edna cried. "You'd take cream money, money we needed for shoes for the boys, for everything . . ." Extreme tiredness had loosened Edna's tongue as anger and bitterness alone never had.

"Here!" Grandpa Young said sternly and brought his knife handle down on the table. "What's going on here? You mean Harvey's wife's gone away? What about it, Harvey?"

"I don't know," Harvey said. "I don't know anything about it. Maybe she got a job."

"No," Tom said. "Guy Ferguson was by here this morning and he said he was going in to meet the train to-night because his wife's mother's coming, and I told Willa, and she said she'd go in with him. She means to

get a job in Omaha. She'll stay there till she does."

"Well," Grandpa said, "I guess none of our womenfolks need to go out job hunting. I guess we still have a roof. Mama, did you know anything about this?"

"No, Arch, no I didn't," Mama Young said. "I knew she was restless. But I didn't know she was planning to go away."

"How much did you give her?" Edna asked.

Tom did not answer.

"I heard the front door close a while ago," Mama Young said, "but I just supposed it was one of the little boys going out that way."

"When'd she go?" Harvey asked.

"I don't know," Tom said. "She didn't say. I didn't know she *had* gone."

"Did Guy say he'd come by for her here?" Grandpa asked.

"No, she was going down to the road to wait for him. He didn't know she's going."

"Then maybe she's not gone yet," Grandpa said. "Maybe she's down at the drive yet. Better go down, Harvey, hadn't you? Pretty mean night to be out in."

Harvey moved toward the door. Old Granma put out her hands and caught at his sleeve. "What's going on? What's going on here?" she said shrilly. "George, who *is* it's gone? Is it your woman? Well, Son, you listen to me. Let'r go. Just let'r go. If it's her, let'r go! She wasn't the woman for you. Nobody's blaming you. Son, let'r go!"

The kitchen door opened, letting in a gust of dusty wind, and Willa. She slammed the door and leaned against it, coughing. "Why, there she is now!" Old Granma piped. "Oh, well."

"What do you think you're up to?" Harvey asked loudly.

Willa shook her yellow head and stood coughing. Mama Young went to the sink, filled the wash pan with warm water from the reservoir, and said, "Well, it's an awfully bad night to go to town anyway. Come have your supper, come wash and have your supper."

Willa pushed her suitcase to one side with her foot. She looked at Tom. "You *told* them," she cried. "What'd you do that for? You let me go out and wait alone in that dirty cold wind an hour, and nobody coming . . ."

Tom looked at her, color climbing his neck, but he did not answer.

"We didn't any of us know you'd gone," Mama Young said. "If we'd known, and you'd still been determined to go, Harvey'd gone down, waited with you." There was reproach under her gentleness.

"Wash your face and come eat your supper," Harvey said.

"Oh, you!" Willa cried. "I'm through taking orders from you. What do you care what happens to me? I've taken all I'm going to off you. I couldn't go to-night, but I'm going! I'm going to-morrow, and nothing'll stop me."

"Not on the cream money, you're not," Edna said.

"What do you know about my money?" Willa said. "It's not yours, I guess."

"It's not Tom's to give," Edna said. "And it's a cinch you've done nothing to earn it."

"Oh, leave her alone," Tom said.

"*Me* leave her alone!" Edna cried in her heavy, harsh voice. "I can get her meals, and wash the sheets off her bed, when she'll get out of it, and see you make a fool of yourself over her in front of your family all winter, and when you give her the cream money—I can just leave her alone!"

Grandpa Young got up from his chair and lifted his hands and shook

them, palms up, in front of him. "Children, children!" he said, "stop it! This's no way to do. Sit down, sit down, all of you. Sit down!"

Willa, her eyes still rimmed with dusty tears, went to her place and Harvey went to his. Mama Young went to her husband and stood beside him, twisting her hands in her apron.

"This is all wrong," Grandpa said. "There's no sense in it. We've worked all our lives, Mama and I, and Grandma too, to make this place and keep it; to bring you boys up, the best we could, and get you started. Things've been bad, and that you've had hard luck and are here we're not blaming you, and you're welcome. Mama and I've done our level best to make you feel welcome. We've had a bad, dry year and the worst spring I ever saw, and I don't know how it's going to be or if we'll have any crops at all, but we ain't destitute. We got this place and work to do when it's fit and no sickness. We got canned stuff in the cellar, and nobody's gonna go hungry.

"I don't know what's gonna be, but one thing I *do* know—this is gonna stop, this feeling and contention, and back talk! What kind of men've you grown up to be? You look at one another, but look at yourselves. I gotta say you don't act like you're the men your uncles were!

"You got to cut it out. Look to your families and get on with your wives and children. We've never had it in this house, Mama and me, all these years—this contention. Your women talking like that—running away to get jobs! It's a shame to this house. You got to cut it out. It's too hard on your mother."

"Arch," Mama Young said, turned from them and put her apron over her face.

The room was quiet except for Willa's coughing. One of Edna's

boys, overcome with the surprise and shame and quietness of the moment, slid under the table and stifled his giggles in his mother's apron.

Little Betty got down from her chair, went to her father and climbed onto his lap, rested her head against him, and said, "There *is* fruit in the cellar and strawberries." Her voice rose in a squeal of laughter on the word "strawberries."

"Strawberries!" Old Granma cried. "The best strawberries I ever ate we found one night when we were coming out here from Indiana. I can't for the life of me tell you what State it was in even, but I remember when we made camp I got down from the wagon and there, squashed on the wheel, was berries. I called to one of the women and I said, 'Here's berries,' and we got pails and all gathered till dark, gathered till we were just *feeling* for them in the grass. Such berries! Arch—but that was before you were born, wasn't it? Well, there's no tame berries nowa-days'll ever taste like a wild one."

Phyllis gave a gasping moan that she had been holding back all through Grandpa's talk, and Old Granma, who had to be yelled at about almost everything, heard her, and said, "*There*, Mamie, what did I tell you!" and Mama Young went to Phyllis.

"You want to go upstairs, Baby?" Ralph asked anxiously.

"If you'd rather," Mama Young said, "we'll fix my room for you, Phyllis, so you can be downstairs."

"Oh, no," Phyllis said. "I—I want to go—home!"

"I'll go over to Fergusons if you think I should now, Mama, to 'phone?" Tom said. Edna went to the stove, built up the fire and filled the big tea-kettle.

Little Betty started to follow her mother when she went to the stair door with Ralph's arm about her, but her

grandfather called her back and took her on his knee. "I'll tell you a story," he said, stroking her hair gently. "Tell you a thing that happened when I wasn't any bigger'n Tommy here."

"Well, Willy," Harvey said, "looks like we better do the dishes."

"Dishes?" Willa said. "Stand out there in that dirt an hour and come in here and wash dishes! I guess . . ." Harvey pressed a thumb and finger either side her slender wrists, and said, "I guess *so*." He let go her hands. She pulled an unironed apron from the line above her and tied it about her very slender waist and began scraping plates. Harvey helped her gather them up. He looked over at his father, where the old man sat with his granddaughter on his knee, as though he wanted him to see that for the moment at least, though he was doing it without enthusiasm, he was ruling his wife and without contention.

Phyllis paused to rest part way up the stair and looked down through avenues of drying clothes, on her little daughter, on Edna, busy putting kettles of water to heat. Her mother-in-law was going ahead of her with the lamp, ready to stay up the night, to make the hours of pain and waiting easier for her. Tom had already gone, driving through the dust, to fetch the doctor for her.

"Arch," Old Granma was shouting, "which way's the wind from? Be nice, all right, if it'd rain to-night, wouldn't it?"

"It would," Grandpa said, "though there's nothing to warrant it. I, was just startin' telling the children here about a storm I was out in, going for cows when I was eight. It was just about this time of the year."

(The story of this household will be brought to a close next month in Miss Thomas's "The Home Place: Summer.")

—The Editors)



MARS, HIS IDIOT

BY H. M. TOMLINSON

THE only fact I could find among my diaries at that moment was that it is useless to keep a diary. The year I wanted was not there, yet the table was scattered with evidence of more years than I thought I had been through—an awful warning jumble of lost time and wasted devotion. Not seldom during the hunt I wished I could get back to this or that particular day, far back beyond the mistakes and misunderstandings and, with common sense somewhat more alert, try again. That mixture of years was as confused as a modern mystical explanation of the nature of time. It wanted nothing to give it more bewilderment except a diary or two out of the future.

That occasion which I found in my diary for 1912, for example, had gone clean out of mind, nor would there have been much in its casual wink at me out of the past but for the correspondence, which startled me, between the mood in which I recorded that occasion two years before the great war and a common mood now in these harsh and threatening years, when we should have learned enough to make us more cheerful through a better control of our fortune.

For some reason, not mentioned in the hurried entry for a day that has been gone twenty-three years, I was going down Cornhill. It seems my personal errand was not worth stating. Nothing is said about that. What did strike me then as noteworthy were matters that did not touch me; any-

how on that day they were nearly as far from my home and office as the plague always is when the news grows insistent about it, and you merely begin to wonder which way the rats will travel. It appears that I turned into St. Michaels-Upon-Cornhill, to escape for a while from the urgency of progress, and to hear some music; and I know perfectly well that listening to music was never my allotted task when getting about for a great daily newspaper. My diary speaks to me from the past thus:

"Horace walloped me—and gladly I put in some straight lefts—in the reporters' room this morning, a friendly bout, with enough malice in it to make it enjoyable, before we left to get our 'stories.' He rebuked me for being a pessimist. I told him his stomach was so weak that he never examined facts which worried him, so he was always surprised by their doings. His cheerfulness—he has just got his salary increased—can't alter the implications of the news from Europe. I don't like the look of it. From Belfast to the Balkans the undertones are as startling as if you heard, beneath your feet, beneath the buttercups and daisies and the placid cows, inhuman hooting in busy Hades, just under the grass. The worst of it is, those echoes accord with the official talk, wise and grave, of men you meet who are 'in the know.' The mind gets numbed, and the day's task loses its importance, in this continuous undertone of drumming, as though devils were assembling. It is

wrong and bad. The press is loaded daily with jagged utterances and reports of the acts of savages, sure of the guidance of their God. A reader's mind is cut about. I turned aside in Cornhill and went into St. Michael's, for some music. Every sane observer one meets now presently begins to speculate about Armageddon, as if Christmas was sure to come, and the only trouble is that turkeys will be dear. Has some malignant virus in the air affected humanity, and so given our behavior the look of dishevelled lunacy? Yet in the very sanctuary where a reminder of sanity and peace should have been found was a priest who yammered of Cross and Crescent. Onward *Christian Soldiers!* Out I went.

"In Fenchurch Street I met Dr. Sydney, just home from Nigeria. That was a lucky find. He was quite untouched by our interests; he had been with happy negroes. He had brought back a jovial grin safely to the city. We turned into the London Tavern. He looked round on the variegated rows of bottles approvingly, with a fresh eye. That's Art, he said. He told me he had a lovely collection of Anopheles and Stegomyias—he'd had quite an entertaining tussle, he explained, putting the half-Nelson on Yellow Jack out there. 'Jack scored a pretty good mortality rate before we got him down.' The doctor was taking his collection along to the School of Tropical Medicine.

"We went there together. I found myself in a common room, with some professors so youthful and jolly that not till a name was tossed at me did I know I was with men famous within the narrow circle of medicine. I forgot the world outside. Afterward, when on our way to the station, the doctor chuckled without apparent reason, a way he has. What was the joke?

"He reminded me that I had sworn, after only the first drink in the tavern, that but a little acquaintance with the goings on in civilization would make the antics of gorillas seem gracious. And I recalled that I had said something of that impatient sort; and had confessed to a large measure of lost faith in my neighbors.

"'Do you remember,' asked the doctor, 'that chap who dried up quickly when he heard you were from Fleet Street? That's the man who demonstrated beyond dispute that mosquitoes convey malaria. Some infected mosquitoes were fed on him in that hospital, and he got it all right. He gave himself a rare dose, but he nailed a fact.'

"Contact with those reclused medicos was restorative. I felt better. The noise was still the same, and by all the signs it would grow worse; but that interlude was as good as being confirmed of sure direction through the chance sight of a fixed star. There it was. Some of our neighbors, paying no attention to pandemonium, but absorbed and dutiful, are tending the lamp. They do not seek our support and applause. They are never in the news. If Europe broke loose in a mania, and wrecked its complicated societies, and we raised the flames of Sodom and Gomorrah, those workers would be enough to save us from the anger of the gods for having wobbled the spinning of the earth. Those young enthusiasts are trying to save life; to make the crooked straight and the rough places plain; which is the only job for an adult male."

II

That entry was a wakening nudge, an unexpected jolt. It stuck to my mind. I could not help comparing it with the news of the present, the jagged stuff we get daily from most of the world's capital cities; quite raw

enough to make a Solomon Islander glad of his seclusion with his beads and hatchets. I put aside my newspaper. It was market day in that county town of a southern English shire. The long front windows of the hotel reached the floor and were open, letting wasps into the dining room; for it was near harvest. That day was the twenty-first anniversary of the occasion, and it was just such weather, when I heard the guns of the first battle of the Marne.

A middle-aged farmer sat at a window before me, watching the business in the street below the verandah. He rested an arm on his table, and his hand enveloped his beer glass, as though he had forgotten it was empty; his formidable chin was dropped on a cambric cravat; the deep side-pockets of his coat hung down on either side of this chair, and his legs were spread apart, his calves bulging highly polished black gaiters. His eyes were slow and wary under pale lashes; you would be clever if you persuaded him to take a road he did not like. And I doubt he ever had a thought for all the problems of this world and the next, unless one of them broke through his fence and let out his pigs.

There was ease and leisure in that high street he overlooked, though it was crowded with people and stalls. At times a drove of red cattle slapped about and blundered through. I could smell a mixed odor, most of it musky. It might have been the smell of a generous earth. It was native. No doubt markets had been held hereabouts, not so different in leisure and smells, ages before all the prehistoric barrows had been heaped along the ridges of the surrounding downs.

Behind me was a larger table, and about it a party of young people. Their indolent attitudes and negligent attire suggested holiday, and hinted also their aplomb and the probability

that they were unconscious of our presence. There was assurance in their voices. Whenever I could I stole another glance that way. They were good to look at. I do not know, but merely suppose they exemplified that modern mind which gives heartburn to elderly orthodoxy, and now and then prompts a sermon on the anarchy of the age, for which newspapers gladly invent headlines. Sometimes, I'll admit, I myself get a jolt from them; but I know what the matter is with me: so much of the future is theirs, and not mine. Each one of this party must have been either very young or not here at all, in that August—now merely historic, and its costumes rather funny on the screen of a picture-house—of 1914, a year which still haunts a senior or two. Our obsession bothers our juniors a little, but they are tolerant. "The fact is, Dad went through it. He can't get it out of his head. It does him no good, and we're fed-up with it—for God's sake don't mention the War. It would only start him off."

It would. It has. Here we are again. Fragments of the talk of youth, mixed with laughter, came my way. There was not, as you have already guessed, a trace of war in it. What has the rathe primrose to do with old rags and bones on barbed wire? Yet I, alas, had just been reading in my paper a large measure of statesmanlike palaver, not at all funny. I felt, as I did in 1912, the less sure that some influential people preferred common sense to lyddite, as light for the mind. If some of us are still held by the memory of that last war, it is not only because we had a dose of it; so had the mules. But the idea that innocence should again be caught unaware, caught and lost in the insensate grind of another such mechanical and universal horror, gets between us and the sunlight. We know that mystical

stuff about the badness of human nature, which never changes, and that war is an exercise which improves the heart muscles; but we are not narcotized. Only fools pretend to believe there was no warning out of the last war and its consequences which told us that men must either discover a better way of life or else clear out. I don't enjoy the thought that young frolics may be ended. If the earth were to lose youthful laughter and nonsense, then we could let all else go, including the altars; the earth would be no better than an unoccupied mud-flat at half-tide.

I still have a notion though that we can determine a more cheerful aspect for it by using a little audacity in rebellion against the authority of elected persons, which will do no more harm than to make our governors fearful of losing their chairs. "Mankind," commented a wise observer after the crisis was past last time, "has struck its tents again, and once more is on the march." Without doubt it is, and not over prairies and steppes this time, but for a better settlement of the mind, if that can be found.

Once more is on the march! At present, whither? I could not help speculating over that while hearing the sparkling and eccentric converse at that table behind me. Those young people could have been thought, by a hurried or impatient critic, the irresponsible children of Jazz. Yet one, I heard, was an archæologist, for he passed an allusive word or two about an earthwork he was exploring on the downs. I had a desire to question him about it, but guessed an interruption by me would be inappropriate. Sitting next to him was a girl Thomas Hardy would have noticed if she had been about when he was observant of the traditionally good things in Wessex. A young fellow was the other side of her who wore a fisherman's blue

jersey, and presently he got the attention of the group with a parody of the voice and views of a respected Cabinet Minister broadcasting on our national destiny. This rejoiced his friends. He was not only a droll mimic, but a satirist; very cruelly, he meant business. This was like cat-calls outside 10 Downing Street.

The farmer by the window raised his head at that phase of the festivity, for it was loud and disrespectful. He appeared to be aggrieved. He frowned a little, and then glanced at me, naturally expecting the sympathy of a sober citizen, but I gave no sign. Those young men and women were pagan, hard, disillusioned, skeptical, and very likeable. I should have hesitated before naming to them the men and things which move me to reverence and humility, though I think they would have been polite if I had ventured. They would have supposed, quite kindly, that my views were what ought to be expected of senility. They would have been attentive, and any amusement they felt would have been politely concealed.

For that reason I propose now to make the venture, and chance the consequences. The occasion seems to me to warrant the risk of failure. Though I shall not share much of the future with them, it is somehow important to me that their gaiety should go on. The very dead might be disturbed if they could witness the happiness of youth turn to dismay when its world collapsed under the dance, revealing that fire had long been smoldering in the main-beams beneath the pleasant assurance of continuity.

As to that farmer and his like, they are in the past. I doubt a warning word could reach them. They don't want any suggestion of change. Their grave needs no change. They belong to the past, out of which they will never venture. We had better leave

them there, to the grace of God and whatever resurrection that may effect.

III

It was notable in the streets of that county town that a majority of the children were flaxen-haired. So were the folk, we are told, who found existence was more comfortable if one kept quiet when the Romans first settled here intent on establishing their classic principles. Some things then, we may surmise, last longer than Empire? No more than a fair complexion may last longer. The occupying legions have gone, and have left nothing but examples of tessellated paving for the town museum; though even in the town the common whiff of hay continues from the past. Perhaps even a quiet virtue will outlast an empire.

This land was populous and civilized long before the Romans arrived with benefits perhaps more easily discernible to historians than to the inhabitants who had to do what the Romans ordered. They had their market days before the Cæsars were triumphing, and to-day they had a good one again. The splendor that was Rome is reduced to some potsherds in the local museum. The cattle, sheep, and pigs, however, still do pretty well. I saw one specimen of a ram of the Dorset Horn breed who had more of the haughty beauty of an immemorial value than you will find about sex in all the moving classics of modern prose fiction. Even a townsman is willing to adjust his views—even his literary opinions—when he notes that the people about him must be of the stock that made the barrows on the hills, and that they have survived locally through accepting whatever the earth will surrender to patient men at peace. In the High Street, outside a newspaper shop—by the look of it that shop was busy on the day glorious news

came of Trafalgar—was the very latest placard: The Premier's Triumph. This was our day then and our triumph.

A mile or two beyond the town is an isolated hill, with a long smooth back, and what appears to be a head and tail. Its outline tells you there is something queer about that hill. It is far enough aside from the road to remain a salient fact, a mysterious and ominous fact. Whatever the speed of your car, that hill keeps its shape, as if a vast monster, dark and sinister, were reclining on the bright fields. However fast you go you cannot get away from it. It follows you with its eye.

That hill is said to be the greatest earthwork in Europe. A triple series of trenches surround it, some of them ninety feet deep. A great host of men must have scarped it, though nobody knows why. It has a Celtic name, but maybe the earthwork puzzled the Celts as much as it does us. There was a Roman gentleman who thought the plateau of that hill a quiet and retired spot for his villa. There the immense shape is, as enigmatic as it must have been to the Roman who, when he questioned the natives about it, got the answer we should get to-day, which told him nothing that was verifiable. No doubt the reason for the toil and time which were spent in sculpturing that hill was deep and urgent, whatever it was, to the tribe that left so prodigious a mark on the earth before they vanished. Its slopes now are dotted with pale hummocks which are sheep. Only shepherds have a reason to visit it. Its awful importance is with that of Sakkarah.

Beyond that hill the road presently overlooks a shining land that still possesses features which were familiar to the Neolithic people who dwelt on these uplands: from that outlook you gaze into an empty radiance, the sea. Certainly the mosaic of fields and the

pose of the distant filmy headlands are as they were when the natives were expecting a visit from Napoleon. I could see a fleet of ships there then, immense black ships, anchored close inshore, and they would have been as remarkable to Nelson's Hardy as that hill behind was to the Roman who built his villa there.

Ships? They looked what they were, an array of dire threats. I dare not call them evidence of a peace-loving people. And how well the appearance of a battleship conforms to the thought from which it is launched! In the sunlight beyond the peace of that land, those dark shapes at anchor showed for what they were; they were figures of squat malevolence, near and intimate, quite at home with us. I have had a little to do with warships, and could never love them because their diabolic ingenuity and power are too manifest; but not till that instant, from a rise in a Dorsetshire road, when they appeared as a fleet below, did I know their appearance is as incongruous and dreadful as in reality they are. They were blots in the radiant day. Ugly and alien things! They were the projection into sunlight of a dark and disastrous principle.

I was not surprised when I saw them thus that our neighbors refuse to give up their submarines and bombers. While such images are the evidence of whatever rulers have in mind, the uneasiness of our neighbors, however eloquent our protests that these engines are harbingers of peace, is natural. We are told that, as things are, those dreadful threats are necessary. If that is so, then the implications were clear enough in that view I had from a height. Good cannot come of evil; and if those huge black brutes are not of evil then Baal and Moloch were objects of beauty. No rhetoric, however patriotically eloquent, can alter that.

Next morning the sea below was bare, except for pale lanes on its floor, the marks of tide and currents winding under banks of mist made invisible by the glare of the sun. It was going to be a hot day. The hillside above the sea did not look as though wrongdoing were essential to the welfare of men. A skylark was up about his business. Strangely, while listening to him, an irrelevant memory returned, and at the moment I did not know why. I felt a shudder in the air. Then there was no mistake about it; there was a jolt, as if the horizon was badly adjusted. It was being bumped into its place. The horizon was obstinate and of bronze; it would not fit; it jarred. The guns!

IV

It is no good blaming a man for remembering a tragic past when he is not allowed to forget it. That morning was the anniversary of a battle which followed England's declaration of war on Germany, a war to end wars. Since then guns have increased in volume and range.

England in 1914 had as many chivalrous reasons for declaring war as Don Quixote could have thought of. Let us not name them here; that might only cause a row. It is enough to say that, though we were not attacked by Germany, circumstances forced us out of desirable isolation into the catastrophe. There was no other choice. We were committed, and irrevocably, as the relevant documents now show. We had been asking for it, with the rest of Europe, without knowing in the least what our conjuration with hidden forces would effect; and when the magic of patriotism had done its work on the emotions of fear and pride we had to share the outcome. That war came as the unavoidable consequence of forty years of the intrigues and confident tactics of Europe's statesmen and

diplomatists, each of them seeking security and enhanced profits for his nation. Security turned out to be the wreck of a continent. Profit proved to be the same as common bankruptcy. To keep the future safe for the rising generation its blood was poured down the drains. No wonder that when "Cease Fire" sounded along the battle lines, common sense fervently exclaimed, Never again!

Not again? Our Cabinet of Ministers has but lately announced in effect that the path to peace is too difficult for it. It is, therefore, preparing for war. To obtain security we must, we are told, keep our faith in guns. This decision reminds us that some of those ministers were privy to the logic from false premises which led to the conclusion, in 1918, of a wilderness of cemeteries in France filled with young bones; yet the ministers in their avowal that they will increase our armed forces at least made pious allusions to peace. We may suppose that peace has its virtues. Indeed, they proposed to attain it, though in a roundabout way. We are not to suppose they disparage righteousness because they turn it down; not at all. The Cabinet regretted, incidentally, that it must economize on school work, for it is necessary to find something like five hundred million pounds yearly to pay interest on our debt to Mars. Bombing planes, to defend us in the meantime, were more important than education.

If we are threatened by enemies, and if bombing planes could protect us, an answer to all this, though not difficult to make, would get no popular hearing. The answer, however, is both easy to make and easy for anybody to understand. One Minister himself has answered it. He, a chief member of the Council for National Defense, has been candid in his warning that it is impossible to protect London from the air; and of course it is;

everybody of intelligence knows that. Still that same gentleman now tells us that he has sanctioned a plan, which will be very costly, to protect us from attack by air. All he means by that is, that if our bedrooms and kitchens are bombed, then we shall send our air fleet to massacre the innocents of our enemy. The enemy, as usual, is only conjectural; he is no more than the Devil used to be to old divines, a serviceable bogey to turn reason into fear.

Now, were you and I on our humble affairs to talk and act so, what would other men call us? And how far would they trust us? And whatever we should be called, it is clear that Herod was as good as Santa Claus compared with a modern statesman in his determination to lay waste the earth, if necessary.

Cynics tell us that folly, though rare in asses, is as usual in men as their craving for power and their unscrupulous use of it when they have it. Maybe both these arise from our gift of reason, which was withheld from donkeys. Man, therefore, is not only unique as an animal in his unremitting preparations for the wholesale and systematic slaughter of his own species; he alone can argue a good cause for his strange conduct. Because he has mind, he can justify deeds, and give them even a grave religious sanction, which would make a tiger ashamed of his stripes. No tiger ever went into strict training that he might with more certainty of success enter a neighbor's den and slaughter the cubs there.

It is man alone who perfects the means to raids on sleeping innocents. Strangely, the consequent scattering of tender carrion among rubble and brick-bats will give some people, most of them middle-aged and none of them pilots of bombing planes, a feeling of deeper mystical union with the spiritual significance of the uni-

verse. Would asses ever see in the mutilated bodies of their offspring the Joy of the Everlasting Carrot? No. They are but asses.

Mr. Lloyd George, in his *War Memoirs*, tells us of the crowds in Whitehall and about Buckingham Palace cheering, in August 1914, the declaration of war. I was not there then, but it is notorious that a crowd may be gathered anywhere to cheer anything at any hour. The vast majority of the public stays at home, or is at work, or asleep. It does not cheer; its voice is not heard. Mr. Lloyd George would have noticed cheering in Downing Street, but not in Bermondsey or Wigan at that time. I was in Belfast in July, 1914, and because it seemed that a storm was coming from the east, I set out for London. In Belfast there was no joyful anticipation, that I noticed. At Liverpool one morning, on the way home, France, Russia, Germany, and Austria were already at war or marching to it. The headlines of the newspapers made an uproar suggesting a riot in a lunatic asylum, but the people about the station and in the crowded London train showed no excitement, but were sober, wondering, and anxious. So were the assemblies I saw in London and the provinces after the declaration, though then there was added a definite fear of the future. In Belgium and in France in that August my impression was that people accepted the fact of war with the stoicism which faces calamity that is unescapable and must be shared by all. There it was, and they could do nothing except keep alive, if that were possible. They were not warlike then. It is false to record that they were. The fever did not begin till propaganda worked upon their fears, and tales of atrocities stirred the ordinary decent instincts of the human into indignation. I believe it was the same in Germany; there the people were

told they were "encircled." The avalanche gathered.

I do not believe now it is the people, the masses, the mobs that withhold from Europe the opportunity for ease of mind without which the revival of the world in peace is as impossible as rebuilding on ruins still smoldering. It is their rulers. I should say the multitude everywhere would be glad to forget the past, would be glad to know it could busy itself safely without the need to keep an eye over the shoulder for the predicted approach of foreign tanks and bombs. Perhaps rulers cannot do as they would, or anyhow cannot rule and at the same time find refreshingsleep regularly at night, without creating and maintaining anxieties and distractions for their peoples; and that may be the reason why industrial civilization suggests to an observer that it has become febrile and hysterical. Europe swarms with young folk, in shirts of all colors, who care nothing for any of the laws and codes, from Confucius to Christ, so long as they can ease their feeling of frustration. It is no use blaming black, brown, or red shirts, however outrageous their doings, when we remember that there is little else for them to do. The generation of elder brothers who could have counselled the young insurgents of Europe is lost. It went to find security, and has not returned. And I can see no reason why the mutineers should listen to us.

We have, and they know it, nothing to offer them but the wisdom that made of industry and commerce a scramble for profits and power, which had its share in bringing about the War; and then framed peace treaties that, on the day they were published, were clearly the death warrants for succeeding generations. The Treaty of Versailles was but a bridge of tinder over hell. The men who framed it were told that at the time. It was made by states-

men whose views differed in no essential from those now preparing for another war. Berlin and Vienna are two of the lovely consequences of the peace treaties. Hitler's fame and power derive from France. Poincaré and Clemenceau prompted Germany to an escape from helotry into fatuous happiness with notions which make the peoples on her frontiers anxious now as to what ecstatic dance her illusion of glory will next lead her. We can provide places for unfortunates who know they are the reincarnation of the Virgin Mary or Napoleon; but when a nation goes that way the matter is more perplexing. It was the logic of French realists that re-created the German menace it imagined it was nullifying.

It should not surprise us, then, that youthful fascists and communists ridicule the opinions, however well-founded, of elders who have shut them out from fulfilment of life. They have no prospect but low wages, if any, and high prices; and nowhere else to go. They find relief for their feelings in hooting at views that are established, smug, and satisfied. Their violence, which can go beyond the line where a Choctaw would have paused, has infected even the arts. They tell us that the values which have survived the tests of thirty centuries are obsolete, and the reason they give is ample; these values disappear if regarded from the belly, or the blood-stream, in which true apprehension resides. Both the Greek and the Christian views of life may be put with palæolithic relics. Respect for tradition, and learning, moderation, tolerance, charity, pity, and good will—the virtues of a civilized order—affect the novices who have taken new vows as affronts. Nor will they have freedom. That also is vitiating, because people affected by new ideas wish to assemble; their numbers assure them they are right. Freedom

is unnecessary when you do not want to stand alone but to keep step with a regiment and sing only the same songs with others. Variety could not spice this fuller life; it would only disorder the uniformity of the mass. When the truth is known to all, originality becomes seditious and intolerable.

This cannot be answered. You might as well argue with the joy of a revivalist gathering. Even when a young rebel has retained a cool intelligence, and will listen to reason, it is no easier to satisfy him. He cannot be reconciled to his heritage. He knows, for one thing, that the patriotic arguments to which he must listen on the need to spend money not yet earned, on the defense and security of a society that has no place for him are the same, even to the words, thought to be sagacious until 1914 proved their conclusion to be horrible. "There you are," he says, "these politicians are unteachable."

So it seems. Their present counsel, logical and grave, is so like echoes from the past that it is enough to scare any man who not only heard those noble pleas long ago, but heard the guns begin which rightly continued the argument.

Security? Why, the women of London, who had been persuaded by sage counsellors of the comfort to be found in plenty of defensive explosives, presently were sorting the remains of their infants from out the collapsed walls and beams of the schools. Bombs burst in classrooms. Bombs were the end of the lessons.

And something more! When young people doubt Westminster's wisdom and good faith they have better justification than they know. There was not, from 1870 to 1914, an intrigue by a European statesman for the welfare of his country, not a plan for extending its wealth and power against that of its neighbors, but had death in it. Of

all the ideas shaping the policies of Europe's potentates and statesmen during those forty years not one came to anything but skulls. The cunning devices of those statesmen led not to triumphs but corruption. They were all wrong, all of them, and all the time. This artful statecraft, well devised, long matured, wisely compensated, went up as would a complicated scenario of fireworks when a careless match touches it off in the wrong place while nobody is looking.

The strategic plans of the military experts designed to enforce those divergencies in political intent seems to have been bedevilled too, sound though they were. None went right. That pre-war military strategy, based on right principles, which no civilian dared examine without being severely reminded that he should leave recon-dite matters to his betters, developed in action into a continental riot. The

art and science of war were seen very soon to be no better than men battering one another with anything handy till all fell quiet at last mainly because everybody was exhausted. So little did the experts in modern warfare understand their special task that, not long after the grand Napoleonic maneuvering of the first weeks of the conflict, I saw Roman ballistæ in the trenches. These implements flung jam-tins filled with rusty nails. Not a general knew what to do next. Idiocy fell over the battlegrounds, and its potency was solemnly considered in the intelligence departments of various headquarters.

Those leaders of the people, or men like them, are telling us now that they alone know the secret of the way to safety and peace. But I think we have heard of it. It is no secret. It leads straight back to the shell-craters and the bones.





FICTION TELLS ALL

BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

AUTOBIOGRAPHY—the desire to tell the world all about it—lifts its voice in a wail or a shout once every so often, and usually when the shoe of experience pinches the light foot of the imagination. The Romans had a spell of near-autobiography when the disintegration of the morale of the empire began. A great literature of autobiography accompanied and followed the political and religious tensions of the English seventeenth century. *Pilgrim's Progress* is in its way as autobiographical as the diary of Pepys. The decline of the Italian Renaissance had its Benvenuto Cellini. The stretched and throbbing egos of the romantic movement gave birth to "Childe Harold" and *Wilhelm Meister*. And the tense transcendentalism of New England led on to the autobiographical fiction of Melville's *Moby Dick*, the autobiographical poetry of Whitman's "Song of Myself," and four million words in the *Journal of Henry Thoreau*.

But our 1920's and 1930's were to suffer from a new and virulent form of this impulse to tell it all, this complaint which is sometimes a disease. And until one studies the particular kind of egoism that has been plaguing our contemporaries it is quite impossible to understand why we have been showered with books which our grandfathers would have burned for their indecency, which the pastors of the early nineteenth century would have regarded as written by Satan himself,

and which many a wise physician even then might have recognized as the truth at last about many aspects of the sick mind for which not even names had been invented.

Very little of this characteristically modern literature is frankly autobiographical. Some of it is biographical. A little is poetry and drama. It is in fiction that its throbbing waves find their best mouthpiece. Its motive is not that sense of *sin* which has produced so many great autobiographies. Nor is it the *joy*, which, as spiritual exaltation has been the inspiration of the famous autobiographical books of the Catholic mystics. It is not *faith*, which has written great poetry, autobiographical in nature, and some of our noblest prose. This modern literature, and especially the fiction, has been most characteristically (let us say, in Joyce, Hemingway, Proust) confession for the sake of confession—a nudism of the ego, exactly parallel to certain kinds of religious confession, except that it is inspired by the natural not the supernatural, and deals not with God in the mind but with the mind itself.

It is easy to see now that these "frank," revealing books, which try so hard to tell all that "genteel" literature had concealed, were inevitable, although the intensity of the more pathological specimens evidently has been due to special circumstances deriving from the distress and warpings of the War and the depression. The

humanism of the Renaissance was sure before it ran its course to encounter some changed conception of the value of the individual which would bring an equivalent change in its emphasis upon the purely human; and this happened of course when the rise of the middle class and later of the masses into an importance never before known led to that literary realism which is probably the outstanding characteristic of the literature of the last century. But the great change came with the growth of the science of physiology and the pseudo, or part, science of psychology. When the students of abnormal psychology had done their work, and especially after Freud had made his generalizations, it required no genius of criticism to prophesy that fiction would follow the trail. For if the scientist could learn much about normal man from studying abnormality, it was clear that the literary realist would soon begin to put into his imaginative pictures of everyday humanity dark tones and subtle colors drawn from the phantasies of fear or desire which all but the most stolid among us carry somewhere near the heart.

But artists are not scientists. They are sensitive souls who record and express, who use theories, and indeed facts, only when these help them to make sense of what they see and feel. And here was humanity set before them in a new aspect by psychologists who professed to give new explanations of that human tendency to make a mess of things which is what plots are made of and at the same time invented a new language with such admirable terms in it as "complex" and "introvert" and "phantasy," so that any hack could write his old stories over again using entirely new words. Here also were interesting and often convincing explanations of the mental wounds which the sensitive writer is always the first to feel in himself and to see in

others. Naturally these writers told the world, rushing into one form or another of autobiography.

I am not writing here a history of recent literature and, therefore, I need only say that the first stirrings of all this began long before the War. But surely it was the intensities of war experience that brought on the flood. One remembers the painful vividness of Barbusse's *Le Feu*, written early in the great conflict, which seemed to be the cry of man, saying "such things as these never happened to me before"; or Wells's *Mr. Britling Sees It Through*, which was the detailed account of one man trying to make up his mind; or the passionate autobiography of the first poets of the War, lovers of English soil, and the equally autobiographical disillusion of those that followed.

The real significance, however, is revealed later, and especially in that lengthy story of *un homme moyen sensuel*, Joyce's *Ulysses*, and his Mr. Bloom whose reflections take place in lavatories and whose most gross or trivial phantasies are the very thread of the plot, or in the painfully minute and subtle analyses of sophisticated sensation that emanated like radio waves from the darkened room of that sensitive ego, Proust.

And thus the stage was set for the redressing of a great injustice in literature—and for an orgy which celebrated one of the greatest defeats in all time of the Greek principle of measure, balance, not anything too much. The age of reticence ended with a bang.

The plain man—not the primitive peasant, not the poor, not the oppressed—but the very ordinary individual who best represents the unheroic, undistinguished, largely incapable millions who make up most of the modern world, never had a show in literature until the new realism sought him out. Perhaps he never had a show then until minds as unpoetic, as unheroic,

as unæsthetic as his own made him their task, and wrote of him, as Theodore Dreiser did in *The American Tragedy*, in a style as undistinguished as the style of the newspapers he read. That job was done, and it seemed that the novelty of being ordinary would soon wear off and that the novelists would seek other material; but now a new vista opened. The class consciousness of Marxism began to give a significance to the masses which they never had before, and if only an undistinguished individual happened to be a "worker," he became valuable for fiction. Unfortunately the so-called proletarian novelists, like Halper, Greenwood, Cantwell, have been photographers not painters, and their books are with few exceptions deadly dull, so that even the "workers" will not read them. Their authors are all bourgeois on slumming expeditions, and that probably explains why even the best of their stories lack the conviction of the great novels of the middle class. The writers have told the world what they saw, not what they were. We shall have to wait for some time before this attempt to right a literary wrong and put the class struggle into fiction becomes more than a worthy experiment.

A far less theoretical and far more intimate problem was waiting just round the corner of the twentieth century, and this is the injustice to which I referred above. The sick mind, sick from war, sick from the speeds of industrialism, sick from too much knowledge and too fevered thinking, sick from those complicated ills which psychology had been studying, never had been given its day in literature. Oh yes, there were Hamlets, and Iphigenias, and Wilhelm Meisters, and Franksteins; these, however, were all heroes and their phantasies were heroic phantasies. But psychology had been showing that the abnormal

was normal in every man if you only looked deep enough. The sick mind was common enough in our twenties and thirties. Its day had come.

II

And now I wish to narrow this discussion to three Americans, Hemingway, Faulkner, and Thomas Wolfe, all alive, all relatively young; for it seems that not only are they, or at least the first and third, and certainly Hemingway, likely to be the writers in English of greatest influence upon this decade, precisely as Joyce and Lawrence were most influential upon the sensitive minds of the twenties, but also they best represent the strong impulse to tell news of the new soul to a world that is inclined to be a little fed up with their message.

An eminent psychiatrist, Dr. Laurence Kubie, in *The Saturday Review* last autumn, made an elaborate psychoanalysis of a book by one of these writers, Faulkner, and of another book by Erskine Caldwell, who belongs in the same gallery. His findings were unusually specific and intelligible for psychology. He discovered definite phantasies such as are familiar to all psychologists with clinical experience, and showed that upon these phantasies the stories were erected, and that from them they drew their intensity and their symbolism. The horror behind Faulkner's *Sanctuary* was the universal fear of impotence. The phantasy behind Caldwell's book was (to oversimplify) the child's craving for the protection of the womb.

I need not go into these technical aspects of this literature of pathology, for my purpose here differs from that of Dr. Kubie, who made no attempt to evaluate either its artistic worth or the temporal causes. I am interested in the reason why this outbreak of a literature of the underworld of the mind

should come now, and what it portends for ourselves and for our reading.

Here is Hemingway with his eruptive, monosyllabic style, from which all the fluent rhythms of the old romanticists have been carefully eliminated. He tells a vivid and painful story, dragged from him it seems by reluctant need. His characters are always afraid, afraid often, as has been suggested, of being afraid. They are usually clearly pathological types, and felt to be so, like his killers, or men and women once normal but warped until their egos can no longer stand the strain of experience, women like Britt in *The Sun Also Rises*, men such as the hero of *Farewell to Arms* whose mind is a wound. And Hemingway writes like a man seeking release, the release of confession. I do not mean to imply that his books are autobiography in a literal sense, although it is obvious that the autobiographical element is strong. But news of what war does to the soul, or fear of one's father, or of impotence, or of the lust to kill, or of great crowd masses broken, flying, and regardless—such news of the ego they all contain. They will out, these secrets the surface normality of society has so well concealed, and they come with a lurid intensity which is the more vivid because the writing seems to be so restrained. Even in such an ostensibly objective book as *Death in the Afternoon*, a description of bull fighting, the bulls became symbols of sex and the patter of conversation which accompanies the struggles in the arena represents instincts let loose.

Little need be added for William Faulkner except to point out again the confessional nature in his stories. This man's tongue has been unleashed to tell of simple, dull people who have the horrors or make them. His Mississippi is a madhouse for the mildly insane, who act so much like poor whites limited merely by education and intelli-

gence that it is only slowly that one realizes why their stories are so poignant. Poverty, drink, frustration have made the phantasies that plague us all dominate them. Faulkner, like many a supersensitive person, has seen the obsessions of cruelty, fear, and blind hate just under the surface of plain men and women, and has not waited to balance them with their opposites, but rushed into the news with his experience, precisely as the tabloid reporter rushes into the news the exploits of a fiend in a sober community. The pained ego must cleanse its bosom of this perilous stuff, and does not take much care to see where and how the mess splashes.

As for Thomas Wolfe, here is autobiographical realism at its peak. Millions of words recording every act, every thought, every opinion in the youth of a character who wears the thinnest of disguises and is clearly most of the time the author himself. Pen portraits of contemporaries, attacks on fads and cults, close analyses of frustrated types, long descriptions of eccentrics, passionate appeals to an America that keeps rushing on and on without regard for what makes healthy minds and good living—a continuous performance of narrative, description, oratory, satire, poetry, gusto, and complaint, circling endlessly like a drunken genius shouting and reciting as he whirls about on a merry-go-round.

I'll tell the world what it does to a youth, says Wolfe. I'll tell the world what fear can do to man, says Faulkner. I'll tell the world what fear and disillusion can do to the mind, says Hemingway. And they tell it, brilliantly or confusedly, profusely or in terse explosions, crassly or with brutal honesty—and especially those cranks and quiddities of the sick mind which psychology plus the responsibilities of realism have made to seem important. Hamlet wanted to tell the world, but

Horatio reminded him that it was not so important to describe what way madness lay as to show that one could rise above it. There is less literature but more news in the modern method.

A delusive air of youth blows through all these books. They are usually, not always, about the young, or rather the relatively young, and especially those whose true youth was nipped in the War, and who (as in Hemingway's stories) carry on the abandon, the gaiety, the pursuit of risk, chance, and variety characteristic of youth in a mood of strain and disillusion. But it is a delusive air. These are old souls writing, even though they are Americans, and it does not seem too fanciful to say that in these pseudo-autobiographies one feels the sensitive mind of yesterday's culture trying to adjust itself to a mechanical mass civilization. Note the man-mass that so oppresses Wolfe in Boston and New York, and the facial strain of a nervous life that he speaks of again and again. Remember how Hemingway's sad revelers kept drinking so that they should think little and feel less; how they madly pursued fatigue as if it were a new law of life. And these old tired souls in youthful bodies run about holding up their arms and telling their stories, or in fierce restraint they create a warped society of sufferers like themselves, and with cold impartiality tell all that happens in phantasy-ridden minds. Hence the note of defeatism, of cruelty, of pity veiled in scorn, which as much as the subtlety, sincerity, and power of this fiction sharply differentiates it from the success stories of the magazines, which are pathological in another sense, since they represent wish-phantasies.

III

Hence of course the emphasis upon sex which has spread far beyond the

limits of these realistic autobiographies of the ego. It was D. H. Lawrence who, long before the War, showed that the sexual faculties suffered more than any other from both the mechanization and the intellectualizing of modern society. The baleful effect of the overworked intellect upon instincts native and vital to man was the hidden villain in all his important stories. But it was not thinking that he attacked. He himself loved to argue and to speculate like other would-be philosophers. What excited his wrath were the ghastly results when too much logic or too cold a reason was applied to the business of living. Men had come to believe that they could think themselves out of all their difficulties, but mere thinking was no good in love, and without love what was man or woman either? He demanded a release of the primitive passions whose home was in the instincts of sex.

Lawrence was a prophet. When once *Lady Chatterley's Lover* had broken the seals of reticence, sex flowed out of the yeasty egos of the age. Two new fictitious characters attained a bad eminence: the frigid woman and the impotent man—the woman frigid by convention and habit more often than by nature, the man relatively impotent for anything except the production of children, because his mind was set upon keeping busy or getting rich. A curious essay could be written comparing these villains of the novel of the first third of the twentieth century with the chaste heroines and self-restraining heroes of the middle third of the nineteenth.

But it would be a sad error to suppose that the extraordinary wave of sex literature which has just washed over us, and is now rapidly subsiding into the scum of the film magazines, was due entirely to such a philosophy of back-to-nature as Lawrence

preached. Nine-tenths of that sex writing which has been ranging all the way from notable frankness to frank obscenity was release-and-protest literature. You can keep the ordinary talk and interests of ordinary men and women, and literature in separate compartments for just about so long; then back they swing together, both fouling and enriching each other. The talk in Victorian smoking rooms was no more prudish than in clubs and cafés to-day, and probably more obscene. The facts of life were certainly not omitted from Victorian women's conversations among themselves. The novels of the day omitted both. A reaction was overdue; and if it was the War that set it off in English, and Lawrence who philosophized it, under no circumstances could it have been delayed much longer. Shaw knew this in the early nineteen hundreds, and Kipling must have guessed it in the nineties.

But it takes more than a decade to get the snicker out of sex, nor is it possible to give authors freedom to write of what they like and word it honestly, without ungagging many a foul mouth.

Now of all remembered autobiography sex experience is likely to be the most poignant. Hence when the disturbed egos of the twenties began to pour forth the confessions of their youth, and to write about their own experiences in the guise of fiction, sex memories boiled up in them. Here was something that could not be told in English before in our time. Here were incidents, trivial in themselves, that because the elders had not used their like, were still fresh, unminted, saleable. It was often a dishwater soup that resulted, but served as consommé piquant it got a cheap reputation for the writer, and gave the better ones a much needed release. Freud has made us all sex conscious, but it took no Freud, once the inquiring

mind was set in that direction, to see how sex suppression or sex release permeated at least two-thirds of the events suitable for drama or fiction. Indeed, it would have been far better for literature if Freud had not published his researches, for then we should have seen the writers finding their own way into the just opened frontier of sex and making their own language to use in the new freedom of expression, instead of being led by a formula into what often proved to be both bad science and bad art. Freud was worth thousands of dollars in royalties to the novelists of the twenties, especially the weak ones, but he double-crossed them. The plots they borrowed from him already refuse to stand up alone.

And to those voluble souls whose idea of a novel was a complete confession, this break-down of sex inhibition was a godsend. Without it most of them would never have been able to make their stories interesting enough to be printed. As for those fiercely bitter writers of the mental underworld, who were bound that the warped minds and the maimed minds should get their place in literature, and who, refusing to stop there, went on to the perverted, the subnormal, the haggard by phantasies, the obsessed by fright—to such writers the ban on sex if it had lasted would have been an insuperable obstacle. They could not have written at all.

IV

What then are we to say of this literature which I have called autobiographical to indicate its intensely egoistic character? It might be called nervous, though the term does not go deep. It might be called morbid, but that word is too narrow. It certainly is not abnormal, for these immense desires for confession, like the egoisms,

the perversions, the fears that get expressed, are typical, even though exaggerated, of humanity as psychology knows it and sociology describes it. Jung would call it an introverted literature. I prefer to say that human nature in one of its more rapid moments of adaptation to environment and circumstance (how rapid only the historians who later describe the onset of the age of machines will know) is relieving its hurt ego by voluble and intimate expression. The brakes squeal as the automobile rounds the corner.

Certainly it is an unbalanced literature, unbalanced in both form and content. Its masterpiece in English, Joyce's *Ulysses*, would seem, by every literary test that can be applied to it, to have little chance of survival—except in an excerpt or two and in paragraphs of literary history. It is incredible that the next century will take the pains to read *Ulysses*, quite as incredible as that we should read all of *Euphues* or *The Faery Queene* or *Clarissa Harlowe* to-day.

But should it not be said that our balanced literature (especially in fiction), our literature where sanity, proportion, measure, prevail, is too superficial for either great comedy or great tragedy? The *Forsyte Saga* of John Galsworthy represents about the best we could do in English in our time in this way. That is perhaps the only work of this kind in which the creative imagination has portrayed human nature not satirically or symbolically, but straight, in an edifice of real magnitude in this generation. But the *Forsyte Saga* became pitifully weak as it approached these modern years in which not manners but the causes of manners have seemed to be of the greater importance. Why, any tuppenny psychological or proletarian novelist will offer to rewrite you the last volumes of Galsworthy, showing you

what all the muddle is about over which the characters skate so sketchily! And he could explain better than Galsworthy, even though his book would prove to be unreadable.

Beneath that sanity which was the subject of the Victorians lies unbalance, and it has been the particular good luck and misfortune of the writers of the last fifteen years to bring this to our attention. It has been their good fortune because, the bars being down for the moment, not only could they write of anything but they were more praised, by the intellectuals at least, than those who wrote of success. And note that by success I do not mean success in terms of the *American Magazine* or *The Saturday Evening Post*, but success as Shakespeare and Sophocles understood it, the persistence of man's potential nobility in the teeth of circumstance and up to tragedy and beyond it. This kind of success has not been popular in our defeatist decade, which if it is to be optimistic at all prefers a cheaper variety. There is a world of difference between the sensualist Anthony putting on his antique Roman virtues in disaster and Mr. Salesman marrying his girl with a million in spite of his B.O. and her halitosis. After a little reading of advertisements and the stories written to accompany them, one's sympathies go out to Messrs Faulkner, Hemingway, *et al* who maintain that in spite of cosmetics all is not right with the world.

But it is also a misfortune for these novelists, and with them I include semi-detached poets like T. S. Eliot and Robinson Jeffers, that the unhappy struggle between human nature and the demands of a mechanized world for rapid adaptation gives them poorish material to work with. Mr. Eliot was far stronger when he wrote destructively of the Waste-Land than when in his essays he endeavors to turn

parched intellectuals into Tory humanists. Mr. Jeffers's imagination riots in an incredible California, whose only antidote seems to be blood. And the phantasies which oppress Mr. Hemingway and cause him to create with magnificent technic killers who, like the centaurs, are only half human, set up repulsions among readers who are blessed with the healthy instinct to make the best even of bad men in bad times. It has been good for us to realize imaginatively what sicknesses beset the human spirit; but sick literature, even when its disease is merely a tendency to tell everything to anybody, is a greater contribution to news than to art, or, if the term art seems precious in this context, a better reflection of the unhappier actualities of some human nature than of its potentialities as a whole. I had rather believe with the Quakers that all humanity is potentially good than run with these fellows who are obsessed with its imperfections. One conclusion is quite as scientific as the other.

Therefore, the frequent repulsion which all types of literature that can be called modernistic set up in the populace has some justification. Often it is merely intellectual laziness which makes them refuse to read "unpleasant" books. They do not want to know what lies beneath the surface, and they will not listen to those who write of it unless they are drawn in by inordinate cleverness, crass sensationalism, or a superb technic of narrative. Yet often they have strong right on their side. They are seeking—if the reading instinct of the public can be called by so strong a term—for synthesis, for a building up into revealing character of the life which they vaguely feel and know; and they get autobiography, the analysis of an individual complaining of his defeats. And

so, after a brief excursion into *Farewell to Arms* or *Of Time and the River*, back they flock to Southern columns draped with clematis or the adventures of an ice box salesman in the Middle West.

It is highly improbable that this literature of autobiography will ever take its place beside the outstanding books of the past that have been not only an influence upon posterity but masterpieces in themselves. The warped mind, the complaining body, the defeated, the desperate, the neurotic are obligatory subjects for literature; but the literature made of them is itself inhibited. It tends to be analytic rather than synthetic; it clogs instead of purging the imagination. No Plato would choose its authors for his ideal state. Indeed, it may have been the tendency of sensitive writers to tell the world about its neurotics which led him to exclude poets from his republic.

Of the maimed, of the halt and the blind
in the rain and the cold—
Of these shall my songs be fashioned, my
tales be told,

said that poet of pity, Masfield. But the mentally maimed and the spiritually halt, in which our modern autobiographers specialize, leave one a little cold at the end—sorry, disturbed, disillusioned, and never with that sense of wings spreading in the imagination which is the effect of great art. And perhaps that is why the moderns are so voluble about themselves and their friends. If they cannot give us what we want, at least they will tell us what we ought to know. To bring an old quotation up to date—

The world is so full of a number of things
I am sure we should all be as nervous as
kings.

Great literature is not nervous.



PARADE OF THE GRAVEDIGGERS

BY STUART CHASE

DAILY the New York *Times* and the *Herald Tribune* run their quota of indignant letters from solid citizens, deploring public works, excoriating the New Deal, damning all forms of public business as corrupt, knavish, and immoral. I quote from a recent sample:

What we need now is common sense, and lots of it, to come in as an old-fashioned doctor, to throw away these poisons and let nature have a chance. . . . Let us stop passing new laws and regulations every minute, so that the successful, industrious man may again prosper, and as soon as our industrious, frugal business man finds that the fundamental theory of hard work without stint, and saving, are again worth while, then and only then will business again become normal.

Last May the Chamber of Commerce had a field day of this sort of thing. The Chamber does not speak for all business men, but it speaks for many and persuades others. Business in general seems pretty well convinced that everything would be all right if the Government would stop interfering and destroying confidence. It has apparently forgotten why the Government came to interfere in the first place, forgotten the closed banks of March, 1933. Nor do the imaginations of business men permit them to picture what would happen if the Government withdrew its relief projects and stopped interfering to-day.

Not long ago in a New York hotel I overheard a typical business man summarizing the situation. When he had

gone I made some notes of his conversation. Here is the gist of it:

"We are in a big depression, aren't we? We're climbing out of it, aren't we? We have had depressions before, haven't we? Every time the long-faced professors said it was the end. And they were wrong, one hundred per cent wrong. We had a lot of government interference in the War, yet Harding got rid of it in no time. Well, why all the *crêpe*? This country hasn't even begun to hit its stride. A Wall Street man was telling me only yesterday that there's fifty billion dollars' worth of replacements and reconditioning backed up in industry, just raring to go when business gets a little confidence and the Brain Trust quit their experimenting. Look at air conditioning; look at these new streamlined trains; look at television, look at airplanes; look at the motor car industry right now. Talk about money going begging at one per cent, inside of three or four years, mark my words, we'll be tumbling over one another to get it at ten per cent, and never think of the cost compared with the profit we'll make with it.

"Of course all these foreign nations are something else again. They are about through anyway. They may be going socialistic for good and all, and that's a sure sign of degeneracy. I don't give Russia another five years. She'll go to pot with all that bureaucracy and the Japs will finish the job. Of course, we may have a few changes.

Charlie Mitchell and Insull ran the game too hard. The Government may have to steady things a little, I won't deny it.

"This country was built up by hard-working men with vision. They minded their own business and made the Government mind its business, and kept taxes down, and no regimentation. There are plenty of those men left. Just a little more confidence, and then watch us go. We had the highest living standard on earth in 1928, and we're going to have it again. Only it'll be twice as high. The system of private enterprise has made us what we are to-day, but that is nothing to what it's going to do to-morrow. It has its ups and downs, but it's a pretty good old system, if you ask me. Besides, you can't change human nature."

Such is the story one hears in hotel lobbies, in Pullman smoking cars, at Chamber of Commerce luncheons. Since the Government poured sixteen billion dollars of public credit into the good old system one hears it with increasing frequency. It is what business men want to believe. In a rather pathetic way, it is what all Americans want to believe. For a hundred years we were going somewhere, although the precise location was never defined, and going at a grand gallop. The recession since 1929 has been frustrating, boring, intolerable. The old road may have had its ruts and bumps, but one moved on it, faster and faster. Ah, to be off on it again!

What precisely was this good old system, now so badly distorted by a meddling State? It has been roughly identified as capitalism. The typical business man is not a capitalist, for he works rather than invests for a living, but he professes a strong belief in the regime. He has from time to time made good money under it and hopes to make good money again.

There has been much loose talk

about the demise of capitalism, with little attempt to define its meaning or analyze its condition. It happens to be of the utmost importance to everyone alive whether capitalism lives or dies, and of urgent importance to prepare ourselves for its fate. We may be tired of arguments that leave our opinions where they were before. Fortunately certain students have discovered facts and laws with an acute bearing on the case.

What do we mean by capitalism? The word itself constitutes what Alfred Korzybski calls a high-order abstraction. Such abstractions are useful to the processes of human thought and action, provided the user does not forget the chain of subabstractions from which they are built up, down to the primary events in space and time. Back of "capitalism" stand such abstractions as "profit," "the free market," "labor," "credit," "contract," "property"; and back of them a series of local abstractions dealing with personal "income," "savings," "costs"; and back of them uncounted millions of symbolic acts by millions of individuals involving marks upon pieces of paper called checks, account books, invoices; and back of them the movement of machines and materials by human direction or effort through time, which constitutes the final reality.

Without some conception of this chain, the word capitalism remains pure metaphysics, a creature of the brain only, and so a sort of god or demon, depending upon the point of view of the individual using it. A fighting word, full of emotional content and nothing else. "Democracy," "freedom," "fascism" are kindred terms.

Suppose we break down capitalism into abstractions of a somewhat lower order. It can be defined in various ways:

1. The total of human acts and behavior involved in the process of providing for the physical wants of Western societies under the economic system recently prevailing.

2. That part of the system devoted to private enterprise.

3. That part of private enterprise devoted to free competition. The area of rugged individualism.

4. The private ownership of income-producing property, and the resulting production for pecuniary profit rather than for specific human use.

5. The exploitation of the working class by the owning class.

6. A productive mechanism depending for its stability upon a flywheel of reinvestment in so called capital goods. This results in something close to a mathematical formula, governed by the laws of compound interest. The division of income between owners and workers being a constant (running about 30 for owner to 70 for worker, including farmer, year in year out), the owner must either spend or reinvest his share to maintain equilibrium in the system. The spending and reinvesting both put men to work and thus provide purchasing power, again to be divided 30-70, in an endless spiral. As the owners can spend but a fraction of their share, they must constantly be on the lookout for profitable investment. The new investment results in more plant capacity which demands an expanding market. Any prolonged interruption of reinvestment reduces jobs for capital goods workers, cuts back upon the total income distributed to the whole community, and sets up a condition of accelerating degeneration, unless checked by other forces.

When one holds that capitalism has collapsed or is collapsing, which definition has he in mind? Or is he just indulging in wishful thinking about something he does not like? Going

down the line, we can make certain definite statements about each of the above:

1. The prevailing economic system as a whole is visibly undergoing more or less violent transformation.

2. The area devoted to private business is everywhere shrinking in proportion to the area devoted to public business, and has been shrinking for decades.

3. The area within private business devoted to free competition, *laissez faire*, individualism so called, is shrinking in proportion to the area devoted to monopoly, and the "administrative" competition of Big Business. This process has been cumulative for fifty years.

4. The private ownership of income-producing property is still general, but two important qualifications are in order: first, the property is producing more losses than profits in many industries; second, the legal owners are increasingly surrendering control of their property to corporate managements. When Mr. Charles Schwab of Bethlehem Steel was lately taken to task for the huge bonuses voted to himself and Mr. Grace, he said to newspaper men that he supposed he had not realized "that the damned old company didn't belong to him."*

5. The exploitation of workers by owners, or by management control, is still very general in the sense that no significant change in the ratio between earned and unearned income has taken place. Both classes, however, have been forced to accept a total distribution during the depression that has been 40 to 50 per cent below normal. This has driven millions of workers out of the arena of private exploitation altogether and upon relief rolls. It has ruined thousands of small investors, and even seriously damaged many substantial capitalists.

* Quoted by John T. Flynn.

6. The mechanism of reinvestment at a compound rate of interest has had six years of hiatus. The ground now to be made up, so that prosperity may roll forward again on the old formula, is fantastic in extent. Capital goods production has shrunk to a small fraction of its 1928-1929 volume in the United States, and obstinately remains at low levels, except as stimulated by public works.

When I speak of the crisis in capitalism I have in mind primarily the last definition. I cannot see any hope of reviving profitable private investment on the scale required, and I see a number of stubborn obstacles, like the decline in foreign trade and population growth rates. This does not prove that capitalism differently defined is passing from the scene, although, as we have noted, it is undergoing transformation in terms of all six definitions. The private ownership of the means of production and the exploitation of one class by another are not disappearing very rapidly. These things, however, were common under the system called feudalism, where nobles owned the land, and took the surplus above subsistence from peasant and serf. Feudalism had a slow-moving base in agriculture, with stability not dependent on high-speed methods of production. Exploitation is an ancient human institution, and for this reason I prefer the last definition as more rigorous, giving to capitalism its characteristic modern connotation. Capitalism in this sense ceases to function when capital becomes a drug on the market. Current interest rates, incidentally, are the lowest ever known.

In support of the view that capitalism as an investing machine is entering the twilight, I shall now present seven witnesses. Each has prepared a thesis in quantitative terms which commands attention, and with which the average

business man must sooner or later reckon. The cumulative effect I find very sobering indeed for those who are sure that only a little confidence is needed to replace us upon the good old road. Of necessity I have tried to summarize in a few paragraphs material which is contained in a whole book or monograph, and has taken years of preparation. You are urged to consult the original source for further detail.

II

Mr. Arthur H. Adams * is a consulting engineer who has managed industrial plants and had no little part in the introduction of labor-saving machinery in the years before the depression. I introduce him first because he is what is generally known as a practical business man and a devout believer in the superiority of private enterprise to public. Some years of painstaking research have convinced him that there is a key ratio in economic activity as it has been conducted in the past. When the ratio is at par, say 100, the system is in balance. When it slips to 90 danger threatens; when it sinks to 75 the system is unworkable. In no former depression has it ever dropped so low. Assuming the ratio as 100, or normal, in 1922, it dipped to 73 in 1929, and in 1934 still stood at 75. "In so far as our ratio defines a condition, that condition is now practically not improved since 1929. Also it seems to be heading downward with no reason to look for a reversal."

The key ratio is a fraction, with *real wages of consumer goods' workers* as the numerator, and *output per man hour* as the denominator. If productivity increases more rapidly than real wages, the ratio drops. To keep it at par, real wages must rise as fast as productivity.

* Key Ratio to Balance. *The American Federationist*, November, 1934.

It has long been common knowledge that buying power must keep up with output or overproduction results. It is now common knowledge that output per man hour has increased phenomenally since 1920, and has increased throughout the depression. Mr. Adams is the first, so far as I know, to reduce this general knowledge to the terms of a mathematical formula which acts as an index of the health of capitalism. He has checked and rechecked but cannot escape the gloomy import of his own calculations. "The unbalance we have reached this time is so big that natural or automatic restoration of balance, or recovery, cannot occur. The buying power of all consumer goods' workers in the United States *needs to be raised about 35 per cent on the average*, and with no increase in their producing power, before an intelligent man should even hope for business to become self-sustaining at normal levels." The Government can bring about an appearance of improvement by mortgaging the future, but there is no real health in this remedy.

Mr. Adams' monograph is long and highly technical, and only its outstanding conclusions can be reproduced here. It involves a theory of the business cycle which most economists would recognize as the work of a genuine student; a careful distinction between capital goods and consumer goods; a study of the distribution of man hours in the total economy; and an estimate of the ratio between work income and ownership income.

How is private business to increase real wages 35 per cent, which means raising payrolls 35 per cent with no increase in prices? Mr. Adams admits that a business man who embarked on such a policy would be a maniac. It has to be done by all business men, simultaneously, and without chiseling. With the experience of the NRA

behind us, such a step is equally fantastic.

Mr. Adams has a plan based on intervention by the State, but he does not hope much from it. His faith in the implacable nature of his ratio is, however, profound.

III

Mr. A. A. Berle, Jr., co-operating with V. J. Pederson,* has dug for capitalism a less conventional grave than Mr. Adams—who only had the audacity to measure what many economists have noted as a dangerous drift. Not one economist in a thousand, and certainly no banker, has ever seen the end of capitalism through a rise in liquid capital—as though it would drown itself in its own fluidity. Mr. Berle has measured this phenomenon as carefully as Mr. Adams has measured his critical ratio. The results are equally appalling, but from a different angle. It is probable, however, that there is a pretty broad subway between inadequate wages and the activities of the stock market.

The thesis is this: In 1880, of the total wealth of the United States 16 per cent was in liquid form. Liquid wealth means money or something that can be turned into money without delay. All shares listed on the stock market are liquid; for you have but to pick up your telephone to get cash for them within a few minutes. So are listed bonds. So are bank deposits and the cash surrender value of insurance policies.

By 1912, the ratio had crept up to 20 per cent—not much of a change. Then something began to simmer inside the economic caldron. Liquidity increased in waves. By 1926, the ratio was 28 per cent; by 1929, 38 per cent; by 1930, 40 per cent. The depression thrust it back a little, but in 1933 it still

* *Liquid Claims and National Wealth*. The Macmillan Co. 1934.

held at 34 per cent—a third of all national wealth. Within a decade one-sixth of American wealth had shifted from the hands of responsible owners into the hands of managerial or manipulatory groups.

Liquid property is always irresponsible property; it has no strings upon the owner. "It appears to be a fact that the increase in the demand for liquidity almost of necessity weakens a civilization based on individualism and individual property." The great bankers, the great promoters, the great architects of super-mergers, all hastened this landslide away from the ownership of physical to that of liquid assets.

On a 15 per cent ratio the system can weather a panic or a depression without great difficulty. The amount of wealth which can be thrown on the market is small compared with total wealth. At 20 per cent the danger increases. The depression of 1921 was a taste of blood. At 38 per cent, as in 1929, the market is shattered by millions of citizens rushing to present their liquid claims—runs on commercial and savings banks, stocks and bonds dumped on the stock markets, loans demanded on life insurance policies. "The mechanism of liquidity is like a detonating cap in a stick of dynamite. Particularly if the mercantile and the investment processes are tied up together in one banking system, an explosion in either will wreck both." It was the stampede for liquidity which closed every bank in 1933, a phenomenon unheard of in any former depression.

The whole trend of modern corporate and capitalistic finance is in the direction of greater liquidity. Big man and little man want their property where, in an uncertain world, they can cash it in. In the depression of 1942, with liquidity at 50 per cent, we may face the plain fact that no finan-

cial structure, no matter how attentively nursed by a solicitous Government, can stand the simultaneous presentation of so many liquid claims. The banks must snap, the insurance companies crack wide open, the stock markets close their doors. In such circumstances there is no appeal to "natural" laws, no chance to let weak banks and companies go down the drain in a wholesome purge. When a few go, the whole body begins to dissolve. Liquid property is dangerous property. "It was certainly not perversity that led substantially every major government in the world between 1929 and 1934 to interpose artificial measures rather than pay the price of letting the cycle work itself out."

The problem is hardly conceived of in the United States, still less in the rest of the world. It constitutes perhaps the most violent threat extant to personal property, in its modern form. No solution has been offered or can be offered without reversing nearly everything that American business men mean by "recovery." . . . Of course we want bigger bank deposits, more life insurance, more stocks and bonds instantly negotiable on the exchanges. Of course we do not want a sanitary cordon between investment finance and mercantile finance.

So if we heave ourselves out of this depression, and get back on the good old road, what is going to happen in the next one?

IV

Mr. Walter Rautenstrauch * is Professor of Industrial Engineering at Columbia University. He invites us to consider all American industry as one great factory. The sales of the factory correspond with the national

* *Who Gets the Money?* Walter Rautenstrauch. Harper and Brothers. 1934.

income. The costs of the factory are the wages and salaries paid to producers, or direct labor, plus the wages and salaries paid to the non-productive, overhead workers, or indirect labor. It is the object of every factory manager to keep his overhead down. If it soars too high it wrecks the business. How has our national factory fared in this connection in recent years? It has fared in a way likely to give any good manager insomnia.

If we take 1917 as a year in which the national factory was a stable business enterprise, with production and consumption in reasonable balance, we find that producers constituted 63 per cent of the employed population. This direct labor included farmers, miners, factory workers, railroad and power plant workers, and all others engaged in the primary processes of production. These producers received about half the national income. Despite a steady increase in physical production through the 1920's—though the *rate* of increase was tapering off—by 1932 the number of producers had declined to half the employed population, and their income to a third of the national total. In 1917 and 1932 the national income, or the money spent on the plant, was substantially the same, about 48 billion dollars. Today the overhead group receives two-thirds of all money spent and constitutes half the working population.

"In other words, in 1917, when producers got one dollar for making goods, overhead people got another dollar for the various services leading up to the sale of goods to the consumer. But in 1932, when producers got one dollar, overheads got \$2.30." In 1929, they got \$1.60. Overhead costs marched rapidly forward during the 1920's, and broke into a run with the coming of the depression. "Business on the downgrade; overhead on the upgrade—

here is abundant evidence of shocking management."

If the ratios between direct and indirect labor were about right in 1917, to recapture them, we should now need to:

1. Shift 12,300,000 more workers to the producers' group.

2. Increase producers' income about 56 per cent.

3. Increase farmers' income about 216 per cent—as their proportionate share in the producers' group.

These figures measure an enormous displacement in 15 years. The national factory is losing its producers at the benches while the office is swarming with clerks, salesmen, and financial experts. It is too much to say that more overhead necessarily means more waste. The problem is not so simple as that. As the power age develops, services must tend to displace much manual labor and other forms of productive work. The question however remains: Is not a 230 per cent increase in overhead in 15 years an intolerably high ratio of displacement, and more than the national factory can stand?

The new overhead armies are not all engaged in useful community service. Perhaps the majority are parasites on the financial and credit organism. "In 1918, the managers and workers of your national plant learned a new technic of operation. They discovered how to divert people's free money and savings into stocks and bonds and first mortgages and similar securities. In that year, we began to create a nation not of consumers, but of investors and speculators." Or, as Mr. Berle would say, we began to go in for liquidity in a big way. Mr. Rautenstrauch has prepared a chart which shows strong correlation between the rise of the overhead and the rise of loans and investments. We employed new millions to assist us in piling up debts.

V

David Cushman Coyle * is another engineer. Readers of HARPER's will remember his articles, but perhaps they will forgive me if I briefly summarize his thesis to make the record complete. Mr. Coyle used to calculate wind resistances for skyscrapers, but the skyscraper business not being what it was, he turned to the study of resistances in financial pyramids. In common with others, he looks at capital goods as the cardinal element in the maintenance of traditional capitalism. For a time he thought that if a fire could be built under the stock market and a speculative boom engendered, capital goods might be revived in the ensuing era of good fellowship. The length of the revival, and the basic health of the system so vivified was, of course, another matter. With the passage of the Securities Exchange legislation, and the restrictions upon wash sales and pools, he became doubtful about this method. How else may capital goods be stimulated to the huge proportions necessary? Mr. Coyle sees no way, especially as business men themselves are organizing to prevent such expansion. The textile people, for instance, may want a revival of the heavy industries in general, but do they want a string of new, efficient textile factories in the hands of competitors? A thousand times, no.

Mr. Coyle has worked out a general formula for the optimum rate at which to invest new productive capital. "In the system as a whole the optimum rate of replacement is proportional to the square root of the rate of technical invention divided by the square root of the cost of machinery. Or, in English, if technical invention were four times as fast, the rate of replacement might justifiably be doubled; if the cost of

machinery for a given production schedule were cut to one quarter, the rate of replacement ought to be doubled again." In the nineteenth century the demands of growth used up so much capital that the rate of replacement was within the margin of safety and all was well. Thrift and saving were virtues and helped, by encouraging new production, to improve the standard of living. But as productivity increased there came a time when the spontaneous rate of capital accumulation overtook and passed the optimum. In the 1920's the United States ran far over the safety line. Any stable condition must now be predicated on a capital investment relatively less than it has been in the past. This means a far larger proportion of the national income devoted to spending for consumers' goods; which means a break in the 30 per cent ratio for property discovered by Mr. Rautenstrauch and others as a constant. "Sound finance" cannot tolerate such a break. Deadlock. Mr. Coyle believes that only a wholly new type of financing, where production and distribution are not based on the accumulation of invested capital, can restore health to the economic mechanism.

VI

Mr. Bassett Jones * is a practical engineer, hitherto engaged in applying the laws of mathematical probability to the operation of high-speed elevators in tall buildings. Without such applied mathematics, the elevators would run through the roof. Like Mr. Coyle, he has turned his attention in recent years to a study of the economic mechanism. He has applied higher mathematics, especially the differential calculus, to the growth of physical production and of debt claims over the past fifty or sixty years in the United States.

* *The Capital Goods Fallacy.* HARPER'S MAGAZINE, December, 1934.

* *Debt and Production.* The John Day Company.

The curves of growth have been charted, with some devastating conclusions. For many decades both physical production and debt (including corporation equities) expanded at a roughly similar rate. The lines resembled a five per cent compound-interest curve, or thereabouts. Shortly after 1910 physical production began to taper off; it grew, but at a declining rate. It had to. There was not enough iron ore in the world to supply the steel required if the growth characteristic of the steel industry in the 60's and 70's had been maintained to 1950. And so with coal, oil, cotton, wheat, copper, lead, almost anything you please.

But finance had become habituated to a compounding advance in capital claims. Its rate of expansion after 1910, instead of diminishing, actually increased. By the late 1920's it was bowling along on an eight per cent basis. So the curve of production levels off, while the curve of debt goes upward still more steeply. In the last analysis, the validity of any debt depends on physical wealth. By 1929, the jaws which separated the two curves were open in a terrible yawn. Something had to be engulfed and it was. During the depression production has actually declined in amount, let alone in rate, while capital claims, especially long-term interest-bearing debt, continue at high levels. No healthy correlation has been established. The RFC, for one thing, would not permit.

Mr. Jones is unable to see how capitalism can continue to function until debt has been driven down to a workable relationship with physical production. Such liquidation would ruin large sections of the present capitalist class, however much it might open opportunities for new capitalists in the future. The present incumbents naturally object to large personal sacrifice

on behalf of a high abstraction. Again a deadlock. To revive capitalism on the old formula would require a wiping out of one hundred billion dollars, more or less, of vested claims.

Mr. Frederick L. Ackerman, a co-worker of Mr. Jones' and a distinguished architect, should be duly listed as an assistant sexton. He is particularly concerned with the time factor in economic dynamics—a factor generally neglected by the faculty. Indeed, this whole approach of the engineers, with their concepts of rates, and rates of change, is, to my mind, of first importance. We really live in a dynamic process rather than a series of fixed institutions. In a recent letter, Mr. Ackerman remarked:

Credit is an item that has meaning only in the time dimension. Our wealth is an item of the time dimensional world and has no real meaning in terms of the present. It is, in fact, an item of a conjectural world—a world of our imagination—which does not rest for such meaning as we temporarily attach to it at a given point in time, upon carefully worked out probabilities of the future. Instead, it rests upon assumptions which, upon mere inspection, turn out to be no more than a description of a highly improbable if not impossible run of events.

The effort now being made to give both validity and liquidity [*vide* Mr. Berle] to our mountainous debt claims is merely an attempt to get out from under the jurisdiction of the time dimension—that is to say, to escape from the certainty that "we live in the most probable world." A debt economy such as ours can operate only under the auspices of a hedonistic point of view; and optimism is as essential to its working as is gas to an internal combustion engine. So one comes to the question: How is such an economy going to work when, by reason of a decline in the growth rate, the future fails to hold the prospects which have hitherto served to animate the system? The answer seems fairly clear—it isn't.

One pictures Mr. Ackerman and the Average Business Man in spirited discussion. Mr. Ackerman understands his hedonist, but the business man does

not know what Mr. Ackerman is talking about, and so calls him an impractical visionary. Time dimensions indeed! Yet the business man's note runs for six months, and the bonds on his plant are due in 1945. He will have to reckon with Mr. Ackerman's conclusions, whether he understands them or not, before he can have a secure world in which to do business.

VII

In a sense, the findings of Mr. Gardiner C. Means* are the most devastating of all from the point of view of reestablishing our traditional economy. They do not deal with debts and finance directly, but rather with prices and physical production itself. Mr. Means is a professor of economics and co-author with Mr. Berle of that twentieth century classic, *The Modern Corporation and Private Property*. The findings now to be given are embodied in a special report recently made to Secretary Wallace:†

Per cent drop from
1919 to 1933

	In	In
	the	production
Agricultural implements	6	80
Motor vehicles	16	80
Cement	18	65
Iron and steel products	20	83
Tires	33	70
Textiles	45	30
Food products	49	14
Leather	50	20
Petroleum	56	20
Agricultural commodities	63	6

The implications of this little table are profound. During the depression one group of commodities acted in a totally different way from another group, suggesting that we have not one economic system, but two. Agricultural implements, motor vehicles, ce-

ment, steel, tires (and many others) show a drop in production far in excess of the reduction in price. The blows of the depression were taken on the production end, rather than on the price end. Meanwhile textiles, food products, leather, petroleum, and agricultural commodities—especially the latter—took the depression on the price end, and did not restrict production to any such degree. The first group is where monopoly or “administrative competition” obtains; the second group where free competition still obtains. When a depression hits the free market down go prices but not production. Indeed, during the early period of the depression agricultural production actually increased despite the drop in prices. Each farmer tried to hold his cash income by larger crops at a lower price. When depression hits the controlled market, output is restricted and prices held.

Mr. Means finds that the controlled market is roughly coincident with Big Business units. It is the picnic ground of the two hundred great corporations which chiefly provide the service of supply to the American people. It is the dominating system. The free market is devoted to small fry—farmers, canners, creameries, food processors, textile mills, oil drillers, the handicraft trades. In bulk and in kinds of products it is still important but is constantly losing ground to the administrative market.

Prices are set in the free market by supply and demand, the interaction of buyer and seller. Wheat and cotton prices are so made. Classical economics and all its laws are founded thereon. Prices are beyond the control of any individual, who takes perforce what the market offers. In the controlled or administrative market, prices are made by individual fiat. General Motors posts the price for Chevrolets, f. o. b. Detroit, six months

* *Industrial Prices and their Relative Inflexibility*.
Senate document 13, 74th Congress.

† Senate Document 13, 74th Congress.

in advance. Take it or leave it. Demand has no effect upon it—though it may have some effect on the next six months' price. The administrative market is not necessarily a monopoly market in the accepted sense, but it is a market where a few big corporations dominate the field and tend, with or without formal agreement, to behave in the same way. Thus General Motors and Ford are mighty competitors, but they set their administrative prices within a few notches of each other, and there is little real price competition between them in the free market sense. They know—within a few moments of each other, apparently—when to stop, when to halt price declines, when to check production.

These rigid prices are now dominant in our economy. In the depression the whole price structure has pivoted about them. The depression indeed might be defined as a general slashing of prices at the flexible end of the price scale and a slashing of production at the rigid end. "The shift from free market to administrative prices is the development which has destroyed the effective functioning of the American economy and produced the pressures which culminated in the new economic agencies of the government." The farmer could not stand the pressure, hence the AAA.

Under *laissez-faire*, individuals made policy for their own businesses, but industrial policy for the economy at large was beyond them. Under administrative competition, individuals in great corporations now make industrial decisions. For six years their decision has been to restrict production and so depress the standard of living for the whole people. "When the business man has the power to affect industrial policy, he almost necessarily makes wrong industrial decisions." His training forces him to. He may be the finest fellow in the world, but he is

bound to go wrong for the economy as a whole. In order to maximize profit, he *must* hold prices and curtail production, in nine cases out of ten, for the amount he can count on through lowering prices is usually so small that the whole balance of his interest as a business man swings the other way. A "price chiseler" is a term of opprobrium applied to the business man who does not play the administrative game.

The net effect of this control over industrial policy is to aggravate fluctuations in economic activity and to prevent necessary readjustments. A slight drop in demand may be transmitted into a full-sized recession. Only if the business man acts counter to his profit interest can this tendency be overcome. Which is absurd. "Thus administrative co-ordination—the very thing that has made modern technic and a high standard of living possible—has destroyed the effectiveness of the market as an overall co-ordinator by the inflexible administrative prices which are inherent in the reduction of competing units it has produced."

This inflexibility has been a major cause in breaking up foreign trade, in disrupting monetary policy, in wrecking banks, obstructing the full use of capacity and resources, disorganizing the flow of savings, unbalancing the national budget, increasing economic insecurity.

The more we leave industrial policy to Big Business, to those lords of practicality, the more administrative prices we shall have, the more rigidities, the less possibility of making essential readjustments. Here lies a cardinal difference from earlier economies. The community may surrender control to a system where the free market is dominant and survive, as it did in the nineteenth century. If it surrenders control to Big Business it is faced with an eventual breakdown *which includes Big Business itself*. Those trembling

radicals who see Big Business stealing the show and exploiting the masses world without end overestimate its capacity for administration. The kind of decisions which Big Business is bound to make in the interest of work-a-day profit, or avoidance of loss, lead to a destruction of that mass market which is its life blood.

It is too late to resurrect the free market, as every intelligent man knows. We cannot pulverize these great units without disaster—Senator Borah to the contrary notwithstanding. Imagine Ford, Chrysler, and General Motors broken up into a hundred little companies. So the community must sooner or later remove from Big Business these fatal industrial decisions. The NRA codes, according to Mr. Means, were useless in this connection because initiative was left to business men, who promptly made the wrong decisions—restriction of output and high prices.

VIII

Here are seven able gentlemen with six avenues of approach, converging on the one conclusion that traditional capitalism is inoperable. Mr. Adams finds a critical index, the ratio between real wages and productivity, that should be 100 but is now 75, with no prospect of improvement by natural law. Mr. Berle notes a tremendous increase in the percentage of liquid assets to total national wealth, which promises to drown any economy when a downswing precipitates these liquid billions on the market. Professor Rautenstrauch has calculated an increase of 230 per cent in the overhead costs of the economic system in the past fifteen years, and concludes that the system cannot endure a mounting overhead indefinitely, any more than a single plant could endure it. Mr. Coyle has determined a law of replace-

ment in capital goods which was disobeyed during the 1920's by excessive additions to plant, and which prevents a revival of the heavy industries to their accustomed levels. Messrs. Jones and Ackerman have introduced the time factor into economics; they conclude that the debt structure is fantastically out of line with physical production and can never be validated. This conclusion acts again to discourage new debts for new capital goods. If the present debt is in jeopardy, why contract more? Dr. Means finds that the free market has been largely replaced by a market of administrative prices, arbitrarily determined by giant corporations. The profit motive on which prices are administered leads inevitably to restriction of output. The give and take is removed from the structure, and it becomes rigid, vulnerable, and presently unworkable.

One may quarrel with a detail here and there in this cumulative indictment. I am skeptical of the exactness of Mr. Adams' ratio because of the statistical difficulties in obtaining his numerator and denominator, but I have no doubts about the principle involved. Mr. Berle's liquidity is so new and startling that it arouses a defensive reflex; but the more one studies it the more persuasive the logic becomes. Professor Rautenstrauch's nightmare of overhead is apparently an authentic spook, but nobody knows exactly how much waste capitalism can stand without going under. Doubts may be raised as to the accuracy of the data from which Mr. Jones derived the curve of the rate of physical production; indeed in a subsequent monograph he raised a certain doubt himself. He is now recalculating the index and coming to the same conclusions by a more accurate route.

Our business man, sighing for happy days again, has seven heads to cut off

—and when they are severed I can supply more. (Mr. Lawrence Dennis, for instance, and Signor Mussolini, and Professor M. J. Bonn.) What is he going to do about overhead, liquidity, the debt burden, the distorted obsolescence rate, the ratio of productivity to real wages, the rigid price structure—to say nothing of declining population rates and frozen foreign markets? Admittedly he is a stout fellow, but is his sword sharp enough?

I do not believe that it is. Capitalism in the sense of my sixth definition is passing and must continue to pass from the scene. The ends of the curves are clearly visible, within a matter of not decades but years.

I leave you, Mr. Business Man, to devise a new arrangement for private property and enterprise which will work better. With prevailing trends to reckon with, you have a man-sized job. You must burn the candle late

and not pull the covers over your head or drop off to sleep. I am afraid that you will have to forget the lullaby with the soothing refrain that if only the Government will stop interfering and destroying confidence everything will be all right.

When the Supreme Court voided the NRA a certain amount of government interference was removed. And what happened? Measured by the stock market, the pæans to liberty lasted about two hours. In the morning after the decision stocks went briskly up. At noon they wavered. In the afternoon the list lost up to six points. The celebration which glorified the end of regimentation was short-lived. It was succeeded by a worried uncertainty as to the future of wages, prices, buying power, and the curve of recovery generally. The stock market faithfully registered both emotions, and the last was stronger than the first.





WHEN DOCTORS AGREE

A STORY

BY G. K. CHESTERTON

MR. POND's paradoxes were of a very peculiar kind. They were indeed paradoxical defiances even of the law of paradox. Paradox has been defined as "Truth standing on her head to attract attention." Paradox has been defended, on the ground that so many fashionable fallacies still stand firmly on their feet, because they have no heads to stand on. But it must be admitted that writers, like other mendicants and mountebanks, frequently do try to attract attention. They set out conspicuously, in a single line in a play or at the head or tail of a paragraph, remarks of this challenging kind; as when Mr. Bernard Shaw wrote, "The Golden Rule is that there is no Golden Rule"; or Oscar Wilde observed, "I can resist everything except temptation"; or a duller scribe (not to be named with these and now doing penance for his earlier vices in the nobler toil of celebrating the virtues of Mr. Pond) said in defense of hobbies and amateurs and general duffers like himself, "If a thing is worth doing, it is worth doing badly." To these things do writers sink; and then the critics tell them that they "talk for effect"; and then the writers answer, "What the devil else should we talk for? Ineffectualness?" It is a sordid scene.

But Mr. Pond belonged to a more polite world and his paradoxes were quite different. It was quite impossi-

ble to imagine Mr. Pond standing on his head. But it was quite as easy to imagine him standing on his head as to imagine him trying to attract attention. He was the quietest man in the world to be a man of the world; he was a small neat Civil Servant, with nothing notable about him except a beard that looked not only old-fashioned but vaguely foreign, and perhaps a little French, though he was as English as any man alive. But, for that matter, French respectability is far more respectable than English; and Mr. Pond, though in some ways cosmopolitan, was completely respectable. Another thing that was faintly French about him was the level ripple of his speech, a tripping monotone that never tripped over a single vowel. For the French carry their sense of equality even to the equality of syllables. With this equable flow, full of genteel gossip on Vienna, he was once entertaining a lady; and five minutes later she rejoined her friends with a very white face, and whispered to them the shocking secret that the mild little man was mad.

The peculiarity of his conversation was this. In the middle of a steady stream of sense there would suddenly appear two or three words which seemed simply to be nonsense. It was as if something had suddenly gone wrong with the works of a gramophone. It was nonsense which the

speaker never seemed to notice himself; so that sometimes his hearers also hardly noticed that speech so natural was nonsensical. But to those who did notice, he seemed to be saying something like, "Naturally, having no legs, he won the walking race easily." or, "As there was nothing to drink, they all got tipsy at once." Broadly speaking, two kinds of people stopped him with stares or questions: the very stupid and the very clever. The stupid because the absurdity alone stuck out from a level of intelligence that baffled them; it was indeed in itself an example of the truth in paradox. The only part of his conversation they could understand was the part they could not understand. And the clever stopped him because they knew that behind each of these queer compact contradictions there was a very queer story, like the queer stories to be narrated here.

His friend Gahagan, that ginger-haired giant and somewhat flippant Irish dandy, declared that Pond put in these senseless phrases merely to find out if his listeners were listening. Pond never said so; and his motive remained rather a mystery. But Gahagan declared that there is a whole tribe of modern intellectual ladies who have learned nothing except the art of turning on a talker a face of ardor and attention, while their minds are so very absent that some little phrase like, "Finding himself in India, he naturally visited Toronto," will pass harmlessly in at one ear and out at the other, without disturbing the cultured mind within.

It was at a little dinner given by old Wotton to Gahagan and Pond and others that we first got a glimpse of the real meaning of these wild parentheses of so tame a talker. The truth was, to begin with, that Mr. Pond, in spite of his French beard, was very English in his habit of assuming that he ought to

be a little dull, in deference to other people. He disliked telling long and largely fantastic stories about himself, such as his friend Gahagan told; though Pond thoroughly enjoyed them when Gahagan told them. Pond himself had had some very curious experiences; but as he would not turn them into long stories, they appeared only as short stories; and the short stories were so very short as to be quite unintelligible. In trying to explain the eccentricity it is best to begin with the simplest example, like a diagram in a primer of logic. And I will begin with the short story which was concealed in the shorter phrase which puzzled poor old Wotton so completely on that particular evening. Wotton was an old-fashioned diplomatist, of the sort that seemed to grow more national by trying to be international. Though far from militarist, he was very military. He kept the peace by staccato sentences under a stiff gray mustache. He had more chin than forehead.

"They tell me," Wotton was saying, "that the Poles and the Lithuanians have come to an agreement about Wilno. It was an old row, of course; and I expect it was six to one and half-a-dozen to the other."

"You are a real Englishman, Wotton," said Gahagan, "and you say in your heart, 'All these foreigners are alike.' You're right enough if you mean that we're all unlike you. The English are the lunatics of the earth, who know that everybody else is mad. But we do sometimes differ a little from one another, you know. Even we in Ireland have been known to differ from one another. But you see the Pope denouncing the Bolsheviks, or the French Revolution rending the Holy Roman Empire, and you still say in your hearts, 'What can the difference be betwixt Tweedledum and Tweedledee?'"

"There was no difference," said

Pond, "between Tweedledum and Tweedledee. You will remember that it is distinctly recorded that they agreed. But remember what they agreed about."

Wotton looked a little baffled and finally grunted, "Well, if these fellows have agreed, I suppose there will be a little peace."

"Funny things, agreements," said Pond. "Fortunately people generally go on disagreeing till they die peacefully in their beds. Men very seldom do fully and finally agree. I did know two men who came to agree so completely that one of them naturally murdered the other; but as a rule . . ."

"Agreed so completely," said Wotton thoughtfully, "don't you—are you quite sure you don't mean, 'disagreed so completely'?"

Gahagan uttered a sort of low whoop of laughter. "Oh, no," he said, "he doesn't mean that. I don't know what the devil he does mean; but he doesn't mean anything so sensible as that."

But Wotton, in his ponderous way, still attempted to pin down the narrator to a more responsible statement; and the upshot of it was that Mr. Pond was reluctantly induced to explain what he really meant and let us hear the whole story.

The mystery was involved at first in another mystery—the strange murder of Mr. James Haggis of Glasgow, which filled the Scottish and English newspapers not many years ago. On the face of it, the thing was a curious story; to introduce a yet more curious sequel. Haggis had been a prominent and wealthy citizen, a bailie of the city and an elder of the kirk. Nobody denied that even in these capacities he had sometimes been rather unpopular; but, to do him justice, he had often been unpopular through his loyalty to unpopular causes. He was the sort of

old Radical who is more rigid and antiquated than any Tory; and maintaining in theory the cause of retrenchment and reform, managed to suggest that almost any reform was too expensive for the needs of retrenchment. Thus he had stood alone in opposition to the universal support given to old Dr. Campbell's admirable campaign for fighting the epidemic in the slums during the slump. But to deduce from his economics that he was a demon delighting in the sight of poor children dying of typhoid was perhaps an exaggerated inference. Similarly, he was prominent in the Presbyterian councils as refusing all modern compromise with the logic of Calvinism; but to infer that he actually hoped all his neighbors were damned before they were born is too personal an interpretation of theological theory. On the other side, he was admittedly honest in business and faithful to his wife and family; so that there was a general reaction in favor of his memory when he was found stabbed to the heart in the meager grass of the grim little churchyard that adjoined his favorite place of worship. It was impossible to imagine Mr. Haggis as involved in any romantic Highland feud calling for the dirk, or any romantic assignation interrupted with the stiletto; and it was generally felt that to be knifed and left unburied among the buried dead was an exaggerated penalty for being a rather narrow Scottish merchant of the old school.

It happened that Mr. Pond himself had been present at a little party where there was high debate about the murder as a mystery. His host, Lord Glenorchy, had a hobby of reading books on criminology; his hostess, Lady Glenorchy, had the less harmful hobby of reading those much more solid and scientific books which are called detective stories. There were present, as the society papers say,

Major MacNabb, the Chief Constable, and Mr. Launcelot Browne, a brilliant London barrister, who found it much more of a bore to be a lawyer than to pretend to be a detective; also, among those present was the venerable and venerated Dr. Campbell, whose work among the poor has already been inadequately commended, and a young friend of his named Angus, whom he was understood to be coaching and instructing generally for his medical examinations and his scientific career.

Responsible people naturally love to be irresponsible. All these persons delighted to throw theories about in private which they need not answer for in public. The barrister, being a humane man, was delighted to prosecute somebody whom he would not have to hang. The criminologist was enchanted to analyze the lunacy of somebody he could never have proved to be a lunatic. And Lady Glenorchy was charmed at the chance of considering poor Mr. Haggis (of all people) as the principal character in a shocker. Hilarious attempts were made to fix the crime on the United Presbyterian minister, a notorious Sublapsarian, naturally, nay inevitably, impelled to stick a dirk in a Supralapsarian. Lord Glenorchy was more serious, not to say monotonous, having learned from his books of criminology the one great discovery of that science: that mental and moral deformity are found only among poor people. He suspected a plot of local Communists (all with the wrong shaped thumb and ear) and picked for his fancy a Socialist agitator of the city. Mr. Angus made bold to differ; his choice was an old lag, or professional criminal, known to be in the place, who had been almost everything that is alarming except a Socialist agitator. Then it was that the point was referred, not without a certain reverence, to the white-haired and wise old physician who had now behind him a

whole lifetime of charity and good works.

One of the many ways in which Dr. Campbell seemed to have emerged from an elder and perhaps honester world was the fact that he not only spoke with a Scotch accent, but he spoke Scotch. His speech will, therefore, be rendered here with difficulty and in doubt and trembling.

"Weel, ye will a' be asking wha dirked Jamie Haggis? And I'll tell ye fair at the start that I winna gie a bawbee to ken wha dirked Jamie Haggis. Gin I kent, I wadna say. It's a sair thing, na doot, that the freens and benefactors o' puir humanity should no be named and fitly celebrated; but like the masons that built our gran' cathedral and the gran' poets that wrote our ballads of Otterburn and Sir Patrick Spens, the man that achieved the virtuous act o' killing Jamie Haggis will hae nae pairsonal credit for't in this world; it is even possible he might be a wee bit inconvenienced. So ye'll get nae guesses out of me; beyond saying I've lang been seekin' a man of sic prudence and public spirit."

There followed that sort of silence in which people are not certain whether to laugh at a deliberate stroke of wit; but before they could do so, young Angus, who kept his eyes fixed on his venerable preceptor, had spoken with the eagerness of the ardent student.

"But you'll not say, Dr. Campbell, that murder is right because some acts or opinions of the murdered man are wrong?"

"Aye, if they're wrong enough," replied the benevolent Dr. Campbell blandly. "After all, we've nae ither test o' richt and wrang. *Salus populi suprema lex.*"

"Aren't the Ten Commandments a bit of a test?" asked the young man with a rather heated countenance em-

phasized by his red hair, that stood up on his head like stiff flames.

The silver-haired saint of sociology continued to regard him with a wholly benevolent smile; but there was an odd gleam in his eye as he answered:

"Aye, the Ten Commandments are a test. What we doctors are beginning to ca' an Intelligence Test."

Whether it was an accident or whether the intuitions of Lady Glenorchy were a little alarmed by the seriousness of the subject, it was at this point that she struck in:

"Well, if Dr. Campbell won't pronounce for us, I suppose we must all stick to our own suspicions. I don't know whether you like cigarettes in the middle of dinner; it's a fashion I can't get used to myself."

At this point in his narrative Mr. Pond threw himself back in his chair with a more impatient movement than he commonly permitted himself.

"Of course, they will do it," he said, with a mild explosiveness. "They're admired and thought very tactful when they do it."

"When who do what?" said Wotton. "What on earth are you talking about now?"

"I'm talking about hostesses," said Pond, with an air of pain. "Good hostesses. Really successful hostesses. They will cut into conversation, on the theory that it can be broken off anywhere, just as it's quite the definition of a good hostess to make two people talk when they hate it, and part them when they are beginning to like it. But they sometimes do the most deadly and awful damage. You see, they stop conversations that are not worth starting again. And that's horrible, like murder."

"But if the conversation's not worth starting again, why is it horrible to stop it?" asked the conscientious Wotton, still laboriously in pursuit.

"Why, *that's* why it's horrible to

stop it," answered Pond, almost snappishly for so polite a person. "Talk ought to be sacred because it is so light, so tenuous, so trivial, if you will; anyhow, so frail and easy to destroy. Cutting short its life is worse than murder; it's infanticide. It's like killing a baby that's trying to come to life. It can never be restored to life, though one rose from the dead. A good light conversation can never be put together again when it's broken to pieces; because you can't get all the pieces. I remember a splendid talk at Trefusis's place, that began because there was a crack of thunder over the house and a cat howled in the garden, and somebody made a rather crude joke about a catastrophe; and then Gahagan here had a lovely theory that sprang straight out of cats and catastrophes and everything, and would have started a splendid talk about a political question on the Continent . . ."

"The Catalonian question, I suppose," said Gahagan, laughing, "but I fear I've quite forgotten my lovely theory."

"That's just what I say," said Pond, gloomily, "it could only have been started then; it ought to have been sacred because it wasn't worth starting again. The hostess swept it all out of our heads, and then had the cheek to say afterward that we could talk about it some other time. Could we? Could we make a contract with a cloud to break just over the roof, and tie a cat up in the garden and pull its tail at the right moment, and give Gahagan just enough champagne to inspire him with a theory so silly that he's forgotten it already? It was then or never with that debate being started; and yet bad results enough followed from it being stopped. But that, as they say, is another story."

"You must tell it to us another time," said Gahagan. "At present I am still curious about the man who

murdered another man because he agreed with him."

"Yes," assented Wotton, "we've rather strayed from the subject, haven't we?"

"So Mrs. Trefusis said," murmured Mr. Pond sadly. "I suppose we can't all feel the sanctity of really futile conversation. But if you're really interested in the other matter, I don't mind telling you all about it; though I'd rather not tell you exactly how I came to know all about it. That was rather a confidential matter—what they call a confession. Pardon my little interlude on the tactful hostess; it had something to do with what followed and I have a reason for mentioning it.

"Lady Glenorchy quite calmly changed the subject from murder to cigarettes; and everybody's first feeling was that we had been done out of a very entertaining little tiff about the Ten Commandments. A mere trifle, too light and airy to recur to our minds at any other time. But there was another trifle that did recur to my own mind afterward, and kept my attention on a murder of which I might have thought little enough at the time, as De Quincey says. I remembered once looking up Glenorchy in *Who's Who*, and seeing that he had married the daughter of a very wealthy squire near Lowestoft in Suffolk."

"Lowestoft. Suffolk. These are dark hints," said Gahagan. "Do these in themselves point to some awful and suspicious fact?"

"They point," said Pond, "to the awful fact that Lady Glenorchy is not Scotch. If she had introduced the cigarettes at her father's dinner table in Suffolk such trifles as the Ten Commandments would instantly have been tossed away from everyone's mind and memory. But I knew I was in Scotland and that the story had only just begun. I have told you that old Campbell was tutoring or coaching

young Angus for his medical degree. It was a great honor for a lad like Angus to have Campbell for a coach; but it must have been quite agreeable even to an authority like Campbell to have Angus for a pupil. For he had always been a most industrious and ambitious and intelligent pupil, and one likely to do the old man credit; and after the time I speak of, he seemed to grow more industrious and ambitious than ever. In fact, he shut himself up so exclusively with his coach that he failed in his examination. That was what first convinced me that my guess was right."

"And very lucid too," said Gahagan with a grin. "He worked so hard with his coach that he failed in his examination. Another statement that might seem to some to require expansion."

"It's very simple really," said Mr. Pond innocently. "But in order to expand it, we must go back for a moment to the mystery of Mr. Haggis's murder. It had already spread a sort of detective fever in the neighborhood; for all the Scots love arguing, and it really was rather a fascinating riddle. One great point in the mystery was the wound, which seemed at first to have been made by a dirk or dagger of some kind, but was afterward found by the experts to demand a different instrument of rather peculiar shape. Moreover, the district had been combed for knives and daggers, and temporary suspicion fixed on any wild youths from beyond the Highland Line who might retain a historic tenderness for the possession of dirks. All the medical authorities agreed that the instrument had been something more subtle than a dirk, though no medical authorities would consent even to guess what it was. People were perpetually ransacking the churchyard and the church in search of clues; and just about this time young Angus, who had been a strict

supporter of this particular church, and had even once induced his old tutor and friend to sit under its minister for one evening service, suddenly left off going there; indeed he left off going to any church at all. So I realized that I was still on the right track."

"Oh," said Wotton blankly, "so you realized that you were still on the right track."

"I fear I did not realize that you were on any track," said Gahagan. "To speak with candor, my dear Pond, I should say that of all the trackless and aimless and rambling human statements I have ever heard, the most rambling was the narrative we have just been privileged to hear from you. First you tell us that two Scotchmen began a conversation about the morality of murder and never finished it; then you go off on a tirade against society hostesses; then you reveal the horrid fact that one of them came from Lowestoft; then you go back to one of the Scotchmen and say he failed to pass his examination because he worked so hard with his tutor; then, pausing for a moment upon the peculiar shape of an undiscovered dagger, you tell us that the Scotchman has left off going to church and you are on the right track. Frankly, if you really do find something sacred about futile conversation, I should say you were on the track of that all right."

"I know," said Mr. Pond patiently, "all I've said is quite relevant to what really happened; but, of course, you don't know what really happened. A story always does seem rambling and futile if you leave out what really happened. That's why newspapers are so dull. All the political news, and much of the police news (though rather higher in tone than the other) is made quite bewildering and pointless by the necessity of telling stories without telling the story."

"Well then," said Gahagan, "let us

try to get some sense out of all this nonsense, which has not even the excuses of newspaper nonsense. To take one of your nonsense remarks as a test, why do you say that Angus failed to pass because he worked so much with his coach?"

"Because he didn't work with his coach," replied Pond. "Because I didn't say he worked with his coach. At least I didn't say he worked for the examination. I said he was with his coach. I said he spent days and nights with his coach; but they weren't preparing for any examination."

"Well, what were they doing?" asked Wotton gruffly.

"They were going on with the argument," cried Pond, in a squeak that was almost shrill. "They hardly stopped to sleep or eat; but they went on with the argument, the argument interrupted at the dinner table. Have you never known any Scotchmen? Do you suppose that a woman from Suffolk with a handful of cigarettes, and a mouthful of irrelevance, can stop two Scotchmen from going on with an argument when they've started it? They began it again when they were getting their hats and coats; they were at it hammer and tongs as they went out of the gate, and only a Scotch poet can describe what they did then:

And the tane went hame with the ither;
and then

The tither went hame with the ither again.
And for hours and weeks and months they never turned aside from the same interminable debate on the thesis first propounded by Dr. Campbell: that when a good man is well and truly convinced that a bad man is actively bad for the community, and is doing evil on a large scale which cannot be checked by law or any other action, the good man has a moral right to murder the bad man, and thereby only increases his own goodness."

Pond paused a moment, pulling his

beard and staring at the table, then he began again:

"For reasons I've already mentioned but not explained . . ."

"That's what's the matter with you, my boy," said Gahagan genially. "There are always such a damned lot of things you have mentioned but not explained."

"For those reasons," went on Pond deliberately, "I happen to know a good deal about the stages of that stubborn and forcible controversy, about which nobody else knew anything at all. For Angus was a genuine truth-seeker who wished to satisfy his soul and not merely to make his name; and Campbell was enough of a great man to be quite as anxious to convince a pupil as to convince a crowd in a lecture-room. But I am not going to tell you about those stages of the controversy at any great length. To tell the truth, I am not what people call impartial on this controversy. How any man can form any conviction, and remain what they call impartial on any controversy, is more than I have ever understood. But I suppose they would say I couldn't describe the debate fairly because the side I sympathize with was not the side that won."

"Society hostesses, especially when they come from near Lowestoft, do not know where an argument is tending. They will drop not only bricks but bombshells; and then expect them not to explode. Anyhow, I know where that argument at Glenorchy's table was tending. When Angus made a test of the Ten Commandments, and Campbell said they were an Intelligence Test, I knew what would come next. In another minute he would be saying that nobody of intelligence now troubles about the Ten Commandments."

"What a disguise there is in snowy hair and the paternal stoop of age! Dickens somewhere describes a Patri-

arch who needed no virtue except his white hair. As Dr. Campbell smiled across the table at Angus most people saw nothing in that smile but patriarchal and parental kindness. But I happened to see also a glint in the eye which told me that the old man was quite as much of a fighter as the red-haired boy who had rashly challenged him. In some odd way, indeed, I seemed suddenly to see old age itself as a masquerade. The white hair had turned into a white wig, the powder of the eighteenth century; and the smiling face underneath it was the face of Voltaire."

"Dr. Andrew Glenlyon Campbell was a real philanthropist; so was Voltaire. It is not always certain whether philanthropy means a love of men, or of man, or of mankind. There is a difference. I think he cared less about the individual than about the public or the race; hence doubtless his gentle eccentricity of defending an act of private execution. But anyhow, I knew he was one of the grim line of Scotch skeptics, from Hume down to Ross or Robertson. And whatever else they are, they are stubborn and stick to their point; Angus also was stubborn, and as I have already said, he was a devout worshipper in the same dingy kirk as the late James Haggis; that is, one of the extreme irreconcilable sectaries of the seventeenth-century Puritanism. And so the Scotch atheist and the Scotch Calvinist argued and argued and argued until milder races might have expected them to drop down dead with fatigue. But it was not of disagreement that either of them died."

"But the advantage was with the older and more learned man in his attack; and you must remember that the younger man had only a rather narrow and provincial version of the creed to defend. As I say, I will not bore you with the arguments; I confess

they rather bore me. Doubtless Dr. Campbell said that the Ten Commandments could not be of divine origin because two of them are mentioned by the virtuous Emperor Foo Chi, in the Second Dynasty, or one of them is paraphrased by Synesius of Samothrace and attributed to the lost code of Lycurgus."

"Who was Synesius of Samothrace?" inquired Gahagan, with an appearance of sudden and eager curiosity.

"He was a mythical character of the Minoan Age first discovered in the twentieth century A.D.," replied the unruffled Pond.

"I made him up just now; but you know the sort of thing I mean. The mythical nature of Mount Sinai proved from the parallel myth that the ark rested on Mount Ararat, and the Mountain that would not come to Mahomet. But all this textual criticism really affects a religion only founded on texts. I knew how the fight was going; and I knew when it ended. I knew when Robert Angus left off going to kirk on the Sabbath."

The end of the debate may best be described more directly; for indeed Mr. Pond described it himself with a strange sort of directness, almost as if he had unaccountably been present or had seen it in a vision. Anyhow, it appears that the operating-theater of the medical schools was the scene of the final phase of disagreement and agreement. They had gone back there very late at night, when the schools were closed and the theater deserted, because Angus fancied he had left some of his instruments there, which it would be more neat and proper to lock up. There was no sound in that hollow place but the echo of their own footsteps, and very little light save a faint moonshine that trickled through the cracks between the curtained windows. Angus had retrieved his operating tools, and was

turning again toward the steep stairs that climbed through the semicircular rows of seats, when Campbell said to him casually:

"Ye'll find the facts I mentioned about the Aztec hymns in the . . ."

Angus tossed the tool on the table like a man throwing down his sword, and turned on his companion with a new and transfigured air of candor and finality.

"You needn't trouble about hymns any more; I may as well tell you that I've done with them for one. You're too strong for me; or rather the truth is too strong for me. I've defended my own nursery nightmare as long as I could; but you've wakened me up at last. You are right; you must be right; I don't see any way out of it."

After a silence, Campbell answered very softly, "I'll no mak' apologies for fighting for the truth; but, man, ye made a real bonny fight for the falsehood."

It might well have seemed that the old blasphemer had never spoken on the topic in a tone so delicate and respectful; and it seemed strange that his new convert did not respond to the appeal. Looking up, Campbell saw that his new convert's attention had been abruptly abstracted; he was standing staring at the implement in his hand, a surgical knife made upon an odd pattern for special purposes. At last he said in a hoarse and almost inaudible voice:

"A knife of an unusual shape."

"See report o' inquest on Jamie Haggis," said the old man nodding benevolently. "Aye ye've guessed richt, I'm thinking." Then, after a pause, he added, with equal calm:

"Noo that we are agreed, and a' of one mind, aboot the need for sic social surgery, it's as weel ye should know the hale truth. Aye, lad, I did it mysel'; and with a blade like yon. That nicht ye took me to the kirk—

weel, it's the fairst time, I hope, I've ever been hypocrectical; but I stayed behind to pray, and I think ye had hopes of my convairsioun. But I prayed because Jamie prayed; and when he rose from his prayers I followed and killed him i' the kirkyard."

Angus was still looking at the knife in silence; then he said suddenly, "Why did you kill him?"

"Ye needna ask, noo we are agreed in moral philosophy," replied the old doctor simply. "It was just plain surgery. As we sacrifice a finger to save the body, so we maun sacrifice a man to save the body poalitic. I killed him because he was doing evil; and inhumanly preventing what was guid for humanity—the scheme for the slums and the lave. And I understand that, upon reflection ye tak the same view." Angus nodded grimly. The proverb asks "who shall decide when doctors disagree?" But in that dark and ominous theater of doctoring the doctors agreed.

"Yes," said Angus, "I take the same view. Also, I have had the same experience."

"And what's that," inquired the other.

"I have had daily dealings with a man I thought was doing nothing but evil," answered Angus. "I still think you were doing evil; even though you were serving truth. You have convinced me that my beliefs were dreams; but not that dreaming is worse than waking up. You brutally broke the dreams of the humble; sneered at the weak hopes of the bereaved. You seem cruel and inhuman to me, just as Haggis seemed cruel and inhuman to you. You are a good man by your own code; but so was Haggis a good man by his code. He did not pretend to believe in salvation by good works, any more than you pretended to believe in the Ten Commandments. He was good to individuals but the crowd

suffered; you are good to the crowd and an individual suffered. But after all, you also are only an individual."

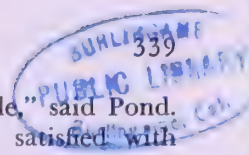
Something in the last words, that were said very softly, made the old doctor stiffen suddenly and then start backward toward the steps behind. Angus sprang like a wildcat and pinned him to his place with a choking violence; still talking, but now at the top of his voice.

"Day after day I have itched and tingled to kill you, and been held back only by the superstition you have destroyed to-night. Day after day you have been battering down the scruples which alone defended you from death. You wise thinker, you wary reasoner, you fool! It would be better for you to-night, if I still believed in God and in his Commandment against murder."

The old man twisted speechlessly in the throttling grip, but he was too feeble, and Angus flung him with a crash across the operating-table, where he lay as if fainting. Round them and above them the empty tiers of concentric seats glimmered in the faint and frigid moonlight as desolate as the Colosseum under the moon; a deserted amphitheater where there was no human voice to cry *Habet*. The red-haired slayer stood with the knife uplifted, as strange in shape as the flint knife of some prehistoric sacrifice; and still he talked on in the high tones of madness.

"One thing alone protected you and kept the peace between us—that we disagreed. Now we agree, now we are at one in thought—and deed. I can do as you would do. I can do as you have done. We are at peace."

And with the sound of that word he struck; and Andrew Campbell moved for the last time. In his own cold temple, upon his own godless altar . . . he stirred and then lay still; and the murderer bent and fled from the building and from the city and across



the Highland line at night, to hide himself in the hills.

When Pond had told this story, Gahagan rose slowly to his gigantic height and knocked out his cigar in an ashtray. "I darkly suspect, Pond," he said, "that you are not quite so irrelevant as you sound. Not quite irrelevant, I mean, even to our opening talk about European affairs."

"Tweedledum and Tweedledee

agreed—to have a battle," said Pond. "We are rather easily satisfied with saying that some people like Poles or Prussians or other foreigners have agreed. We don't often ask what they've agreed on. But agreement can be rather risky unless it's agreement with the truth."

Wotton looked at him with a smoldering suspicion; but finally decided, with a sigh of relief, that it was only metaphysics.

ASK NOT FOR FREEDOM

BY ROBERT NATHAN

ASK not for freedom if you fear to weep,
 Or dream of peace if terror makes you start.
 No guardian angel sings upon the deep
 Or leans from heaven to the humble heart.
 The lion and the lamb no friendship keep,
 One flees forever through the noonday shade;
 The rabbit in the moonlight does not sleep
 Careless of owls, of foxes unafraid.
 Who asks for love will die upon the cross,
 Who asks for peace will perish with his breath;
 No festival will celebrate his loss,
 No nation weep in sorrow for his death—
 But where he lies is holy. There the sod
 With sweetest grains will testify to God.



SONGS OF DESTINY

BY JESSE STUART

NEVER a doubt, my friend, that dust is dead
That lies in peace in valley, cove, and hill;
Never a doubt, my friend, that blood so red
Will sleep American forever still.
Warriors at peace in their eternity
When over their still dust the thistle blooms
And into their rich dust roots the tall tree—
Lie there at peace, men of ten thousand dooms!
Yours was American to shape the metal,
Ours the America that is to be.
Yours were multiplying bloods poured in a kettle
That made the flesh of you, the flesh of me.
Never a doubt, my friend, that dust is gone
Back to the roots of weed, to dirt, to stone.

II

Now they are sons of destiny, don't doubt.
They saw the green grass in the early spring;
They saw the butterflies flit in and out,
They heard the red birds in the poplars sing.
They saw the summer come and summer wane;
They saw the autumn and the yellow coat
That autumn wore; they felt the autumn rain,
That weighted feathery furze in air afloat.
And they stood out and drank of life full measure,
Like you they fought and loved and kissed and played;
They had some hell, some little fun, some pleasure
While here this living mass of dreamers stayed.
And then they needed rest beside the road,
They stumbled somehow, fell and lost their load.

SONGS OF DESTINY

III

*What they have shaped why can't we carry on?
Are we not from a blood as good as theirs?
Why can't we pilot through the little dawn
Same as the sleeping blood of mine and yours?
Here is the work to do; now take the reins.
Let us put feet to earth like mules and hold
And use our muscles, exercise our brains—
Forget, for God's sake, greed for silver, gold.
These rocks are ours, this wind, the floating skies.
Without a deed they all belong to us,
The hills and green snake valleys too that lie
Where blades of corn and wheat hang tremulous—
They all belong to us and we are here;
Workers, dreamers, lovers, we are here.*

IV

*Oh, they would surely say, "You living men,
What is this fear you have, this little dread;
The sky will fall, the earth will split, what then?
Wait till you sleep with us, the lonely dead.
It is not food you need, the food for guts,
Not books you need; you need to own your brains.
And you need courage, men; you need strong guts
And plenty of new blood in your old veins.
You are the living and you are afraid.
You think you come unto the journey's end.
This path goes on when you, like us, are laid
Each by the old and by the future friend.
You live awhile, your little dreams are made
And then you lie American dust, my friend."*





HALF SLAVE, HALF FREE

UNEMPLOYMENT, THE DEPRESSION, AND AMERICAN YOUNG PEOPLE

BY GEORGE R. LEIGHTON AND RICHARD HELLMAN

WHEN a resolution offered in the United States Senate paraphrases Gertrude Stein, that is news. Some fifteen years ago, in talking about the spiritual casualties of the War, Miss Stein said to Ernest Hemingway: "You are all a lost generation." On January 30th last Senator Walsh of Massachusetts presented a resolution to the Senate which began:

Whereas one of the most tragic results of the depression is the effect it has had upon the lives of young men and women emerging from our educational institutions; and

Whereas there are several million young people between the ages of eighteen and thirty who have graduated from grammar schools, high schools, preparatory schools, trade and normal schools, domestic-science schools, art schools, music conservatories, colleges, universities, and professional schools who have in large numbers entered into a work-world where no opportunities have been open to them to obtain a start in business or to commence the practice of their profession; and

Whereas this large group may become demoralized and disheartened, and thus constitute a dangerous addition to the discontented and radical-minded elements and also offer a challenge to the system which permits the minds and ingenuities of its youth to be wasted; and

Whereas it is the duty of the Federal Government to use every possible means of opening up opportunities in private industry and in the Government service for these young people so that they may be rehabilitated and restored to a decent

standard of living and insured proper development for their talents. . .

The resolution ended by asking the Secretary of Labor and the Civil Service Commission to bring in plans to deal with the question. If anyone during the administration of Calvin Coolidge had suggested that the time was not far off when the United States Senate would be asked to take in hand several million young American people lest they become demoralized and dangerous, the man who made such a suggestion would have been thought insane. Since, however, the Senate has seen fit to consider this question, it seems reasonable for the country to give it some attention.

The general public which has yet to find itself on the relief rolls has become accustomed to the depression. It is disturbed and worried and anxious, but it is conditioned to it. In spite of —perhaps because of— all that has been said, written, printed, and broadcast about the condition of our unemployed, there is a disinclination to think about the problem at all. Depending on the point of view of the citizen, he feels that the government is squandering billions to keep people in idleness; that people could get jobs if they wanted to; that relief satisfies most of the unemployed so why worry; that the whole subject is an unmitigated bore and becomes increasingly tiresome and so give us a rest; that

what we need is another war to absorb these people; that they ought to go back to the land where at least they can get enough to eat; that no one really starves; that Huey knows what to do, and so on *ad infinitum*.

It has reached a point where in ordinary conversation about unemployment and its effects the talk is carried on in label words. The army of the unemployed. The Lost Generation. The jobless. Through reiteration of these terms the unemployed are no longer persons; they are just collections of people, and their only important characteristic is that they don't have jobs, and so must be fed. They aren't a part of our society; they are an appendage to the nation and an exhausting responsibility.

This is nonsense. The unemployed are just like other persons—they are illiterate or highly educated, they are brave or idle or dishonest or ambitious or generous or envious, just as other persons are. That the circumstances of unemployment can do terrible things to people is true, but they still remain human beings. And they are anything but an appendage. Society cannot divide itself with partitions; we are Hobbes' *Leviathan*, and what touches one must touch all. Unemployment lives in our midst. In one way or another, however subtle, it touches every living person in the Republic. A state of affairs where the lawyer, the architect, the lettuce picker, the weaver, the doctor, the tenant farmer, the rubber worker, the stockbroker's clerk and the professor, the miner and the milliner, the chemist and the crooner are in the same fix is evidence of the insecurity of all the rest. A nation is the sum of all those persons in it. The anxious hardware merchant looks under his bed at night, fearful lest Emma Goldman has placed a bomb there. It never occurs to him to consider what is going on in the

mind and heart of his own son who cannot get a job.

The purpose of this article is to examine the condition of the young people of America—those persons between nineteen and twenty-nine years old—who in one way or another are caught in the clutches of unemployment. They are our Lost Generation. Some of them are married and on relief, some want to be married and can't be, some had jobs before the crash, some emerged from school and have never worked a day. Some of them have families still moderately secure, some have parents who are destitute. But all of those who are considered in this article are affected in some way by unemployment.

Nobody knows how many unemployed—old and young—there are in the United States, nor is there any agreement about the definition of the word unemployed. Under the heading "unemployed" the last census listed six different categories. Estimates vary widely, under the customary influence of political or economic expediency. How ironical it is, as Abraham Epstein has remarked, that in a country where statistics are worshipped, where we can tell, almost to the decimal, how many mules or refrigerators we possess, we have no idea of the size of our unemployed population. The President has promised that a census will be taken but we haven't got it yet. Nevertheless, for the purposes of this article, a careful statistical analysis was made. The conclusion of this analysis was that, excluding agricultural workers of all types, there are at present some seventeen million workers who are now unemployed. This figure includes all persons sixteen years of age and over. It includes all those on home or work relief, in C.C.C. camps and engaged on public works. In a word, the term "unemployed" is taken to mean all

those who are able to work and who have either a relief job or no job at all.

In this huge aggregation of persons may be found the Lost Generation. It includes all those who left college, high or grade school in 1929 and afterward, and who have had no jobs or who have found only temporary employment. It includes those a little older who had jobs and who were mowed down in the years following 1929.

In the United States to-day there are between 11 and 12 million young men between the ages of 19 and 29. Of these the number involuntarily unemployed is difficult to calculate. Based on the statistics for marriage, on the work of the Civilian Conservation Corps, and on the published reports of unemployment among college graduates, we may conclude that the percentage of unemployment lies between 45 and 70 per cent; in absolute figures, between $5\frac{1}{2}$ and 8 millions. These figures include men only. Since there is an equal number of women who look forward to a life of marriage the total of young Americans drawn directly into the dilemma of the lost generation falls between 11 and 16 millions.

No one can hope to present a comprehensive report on the condition of this generation. The best that one can do, to borrow a phrase of Lytton Strachey's, is to "row out over that great ocean of material, and lower down into it, here and there, a little bucket, which will bring up to the light of day some characteristic specimen, from those far depths, to be examined with a careful curiosity."

II

In many respects the post-1929 college graduate is the American tragedy. He is all dressed up with no place to go. He finds himself trained, but

without any chance to use his training. One sample here will suffice. There were 50,000 young men studying engineering in 1920; 75,000 in 1930. "Electrical engineering led the increase," says Dr. E. B. Roberts of the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company. "All this was in response to . . . the loud voice of industry demanding more and more technically trained men. If ever an educational system made an effort to adjust itself to the demands thrown upon it, it was our engineering schools." To what end? At the moment there are more than 50,000 unemployed engineers.

The number of male college graduates for the five years of 1929-1934 was between $1\frac{1}{2}$ and 2 millions. During these years college appointment offices have generally placed the percentage of unemployment between 50 and 85 per cent. The actual figures, however, are appreciably higher. A considerable percentage of the 1929-32 graduates who were employed at graduation have since lost their positions. Moreover, a large part of the graduating classes goes on to the professional and graduate schools and, therefore, is not to be included in the base on which the percentage of unemployed is computed.

Now what happens to these young people? Let us suppose that in 1926, at the age of 22, a young man graduated from college and got a position. This left him until 1929, three years of slow, conservative, and uneventful development toward a permanent place in his occupation. After this brief period, which finds him still in the formative stage of his wage-earning career, he loses his job. For many reasons, he is less favorably situated now than at 22. For at 22 his habits were potentially susceptible to direction along the lines of many different occupations. At 25 the fact that he

has already worked at one particular calling would make him undesirable from the point of many employers in other kinds of business.

There follows a period of five years of practically complete unemployment. Occasionally he may secure temporary employment at a salary of fifteen dollars a week or less, in what is often a distasteful job that no one else wants. Of hope for the future there is little. Should economic conditions return to the most prosperous level of 1929, his chances of reemployment are still very uncertain.

The vicissitudes through which this young man and his fellows may pass are sometimes illuminating to the observer if not to the young man. One such, the son of an executive in a large business, graduated from college three years ago and, despite the efforts of his father, has as yet been unable to get a job. Now observe the father. A few weeks ago the father called an employment agency on the telephone. He needed a stenographer who must be male, must have graduated from high school not earlier than 1934, could not be older than eighteen; he must be white, Protestant, and the "American type"; he must be ambitious, aggressive, and accustomed to dealing with people. The pay was fifteen dollars a week, attendance at evening sessions of a local college would be encouraged, and there were opportunities for promotion.

We need not pause for acid comment on the white, Protestant, and "American type" requirements. But the other demands require some translation. There are thousands of competent girl stenographers looking for jobs. Why is a boy asked for? Because the job of a male stenographer can be expanded by degrees into that of a semi-executive and that is where his ambition, aggressiveness, and skill in dealing with people will come in.

But he is hired as a stenographer and such he may, in theory, remain and with a great saving in pay. Why must he have graduated from high school no earlier than 1934? There are thousands of boys who have graduated from high school—and college—since 1929 and whose jobs, if any, have been temporary. Business doesn't want them. They're "rusty," they've got into "idle habits," they're "undependable." It's the youngest who are wanted and wanted cheap. But all this while the son of the executive who is doing this hiring is without a job and is himself in the crowd that his father won't touch. The father begs the employment agency to find his son a job elsewhere—where the same attitude is present!

This paradox is repeated with variations. We have trained young people—including those with a technical high-school education that prepares for apprenticeships and college and professional school graduates who hold degrees in medicine or engineering or a dozen other fields. These young people are trained, but they have no experience. If a job calls for experience, the man who has it will probably be someone who was out of school and employed before 1929. If no experience is necessary, the employer will probably fill the job with the youngest, fresh from school. Those who fall in the years between are lost.

A young man out of medical school in '31 and still looking for an internship has far less chance of getting it than the man who graduates in '35, and it is going to be very difficult for the '35 man with the best of luck. If perchance the graduate is a Jew or a Negro he might as well declare his medical career at an end right now. He was through—forever—before he had a chance to start. And all this despite the fact that there are nowhere

near enough doctors to look after our 127,000,000 odd people.

The report of an investigation of unemployment among young people in England makes an admirable statement of the case there which describes our own quite as accurately:

. . . in the distributive trades large numbers of children, particularly boys, are willing to take employment, because of the absence of other occupation, in the most menial tasks which cannot fit them in any way for a life of useful work. The community is taking advantage of the plight of juveniles to make them hewers of wood and drawers of water for a time until they can be replaced in the same work by a new flood of children direct from school Finally the depression has produced the paradox that the children who have had the longest training seem least able to obtain employment.

The position of the C.C.C. camps deserves scrutiny, especially since it is argued insistently that the enterprise become an established part of the national policy. Quite aside from food strikes, camp revolts, the discharge of boys for "communistic and bolshevistic plots," the urging of more military training by the Chief of Staff, and other sour episodes which have spotted the history of the C.C.C., there is the vital question of what these camps are supposed to accomplish. Often they have saved boys from destitution and demoralization and have served as a means of physical rehabilitation. But rehabilitation for what? A return to a world where jobs are just as few as they were before? A permanent establishment implies acknowledgment of a permanent state of unemployment. In what way can the camps be regarded as a "solution"? When their period of enrolment expires the boys must go back to the same vicious half slave, half free environment from which they came. Any advantage which has been gained from forest experience must frequently be vitiated—especially in the case of town and city boys—by a

newly created conflict between the old and new ways of living.

"The more military training a boy gets, the better employers like it," the authors were told in one instance. The reader may draw from this what conclusions he wishes. Other employers, bilious over the New Deal and all its works, may hesitate to employ boys who have spent time in camps, believing that the C.C.C. means just more vitiating made work. In either way, it's a case of cold storage, and after cold storage, what? Like eggs, a boy will not keep indefinitely.

Confidence in the educational side of the camps has been cracked by the suppression of Professor Ogburn's camp textbook and by the subsequent resignation of Dr. Marsh, the educational director. "There has been a 331½ per cent turnover in camp educational advisers. As late as last February 430 camps were still without an adviser serving full time," says a recent article in the *New Republic*. The reader must remember that educational advisers are in a strictly subordinate position under the military camp commanders. "It is not the fault of the officers," says an article officially released by the Emergency Conservation Corps, ". . . if they tend to confuse a work camp with a private training course for themselves and an opportunity for building up a beautiful efficiency record for future use. The army judges results in a C.C.C. camp as it would judge results in an army or militia camp."

Great claims are made of the value of educational projects in the camps. But educational work is done at night after a day's work. A boy may come in to face a condition like this: "There was one schoolroom of moderate size with three tables that might seat ten students. There were no books; the entire equipment for the department cost \$58. The library and ping-pong

table were in the same room. The director said that 61 per cent of the men had enrolled and about 50 per cent of them were attending. Outside the nature study and forestry, the courses were not popular and did not seem appropriate." The sharing in the responsibility for the camps between the War Department and Mr. Robert Fechner, the Director of the C.C.C., leaves small room for confidence in the camps as a permanent enterprise. Mr. Fechner is an old-line labor-union organizer, and his conduct in the Ogburn case only deepens the profound doubt felt in the social courage and economic intelligence of our labor union bureaucracy.

"Most people who have had anything to do with the C.C.C. wish it to be made permanent and talk of William James's moral equivalent of war," says the *New Republic* article just referred to. "Nevertheless, democratic institutions are probably best preserved when adolescent males remain within the family system and plan for families of their own. Camps might perhaps be continued by the government for boys who wish to make forestry a career. With this exception, the less this country does to prolong the gang age in its youth, the better." But it's being done, all the same, and the quota has just been doubled.

In the United States the tradition of working is extremely strong. Self-respect requires regular occupation. We have a leisure class, but they have never, like their European fellows, been accepted as a part of things. To make a million dollars has been a national passion; but self-made men have cursed any idleness in their own children, and the idle rich have long been taken as a butt of derision, contempt, and hatred by most Americans. To be sure, what a man worked at was less important than the fact that he worked; an industrious bucket-shop

operator was more virtuous than an idle Vanderbilt.

We still call upon independence, initiative, and individual effort as our most sterling virtues. For all the discussion about the new leisure, our spiritual and material lives are still dominated by economic necessity. A job is needed even to enable a person to enjoy leisure. Under our civilization, these virtues cannot be realized except by people who possess the economic means to realize them.

Divorced from the feudal and theological heritage (of Europe) [says Charles Beard], American life has been in the main hard, economic and realistic—a conquest of material things, and American thought has been essentially empirical, not metaphysical and theological. It is largely for this reason that European visitors, with their feudal and theological hangovers, have been almost unanimous in calling Americans "money grubbers." To have food, clothing, shelter, comforts, and conveniences has been an essential preoccupation of Americans. The outstanding positive characteristic of American civilization, then, is preoccupation with economy in practice and empiricism and humanism in thought. Mass production, engineering and gigantic organization have been the outward manifestations of this primary American interest.

When a young man, born and bred in a country with this tradition, cannot find employment, the energy which he would normally expend through participation in the processes of production finds no outlet. He stagnates. His tissues weaken with forced passivity. His morale sags. And his determination becomes increasingly flaccid. Decadence of morale strikes him at the moment when he is beginning the most essential process of his adult life, earning a living. There is no job! The future, at a stroke, is cut off. There is small virtue in damning a young man who, after a year of hopeless salesman-on-commission jobs, thankfully took an

imitation relief job. "I get eighteen a week, and I'm eighteen a week better off than I was before."

Examine the young men who find occupation as investigators or in some other capacity in relief administration. Here their wages are fixed—and low. There is practically no prospect of advancement. (Why don't you go down on your knees and thank God you've got a meal ticket? Why?) Their jobs, such as they are, are at the mercy of political forays and the jealous brawling between professional social workers and the political fraternity. Compassed about with such influences, the relief employee covers up. He does not have the protection which the civil service can occasionally extend. If he and his fellows attempt to organize for protection the red scare is raised. Low pay, insecurity, and espionage are his lot, and it is not surprising that he develops a poker face and a profound distrust of the stranger. For the sake of safety he won't—he can't—open his mouth. Whether on relief or off, the lost generation are hemmed in. A bound has been set that they may not pass over.

III

Much has been said and written about career women who are not interested in marriage. By far the majority of women, however, see marriage as a major business. If the man is not in a position, financially, to marry, both are involved in serious social, physiological, and spiritual maladjustments. Although the woman may be employed, marriage is difficult if the man is not, because such a position is repugnant to the average American.

From 19 to 29 is the marrying age. Marriage in many cases has been made possible by aid from the family: by living off the in-laws, by doubling up with them to save rents; by living on

the wife's income as a temporary expedient; and even by going on government relief. Those who take the latter course at once find themselves a target for brickbats. "The government is supporting and allowing these people to breed in idleness." Further, at the moment of writing, the allowance for food for one person is 6.97 cents per meal in New York City where the nation's highest relief allowances prevail.

Nevertheless, the drop in marriages has been precipitous. Expressed in marriages per thousand of population, the fall has been even greater. For the first time since 1911 the number of marriages fell below the million mark in 1932. Yet the population in 1911 was 93 millions; in 1932 it was 125 millions, or over 34 per cent greater.

The story of economic enervation, as told in marriages, is repeated in the success of the C.C.C. in filling its ranks. This result has turned upon one factor: the economic helplessness of the lost generation. Despite the fact that 90 per cent of the enrolment is narrowly confined to the ages of 18 to 25, the full quota has always been assembled quickly and easily. In view of the very strong affinity between the sexes at this age, it must be very dire circumstances indeed which will send the young man off to the backwoods. "Boys do not come into the C.C.C. unless they are jobless, unmarried, and members of families on relief," says Jonathan Mitchell. "They know well enough that the normal course for young men of their age would be to find jobs in their native towns, take girls to the movies and plan on getting married and founding homes." For at least some of the boys, their own predicament and that of their families is the cause of intense worry. In a recent issue of the national C.C.C. newspaper, *Happy Days*, there is a naïve

story of a fictional C.C.C. boy who performs prodigies of wit and audacity to win a girl in the neighboring village, only to find she is about to marry a non-C.C.C. boy who has a job. A few weeks ago, in Camp 222 in Middleburg, New York, a debate was held before a tense audience on: "Can a Man Support a Wife on \$25 a Week?" It would appear useless to labor the obvious farther.

From the time he leaves school the young man of the lost generation finds that his world goes into reverse. First he gets no job. Economically debilitated, he can neither sustain his spirit of independence nor express his initiative. Then the Devil begins to wreak his evil. The young man undergoes a profound spiritual metamorphosis. For underlying the need of a position, of the desire to marry and to establish a home, are powerful and fundamental forces. Their abuse may cause serious disturbances to the physical and mental health of the individual.

Most important of these forces is the need of sexual expression. Theoretically it may remain latent; our habits of life, however, stimulate it to a recurrent state of activity. Closely related is the powerful desire of two persons to live under a common roof. The only socially legitimate course of sexual expression is under the protection of marriage. If this course is denied there is a probability of increasing sexual illegitimacy, and in the absence of the latter, a serious neurotic unbalance.

There is also the desire to establish a normal family life. For most people the spiritual bases of the family are necessary. The stabilizing effect of family life, the mutual stimulation of personalities, mutual support in moments of stress, and a normal participation in community activity: without marriage these are lost.

IV

Family and livelihood are the two first interests of mankind. "That the first want of every man is his dinner and the second want, his girl," said John Adams, "were truths well known by every democrat and aristocrat long before the great philosopher Malthus arose to think he enlightened the world by his discovery."

There is none so illiterate but that he can beget children and none so dumb but that he feels an interest in the source of his bread. Social consciousness is not universal. Large numbers of our people, from birth to death, have no thought about society or the state. Any society, however, requires a degree of co-operation in order to exist, and this co-operation may be given unconsciously through a whole life. But when the opportunity of earning a livelihood is withdrawn and love and marriage become economically impossible, a change is likely to occur in the individual. He may have no more ideas about the state than he had before, the thought of a rational alteration in the existing order may be completely beyond his grasp, but in his actions he will reflect a change.

A migratory worker who has traveled back and forth across the country for twenty years has described the comparatively recent appearance of firearms among the young bums. "In my day," said he, "gats were almost unheard of. Nobody carried one. What would we have used them for? How many Wobblies ever packed a gun? It's different now. Here and there you find high school kids on the road armed. They can't get work and they're sick of begging the old man for cigarette money and they're out for what they can get, while it lasts. Not all of them, of course, but plenty."

A person can live either by peaceful—social—means, or by violent—anti-

social—means. If society does not offer a man or woman the opportunity to pursue a normal life his only alternative is to preserve his existence by violence. When a generation, numbering into the millions, has gone so far in decay that it acts without thought of social responsibility, the name for this condition is not socialism but collective anarchy. Assuming the unmitigated demoralization of these people, American society may find itself in the throes of this pathology within another generation. The lost generation is even now rotting before our eyes.

An increase in crime is almost certain. Automatically, forces which are the best guarantees against crime cease to act, and it follows that from this quarter a rise in crime may be expected. The slum grows, its borders expand in both town and country, and in this slum the delinquent children hasten toward their criminal maturity.

A few weeks ago Dr. Sheldon Glueck, the author of *Five Hundred Criminal Careers*, declared that the most important thing the government could do to combat crime was "to act quickly and intelligently in the direction of economic justice." "The layman does not realize," he said, "how early in life appear many . . . manifestations of maladjustment of the young individual to the various social groups in which he finds himself. Fourteen per cent of juvenile delinquents noted showed such symptoms of maladjustment and misconduct at the age of six years or less; 23 per cent at the age of seven or eight; 26 per cent at nine or ten; 21 per cent at thirteen or over, the average age being nine years and seven months. Yet a few years later we condemn and punish these same acts or others growing naturally out of them as crimes for which the offender is regarded as unquestionably and fully responsible."

In this connection, the following from the January 1, 1935 annual report

of the Police Commissioner of New York City will be of interest. The italics are the authors':

"The interrogation of prisoners appearing at the line-up discloses the following facts:

"Of those charged with the crime of burglary about 22 per cent had no criminal record and in the majority of cases the losses reported consisted of currency, jewelry and other items of merchandise, less than one hundred dollars in value. *The majority were youths, first offenders and unemployed. Ten per cent of those arrested for assault and robbery were first offenders.*"

The interdependence of crime and unemployment can with difficulty be shown by statistics, if at all; few data exist from which accurate conclusions can be drawn. Nevertheless, since the majority of criminals come from low economic environments, it seems likely that an increase in the number of the destitute will increase our criminal population. The wrecking of large portions of the middle class removes many powerful restraints of custom and tradition, if not in the present mature generation, then in the next.

V

To judge by the samples there is no uniformity of opinion in the lost generation about social change. Many have never even heard of it. The number who demand a change in the system in which we live is very small. The remainder express a multitude of different opinions or no opinion at all. One boy gets out of college in a turmoil of anxiety. He spends a year in Communism and finds it doesn't satisfy. He throws Communism overboard and joins the National Guard in the hope that "discipline" and "no responsibility" will ease him. That doesn't work either. He is now looking for some

other recipe. Another boy is not bothered by this particular sort of malaise, but he becomes more and more soured because he can't get a job in aviation, for which he has been trained. His social curiosity is not awakened, nor does he become interested in the slightest degree in any other vocation. He would vote any ticket or wear any uniform for an airplane.

An agency engaged in assisting young people in search of employment discovered that in their general attitude toward business a large number of young men divided into two sharply opposed categories. One part regarded the whole of business as dishonest, an occupation in which cheating and deception were indispensable. Many who felt this way based their opinions on experience gained in business and said that they "would never go back." The attitude of those in the second category was the reverse. Business, they felt, was a racket, and all they wanted was the quickest way into the racket. If Louis Adamic's apprehension of government by gangsters ever materializes, some of its shining lights may easily come from this crowd.

Some young people try to stay in school as long as they can, in the hope that more training will save them. Others, regarding school as useless, throw up the sponge and leave. Generally, among the young, the most coherent and outspoken dissatisfaction comes from the educated, and the more education—no matter how or where secured—the more dissatisfaction. The dissatisfaction is often colored by ignorance of how the world's work is done. They have no jobs and no acquaintance with the processes of working for a living. Experience is the other half of education and this experience they haven't got and can't get. This fact lends point to a recent article which urged the authorities "to take immedi-

ate cognizance of the increasing bond of sympathy between unpaid teachers and unemployed high school and college graduates. This army of young people is potentially very dangerous if such numbers remain unemployed and potentially very helpful in creating social stability if they get jobs."

The reader is not to suppose that this means a wholesale espousal of Communism. The radicals get a few, the remainder divide in a thousand ways, angered or baffled or browbeaten or apathetic. These are the ones who provide the material for a future chaos, a sequence of violent upheavals. The corrosive effects of privation and frustration will then have accomplished their terrible work, and the field will be open to native Cæsars and military demagogues. The pressure presumably will be felt in the lowermost strata of the population; proceeding upward through the higher strata, the reverberations will rock the earth, and it is hard to believe that the mansions built at the very top will not go down in the crash.

A girl with graduate training as a chemist is now earning her food and shelter by looking after two small children. High-spirited and ambitious, she had expected that chemistry would be the work of her life. Education had given her assurance and knowledge, chemists were needed, her livelihood was assured. Now, as an individual, she finds that every hope is blasted. As a citizen and as a member of society, able to make a needed contribution to the demands of a highly complex civilization, she is thrown away. Wasted and discarded, she is still alive and thinking and outraged, adding one more to the generation of the lost. How is she, in her present occupation, going to regard the suggestion made at a conference on Youth Problems called by the United States Department of Education, that more young women

enter domestic service! Multiply this girl by the others. Put her beside the girl who, after years of training as a typographer both in this country and abroad, was found down and out, jobless, sleeping in a railroad station. Put her with the young doctors driving taxicabs and the young engineers looking for window-washing jobs. What are these people going to be like when they reach middle age? How are they going to think and act—then?

An organization dealing with young people assembled the records of interviews with several thousand young persons between 16 and 21. From these records the agency drew, among others, the following observations:

"Many clients believe jobs are gotten entirely by 'influence' and that training to meet rising occupational standards is not important."

"Many of them regard the depression as temporary and don't think much more about it."

"There is a surprising distrust of present-day advertising and, to some extent, of the press."

"The young men in general have a distrust of war, based on one of three causes, but in almost every case they say 'my mother says—'

"A. Distrust of wars, based on feeling that 'profiteers start them.'

"B. Desire to avoid military service and get high wages as a civilian.

"C. Personal fear of the dangers of modern war."

Another study made by the same organization turned up this: "There is a decided lack of interest and in many cases a distinct antipathy to anything involving international affairs or 'foreign countries.' This was brought out very frequently in general conversation."

Earning a living rather than choosing some special vocation has been the first thought of most young Americans. To a large extent the schools have

turned out graduates who "didn't know what they wanted to do" but who expected to be absorbed somehow into our economic life. Now they can't be absorbed. They want jobs, they want to get in, and they can't. The fact that influence has always been an important factor in getting ahead—this was at last demonstrated with imposing figures in 1932 by F. W. Taussig and C. S. Joslyn in *American Business Leaders*—is magnified so that influence appears necessary to get any job. When you add to this a distrust of advertising and the press, it would appear that Mr. Young and Mr. Swope and the other business exhorters had better watch their audience. As for the opinions about war, it is certainly true that there is a growing distrust and fear of war and the whole machinery of war in this country. Because a promise of clothing and food might sweep shoals of these young men into uniform at a time of crisis is no guarantee that they are soaked in devotion to the country which has all but abandoned them nor that they would have much interest in another attempt to save the world for democracy. What has our democracy done to deserve their allegiance?

We are thus confronted with a generation of young people ranging from the illiterate to the highly trained and educated for whom no honorable place in our society has been found. Every day which these young people live, through the mere lapse of time, makes the prospect of employment more dubious. For those who are younger the prospect is more uncertain; for even the advantages of education are being restricted. In the first place, through physical deterioration, due to malnutrition, a rising percentage of young people absorb instruction with great difficulty. In the second place, school funds are shrinking. There is less school than there was, or, if schools are available, other reasons prevent attend-

ance. A year ago the *New York Times* reported three and a half million children ready for school—with no schools to attend. The same paper in January, 1935, reported that five hundred school children of Mt. Vernon, N. Y., were out of school for lack of clothing. Whatever the reasons, the young people and the schools are being separated. Seldom anywhere is there recognition of the fact that in such a complex civilization as ours education is indispensable.

What freedom remains to the schools is being still further constricted by the efforts of business, the patriots, and the red baiters to shut off any realistic study of our present crisis. If perchance the youth is interested in such study, our schools give him little or no opportunity for it. If he is not interested, present conditions guarantee that his ignorance shall remain unscratched until the time when he is turned out of school to join the generation already adrift.

It is impossible to forecast what action this generation may take in the future. Germany affords one illustration of what may happen to an unwanted generation in a highly industrialized country. The original intellectual nucleus of German discontent, which made the Hitler revolution possible, was contained in the abandoned youth of Germany. It was composed mainly of young men who had slaved and starved their way through the German universities, only to graduate without the prospect of even a street-cleaner's job.

To this element of the German population, anything was better than its present plight. Youthful vitality compelled them to action; war and death were preferable to their passive, helpless, pauper role. Hence their support of the first movement which offered them hope of change (which was, incidentally, Hitlerism). Recently, in *So-*

cial Frontier, the membership of two typical Storm Troop Battalions in Berlin was analyzed. In a workers district 80 per cent of the troopers were under thirty years of age. In a middle-class district 78 per cent were under 30.

There is no sure reason to suppose that the fate of Germany will be duplicated in this country, but the prospect does not promise anything much better. The present efforts of the government do not apply substantially to the young people. Such courses of action as the Civilian Conservation Corps are scarcely palliatives. Recently an allocation of \$96,000,000 was asked for use in various work and educational projects for young people. This cannot get us very far.

We have bred a population numbering into the millions whose position is now little better than that of serfdom. These people are not an appendage, an amorphous mass tied to the periphery of the nation. They are the nation, they are in it and of it, and they have been left to rot. There is no one who reads this article who is not in some way or other involved. No longer can anyone be reasonably sure that with education, industry, and effort his children may attain a degree of security. There is no assurance that they may, in decency, be able to rear families of their own. Many of them, whether they will or no, are marked to join this rotting population. Rot spreads.

Twenty years hence this present lost generation, sideswiped, battered, and warped, will have reached middle age. And then what? That famous Promise of American Life is not worth a continental. We may with good reason recall the words uttered by an eminent citizen on the 17th of June, 1858: "'A house divided against itself cannot stand' . . . this government cannot endure half slave and half free." Which is it to be?



THEY RAISE THEIR HATS

BY MARGARET CULKIN BANNING

MEN still do that when they meet a woman. At least many of them do. But has the gesture become almost empty? Surely almost all the reverence and illusion have drained out of it and there is not much devotion left. It is true that there is a glint of admiration in many a man's eye as he salutes a woman which would not have been there forty years ago, when he would have been taking off his hat to her innocence and her ankles. He knows now that she may make as much money as he does; in some cases more. He knows that she can take care of herself; if necessary she could possibly take care of him. She may be the mother of children; but again and very deliberately and decisively she may not. She may know almost as many stories as the man does, and the same kind. He may see her in a bar as well as a drawing-room and have to accept her presence in both places as not incongruous. His worldly advantage over her has lessened and he knows it. In the same ratio his gallantry has dwindled.

Nor does it stop with a negative attitude. Men are saying hard things about women. They are writing bitterly and cruelly of them. In a quick survey of half a dozen recently published and widely read novels (all written by men) I found only two major characterizations of women which were not to a large extent exposures of infidelity, promiscuity, selfishness, greed, and inconsistency. Of the two ex-

cepted characterizations one was that of a woman who lived on a farm and never stirred from it and one of a woman belonging to an earlier generation. The others were not supposed to be portraits of evil women. They were offered as faithful likenesses of the sort of women we see about us every day, who are physically attractive, able to hold jobs, contemporary in every way.

The point of view of these writers is that of many other men, though somewhat less frankly admitted. They may not be so outspoken, but beneath their courtesies, and in spite of deep personal affections and high regard for individual women, men regard the contemporary woman with a wariness that amounts to suspicion. There is great skepticism regarding her motives and her loyalties. And I have come so often upon a definite resentment toward women in the minds and in the statements of men that it seems to me to prove that women have something new to face and to consider. It looks sometimes as if pre-suffrage conditions even might be curiously reversed and the grievance held by women against men be changed into a grievance held by men against women.

We can do well without illusion between the sexes. Some women are sorry to have so little left because it was their temperamental stock in trade. But illusion was one thing that every honest feminist was quite ready to exchange for a better understanding be-

tween men and women, and she was ready to throw in some of her comforts and protections into the bargain. What she wanted was a friendly and equitable understanding between the sexes, and if for one reason or another she is not securing it, there is no better time than the present to look into the matter and see whether it is her own fault or men's fault or inherent in the situation.

II

Apparently one always overstates in a discussion of the attitude of one sex toward the other. It is not because one wants to do so but because the individual relations between men and women do not quite add up to the sum total of the relations between the sexes. Hundreds of thousands of happy marriages and passionate love affairs went on in an era historically marked as the one when women were "fighting for their rights." If now the general attitude of men toward women is tinged with resentment, it is equally true that it is not his own Anne or his dear Susie who affronts the average man. Nearly every man, either occasionally or habitually, has an Anne or a Susie for whom he is willing to work and sacrifice and whom he loves. Yet he may have an inarticulate grudge against women as a sex. Prick him with a threat to his job, put the responsibility of an extra or an unloved woman upon him and it will break out. It will often show in his casual attitude toward women political appointees or toward married women who work. Men are critical of a sex which has become competitive and expensive; whose financial and industrial achievements are taking bread out of men's mouths and occupation out of their hands; whose desire for political recognition has not been backed up by a willingness to take political punishment; whose morality has be-

come erratic, undisciplined, and unreliable and yet claims the protection of the law as easy virtue has never done before; and whose social cost is no longer justified by their domestic industry nor by the extent of their child-bearing.

Much of this indictment is extremely unfair. The limitation of childbearing is aided, abetted, and often instigated by men. Women put bread into men's mouths as well as take it out. But those facts do not destroy the general ill-will. For this is not a question of personal justice or gratitude nor of the exception which must be made, and which almost every man will be generous enough to make, when you pin him down to cases. You will ask, "But what would Mary Smith's family do if she didn't go out and earn some money?" The answer will be, "Well, Mary's an exception. It's all right for her. But a lot of these women don't need it."

I know. I've often been told I'm an exception in just that way.

When, just now, one meets a great deal of definite, clear-cut resentment shown by unemployed men toward employed women there is nothing surprising. It is one more unpleasant outgrowth of the depression. There are not enough jobs to go round, and if some big group has to go without them naturally there is a feeling that the de-jobbed group should be women. The feeling has reached an abnormal height just now because of the scarcity of employment. I have often heard lately the remark—perhaps not from wise men but certainly from a great many of them—that if women would only get out of industry the depression would be over. They usually add that they refer to women who could "get along without the money."

Now in 1930, according to statistics quoted in Mary Branch's excellent book, *Women and Wealth*, there were

ten million, seven hundred and seventy-eight thousand, seven hundred and ninety-four women gainfully employed in the United States. There are many less employed to-day and less gainfully. I cannot tell you, nor can Miss Branch, nor can anyone else, how many of the women who are still employed could "get along" without the money they earn. I do know, mentally running over the list of my own women friends and acquaintances who earn money, that only a very few of them could live without public or private help and that many would have very little chance of even becoming pensioners on male relatives. Barbara D. would have to take not only her mother and father but her husband's father to the relief office with her. She is a very efficient secretary with a three-times-cut salary. Miss G., who is a librarian, has a family dependent on her. You can multiply such cases indefinitely. Yet it is possibly true that if all women would stay home some morning and let men take their places, things might be easier for Mr. Hopkins temporarily. This sounds fantastic, but these are fantastic times when queer ideas are at large, and it is conceivable that an anti-feminist dictator might promulgate just such a ruling. It would mean that men would teach in the public schools in far greater numbers than now. But this is being considered. A man educator assured me the other day that, except in the kindergarten and primary grades, men could do this adequately and that teachers' colleges were filling up with men who hoped to supplant women in the schools. Men also would take over millions of jobs that women hold in shops, factories, and kitchens, and very unpleasant and underpaid they would find plenty of them. But this idea is voiced by a number of men to-day. We cannot help matters greatly except by dealing with enormous groups, and here is

a group that is becoming unpopular.

Angry as the injustice toward women makes me, and preposterous as the notion of replacing them in industry and professional life by men seems to be, there is yet something in the situation which arouses pity for men. There they are, convinced that they are job holders by nature, and forced to sit at home or idly walk the streets while many girls and women have work and wages. The insult is not individual. It is offered to a sex which is deprived of its proper function. If there is not enough work to go round, men believe they should have first right to what little there is. For women can still be dependent without losing face while the same is not true of men.

Men offer a further argument for their own preferment, and it is at this point that their criticism of women in industry seems to depart from the exigencies of the present situation. They say bluntly that in the vast majority of cases women's minds are less on their work than on their personal relations. The criticism that the hunt for lovers and husbands goes on during office hours has far too much truth in it to be disproved. It is a criticism of women in industry that preceded our present difficulties, has been raised to a new pitch of bitterness, and will probably go along with us into whatever order we ultimately achieve. When a woman does marry and "holds on to her job as well as the man" the resentment is apt to be greater, no matter how great her efficiency or her personal contribution.

This is a serious and unjust situation and it may get still worse. Laws are being introduced in various legislatures to make it illegal for married women to hold positions in public schools. Stupid, sweeping laws like that are threatening. In the past few months I have often been called upon, in those places where I might have

some slight influence, to defend some woman's right to hold her job, and I have come upon a downright masculine resistance to women's paid work that surprised me.

III

But women cannot escape the resentment of men by becoming dependent. That is another catch. Men are beginning to figure up what an idle woman costs in a very ungallant manner. Not long ago a gentleman said to me, out of one of those clear conversational skies from which interesting comment falls, "Now here's a funny thing. In that one mile from Barker Street to the old library there are forty-nine widows."

It seemed a lot of widows to me too, but before I could express any opinion he went on: "Forty-nine of them, all doing nothing, all living on what some man scraped together before he died. Most of them are living on insurance."

He spoke thoughtfully but resentfully.

"Oh, well," I suggested, "maybe they earned it while their husbands were alive."

He shook his head. "No," he said, "I don't believe that. A few did, of course. Understand, I think they have to be taken care of; but they cost too much. They cost," he added confidentially, "a lot more than they are worth to society."

That was an interesting personal interpretation of the fact, set forth by a Chicago investment house a few years ago, that women were beneficiaries of eighty per cent of the ninety-five billion dollars of life-insurance policies then in force in the United States. It does look as if, in spite of working women, a great many others are still being supported.

I did not know all the forty-nine widows whom the gentleman men-

tioned, but I did know some of them. I knew enough to prove to him on the spot that some did not cost more than they were worth, that they used their time and their money in public and private ways, scrupulously and to great advantage to others, sending boys and girls to school, keeping families together, and so on. I also could inform him that some of the widows, though elderly, were diligently trying to improve their minds and expand their spirits. But where the gentleman had the best of me was that I myself could see that these were a minority and that most of the others contributed little to society except purchasing power. They saw their friends on small, repetitive social occasions. They did little housework. They built days out of meals in tearooms, new movies, gossip, doctors' visits. They voted if you reminded them to do so, and it was often just as well to direct their choice. And though they did no harm—not one of them—it was true, as their critic said, that if you looked at the matter coldly, they were very expensive.

It is too bad that truth must sometimes sound so cruel. It is usually so much less so when traced to its sources. For the gentleman's criticism, though possibly true, did not seek to look back of the immediate lives of those women into the way that, with the connivance and encouragement of their husbands, they had lived before their widowhood. It was not entirely their fault that as widows they should become useless to the world or cost too much. Their husbands had not helped them to learn or to store away abilities and interests and knowledge against the passing of desire and the intrusion of death.

The man who had made these statements probably had begun to resent women long before this particular outburst. I had never seen him uncivil to his wife. They had one child, grown up and distant. His wife played a

great deal of bridge. He supported her adequately and, as far as I know, uncomplainingly. But sometimes, because he was a thoughtful man, he must have measured his marital satisfaction against its costs and his efforts. Perhaps he even thought of his wife as the fiftieth widow between Barker Street and the old library. He would have been reluctant to criticize her personally. There was nothing about her to criticize. But he could criticize fifty of them!

We are in the middle years of a woman's generation which was vigorous with hopes and intentions of accomplishment, electric with desire to be worth something to the world, ambitious to have women of equal stature with the men who were their husbands and companions. The original plan, we must remember, was never to incur the resentment of men. Women felt very sure that such resentment and antagonism as they encountered in their first efforts was the result of shock and would be transient; they expected that a few years of accomplishment would do away with it.

There has been much accomplishment, the best of it unfortunately concentrated in the hands of a comparatively few women, and more than a few years have passed. But the resentment of men has not disappeared. Quietly it has grown and deepened. They are no longer angry as they were in the beginning when women did unaccustomed or conspicuous things. Men love individual women as passionately as they ever have, but in the aggregate they seem to like women less. Young girls, married women, working women, and the widows all come in for a share of this general, inarticulate, quite unindividual bitterness which men as a sex feel toward women as a sex. I do not believe that we can blame it on the depression. That indeed has put nerves on edge and pro-

duced crises. But women should lay much of the responsibility for any ill-will that exists at their own door. We have been willing to discard many of the qualities which made us valuable to men. We have confused earning capacity with social contribution and foolishly believed that one was as good as the other. We have given men much less to count upon than in the past and little more to admire. Most of the things that women have done men could have done and would have done anyway. Women themselves have had a good deal of fun and excitement and created a stir, but they have not added much to the sum of human accomplishment or experience. This is what many men feel and say.

IV

What men of maturity think about women is important to know and analyze; but since their attitude is so often biassed by the cruelty of present economic circumstances and also apt to be cluttered up with the prejudices of a generation that had to change its habits, their findings must be taken with some salt. But the attitude of boys and young men toward their feminine contemporaries is very important because it is indicative of how we are coming out.

Here again we find that wariness which is not a friendly but a defensive sign. It is the watchfulness of those who feel that if they do not keep their eyes open they may be used to their disadvantage, cheated or exploited. I know a good many boys well. Some are as young as sixteen and some in their early twenties. They are not a homogeneous group. They go to high school, to private academies, to colleges and universities. Some of them already earn a living and others are trying to. I like almost everything about these boys better than their attitude toward girls.

I asked the mothers of three boys how they felt on this point and, rather to my consternation, they agreed with me absolutely. I asked two very intelligent girls, who said it was true. Those other women, who by the way did not know the same boys I knew, had seen in others what I had seen. There was something cold, hard, and critical in the attitude of the boys toward the girls they knew, except when they fell in love with one. They thought a good deal about girls on the whole. They wanted them about. They shared sports with them, liked to dance with them; but they had no esteem for them as a sex.

"You have to admit," one boy said to me when we were talking about girls, "that men are better than women."

Now if he had said that men were wiser or stronger or more competent to fight or earn or plow I should have thought it was only a sentence passed on from one generation to another. But he did not say any of those things. He said "better." As he talked on it was increasingly apparent that was what he meant and that his grudge had its roots in the fact that he thought girls lacked moral quality. He readily granted to the girls he knew other qualities, such as gaiety, charm, beauty, and the ability to give him a good time. But he felt that they were morally insufficient. This is not the historic attitude of men toward women. This is not why they began to lift their hats.

It might be argued that the gesture was never more than a formality. But I do not think so. Men used to raise their hats and sweep their plumes to the ground and pull at their caps when they met a woman with something like this in mind—rather vaguely, to be sure. Women, they thought, are not very clever and they are not very strong physically but some of them are beautiful and the ones we salute are

virtuous. They guard something for us which we often neglect but which we want preserved. Women are far more innocent of evil than men and, though we men certainly would not like to be women or as restricted as they are morally, we are glad that they exist to preserve the virtue of the world. So we treat them with tenderness or with gallantry and respect if we cannot find it in our hearts to be always tender. Men knew all along that there were plenty of shrews and women of easy virtue; but still they felt that these were not the majority of women and that they did not represent the true essence of their sex. In the back of their minds, behind their own strayings, defections, boasts, and superiorities, men recognized a special merit in women that was personally precious and socially useful and they saluted it.

The boy whom I have mentioned did not feel like that. It was rather worse because he had derived his opinion of women from girls who were still very young, probably most of them under twenty. He expected that girls would make use of him if they could; that they would tempt him into giving them a good time and into spending money on their amusements. He was very conscious that they were expensive. He thought they were all more or less erotic, and this quality in them he was prepared both to enjoy and guard against.

All this was said or intimated in no bitter spirit, for he was a pleasant young fellow who liked to enjoy himself and keep happy and his philosophy of women was set to dance music so that it was more tuneful than may appear when the lyric is set down by itself. He finally said to cheer me that "I needn't worry because girls could look out for themselves nowadays." Whether that implied that he was washing his hands of responsibility or

paying women a dubious compliment. I am still uncertain.

Now of course no one wants that young man to be sentimental, or to have a silly attitude of worship for the female sex, or consider it partially pure and partially impure in the old-fashioned way. His frankness was all to the good. But I did not (and this I take to be serious) think that he had the basis for fine mental and emotional relationships with women, and I do not think that most boys have the proper basis. Yet that was, as I remember, what feminism was after. So somewhere we must have gone off the track.

I have already mentioned the belief held by men of the pre-feminist period that women possessed and guarded a special merit or moral excellence which was of value to men as individuals and to society as a whole. This idea survives here and there among elderly men who are stubborn or confined to a small and old-fashioned circle or who enjoy posturing. It is a thesis revived on Mother's Day with the help of many florists and many ready-made telegrams, but there is just about a day's worth of trade in it. It has no real substance any more. Only a few days ago, since the inception of this article, a woman of my acquaintance said to me, "No one seems to believe in morality any more."

A year ago she herself believed in it so firmly that this statement astonished me. I tried to pin her down to analysis. By morality she meant, so far as I could make out, chiefly chastity, although she lumped in a few other things with it. She was accepting for herself and her family (she had a son and daughter in their teens) a society in which chastity was not considered necessary. She was nervous about the results but was putting up no fight. What interested me was to see that this new belief brought out weakness and not strength in her. This was no

stride into freedom for this woman. It only made her seem silly and a little sly. For she was wondering—one could so easily see this—if there might not be unforeseen and unimagined sexual opportunity waiting for her too, since it seemed to come the way of so many of her friends.

Putting her personal case aside, I think what she said was not true. It has been my own experience that most men whose opinion is of any consequence still believe that morality is necessary to society. Certainly all the great philosophers and scientists contemplated the problems various systems of morality raised and settled. Their definitions do not agree as to what personal virtue may be, but they all feel the necessity of a modicum of order and principle. They may try to seduce individual women or be gratified at the widening of their own opportunities for sexual irregularity, but all the same they do not like the general lack of principle among women. It worries some and angers others. They are realists and do not trust the conduct of the world without it. Departure from principle, men can understand. They should. Change in established practice may or may not annoy them, but they accept it when they must or when they think that the subsequent practice will be an improvement. But that they want, and that was what women promised. We asked for change in the interests of more honorable and upstanding relations between men and women, a more truthful morality and greater social usefulness. We demanded it as a protest against the disparity between the privileges of men and women and between their occupations.

At the outset of his discussion of the *Theory of the Leisure Class* Thorsten Veblen discusses briefly the difference between drudgery and exploit

and the sense of the disparity between men's work and women's work in all barbarian communities. Exploit and prowess belonged in such groups to the man, and what Veblen called uneventful diligence was the woman's part. Centuries and civilizations have made great and proper changes in this disparity. But I think this is true. Men have never relinquished their primary claim on exploit as a function which belonged to their sex. But women, becoming more and more emancipated and sure of new and latent powers, looked with an increasingly jealous eye on man's possession of the field of exploit. Nobody could blame them for that. They were less and less content with mere diligence in the domestic and, later, in the industrial field and they are not content with it now.

However, when it came to entering the field of exploit and concerning themselves with adventure rather than diligence, what did the average woman consider exploit and adventure? How did she want to show her prowess? Most women, either casting off drudgery, hoping to shake it off, or even vaguely wishing that they could, thought (as the crow flies) of emotional adventure. That was natural enough. It was the most exciting field to enter. It was one in which most women felt they had been discriminated against. Besides, they did not think they needed much training.

But emotional exploit is very difficult and particularly hard for women. Neither their nervous systems nor their characteristic possessiveness suits them for it. They lack sufficient detachment and sustained fearlessness, and both are necessary for it. A few women—I myself know only one—have no doubt been successful in making a fine thing out of emotional adventure. The attempt has only debauched a great many other women.

In the meantime, which is ever since, women have been neglecting other fields of exploit. There have been exceptions. Amelia Earhart flew across oceans. Some others tried explorations, excelled in sports, were the first to enter this or that new field. We have notable women to list. But these women adventurers attracted no great crowd of disciples or followers. When we are frank about feminism we know that it has been a history of a few women taking advantage of opportunity and of a great many others letting it slip.

How much longer that can go on is a question. The resentment of men against women may narrow opportunity still farther. That feeling may be greater or less than I feel it to be, but certainly exists. As it appears in the cool careful attitude of boys toward girls it means that men are increasingly reluctant to do any more for women than women do for them. They may even do less and feel justified. For what men most basically resent, is that women have taken certain definite values out of life and not replaced them or given them anything better.

V

Then what is there ahead for women? No one who has escaped from domestic drudgery wants to return to it or would return except under a pressure which could be only temporary because of the tremendous force of discontent that would arouse. What possibility is there for women to satisfy their eagerness for personal exploit and to divert it from blind alleys of sexual indulgence or even more futile desire?

The question should not be allowed to be merely rhetorical, and the best way to escape from generalization in answer is to be admittedly personal. I myself think that work of almost any

sort raised to a pitch of excellence or topped by success can become exploit. It need not be a great matter. For example, I have paid off a note at a bank, and that was a financial exploit for me, even though the sum was small. I have often rewritten a piece of work more than once so as to say exactly what I meant to say, and that sometimes turns out to be a satisfactory intellectual exploit. Once in a while I have managed a personal relationship so that hate was avoided, and again felt that sense of personal prowess which is the reward of exploit. These were all unimportant things to everyone else. It was in the special and, for me, difficult doing of them that they became feats of skill.

The trouble with many women is that they let their imaginations get sluggish. They think that they must have Amelia Earhart's equipment or Anna Sten's charm in order to be capable of adventure. They do what is set before them in their houses and in their offices half-heartedly. Their love affairs and marriages are ineptly managed. Yet it does not need to be so.

I know a teacher who had almost no income and no money to work with, yet she has established a Children's Museum which houses extraordinary things, and people come to see it from near and far. I know secretaries, identified to most people only as initials typed in the corners of the letters, whose daily work with their employers is real exploit. It is always a question of excelling, and the woman whose job is her only field of experience may have to get her exploit within it. The holding of a job under present conditions can be exploit too.

Then there are public fields. Twenty years ago women clamored for political recognition, for a vote. Today they have it in this country, in a period when votes are of tremendous

consequence. Politically, women have at the very moment a chance to display real prowess. It means labor and danger and exhaustion and discipline and all the other things that exploit nearly always involves. But there is the opportunity.

Politics is particularly the field for exploit of the woman of independent income who will not lose her livelihood or endanger her husband's job by political action. There are times when the man must be the drudge if he is the wage-earner. He has to stay out of political life. But many women are free—some of those forty-nine widows for example might take a hand, especially the younger and stronger ones.

The other day a woman wrote from Louisiana telling me of her plans there and asking for help. From what I hear about conditions in that State, the women are freer to organize against the Long control—and safer if they do it—than the men. I have been told by people coming from Louisiana that opposition to Mr. Long would have to be organized by women. And what a field of exploit that would be and apparently is, with a small group of women battling dangerously against a dictator.

Of course they must see it through before we can crown them with glory. We have an example of how well that seeing through can be done in the recent action for repeal of prohibition. That was a successful exploit, and women were greatly concerned in it and valuable to the movement. There is even more necessary work ahead. We are certainly going to see vast propaganda for fake schemes in these next few years, schemes of such magnitude that unless they are met by tremendous persuasions they may sweep away the good sense of a troubled public. There is no reason why women should not make the most of

their political recognition now. But they must do what they did for suffrage and later what they did for repeal—go after an objective with strength and consistency and unswerving purpose. It means working with men as leaders or as subordinates. It means submission to training and the slow acquisition of facts and always putting the feat ahead of praise.

I do not mean to exaggerate at this point. Every woman cannot go in for political exploit. Some of them have no taste for it and others are kept from it, at least for the present, by the necessities of their husbands' jobs. Where does it leave such women? We ought not to select a special group for exploit and leave the rest out, for, again going back to the original idea of feminism, what was sought was personal independence for all of them. Many of them have attained as much as they need, but there are still plenty of masculine bullies about, in homes and offices. It will take many personal exploits, a long, long series, to get rid of them.

The free field for all women and the universally open one is the matter of attaining and maintaining self-independence. But that means more than kicking up your heels or getting drunk at a country club or earning a few dol-

lars every week. If that is all there is to it, it isn't worth the trouble. What personal freedom should mean to all women, sometimes along with other things, sometimes by itself, is that they are at least free to choose their human relationships and handle them with increasing skill. The implication was when we demanded such freedom that we should do that, even more. Twenty years ago women made many fine promises to create new human relationships. They promised finer companionship between the sexes. The wariness of men toward women, their growing contempt and resentment, show us how badly we have kept our word. Those promises remain largely unfulfilled. For that reason there is a magnificent field of exploit here still waiting for women, especially young ones. It is not emotional exploit in the sense earlier mentioned—not sex adventure alone, though that may be part of it. It is an exploit that if it amounted to enough would restore the moral values that are essential to life, that would take deep root and establish relations which both men and women could trust. I should like to see girls take on that kind of exploit and succeed. For I should like to see those cautious, skeptical boys raise their hats and mean it.



LIBERTY—FOR WHAT?

BY ALEXANDER MEIKLEJOHN

THE principle of liberty, as we Americans interpret it, forbids interference with certain of our activities. But it also requires or implies that we do interfere with certain other activities. And the major problem of the defining of freedom, both in theory and in practice, is that of separating these two fields of human action. Our fundamental question is, "To what human enterprises does the demand for liberty apply: in which of our ventures is the demand for it preposterous, contrary to all good social policy?"

At this point we encounter one of the strangest vagaries of our national mind. In the course of three hundred years many Americans have come to believe that the liberty which we love is the liberty to buy and sell without hindrance. In recent years a great array of practical men and scholars have interpreted for us the Spirit of America. And their conclusion can be summed up very briefly. The freedom which Americans worship, in terms of which they live, for the sake of which they are willing to die, is, these men tell us, the freedom to manage their own property without interference from their fellows. The freedom of the spirit is the freedom of the marketplace.

The interpretation, as it stands, is so grotesquely untrue, so contradictory to the human intentions which it explains, that one can deal with it only by taking account of the peculiarities

and the aberrations of the mind that makes it. In that mind, something has broken loose. Some fundamental ideas have gone wrong. Nonsense has taken the place of sense. Let me try then to break down the interpretation to show its falsity.

The distinction which I have in mind is clearly suggested if we place side by side two familiar provisions of the Constitution. In the Bill of Rights, two sets of "liberties" are dealt with; but they are dealt with in exactly opposite ways. One of them is declared to be outside the field of interference or control by the government. The other is deliberately subjected to control and to interference. Under the term "liberty" then as the Constitution uses it, there are covered two very different kinds of liberty. It is that difference of kind to which I wish to call attention.

The First Amendment to the Constitution reads as follows:

"Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof: or abridging the freedom of speech or of the press: or the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the government for a redress of grievances."

The Fifth Amendment, adopted at the same time, reads in part as follows:

No person shall "be deprived of life, liberty, or property without due process of law: nor shall private property be taken without due process of law."

Now the significance of these statements for our argument lies in the sharpness of the difference which they establish between two sets of human interests. We are trying in our defining of liberty to separate those activities which may properly be hindered and restrained from those which, in our judgment, brook no interference. And the Amendments to the Constitution which I have quoted tell us, in clear words, what, in the structure of our government, that separation is. On the one hand, Religion, Speech, the Press, Assemblage, Protest—these the Federal Congress may not touch. They are free. On the other hand, Life, Liberty, and Property—these are to be regulated and restrained by Congress: they may even be taken away provided that the action by which this is done is justly and properly performed.

Our constituted authorities are forbidden—they forbid themselves—to lay hands upon a man's religion. They may, however, deprive him of his life—by due process of law. No authority, public or private, may take from a citizen his freedom of speech. But the liberty of his body, his freedom of external physical action, may be limited and controlled as the public welfare may require. The unhindered integrity of the press is one of the highest ideals of our civilization: the Federal government may not limit it, may not subordinate it to other purposes. But as for the holding and managing of property—the regulation and restraint of these is the primary and engrossing occupation of every established governing body. Nothing could be further from the intention of the Constitution than to say that with respect to these restraint and limitation by the State are improper and unjustified, contrary to our ideals.

This is, if I am not mistaken, the division of human interests upon

which a proper understanding of liberty in America rests. In the field of Religion, Speech, Press, Assemblage a government finds itself facing activities which are beyond, above the level of its authority. It is their servant. It owes them allegiance. In relation to them its one legitimate activity is to see that they are kept free from interference, that no agency, public or private, shall establish control over them. Here the law reads, "Congress shall make no law . . . prohibiting . . . or abridging . . ."

But in the other field, that of external possessions and purposes and actions, a radically different dictum is enacted. Here our government says, in effect, "Men desire life: they crave liberty of external action: they fight and strive for property. No State can allow them to pursue without hindrance or control these multifarious and conflicting desires. It is, however, essential that any government which exercises such control shall do so with justice, with due regard for all men, in ways which will deserve the confidence and respect of all who are affected by the decisions made." Over against the "Congress shall make no law" of the first field, stands the "not without due process of law" of the second field. And these two phrases mark off for us, on the one hand, the field of spiritual activities in which our institutions provide that men shall be free and, on the other hand, the field of external activities in which men must be regulated and restrained.

Here, then, are two sets of liberties, one of which is granted, the other of which is, under our government, denied. Men are free to worship or not to worship. They are not, under the law, free in the management of their property. And the argument which concludes that freedom of external action is guaranteed by the Constitu-

tion is sheer confusion as between these two differing spheres of liberty. I do not like the phrase "wishful thinking" but, if ever it should be applied, it is applicable here. The American mind has, in terms of its desires, a powerful predisposition toward free competition in business. For three hundred years we have been busily engaged in taking possession of the resources, the opportunities of a new country, a new industry. Out of the rush of these external activities, out of our driven and, at times, frantic preoccupation with them, we have developed habits of mind, forms of belief, judgments of expediency as to the ways in which the getting and distributing of wealth may best be carried on. But these beliefs and impulses are not our spiritual love of liberty. They express desires rather than admirations, expedients rather than principles. No one can doubt their strength; but one may challenge their meaning. And when that is done, the guarantees of the Constitution are, I think, clear and unmistakable. The Fifth and, with it, the Fourteenth Amendment, dealing with the ownership and management of external possessions, give assurance in that field, not of freedom from restraint, but of justice and regularity in the imposing of restraints. They tell us, not that the State is bound, as in the case of freedom of speech, to withhold all regulation, but that, in the making of its regulations, the State must do so justly, by orderly and trustworthy procedure. Justice, rather than liberty, is the principle by which the regulation of property transactions is determined. And justice is not freedom. There is a close and necessary relation between these two, but they are not identical.

The appeal to historical documents is not, however, decisive for our argument. And from this it follows that we must not press too hard even an

argument from the Constitution of the United States. This point becomes all too clear if, for example, we compare with the provisions quoted from the Bill of Rights the corresponding statements from the Declaration of Independence. The two documents are on the question at issue so flatly contradictory of each other that the situation is almost ludicrous. The Constitution provides that the rights of life, liberty, and property are to be kept within regulation by orderly and just procedure. The Declaration proclaims that men are "endowed by their creator with certain inalienable rights: that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." Now it is of course dangerous to interpret any statement of "natural rights" too literally. When the decrees of a Creator are introduced into discussion of the meaning of laws which men are themselves making, there is abundant room for misunderstanding. And yet, as they stand, the two statements do seem to be in direct opposition to each other. For one of them life, property, and liberty of action are inalienable: no government may take them away. For the other, the explicit task of government is that of determining in what ways and under what conditions life and liberty and property may be alienated, may be limited or taken away. One cannot help suspecting that many of those who interpret the Constitution as in favor of free competition in business are deriving their conviction, not from the Constitution itself, but from the Declaration, which is quite at variance with it. They have mistaken the highly emotional and unclear proclamation with which thirteen colonies flung themselves into a war of revolution for the deliberate and reasoned formulation of principles with which a new nation prepared itself for the organization of the activities of a society at peace.

II

It is time, however, that we turn from the interpretation of documents to the examination of the actual procedures and attitudes which those documents were attempting to formulate. Here we shall find a sounder basis for deciding as between the Declaration and the Constitution. Here, if anywhere, we shall be able to tell whether or not it is true that our American scheme of life requires and provides that the management of property shall be free from interference by the government.

First, it is very clear that in the actual procedure of our government we do regulate and control the holding and management of property. Ever since the first group of Americans settled in the wilderness there has poured out from every village, district, county, town, city, State, as well as from the Federal authority itself, an increasing stream of ordinances, laws, statutes, regulations, codes which have told men what they may and may not do with respect to their property and that of their fellows. Thus in recent years we have regulated the railroads. We have fixed the hours and conditions and wages of labor. We have taken from men and corporations whatever part of their annual income we deemed just and necessary. We have, by changing the currency, determined what part of his debt a borrower need not pay when the time of settlement comes. We have seized for public use a share of the inheritance of the widow and the orphan. In these and in a multitude of other ways we have hindered the free use by a man of his own possessions. In the face of these actions, what can it mean to say that the Spirit of America is committed to the view that the public control of business is a denial of rightful freedom? To say that is to say that liberty and gov-

ernment are opposites. Do we mean to say that? The makers of our Constitution did not intend to say it. Nor do we.

And, second, when we examine our own motives it is clear that we do intend to regulate the buying and selling of goods. Why should we not regulate them? Why, if a business practice is deemed to be harmful to the general welfare, should we allow it to go on? If a trader in seeking for profit is causing loss to his fellows there is, so far as I can see, no reason why they should allow him to continue doing so. Why in this field should we let a man do as he likes if we do not like what he does? The truth is, I fear, that some of us are trying by appeal to the general principle of liberty to find settlement of a current issue to which that principle does not apply. America is at present, like every other industrial society, facing the issue as between individualism and collectivism in the management of business. With respect to that issue there are, with us as elsewhere, two sets of opposing opinions. Some of us believe that the methods of free competition are more promising than those of its rival. The business freedom of each, we say, is to the advantage of all. Others of us, however, are persuaded that the system of free competition will not work. We are convinced that if the stronger, the more fortunate, the more unscrupulous are left unhindered in their pursuit of wealth, other men will be enslaved and impoverished rather than helped by their successes.

As between these two sets of opinions America is just now trying to make up her mind. What decision she may make no one can yet tell. She may go back to the ways of relatively free enterprise. She may move on into expedients of corporate control. In the latter case we face the practical problem as to whether the activities of

regulation and control shall be given to the Federal government or whether they shall be reserved to State and municipal authorities. But in either case the essential point is that the spiritual liberty of America does not mean the freedom of its property holding. In the conflict between individualism and collectivism in business, the issue of the freedom of the human spirit is not at stake. In our scheme of life and government it is agreed, it is established, both in theory and in practice, that the management of business shall so far as needful be regulated and controlled. But to say that is not to say that the activities of the spirit are to be limited and restrained.

To identify the freedom of the human spirit with the absence of legislative control of commerce and industry is then to deny both the theory and the practice of our institutions. As seen in the light of our history, in the face of our obligations and commitments, such an identification is absurd. Only a social system which has built up the external view of human living to the exclusion of the inner view, which has identified business activity with spiritual activity, which has come to regard the creation and distribution of wealth as the primary concern of a society, could create such an illusion as that. I know no deeper ground of reproach against our present social order than that so many of its leaders in scholarship and in affairs have fallen, have led their followers, into that blunder. With the blind thus leading the blind it is little wonder that we totter on the edge of the ditch. With the realms of freedom and justice thus confused, there is little hope for either of them.

III

To many of our scholars and practical men of affairs, this economic view of liberty has made strong appeal.

These are the men who especially think of themselves as "realists," as hard-headed, as rising above sentimentalities and popular illusions. I should like now to point out how disastrously these men are cutting at the roots of the convictions by which our common life is nourished. They are bringing us to such confusion about the nature of freedom that no issue can be clearly seen, no practical situation clearly dealt with.

It is commonly said in our current discussions of social policy that if the principle of liberty is accepted by us then the principles of equality and fraternity must be abandoned. "Liberty and equality," we have many times been told, "are incompatible." We must choose between them. And in fact, as the argument commonly runs, we have already chosen. As a people, our preference is registered for liberty. Therefore, it would be well if we would stop talking of such demands as those of equality and fraternity. These demands are outworn and outmoded. They do not fit into our "free" scheme of life. We moderns take our freedom straight. We ask only for liberty. Let each man be himself. Let each man take and keep what he can get. As for the belief that men are equal, the aspiration that men shall live like brothers, these are the yearnings of dreamers, of "idealists." They have no place in daily planning. It is better to leave them, either to private virtue or to some "Fate" which is so just and kind that free and independent men need not concern themselves with justice or with kindness.

Now the revolutionary drift of this argument will be seen if we recall that the notion of liberty, when first accepted by us, was inextricably bound up with the ideas of equality and fraternity. These three demands were, in fact, so closely linked together that they were in effect parts of a single idea

—that of democracy. Here again liberty was seen as only a fragment of a meaning. We did not take it alone. It was the liberty of equals and brothers which we established as the guiding formula of our society. And so damaging is this attempt to tear liberty out of its setting that I am tempted once more to resort to epithets—to use the terms “revolutionary” and “un-American” in describing it. I would protest that except as men are regarded as “equals,” except as they are treated as “brothers,” the attempt to make them free, even to think of them as free, is a hopeless and futile one. If it has been found true that for the sake of liberty we must give up equality and fraternity, then that constitutes a radical revolution in the theory and practice of American life. To say that is to deny the beliefs and intentions out of which our scheme of life and of government sprang. In my opinion it denies what are at present our deepest and most cherished convictions. These three principles are still for us, I am sure, three different aspects of one mode of life which we choose as our own. To tear them apart is to tear our spirit to shreds. It is such violence as this that sets us at war with ourselves, that brings upon us the tragic sense of disloyalty to our own integrity. It is essential then that we examine closely this view of liberty which, once accepted, makes equality impossible and fraternity ridiculous. I am sure that we shall find that it is both untrue in principle and disastrous in its consequences.

The arguments by which liberty as a principle has been seen to drive equality and fraternity out of our tradition are not hard to follow. They are distinctly of the rough and ready type. Their essence is the interpretation of all three principles as economic in meaning.

Those who would give up equality

as a principle incompatible with liberty argue from two premises. First, it is observed that men are not equal in capacity. That this is true in every phase of human living, no one can sensibly deny. To say that all men are equal in their abilities is not democracy: it is plain nonsense, plain disregard of obvious fact. Just as men differ in height, in speed, in digestion, in color of eyes, so do they differ in ability to think, ability to appreciate, ability to act, ability to lead and dominate their fellows. And, this being true, it is idle to build a social theory on the assumption that men are, or can be made, equal in business capacity. Some men are more shrewd than others. Men differ much in industriousness and perseverance; and even in such qualities as unscrupulousness, the passionate, overbearing desire to get a bigger share of worldly goods and power, we human beings are not all alike. There are diversities of gifts among us.

Second, it is asserted, liberty and equality are economic principles. They refer to the getting and having of material things. By liberty we mean that, just so far as possible, men shall be unhindered in their business affairs. The principle of freedom is the principle of free competition in financial and industrial life. So too, equality is, for this argument, economic in meaning. Equality would mean—if it were not too nonsensical to mean anything—that all the members of a society share equally in the having of goods. It is equality of getting, of possessing what one wants.

Now when these two premises are combined, the conclusion in question follows from them as inevitably as does four from two plus two. If in an open market men are free to compete with one another, each being free to get and keep what he can, and if these competitors are different in the capacity for

getting and keeping, it follows, by a logic which no one can deny, that liberty will and must destroy equality. If unequals strive in conflict, the stronger must win, the weaker must lose. And so—*Quod erat demonstrandum*—if men are free they are not equal. A social order must choose between these two. And we Americans, the argument says, have chosen liberty. Therefore, we have abandoned equality.

The expulsion of fraternity, on grounds of liberty, has been far less consciously done. We have not argued brotherhood away. Rather, under heavy pressure, it has drifted out of sight. Few men have spoken against it, except perhaps in the form of vague and uneasy deductions from "liberty" as seen in the process of "the survival of the fittest." In fact, the fate of fraternity has been very much like that of the Devil in modern Protestant theology. No one has demonstrated its non-existence. We have simply ceased to think about it seriously. How can we think of it if the principle of free economic competition holds true? What, in a world defined by that principle, can the Brotherhood of Man mean? On the docks of San Francisco, in the summer of 1934, who was so silly as to make appeal to fraternity as between longshoremen and ship-owners? Are makers of munitions of war called to their trade by the love of their fellow-men? Do they play with governments, contrive and scheme for the national murder of peoples because all men are brothers? No, that is not the theory. The theory of liberty which we are now discussing is very simple. It is that men are free to seek for profits. Under that principle each man is justified in getting what he can, as other men are doing. Our human living is a conflict. Men are not brothers. Liberty, as we construe it, has put an end to our

fraternity. We are "free." Therefore fraternity is meaningless.

Now the trouble with this double argument is that the conclusion at which it arrives is false. By a process of shrewd, logical deduction from its premise, it discovers that Americans do not care about equality or fraternity. But that statement is not true. It denies two of our deepest convictions. It contravenes two of our deepest passions. We will not have it as an account of ourselves. And this being the case, an equally savage logic will drive us to the only solution of which the situation admits. It is that the premise from which we started must be abandoned.

Any belief which, directly or by implication, tells us that we have no interest in treating our fellows as equals and brothers we repudiate as denying the things of which we are most certain. Liberty, in its primary sense, is not then the liberty to buy and sell. That liberty we will restrain and diminish whenever the demands of our social order require it. It is our servant, not our master. It is one of our devices, not one of our principles. We find it a sorry substitute for the liberty on which the foundations of our individual and social living are established. The liberty for which we care is that of a fellowship of equals and brothers.

IV

But here, I know, I shall be sharply challenged on the question of fact. What evidence is there, I shall be asked, that Americans have loved, and still love, equality and fraternity? In reply may I say that the evidence, though not of the "laboratory" type, seems to me strong and convincing. I will try at least to suggest what it has been and is.

In the days when the nation was being formed, our devotion to equality

found characteristic expression in the Declaration of Independence. The first sentence in that document, after the preamble, begins as follows: "We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created equal; . . ." I suppose that among the great sentences which have determined human destiny no one was ever more muddled than this. At every turn of its meaning one's mind gasps at its unclearness. And yet, as registering a nation's commitment to the cause of equality, its import is clear and unmistakable. Our first pronouncement, as a united people, unanimously made by our representatives was: "All men are created equal." We meant it then as, I am sure, we mean it now.

The evidence of our early commitment to fraternity is not to be found primarily in political documents. It appears rather in the influence of the Christian Church during our early history. "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself" was a principle which was recognized as basic to all our documents. And this was true of men who attacked the Church as well as of those who defended it. Strong and bitter assaults were, it is true, directed against the Church. But these were brought not against its principles but against its failure as an institution to hold and to manifest its loyalty to those principles. It seems to me idle to deny that, in its beginnings, ours was a Christian civilization, that it planned for human society in terms of the Brotherhood of Man.

The contemporary evidence of our loyalty to equality and fraternity is not to be found either in political documents or in religious formulas. Our documents are to-day very equivocal and our formulas of belief vague and uncertain. And yet the evidence seems to me vast and sure. One finds it in a prevalent demand for social justice so widespread and powerful

that no phase of our common life escapes its influence. In private conversation, in public discussion, in magazines and books, in painting and poetry and music, in theaters and churches, that theme is dominant and engrossing. We are, it is true, bewildered as to ways in which social justice may be done. But we are to an amazing degree united in the conviction that the doing of it is the primary issue of current American life. When, for example, through the breakdown of our economic machinery, millions of families are brought to destitution, no theory of economic liberty can hold us to the view that these men and women and children shall be consigned to the care of natural economic laws. They are our equals, our brothers, and we will deal with them as such.

It is true that we can hide our intentions under formulas of business self-interest. Men tell us that only as these indigents are given the power of purchasing will our markets be restored. They warn us too that if large masses of people are left to starve they will break out into violence, will bring down about our ears the whole economic structure which shelters all of us. But these external arguments are poor and shoddy as compared with the present spirit of our people. One has only to put them side by side with Whitman's "By God! I will accept nothing which all men cannot have the counterpart of on the same terms" to see how poor and superficial they are. And we, as a people, are taking our stand with Whitman. We are not clear as to ways and means, but we are resolute in purpose.

The man who does not see that is, in my opinion, blind to the most powerful forces now at work in the American scene. We have been hoping that an existing economic order which talks much of "liberty" would serve our purpose. Now we are ready to

modify that order. And if mere modifying is not enough, we will transform it to suit our needs. Economic disaster and calamity have revealed us to ourselves, have shown us our own purposes. We are a just and friendly people. To say that we love liberty without regard for justice and kindness, to say that liberty, once accepted, has driven equality and fraternity out of our scheme of life, is simply to say that liberty is un-American. The men who think those thoughts have slipped. They do not know themselves nor us. The liberty which we demand is the liberty of equals and of brothers.

I have dwelt at length upon this argument because it reveals so clearly the spiritual tragedy which has come upon America. Here again, our "practical men of affairs" have with an unfailing inaccuracy missed the point when dealing with essential things. They have taken the most fundamental motive in our social life and twisted it into a meaning which is hostile, not only to itself but to all the other deeper principles to which we are committed. They do not tell us—perhaps they have not noticed—that justice too must go the way of equality and fraternity if once their logic is admitted. What can justice mean in a social order defined in terms of free and unrestricted competition? The liberty of such an order is the liberty of men to prey one upon another. And in that conflict, justice is simply what a man can get. Liberty, as so defined, becomes, not the reasonable principle of a free society, but an all-devouring dogma which destroys other meanings or drives them out. It has become, not a principle, but a fetish of the economic mind.

And the human tragedy which has ensued from the worship of that fetish is all too clear in the mind of present-day America. It is often urged to-day that our unrest of spirit is due to the fact that we have tried to keep in a new

and changing world old ideals which no longer serve our purposes. Our major task, it is said, is that of creating new ideals to replace those which, though good enough in their own day, can no longer serve our changing purposes. There is something of truth in this statement, and yet it seems to me to be comparatively a minor truth. Far more important is a statement which is almost its exact opposite. Our deepest tragedy lies in the fact that our current institutions, our current beliefs, our current practices fail to give recognition to old ideals which are still the essential and fundamental cravings of the American spirit. Our trouble is that we still believe in equality, however much we may deny it. Our agony comes from the fact that the social world which we are making is false to a fraternity of men to which we are still committed with a passionate devotion. The truth is not that old ideals have disappeared. It is rather that in spite of our mistakes about them they are still within us.

Underneath all the superficialities and externalities of our thinking and practice, the demands that men shall live together on equal terms, that they shall be friends to one another, still dominate us, still hold us fast. And it is the torture of thus finding ourselves holding beliefs which deny our most cherished truths, the agony of seeing our own acts, our own behavior bringing to destruction the causes for which we care—it is that cleavage, that contradiction within ourselves which has brought us into such bewilderment and self-condemnation. And the way of escape from this tragedy lies not in the framing of new ideals for a new world, but in the bringing of that new world under the control of principles which have always been the primary spiritual forces in the life of the American people—the principles of liberty, equality, fraternity, and justice.

The Lion's Mouth



TWO ENGLISH DESPOTS

BY JOHN BUNKER

THE English language is ruled by two despots. Note that I say despots, not tyrants, for their governance is not necessarily harsh or unreasonable (though sometimes it is both—very!); but their rule has this in common with tyranny, that it is absolute and it is arbitrary. Once these despots have definitely decided a matter, there is, for the time being, no appeal even though the decision may contravene logic, history, philosophy, and plain common sense. The names of these two stout rulers are Use and Custom, and their authority extends over every province of the English language—spelling, grammar, pronunciation, and signification.

Here we have not space to give examples of arbitrary rule in each of these provinces, nor is it necessary, since instances of egregious spellings, crossgrained grammar, and (especially in England) bizarre pronunciations are generally familiar. Confining ourselves, therefore, to the field of sense or signification, we find that our redoubtable twain have not only succeeded in giving to certain well-known phrases a different meaning from that intended by their original makers, but actually often an exactly opposite meaning.

Take for example, "A friend in need is a friend indeed." But don't hasten to tell me that this famous saying was originally a cynicism, first uttered by Samuel Foote, an English wit of the 18th century (and an acquaintance of the great Doctor Johnson), and intended by him to mean that a *needy* friend is a friend with a vengeance. For while all this is true, it—as the current phrase goes—doesn't mean anything. Use and Custom have seen to that, and the saying, turned from a cynicism to a sentimentalism, now means what nine hundred and ninety-nine people who hear it think it means, namely, that a friend who comes to your assistance when *you* are in need is a real friend.

So too with "the exception proves the rule." Why try to make me believe that the word "prove" here does *not* mean "establishes" but "tests"—in the same sense in which one *proves* a gun, puts a man to the *proof*, and the like—and that the sentence, therefore, means that a rule is tested, its validity essayed, by anything in contravention to it? I already believe this, but no one else does, or at least not the millions who constitute the irresistible army of Use and Custom. For them it means that, no matter how hairbrained or woolly-minded the rule and how forceful and logical the exception, nevertheless, this particular conjunction of opposites sets up the rule on an irrefragable foundation. A very comforting arrangement.

Another comforting change in signification is that effected in the Latin tag, "*De gustibus non est disputandum.*" Of what avail is it for the

English critic O. R. Orage to insist that this does not mean that everyone's taste is a law to itself, not to be questioned, but rather that "the proof of right taste is that there is no real dispute about its judgments; its finality is evidenced by the cessation of debate"? This is a doctrine somewhat too exalted for general consumption. How much pleasanter to believe that my taste—in music or art, literature or cooking or fancy-work or *anything*—merely because it is my taste, is just as good as the next man's, and probably a damned sight better! While we are at this business of democracy and mass-rule, we might as well go the whole hog; and though I may be incredibly crude and ignorant or downright stupid, when it comes to taste, don't tell me! *De gustibus*—you know the rest.

"You cannot indict a whole nation"—how often has this or some similar variation of Burke's statement been held up by impassioned speakers and writers as a shield against charges of guilt directed toward racial groups, religious bodies, or indeed large collective wholes of any kind. What matter that Burke really said, "I do not know the method of drawing up an indictment against a whole people," and that in so saying he was speaking not as a political philosopher but as a practical lawyer, not making a moral generalization but simply stating a technical legal difficulty? What does it matter? In practice it doesn't matter a hoot; for despite the fact that an indictment is a formal charge of guilt against a *definite person or persons* and is a legal device operating under certain technical restrictions, and despite the further fact that a people is an abstract entity composed of an unspecified number of *indefinite* persons, and that, therefore, there is a difficulty, not to say impossibility (which Burke endeavors to express) in making the twain meet—

despite all this Use and Custom have simply decreed otherwise. Hence if your country or your race or your religious body commits the most heinous injustice in the way of wholesale theft, massacre, persecution, annexation, deportation, or suppression, don't let that disturb you; your defense is at hand in Burke's supposed saying; for the saying has really ceased to be a saying and has now been elevated to the rank of a moral principle!

And then there is that perennial subject of interest to every person past forty—health. What a mass of misinformation has been collected by people on this subject—with doctors frequently leading the van. At any rate, every person past his first youth, certainly every family, has within handy reach in contingencies some pet remedy or other, and often, too, some rag-tag versicle or proverb to go with it. What, for instance, more popular than "Feed a cold and starve a fever"? What does this mean? Well, it means what it says—but not what it is generally supposed to say. What it is generally supposed to say is that if one has a cold one should eat plenty of food, and if one has a fever one should go on a very light diet. In reality, like the other homely proverb "Marry in haste and repent at leisure," the sentence in question is not two disparate imperatives, but an unexpressed or understood conditional clause followed by a statement or predication of consequences, *i.e.*, "*If you marry in haste you will repent at leisure*"; "*If you feed a cold you will have to starve a fever*."

Actually, of course, a cold is a fever, but then—what are facts between friends? And the next time you have a cold and show a reluctance to eat you may be certain that you will be urged to gorge yourself by some well-meaning friend or other quoting the old line. If you won't eat you disclose yourself a

stubborn ass, blind to the fact that what Use and Custom say a thing means is what it really does mean.

All this, naturally, is a disquieting situation for precisians and purists, philologists and pedagogues, pundits, and scholars. Caring for truth and accuracy and perhaps also charm, they frown or glower in disapproval at these disgraceful goings on. What twinges they experience when, as usually happens, Frankenstein is referred to as the monster and not as the monster's maker; what superior righteousness, when not Johnston of Johnston or some other dignified eponymous laird but Gyp the Blood, Al Capone, or Pretty Boy Floyd is grouped with others of his kind under the phrase "men of that ilk." For these literary legalists do, after all, have some sort of tenderness for the purity of the English tongue. But their tenderness cannot cope with the rough power of Use and Custom, since these constitute "the genius of the language," and, as William Winter once said after listening to a particularly egotistical outburst by Walt Whitman, "There is nothing like genius—unless it be leather."



DESBROUGH AND MISS CASE

BY FRANCES WARFIELD

THERE wasn't anything so very remarkable about the Desbrough girl or about Miss Case either. Dorothy Desbrough was what she was, a hell of a beautiful wench, the kind that costs money and is worth it; there are more where she came from. As for Miss Case, she could have gone back and forth to Europe fifty times with-

out being noticed. She undoubtedly had, at that; she told my wife she was "passionately fond of the sea." No, neither one of them would have been especially interesting alone. It was the combination.

The most unlikely combination. The lush, golden, indolent, husky-throated Desbrough. And Miss Case—a brisk, birdy little piece, in high-necked blouses and tweeds, full of good upper-class thoughts, full of literary background and broad A's. She was pure-bred Boston, the kind of woman you see at New England shore resorts in summertime, perched out on the rocks under a black umbrella, writing letters; the kind of maiden aunt who calls all her nieces "her girls" and keeps in constant touch with them. Bright-eyed, enthusiastic, naïve; someone said she was quite rich and that her hobby was public playgrounds. She was perfect of her type. That was it, I guess—because Desbrough was perfect of *her* type too, and each was, just in the nature of things, so completely incomprehensible to the other.

Desbrough—what a girl that was! Or, as the college crowd had it, Ah, youth! Blonde, of course, and built lovingly, with curves. "Body by Fisher," was my wife's comment the first time she saw her. My wife isn't unusually shrewd, but she sized Desbrough up right away. She was frankly fascinated by her, the way a person is fascinated by any superb job of workmanship. She even got moderately chummy with her, chummy enough anyhow, so that by putting two and two together from the things Desbrough told her we could get the general idea.

This was it: Desbrough was having a European jaunt with her boy friend, but the boy friend was something of a personage, and conservative, so they were crossing on different boats. The boy friend was an old dear, but he had

a very suspicious nature. That was where Miss Case came in—Desbrough had annexed her because Miss Case was just exactly the right traveling companion for her to introduce to the boy friend when he met the boat train in Paris. It had come about quite naturally. Desbrough and Miss Case had staterooms on the same corridor and had got to talking by chance during the hour or two before the boat sailed. Desbrough had suggested that they reserve their deck chairs and places in the dining room together; she felt so alone, she said. "The dear child!" Miss Case told my wife. "I immediately took her *right* under my wing!" What Desbrough said was, "Casey's a godsend," and added, "It's tough, some ways, being a blonde."

Ah, youth! The minute I start thinking about that trip I automatically begin saying, "Ah, youth!" It was one of those fool bywords that spread through college house-parties and sometimes through ocean liners if the college crowd is present. We all got to saying it. We used it as a greeting, as a comment, as a smart comeback; we used it whenever we couldn't think of anything else to say. It always got a laugh. The way it started was that the two Yale boys who sat at the same table with Desbrough and Miss Case had been fairly tight the first night at dinner and Miss Case had smiled knowingly at Desbrough and murmured, "Ah, youth!" One of the boys knew his Conrad and had come back with, "Pass the bottle!"—another recurring phrase from the same Conrad story. Miss Case had been delighted. She was passionately fond of Conrad. She became fond of the boys too and tried to persuade them not to drink so much. She herself never touched alcohol. "I was once made *very* ill by drinking a small glass of port!" was another Caseism that spread all over the boat. Still another was,

"Eleven o'clock always finds me *horizontal* between the sheets!" Which was quite true apparently. Whatever she and Desbrough were doing in the evening—usually bridge; Miss Case was passionately fond of bridge and played like an expert—Miss Case always broke it up promptly at ten-thirty. She and Desbrough would go down to their staterooms then, and sometimes Desbrough would stay in hers, but usually not. There was quite a lively crowd on board, and Desbrough had heard a rumor that you are only young once.

The days went by with the regularity of shipboard life. Miss Case and Desbrough hit it off perfectly. Desbrough slept all morning, appearing at the latest possible minute for lunch, wearing those wonderful sports clothes that only completely unathletic women seem to be able to find. Miss Case always waited to have lunch with her, and from then until they left the bridge table at ten-thirty in the evening they were never seen separately, and almost never seen unattended. Desbrough drew men the way a safe-hoisting job does on a spring afternoon. Young hopefuls, old hopefuls, middle-aged hopefuls, ship's officers—they all gathered round. Desbrough smiled at them and Miss Case kept them entertained. Well entertained too. It was easy to see that Miss Case was having the time of her life. But so was Desbrough.

You'll gather that conversation wasn't Desbrough's long suit. About all she ever bothered to say was, "Ask Casey. She knows everything." Desbrough had remarkably little inside that gorgeous head, and Heaven knows that didn't bother her or anybody else; but the point is that when you were there talking to her and Miss Case you didn't realize it. Miss Case managed to include Desbrough. She managed somehow to make Desbrough seem to

share her own cultural background. Call it tact, call it social training, call it kindness. Call it naïveté, if you want. Whatever it was, it worked. There was the middle-aged rubber importer, for instance. He was mightily taken with Desbrough, and was in the group one afternoon when Miss Case was in her best form, telling anecdotes about Ralph Waldo Emerson; it seemed that Emerson had been a frequent visitor at the Case summer place on the North Shore—he had been passionately fond of the place, in fact. The rubber importer was visibly impressed, and that evening he asked Desbrough to marry him. Desbrough had to refuse, but the incident made her thoughtful. "You take a person with my looks and Casey for a promoter," she told my wife, "and they could get places."

It's weeks now since we made that crossing, but my wife and I still find ourselves speculating about Miss Case and Desbrough. Something will happen to make one of us come out with, "Ah, youth!" or "*Horizontal between the sheets!*" and we're off, all over again. What stumps us is that we can't figure out what was going on inside Miss Case's head. My wife has about decided that Miss Case never had the ghost of an idea what Desbrough was like—that she accepted her just as if she were one of her own nieces, one of the more attractive ones of course. Suppose Desbrough did say or do things Miss Case didn't understand? Her nieces undoubtedly did too, my wife points out. And she may be right. I admit there can be something impenetrable about the innocence of women like Miss Case; sometimes you can tell them what's what and you can prove it; they don't get you even then. But what I think is that when a woman like Miss Case likes someone she likes her no matter what. I mean I think it's perfectly

possible that Miss Case was wise to Desbrough and never let on.

I remember so well the way she looked that evening in the smoking room—the last night of the trip. There had been the usual general festivity, with a dance, and some of the people in fancy dress, and a lot of drinking, and Desbrough and Miss Case had got separated. I suppose Desbrough thought Miss Case would go to bed at eleven, as she always did, and forget about her. Anyhow, it was well after midnight, and we were all sitting round in the bar, wolfing sandwiches, when Miss Case appeared. She hesitated at the door a minute, in that birdy little way she had; then she saw her two Yale boys in one corner of the room with the crowd their own age, and went over to them and asked if they'd seen anything of Dorothy.

One of the crowd let out a whoop. It was well known that Desbrough, not to put too fine a point on it, was cock-eyed drunk and raring, down at the party the radio crooner we had on board was throwing in his suite de luxe. The radio crooner was not one of the group that assembled round Miss Case and Desbrough during the daytime; he and the other wharf-rats with him didn't come to life much before dark. Anyhow, nobody was going to let on to Miss Case that Desbrough was mixed up with that bunch, but the trouble was that the college crowd were too jingled themselves to carry the situation off smoothly. All they could do was laugh. One of the boys called to the steward and ordered a cognac for Miss Case. She must have a farewell drink with them, they insisted. Miss Case smiled and accepted the drink, and that's the picture of her that keeps coming back into my mind.

She was wearing a black-lace dinner dress and a wide choker of real pearls, and sitting up straight, looking fine. She looked like exactly what she was, a

thoroughbred. She was a little confused, as if she knew she was out of her depth. I'm sure she knew that there was something phony going on and that somehow or other she was being made the goat. But she raised her glass to take a sip out of it, the good egg, and she gave a toast. "Ah, youth!" she said. Now what did she mean by that? It brought the house down of course. It was exactly the right thing to say at that moment. The crowd all toasted Miss Case then, and what with all the noise and enthusiasm, she got out of the room without any awkwardness or any further reference to Desbrough. But what did she *mean* by it? Was she simply using the ship's byword because it came handy? Or did she know she'd been taken for a ride?

I don't know and I never shall. My wife was sure, that night, that Desbrough had cooked her goose. She said that if Miss Case hadn't got wise there in the bar, she surely would before the night was over and that would be the end of a beautiful friendship. We even made a bet on it. But neither of us ever collected the bet because, the next morning at Cherbourg, to save our lives we couldn't make up our minds whether Miss Case had got wise or not.

Everything was exactly the same. They went through all the fuss of landing, right together, buddies, just as they always had been. Desbrough was a bit peevish with the customs' inspector; she knew hardly any French, and I expect she had a hangover that would have made anybody peevish, French or no French. I remember hearing Miss Case chirp reassuringly, "They'll understand you *perfectly*, my dear! You'll see!" and, come to think of it, you can take *that* two ways too.

The last we saw of them, they were standing beside the boat train for Paris, surrounded to the end by a good-

sized male contingent. Desbrough was wearing a black-satin outfit that was enough to raise the hair right off your head, and fresh gardenias that had come from Lord knows where. Miss Case had on a long gray ulster and an incredible Boston hat. They made the darnedest combination. My wife and I had to give it up. I mean about whether Miss Case was wise to Desbrough or not. There's something about those upper-crust Eastern women, especially the New England women, I swear there is. You can't tell what they're thinking about. They simply go on baffling you till the end of time.



WHAT ARE WE COMING TO?

BY IRVING FINEMAN

YOU may not agree with me but, if there is anything at all in this idea of evolution, things must be happening to people—I mean, we must be changing. The idea, I take it, is that the great variety of living organisms developed their peculiar characteristics under the influence of their different environments: fish, being seagoing, need and have gills and vertical tails; birds, being airminded, need and have wings and horizontal tails. Something like that. And each organ and gland in a living creature have developed functionally or become obsolete and been lost according to that creature's environmental needs. We, for example, no longer have tails and prehensile feet since we don't live in trees.

It stands to reason then that if most people get to be like my Aunt Minnie (and I see thousands who *are* like her),

our legs will grow together in time, something like a penguin's. Aunt Minnie lives in a small apartment; six short steps take her from any room to another. An elevator takes her up and down. Five steps take her across the sidewalk to the Packard, and the longest walk she ever takes is from the Packard in to Macy's escalator. And if Macy's business gets no worse (God forbid) there will probably be an escalator starting from the curb. The fact is, Aunt Minnie is already something like a penguin; and if any evolution does take place, between her breed and Macy's mechanization we shall have in time a sort of mermaid who will have to be lifted down by the chauffeur (he will learn to flop down) from the Packard to the escalator. The odd thing is that my cousin Minnette is an exceptionally spry little flapper, but she would not think of going on an errand three blocks down the street without taking the car; and when you think that she will grow up and marry a man who would not think of going a half a mile without taking a taxi, isn't it likely that somewhere along the line there will be children with their legs grown together, if not quite like mermaids then with just mobility enough to hop the few steps they actually take? But this is not what I started out to say. Once you get thinking of this idea of evolution it leads to all sorts of possibilities.

But the one that bothers me most has to do with the radio. At my Aunt Minnie's the radio is going all the time; she and Minnette can hardly talk to each other without that blare in the background, and often, I know, she falls asleep with the thing talking into her ear, and what *that* does to the unconscious there is no telling. But just consider the fact that day and night, waking and sleeping your body and mine are taking in radio programs. You may not have a radio in

your house; you may shun the radio cab like a plague, nevertheless, whether you hear them or not, those incessant programs penetrate your flesh and blood, you breathe them in, Cab Calloway and Graham McNamee and Father Coughlin and Rudy Vallee and the Beauty Talks and all the rest.

It is reasonable then to imagine that some day a little girl (if not Minnette's daughter then perhaps her great-granddaughter) will hop over to her mother and say that she hears music and voices *inside* her, a phenomenon that will be considered supernatural (like Joan of Arc) only until its resemblance to the day's radio program is noticed. It will finally be explained of course in an autopsy which will discover an inner organ, an inner ear or receiver, developed for the reception of radio waves, the wave-length received at any time depending perhaps on the age or type of individual, or perhaps on one's momentary state of mind, or heart, or glands—which would certainly complicate the problems of broadcasting; though it might possibly work out quite simply and advantageously—say if the wave-length receptivity of your radio gland varied directly with your emotional state from suicidal despondency to sitting-on-top-of-the-world, then the programs broadcast could be graded on corresponding wave-lengths so that you could get just what you needed or could stand, ranging from Ed Wynn to cheer you up to, well, any one of those bores. But as for the thought of what life will be like when you can no more turn a deaf ear to Graham McNamee than you can to your wife—well, I leave it to you.

There is something else on my mind which it seems to me threatens life itself. It isn't exactly a matter of evolution although I think of it, as I do of these other things, whenever I

go to my Aunt Minnie's. She collects early American antiques, and Minnette goes in for first editions: Minnette has a perfect set of Edgar Rice Burroughs firsts. Aunt Minnie admits they will soon have to find another place to live, the apartment is so cluttered. I say it is a menace; I mean this collecting craze.

I should like some scholar to find out for me just when the first museum appeared in the world. For that is, to my mind, a very momentous date in the progress of man, that time when he was first infected with the desire to hoard all the evidences of his own existence. A strange desire: it is as if he felt himself so insecure, so unreal that he had to have some tangible assurance that his forbears had really existed; a desire that has grown to a passion for the perpetuation not only of the past but of evidence of the present for the benefit of generations to come. Of course the cemetery is a form of museum that has existed for a very long time, and the modern communal mausoleum (like the one where Aunt Minnie has Uncle Jack stowed away with an adjacent locker reserved for herself) is very much like a museum of art or, better, of natural history.

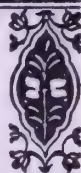
And libraries too are in a sense museums, but like museums of art, they have to a degree some living function beyond the preservation of dead things. But besides these, cemeteries and mausoleums, libraries and museums, we have ruins: we dig up old cities, we preserve old buildings; and every cornerstone is filled with me-

mentoes of our own day, a copy of the *Times*, Lincoln pennies and the like, and nothing is done which is not recorded, copied, preserved—newspapers, letters, phonograph records, motion pictures. Minnette has albums of pictures of herself from birth taken at intervals of about three weeks, and she never goes for a dip or a trip abroad without her movie camera. The thought of the pile of pictures taken in a single year by the newspaper cameramen of New York alone is staggering.

What will come of all this? I ask you. Aunt Minnie will find a bigger apartment; but what about that little girl hopping about listening to the jazz inside her?—and what about her great-grandchildren? For in the meantime more and more cities will be unearthed (in Italy modern habitations are being razed to make way for the old), more and more museums will be required for ancient treasures and new works of art, more and more archives and libraries for the papers and books and manuscripts and photographs, above all for the newsreels, and more and more catalogues and card indexes to keep track of them. Will man—perhaps by then merman, equipped by then to receive the music of the spheres—end by pushing himself off the face of the earth; will he in all this accumulation of the past leave himself no place to breed and live? Will the last man die over an unfinished catalogue in the airless clutter of a monstrous museum? When I ask my Aunt Minnie she says: "You're crazy!" Well, I leave it to you.



Editor's Easy Chair



WANING AUTHORITIES

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

THERE is nothing new under the sun and nothing particularly novel about the idea that the mass of people are held back from happiness, which is their natural pursuit, by predatory and selfish exploiters. Sometimes and somewhere that idea has abundant basis. People suffered by the slave trade in the Congo and do still in Africa in various places. The robber barons on the Rhine did not as a rule contribute to immediate happiness. The old bosses in Russia collected what they could from the country and many of them spent what they got in having what they considered a good time in Paris. A lot of pain goes into the organization of human life. There are times when groups of people are able to get along very well for considerable periods. Cities where the guilds flourished are examples. There is a tradition of the Golden Age, possibly true, when everybody got along well and

Love was an unerring light
And joy its own security.

But the large truth seems to be that the human race, at least in historical times, has made progress in the art of living; that the people in this country, for example, including the unemployed, including the bad as well as the good, carnals and celestials, are better off than they would have been

if they had been alive even a thousand years ago, and that's not long in human history. If we turned back the hands of the clock and had to live in a considerably retarded time few of us would like it. Someone has said, "Buy a horse and a wagon and get rid of all your motor cars; simplify life, that is, and you may be happy."

Not so. It's like telling kittens they are better off before their eyes open. It wouldn't do. Most of us like what we have got—like it on the whole, much as we dislike the nuisances which some of the novelties bring with them. Our friends who yearn for the *status quo ante* haven't a good case. They wouldn't like what used to be if they got it. We are not going back to what was; we are going forward to a good deal that is new and quite a bit of it won't taste good to us immediately; but we shall go forward all the same. The idea that a lot of mag-nates who have got together respectable accumulations are going to do us out of our progress hasn't really much basis.

Somebody has got to have power. Civilization is a big, big, big machine; somebody has got to run it. The average man is a passenger, or if active enough, a member of the crew. He does not run the ship, he does not know how. He cannot even take an observation. Still it is largely for

him that the ship is and has to be run, and that's true more and more. Life—life as we see it anyway—in this country and this time, runs more and more to provision of satisfactions and benefits to the mass of the people.

STRANGE agents, strange and awful, may minister to progress. When great changes are due appalling measures of destruction are apt to precede and make room for them. The agents of destruction are not regarded with much favor by historians, but some of them did enormous jobs by which humanity seemed finally to profit—Genghis Khan, Alexander, Tamerlane, Julius Cæsar, and various other Romans; Alaric, Attila, Napoleon, Lenin, oh, yes, and many others, probably earlier, mused up this world in their turn, did away with stagnation and had hands in providing the terrestrial organization in which we have our beings and proceed. We seem, now and here, to be watching a period of change; but so far its demonstrations have been comparatively moderate and orderly, not much running amuck, due sanction of law sought and generally obtained for what happens.

All of this is suggested by a letter from Boston from a cautious person who does not sign his name. It complains of some details of remarks made in the June *Easy Chair* about Sir Thomas More and Bishop Fisher, lately canonized by the Roman Catholic Church, "both put to death by Henry the Eighth in the interest of his complicated matrimonies."

Not so, says "Boston"; Henry's marriages and beheadings were all with a political purpose, which was to get a lawful male heir to succeed him on the English throne and to keep the peace and prevent a War of the Roses from coming back. Furthermore, Henry sought to save England from control by Spain. Henry married

Catherine of Aragon, his brother's widow, under protest. Marriage to a deceased brother's wife did not accord with Church law, but "Boston" says Ferdinand of Aragon could get decisions from Popes to suit himself. However, the point is that Henry's succession of wives was not a mere exhibition of incontinence but an infatuate desire to have a legitimate male heir. So "Boston" says that Fisher and More in opposing him were traitors to England and deserved to lose their heads as they did.

So far as concerns Sir Thomas More, that is an extreme position. As a lawyer, and he was a great lawyer, and a man of courage, he denied the constitutional right of Henry to appoint himself head of the Church in England. He would not put the Great Seal to what the King wanted, including issue of Anne Boleyn in the line of succession, so he went to the block. England got under way in her career as a Protestant country, and Elizabeth duly in her turn came to the throne. So it is in time of change, bad men may do bigger and more necessary jobs than good ones. The bad may rise, the good may fall, but the tumbrels roll on, what had been sowed is reaped, what must be comes to pass.

Henry Eighth was deeply religious, strongly impressed with the necessity of having heirs whose legitimacy was beyond dispute, didn't mind cutting off one woman's head to make his marriage to the next one fully valid. He appears in history as a Bluebeard, but "Boston" seems to be right in saying that it was politics that earned him that reputation and not any mere incontinence.

Now observe Sir Thomas More, really an admirable man, a great seeker after truth, who studied first to be a monk, came later to be a lawyer and politician and a great and honest servant of Church and Crown, but as

a Catholic he stood for the papal domination in England, and when Henry found he couldn't use him he cut off his head. The present kind and hospitable Pope uses the occasion of the More and Fisher canonization to invite the English back into the fold, which makes one smile and go to the bookcase to read a stimulating bit of verse called "Drake's Drum."

"Take my drum to England, hang et by the shore,

Strike et when your powder's runnin' low;
If the Dons sight Devon, I'll quit the port o' Heaven,

An' drum them up the Channel as we drumm'd them long ago."

After all there are some old stories that are deeply interwoven in the lives of living people who know them, and one of them is the tale of the Spanish Armada, and yet if that admirable man and lawyer, Sir Thomas More, had had his way and directed his country on what he conceived to be the right paths, that notable and piratical character Francis Drake might not have beat his drum to such effect, nor the Protestant seeds been so deeply planted in England.

So when we see men we think are good beaten in politics by men we think are bad, we do well to remember that we only see what we see at the time and there is a good deal left that may, and probably does, outlie our understanding.

WRITING early in June, one is conscious that it is a great season for discourse, when the college presidents and all the college orators free their minds and doubtless say everything that needs to be spoken. But after all this year is exceptional in that June came in on a great wave of discourse—long declarations, pages of print, voluminous communications by radio, let off and stimulated by the unanimous decision from the Supreme

Court in a case that concerned NRA and, indeed, the whole New Deal.

Immense vociferations followed. The Court said that a large part of what the Administration and its servants, administrators, and accomplices had been doing and wanted to go on doing was not in accordance with the Constitution. At that a whole lot of slates blew off the roof and came clattering down. Many moans there were at the Court as an obstacle to well doing; great rejoicing among the hard-boiled at the check to the performance of the professors; expressions of opinion quoted in headlines that business, no longer muddled by impractical idealists, would return to the domination of the true pragmatists and prosperity would follow.

But after all it did not take long for things to shake back into some sort of order. A large part of business had found the codes useful and wanted them retained. The opinion spread about very generally that there was good as well as bad in the NRA and that the Court's decision offered a timely opportunity to revise it.

Bishop Lawrence of Massachusetts made an address to the convention of his diocese on the 8th of last May which has been reprinted and makes edifying and timely reading. The title of it is Liberty. The burden of it is that in this country at this time authority is giving place to obedience by free will based on observation and experience. Even in the family he finds that authority is not as useful and as commonly employed in raising children as it once was. The Bible, the Old Testament anyhow, abounds in exhortations to train up a child in the way he should go, and a stick is praised as useful in that training. Bishop Lawrence thinks you cannot raise families like that now, not in these times when the growing girls and boys run round in motor cars. New

inventions, new organization of society, have changed even family life and increased liberty and the need of liberty and diminished authority and the use and usefulness of that.

And does Bishop Lawrence regret this change that he thinks he sees? No, quite otherwise. He is eighty-five years old, has seen a good deal of life; nothing scares him. He says he never learned so much in the same space of time as in the past two years. He is all for liberty.

It will be remembered by some people that President Eliot when he smashed the educational line-up in Harvard College came out for education by liberty. Perhaps he too saw that you could not make good people by compulsion. You can keep order by compulsion if you have enough force; the law does that; the police do that after a fashion—we couldn't spare either; but there is good information and belief that when our Creator thought it over and made us, he included free will as a necessary ingredient in our composition. In the long run free will is what you have got to reach. If it was Napoleon who said "Nothing was ever permanently settled by compulsion," out of his large experience he spoke the truth. The embattled Methodists were right in their efforts to free the land from the immense evils that go with rum and the rum traffic, but they were wrong in saying you must. By that they stirred up a revolt which did enormous damage from which we are still limping. When the Supreme Court smote the NRA in the eye it ran up against the same fault: the NRA said you must and said it too much. The geese! They ought to have known better! Many of them did know better, but they compounded their medicine in a

hurry. It will still work when it has been modified.

IT WAS in the papers that the American Society for Psychical Research of this city, an organization not powerful but quite well known, had developed internal pains and a ruction. The Society supports and publishes a magazine. The President apparently wished the magazine to support certain proceedings by a Boston medium. The editor of the magazine considered that in a certain particular the Boston medium had made a mistake, to wit: by offering as spirit products thumbprints that were really produced by a living person. The editor agreed with the opinion that in that particular the medium had been misled and was mistaken, and so he said in his magazine, and the President of the Society promptly denounced and fired him as insubordinate and indeed treacherous.

If the unity with which Psychical Research brethren dwell together is not roomy enough to afford a difference of opinion on spirit thumbprints, its garment surely needs letting out.

There are great principles to which we have to adhere. The Ten Commandments are not out of date; pretty good still, though modified for Christians about Sunday; but the attitude of our generation toward life and how to live it is not the attitude of our grandfathers and grandmothers nor yet even of our parents. The clothing of our thoughts and of our deportment has got to be loose enough to permit action and reaction. No kind of clothing is going very strong just now—it doesn't impede much; but after all it has improved. It adorns and allows for differences in taste it still does its job sufficiently.



Harper's *Magazine*

HIRAM STEVENS MAXIM: PARENT

A GREAT INVENTOR AT HOME

BY HIRAM PERCY MAXIM

PART I.—THE TWO-HEADED PENNY—LOOKING FOR MR. BASKERVILLE—EXERCISE
BY RUNNING—THE DEAD CAT AND THE PEACH TREE

These recollections of the inventor of the Maxim gun have been written by his son, the inventor of the Maxim silencer, in the conviction that "no boy was ever brought up as I was," and that "it would be unfortunate if the atmosphere of my father's house were not recorded and made available; for I am persuaded that the examples of clever invention, amazing audacity, extraordinary humor, and passionate persistence of purpose (and heaven-born patience on the part of my mother) may be of value to posterity. It is in this spirit that I present these intimate glimpses of the family life of my father, the late Sir Hiram Stevens Maxim, one of America's distinguished engineers and scientists."

—The Editors

I SUSPECT I had one of the most unusual fathers anybody ever had. I was his first-born. He knew considerably less than nothing about children and he had to learn how to be a father. He learned on me. He did not learn easily. In fact, as I look back upon it, he never thoroughly learned how to be a father. In my own case, although I had no previous experience, I do not remember having very much difficulty in learning to be a son. I accepted my

father as a general run-of-the-mine father; he wore trousers, had a deep voice and a beard, and otherwise looked like other fathers.

At the time of which I write—1873—we were living on Third Street near Smith Street in Brooklyn, New York. There were three of us at first, my father, Hiram Stevens Maxim, my mother, and myself. A little later on there were four of us, my sister Florence having joined us.

My father had wandered down from the wilds of Maine, where he was born, and he was now senior partner of the firm of Maxim & Welch, builders of steam engines and gas-generating machines on Center Street, New York. I had but a limited experience with fathers at this time; but later in life, when I had come to know more of men, I realized that my particular father was a most unusual person. The reader will concede this as he proceeds and will agree that being the son of such a man was an unique experience. The fact that I inherit some of his characteristics, as I no doubt do, enables me to understand him and his point of view. Most persons were totally unable to account for many of his actions.

On the corner of our street was a drugstore in the windows of which were large glass vessels containing highly colored liquids. All drugstores had these vessels of highly colored liquids in my day. Only very old-fashioned drugstores have them to-day. I was sent frequently to this drugstore on simple errands. The man in the drugstore owned a little white dog. He was a very gentle little dog and he seemed to like me. We had no dog at our house. All we had was a very small baby which cried too much and required that I be quiet most of the time. One day I told the man in the drugstore that I loved his little dog. I think I suggested to him that it would be very nice of him if he gave me the dog. Indeed, I suspect that I suggested it several times. The drugstore man became impatient finally and one day told me to go out and find a penny with a head on each side and bring it to him and he would give me the dog. This seemed a simple thing to do, to find a penny which had a head on each side, so I hurried home to get one.

I found my mother and asked her to

let me see all of her money. This seemed to astonish the dear lady. She asked me why I wanted to see all of her money. I told her that the man in the drugstore promised to give me his little white dog if I would bring in a penny which had a head on each side. My mother smiled and explained to me that the man was joking; that every penny had a head on one side only; and that he only made the offer because he knew there was no such thing as a penny with a head on both sides. My dear mother may not have realized it, but she was wasting her breath. There was the dog, and I wanted him, and all I had to do to own him was to find a penny with a head on both sides. My mother could not sense the importance of the matter. I insisted that we look over her pennies for one with a head on both sides.

I remember how we argued as we went upstairs to her bureau drawer, where she kept her purse, and how she emptied all of her coins out of the purse into her lap; and how I, standing at her knee, examined both sides of every penny; and how disappointed I was when I found that every one of them had a head on one side only. I was thwarted, but by no means defeated. I made up my mind that my problem was above a woman's head and that I should be obliged to seek my father's assistance. He was a man, and I was very sure that he could find me a penny with a head on both sides, for he could do wonderful things.

The rest of the afternoon was spent waiting at the corner for him to arrive. He always came by horse car and I knew exactly where he would get off. After a very long wait he arrived. Running up to him, I asked him to look in his pockets and see if he had a penny with a head on both sides. Naturally he was astonished at such a request; but, while my father may have been astonished, he did not act as other men

would have acted. Instead of showing his surprise and treating me as though I were a little child, which is exactly what I was and was the way I should have been treated, he pretended to take the matter seriously. Stopping on the sidewalk and handing me his evening paper and a package to hold, he fished out of his pocket all the coins he had, and selecting the pennies, we went carefully over each one, looking to see if any had a head on both sides. They all had a head on one side only. He professed surprise at this and he went over them again in order to be sure. This encouraged me, for obviously he had expected to find one. Evidently they were to be had, which was precisely the impression he wished to convey to me.

As he gathered up his paper and package he asked me quite in a casual way what I wanted the penny for. I told him that the man in the drugstore had said that I could have his little white dog if I would bring in a penny with a head on both sides. "Well," said my father, "that ought to be easy. When I go over to New York tomorrow I will see if I can find one. They must have plenty of them over there."

I was very much elated. When he left for New York the next morning I was careful to remind him about the penny. He assured me he would not forget.

It was a very long day. I thought late afternoon would never come. I had made up my mind just where I was going to have the little dog sleep, where he was going to have his meals, and what we were going to do together. In the meanwhile a very busy man in New York, with heavy responsibilities resting upon his shoulders, went into his factory tool room, put a penny in a lathe and faced off the "tail" side of it until it was just half the thickness of a normal penny.

Then he repeated the operation with another penny which gave him two half-pennies. He then soldered these two thin half-pennies together, thereby producing a coin of normal thickness but with a *head on both sides*. When the edge had been burnished the joint could not be seen, whereupon he probably smiled and placed the unique coin in his pocket.

That afternoon I was at the corner waiting for him. When he arrived I ran out to greet him and asked him if he had found the penny. Acting as though he had forgotten the matter, but that on a chance shot he might have one among his other money, he reached into his pocket and drew out his coins. There were several pennies, and looking at each one, he picked out one which had a head on both sides. Handing it to me, he asked if that was what I was looking for. I was none too familiar with the heads and tails matter and I had to compare the double-headed one with the others in order to make up my mind. With his assistance it became clear that this penny had a real head on each side. I was for getting the dog forthwith, but my father suggested that we go home first, and then after supper he would go up to the drugstore with me.

I can see my mother now as we three sat at the table, she astounded at the double-headed penny, utterly unable to account for it, but knowing it was a trick, while my father laughed at her; for there the penny was, and it certainly had two heads on it. Knowing my father as she did, and as I came to know him in due time, I know she must have said what I heard her say many hundreds of times in later years, "Now, Hiram, please don't do anything foolish and in bad taste." This all went over my head. I recall my inability to understand her attitude. There was the penny, staring every-

body in the face with its two heads; why all the talk?

After supper my father and I sauntered up to the drugstore. As we entered, I dancing with joyous anticipation, my father hung back. Running up to the man, I held out to him my double-headed penny and told him I had come for the dog. The man took the penny, turned it over and over and over again, stared at me, glanced at my father in a sheepish sort of a way, and gave every evidence of having been taken thoroughly aback. I suppose that this little scene was what my father had been looking forward to all day. The drugstore man asked me where I had obtained the penny. I told him that my father had given it to me. This involved the latter who then stepped forward, asking what the difficulty seemed to be and acting as though he had no previous knowledge of the matter. The drugstore man held out the penny in a helpless sort of way, saying something about a joke. My father, acting as though he could not understand, took the penny, glanced at it casually and handed it back, saying something about not remembering having seen one like it before. I asked if I was going to get the dog. To my complete dismay the drugstore man indicated that I was not.

I remember a maze of confusing talk, which did not interest me, for it was the possession of the dog that I sought. My father did not put as much value on the dog as did I. He appeared to be involved in the legal aspects of the case. After a lot of talking he appeared to discover for the first time that the proposition had been that if I brought in a penny with a head on both sides I should get the dog. Having established this fact, my father summed up the difficulty. It appeared to him I had been offered a certain dog in consideration of my

bringing in a penny with a head on both sides. It appeared to him I had done this. Having fulfilled my part of the bargain, it appeared to him it was up to the drugstore man to fulfill his part of the bargain. In other words, if the bargain between me and the drugstore man was what both sides agreed it was then there was but one solution, and that was for the drugstore man to come through with the little white dog. Of course, the drugstore man had not the slightest intention of coming through with the dog. When this had become established, my father made it plain that it would be more prudent if the drugstore man would be careful about making offers in the future unless he proposed to live up to them. Where that poor drugstore proprietor thought we secured that double-headed penny was never disclosed.

We took our double-headed penny home. I was very much disappointed. I had believed the drugstore man and I fairly pined for that little dog. It was my first contact with a broken pledge. I had not known before that there was such a thing in the world as a broken pledge. My father did not take my view of the matter. He had had his little joke; the drugstore man had been given the surprise of his life and had been placed in an embarrassing position. That was all there was to the matter to my father. The incident was closed to him. My disappointment was never given a moment's thought. He utterly failed to see beyond his own interests. My mother would have seen my side of the matter.

II

Sometimes my father took me with him on various enterprises on Sunday. I have a very vivid memory of one of these. He wanted to find one of his former machinists whose name was

Baskerville. I believe he sought to induce him to return to work. He had considerable difficulty in finding his address, some time having elapsed since he last had heard from him. He selected the most likely address and we investigated it one Sunday morning. It was a very unprepossessing neighborhood, the houses being wooden and very shabby. The number we sought turned out to be a house with a high wooden stoop, the latter being in a shocking state of disrepair. We walked up this dreadful stoop and my father pulled the bell handle at the shabby front door. There were no push buttons and no electric bells in those days.

I heard the bell clang in the recesses of the house. There was a long wait, during which my father and I stood in silence and surveyed the depressing aspect of the street. Then I heard footsteps within the house. I heard a bolt drawn, a chain unhooked, and a lock thrown, after which the door was opened about four inches, disclosing a black interior and a peculiarly repellent hatchet-faced woman in most slatternly attire. I think this woman looked so frightful that she nonplussed my father for an instant; but he found his voice and said in his most ingratiating manner, "Good morning. Can you tell me if Mr. William Baskerville lives here?"

This was done in a very gentlemanly manner, and by no stretch of the imagination calculated to give offense. But the hatchet-faced woman snapped back, "No! He don't," and slammed the door in my father's face. I could hear the lock turned, the chain hooked, and the bolt slide into place followed by the receding footsteps. My father gazed at me in amazement. I became concerned, for my father was not a person with whom to take such liberties. However, he turned, slowly descended the steps and started back home. Not a word was spoken. I

followed like a little dog, watching him closely, for I found it difficult to believe that he was beaten. He went on, head bent in thought and obviously deeply chagrined. I wondered if it possibly could be that he at length had met his match. Was he going to accept such an insult? It was unthinkable. Nevertheless, here he was slinking away like a whipped dog.

As I wondered he suddenly turned and started back. That settled it! I had misjudged him. He was going back and he was going to make trouble. I had to follow, but it was with a heavy heart, for I knew him and I knew that there was to be an unpleasant scene within the next few minutes. I dreaded what was to come. If only my mother were here to reason with him; she could always control him. But she was not present and there was no escape. I must see the unpleasant business through. Thus in silence we walked back to the house.

Arriving at the rickety stoop, we walked straight up as though we had never been there before. He pulled the door-bell handle exactly as before. I could hear the dreadful thing jangle in the recesses of the house exactly as before. Again came the long wait, during which we stood in silence and viewed the unprepossessing prospect. Again the approaching footsteps. They came to the door exactly the same as they had before. I heard the same bolt drawn, the same chain unhooked, and the same lock turned. Finally the door opened as before. There stood the same hatchet-faced slattern. When she saw the same man and little boy standing there she seemed completely surprised. My father, in the same well-modulated tones as before, repeated exactly what he had said before, "Good morning. Can you tell me if Mr. Baskerville lives here?" The hatchet-faced one was completely bowled over. Here was

the identical scene of a few minutes before being enacted all over again. For a moment she paused. She did not know what to make of the situation. Then in tones even more acid and emphatic than she had used before she snapped out, "*No! He don't!*" As quick as the wink of an eye and before she had time to slam the door, my father snapped back at her, imitating her tone and voice as closely as he could, "*Well, who the hell said he did?*" Then we went back home.

III

A time came when my mother grew concerned over my father's health. He had led a very active country life during his youth, and our city life with its days and nights of unrelenting toil, with no exercise in the open air, was beginning to tell upon even his rugged physique. He was among those who organized The United States Electric Lighting Company, one of the pioneers in the electric lighting field. He was chief engineer and he was struggling with might and main to develop an arc and an incandescent lighting system. He spent his days in New York and he spent half of his nights over a drafting table at home, working until very late and allowing himself but a few hours of sleep. He worked just as he played. It was a feverish, desperate rush or it was nothing at all.

My mother urged him to take an hour every evening and exercise in the open air. She finally had her way, as she always did, for he was the essence of amenability with her, although very much the opposite with everyone else. And so it came about that one evening about seven-thirty he asked me to come along with him and take some exercise. I might have known that the exercise which he would take would be characteristic of him and unlike anything ever heard of before.

It should be remembered that business men in New York in the time of which I write wore high silk hats and Prince Albert coats. We walked up to Court Street, which was a business street having a horse-car line. At seven-thirty in the evening Court Street's sidewalks were always well populated. Arrived here, my father said to me, "Come along, Percy. Let's get some exercise." With this he reached up and pulled his silk hat down upon his head, bringing it to his ears and pushing it entirely too far back on his head, taking the character out of his appearance completely. He buttoned up his Prince Albert coat and, stepping out into the middle of the street, started running toward City Hall with all his might.

There was nothing for me to do but to follow. But I winced at the spectacle we were making of ourselves. I wondered what my friends would think; I wondered what the people on the sidewalks would think; and what was more to the point, I wondered what the police would think seeing a man in a silk hat, which was jammed down to his ears and very much too far back on his head, running madly down the middle of the street followed by a small boy. The whole affair impressed me as being in extremely bad taste; but there was nothing I could do about it. He would have been very unpleasant had I failed to join him in the running.

I had all I could do to keep up with him. As a matter of fact, I was compelled to get right down to business and run just about as fast as I could. But I saw that he made much heavier weather of it than I did. He had a lot more weight to carry and the cobble stones were rough for him. I knew that the going was much easier near the horse-car rails. Following behind him, I was astonished at the tremendous power he was exerting. He had

headed east toward City Hall, as we called Borough Hall in those days. We passed Sackett Street going like the wind. At Degraw Street the speed had slackened perceptibly. Somewhere about Butler Street he became completely winded and stopped, looking back in the distance for me. But I was immediately behind him, which seemed to cause him surprise. He no doubt thought, from the exertion which he was making, that he had left me far behind. He did not realize that I spent a large share of my time running on those streets and that I knew a lot more about it than he did.

He limped over to the sidewalk. Here he sought out a post against which he leaned heavily. He puffed violently. I never saw a person so utterly spent. I waited in silence for the next move, much like a well-trained dog.

He tried to say something, but he could not articulate. In a few minutes he partially recovered, straightened his hat, for which I was very glad, and wheezed something to the effect that we better walk home slowly. I was very glad to do this because I really feared that the police would be after us. It seemed to me to be remarkable that we had not aroused the entire street, setting everybody to running; for if ever I saw anything that looked like a convincing escape, it was my father legging it with all his might down the middle of Court Street.

He limped badly as we walked slowly home. When I asked him why he had gone lame he said that the cobble stones had hurt his feet. By the time we reached home he was very lame. He looked as though he were very ill indeed. My mother was calmly reading in the reception room when we walked in. He went directly to her, and drawing up a chair very close to hers, he wilted into it. She calmly and deliberately put down her

book and started to ask if he had had a nice walk, when she caught sight of his face, his general state of collapse and his unexpected proximity. Startled, she exclaimed, "Why Hiram! What's the matter?"

He had a queer way with him when he did not feel well. It was to gaze steadily and very gloomily into my mother's face at very close range, giving the impression that he awaited her assistance or was about to burst into tears or die. He would say nothing at these times. He always reminded me of a big dog when he did this. He had large brown eyes, and as he sat gazing pleadingly into her face, with his own not six inches away and with an expression which suggested nothing less than that the bottom had dropped out of everything and that his last friend had deserted him, he certainly suggested a big and a very mournful Newfoundland dog. My poor mother never failed to be impressed by this sort of thing. It was obvious that most of it was put on and yet she never seemed to realize this. Sometimes I thought that I knew him better than she did. She took him literally, the one thing which should not be done with him.

Deeply concerned, my excitable little mother jerked herself round and repeated, "Hiram! What's the matter with you?"

Offering absolutely no response at all, he continued to gaze sadly and pleadingly into her eyes at very close range. My mother always wore spectacles. Readjusting these and lifting her face slightly so as the better to look through them, she peered at him intently. For a moment the two of them sat there gazing at each other in silence, their faces not more than a few inches apart. I thought I had never seen anything funnier.

Jumping to her feet, she put her arm round him, stroked his head, and in a frightened voice asked me to tell

her exactly what had happened. I waited a moment for him to do the explaining, but as he gave no indication of doing it, I told her that we had run down Court Street and Papa had hurt his feet on the cobble stones. At this my mother stopped stroking his head and directed her attention to his feet. He lifted one leg limply and held out his foot to her, wheezing hoarsely, "Please take it off, Jane."

Men wore what were called "congress gaiters" in those days. They had elastic sides and they could be pulled off. She pulled the shoe off the foot offered her, and then with a show of the greatest difficulty, and as though his strength were fast ebbing, he held out the other foot. She pulled that shoe off and examined his feet. There seemed nothing wrong and looking critically at his face again, she said, "Hiram, tell me what has happened."

He replied in a wheezy whisper, "You nearly killed me, Jane."

"I nearly killed you, Hiram! For mercy's sake, what did I do?"

After great effort and much grotesque gulping, which suggested a person in the last throes of something very dreadful, he managed to get out, "*Exercise.*" I realized now what he was up to. He was going to blame my mother because he felt badly after exercising.

"Did the exercise hurt your feet?" All she got from this was an affirmative and a very sickly nod.

"Does it hurt you to walk?" His reply to this was to hold up both his hands, roll his eyes to heaven, and then point to his stockinged feet, which he then managed to curl up and make appear frightfully deformed. This very nearly sickened my sensitive mother. She recoiled at those feet, not daring to look at them again. She took another long and close look at his face, which did look quite haggard, for the man had grossly fagged himself. Con-

vinced that she had a sick husband on her hands, she arose and in her decisive little way announced, "You must go right to bed this minute and I shall send for the doctor. Come along." She started assisting him to his feet.

He laboriously arose, like a very aged man who was perilously close to collapse, and we thought he was going upstairs and to bed; but, instead, he lay down on the sofa. I began to feel concerned myself at this turn of affairs and wondered if he really were ill. He dispelled this notion in the next moment. Regaining his normal voice entirely, he said quite briskly, "Jane, you nearly killed me. It was you who made me go out and exercise. It nearly killed me."

"Nearly killed you, Hiram! What do you mean?"

"You made me go out and exercise, didn't you?"

"I didn't *make* you go, Hiram. I thought it would do you good."

"Well, it nearly killed me, Jane."

"For mercy sake, what sort of exercise did you take?"

"I ran with all my might nearly down to City Hall with Percy for exercise. I simply could not run any farther."

"*Ran down nearly to City Hall!* What do you mean, *ran?*"

"Just ran. . . . Did you never see anybody run, Jane?"

"Do you mean to tell me that you *ran* down Court Street to City Hall, Hiram?"

"We did just what you told us to do, didn't we, Percy? You told us we needed exercise; and we went out and got a lot of it in a few minutes. I did my best to get to City Hall for you, Jane, but my strength gave out. I don't think you realized how far it is to City Hall when you made me go out and run there. I must be getting old and feeble." Whereupon he heaved a deep sigh.

The conversation went on in this strain for quite a while, my father taking the position that he had gone to the very limits of his strength, even to flirting with death, in his efforts to obey my mother's instructions to go out and get some exercise. She tried to explain that she never anticipated that he was going to run with all his might until he dropped from utter exhaustion. And besides, what would people think, seeing a man of his position running with all his might down the middle of Court Street?

After half an hour of blaming her for nearly causing his death, he pulled on his shoes with vigor, gave her one of his bear hugs, kissed her into partial suffocation, and went to work on his drafting board. Poor lady! She lived an eventful life, what between her temperamental husband and her temperamental children.

IV

We had a peach tree in our back yard. I had noticed that something grew on the tree, but it was such a miserable-looking dried-up sort of thing that I could not imagine what it might be. One day I took one of the miserable specimens to my father and asked him what kind of a thing it was. He asked me where I had obtained it; for it was such a very wretched thing that even he was in doubt about it. I told him that I got it off our peach tree in our back yard.

"Oh!" said he, "that's a peach."

"A peach?" I exclaimed in wonder. "I never saw a peach that looked like that."

"Well, it's not much of a peach, Percy; but, you see, our tree never has any fertilizer put on it, and it's an awfully old tree, and in consequence it is starved. When a tree is starved it can't grow good peaches."

I thought about this very seriously.

It seemed a pity to have a peach tree and not get any peaches off it, because peaches were good and it would be very wonderful if we could grow our own peaches right in our own back yard. So I said to him, "Papa, how could we fix our tree so it would have nice peaches on it?"

Whatever led the man to answer as he did is more than I shall attempt to explain. He said, "Oh, I don't know exactly what we could do to it. I suppose the best thing to do is to get an old dead cat and bury it at the foot of the tree."

"An old dead cat!" I repeated in astonishment. "Would an old dead cat make peaches grow on our peach tree?"

"Oh, yes, indeed. Grow like anything. If you got an old dead cat and buried it at the foot of the tree, good peaches would grow all right."

"Well, how long would it take for them to grow?"

"How long would it take before you got good peaches?" he asked.

"Yes. How long?"

I suspect that he began to formulate a scheme at this point. Up to this time he had merely been idly answering my questions. "Well, Percy, I should say that if you buried a good big cat under the tree to-day, you probably would have plenty of beautiful peaches about to-morrow morning."

This sounded too good to be true. I expected him to say a year, and a year was a very long time to have to wait. If a fine crop of peaches could be grown from one day to another, I proposed to find an old dead cat and bury it under the tree. At the time of which I write, dead cats were frequently seen on the streets. I had seen many of them. There was no highly organized street-cleaning department in those far off days as there is now, and such a minor detail as a dead cat was left until it disappeared

naturally. I have no idea what became of all the dead cats I had seen in the streets.

For the next few days I was on the lookout for a dead cat. I inquired among my friends, but none of them could recall seeing a dead cat recently. I finally persuaded one of my friends to join me in a dead-cat hunt. We knew many vacant lots and we decided to visit them. After searching several we found in one of them the carcass of a cat. It must have been dead a very long time for it was very dry and very flat. But it was a dead cat, so I hurried home with it.

Something told me that my mother would never approve of my bringing a dead cat into the house; so I decided to take it in through the basement and so on out into the back yard, where I could hide it easily. I did just this and then awaited my father's return from business.

When he returned he brought another man with him, which was disconcerting. It broke up my plan for burying the cat. It must have been a Saturday when he brought this friend home, because the next day was Sunday. There was no way for me to bring up the dead-cat matter that evening, so I decided to see my father about it as early as possible Sunday morning.

Immediately after breakfast on Sunday morning, he and his friend went out on the back stoop and sat down to talk. I had to get at my father somehow and, after much deliberation, I made up my mind how I would manage it. I decided to go up and whisper in his ear that I had the dead cat. Once he knew that I had it, I was sure that he would find a way to put through the job of burying it. Without more delay and as he was talking to his friend, I went up to him, put my mouth to his ear and whispered, "Papa, I've got the dead cat." He stopped his

talking and shot me a surprised look, for probably the matter had not entered his head since the original discussion.

"You've got what, Percy?" he exclaimed out loud.

Putting my mouth to his ear again, I said, "The dead cat!"

"Dead cat, Percy!" he exclaimed, again out loud and thoroughly surprised.

"Sh-h-h," I warned. "Mamma will hear. You remember, Papa, don't you—the peaches."

"Oh Lord! Why, of course—the peaches!" he replied. Then in a low voice and adopting my furtive manner, he whispered, "Where is it?"

"Down by the grape arbor under a box," I whispered back.

I had interrupted his conversation when I first whispered to him; but this seemed to be acceptable. He evidently considered the dead-cat matter as of more importance than what they had been discussing. In a low tone he told his friend that he and his son had been figuring on a method to get peaches to grow on our tree, and that a dead cat was needed, because, as everyone knew, if a dead cat is buried at the foot of a peach tree it brings peaches right out. The friend acquiesced and indicated that it was a well-known phenomenon.

Turning to me, my father asked, "Where did you get the dead cat, Percy?" I told him that another boy and I had made a search of all the vacant lots and we had found one and brought it home. He seemed quite interested in this phase of the matter, even to asking me how I got it in without Mamma knowing about it. I told him that I had brought it in through the basement.

"How did you carry it?" he asked.

"By the tail," I replied.

"Did you drag that cat through the streets by the tail?" he inquired smiling.

ing. I told him that I had, wondering why he should be interested in such a detail. He slapped his leg and laughed heartily. Then he went on, "Well now, Percy. I tell you what. You go and fetch the coal shovel and we will bury it right away. Then we shall wait and watch the peaches come out."

This was very fine. Things were working splendidly. I fetched the coal shovel from the coal hole and the three of us went out to the peach tree. My father started digging the hole and I went after the dead cat. It was but a few minutes' work for him to dig a deep enough hole, after which we pushed the dead cat in and started covering it up. We were almost finished when my mother called out from the window of her room, asking what we were doing. This disconcerted me, for I feared she might not approve of burying dead cats under the peach tree; but my father replied that we were fertilizing the peach tree so that better peaches would grow. This satisfied her, although she said afterward that it seemed very strange that Papa should take such an interest in the peach tree all of a sudden.

When the job was finished I asked my father how long it would be before the peaches would grow. Looking at his watch, and casting a meaning look at his friend, he answered, "Oh, sometime this afternoon. They ought to be pretty good by late afternoon, I should say."

It seemed wonderful to me that a dead cat should so enliven a peach tree that there would be a crop of peaches by late afternoon; but my father had said so, and he knew.

I imagine that my sister Florence and I went to Sunday School about this time. In any event we were absent for a couple of hours. We returned just before dinner at one o'clock. During this interval my

father and his friend must have gone out to a fruit store and purchased a basket of very large peaches. They must have brought them home and my father must have climbed the peach tree and stuck the peaches on the twigs of the tree. It certainly must have been quite a labor. All this was entirely unknown to me.

Just before one o'clock little Florence and I came home. I had forgotten about the peach matter, probably being interested in something that had been given me at Sunday School. My father and his friend were still out on the back stoop talking. My mother came down for dinner, stepped out to join them, and I could hear her exclaiming over something my father had done; but as this exclaiming on her part occurred every hour in the day I paid no attention to it. Presently my father shouted, "Percy! Percy! Come quickly!" I dropped what I had and dashed out to the back stoop, knowing that something big had happened.

"Look!" he exclaimed. "The peaches are out!"

One look and I was staggered by the sight. The tree was loaded with peaches!

I made a rush for the tree and was up in it in a moment. Shouting to my mother to hurry and bring a basket, I began picking the peaches. I remember to this day my intense excitement and also my surprise at finding that the peaches were impaled upon the little twigs. I had not expected to find that they grew that way. I picked the peaches off, shouting in excited tones to those below to catch them in something soft so they would not be injured, and calling my mother's attention to the enormous size of the fruit and the number of them. It seemed to me I had never participated in anything so exciting in all my life. Presently they were all picked and I came down out

of the tree. I was amazed. There was a basket full of peaches. I did not know that they had been taken out of the same basket within the hour.

The most astonishing thing in the

whole matter to me was the potency of the dead-cat treatment. It was several years before I understood this peach joke. For a long time I thoroughly believed that the planting of the dead cat had produced the peaches.

(To be continued)

THE SCHOOLMASTER

BY GEOFFREY JOHNSON

EVEN as a shepherd's individual sheep
 Know him, are known of him, so in the keep
 Of the gray master the young scholars are
 On learning's hill with its pure morning star;
 Yet he can soften to the valley's way
 And lead them every sparkling noon of May
 To the white-slatted deeps of the mill pool.
 And long he sits and muses while their limbs
 Move in clear agate, and the sunlight swims,
 Confusing the white bodies young and proud
 With his own wavering pageantries of cloud
 And limbs long flown, which also revelled there,
 Dived straight as spears and crystal-showered the air.

Even as a shepherd, staring in a dream
 At fleeces brightly dripping from the stream,
 Becomes the David, Saul or Boaz loved
 In childhood, and still fancy-lost, is moved
 Onward through endless years, and still the hills
 See the same figure climbing from the rills,
 So the schoolmaster half beholds the churn
 Of beautiful limbs in waves that softly burn,
 And half is lost, as flutter new-fledged leaves,
 In classic memories where no swimmer grieves—
 In Catullian laughter round blue Sirmio;
 Then, losing both in light's mesmeric flow,
 He broods, the foster-father throughout time
 Of all youth, callow, stainless yet of crime,
 Unracked by love, unwearied of life's roar,
 White, and unbroken on the wheel of war,
 And his heart brims with infinite tenderness . . .
 He stirs and looks; the boys already dress,
 The pool is blank of any signature
 Save of the clouds austere white and pure,
 Which in their changes changelessly endure,
 And murmuring a half-line of Prospero,
 "We are such as dreams . . ." he nods. They go.



THE REICHSWEHR OVER EUROPE

BY ALFRED VAGTS

THE supremacy of the German Army is the most portentous fact in European politics to-day. The old military caste of Germany is not merely restored to prewar status and influence; it is raised to an unparalleled eminence. Freed from even the slightest interference which in bygone imperial days could come from crown, chancellor, or parliament, the Army now rules as undisputed sovereign from the Baltic to the Bavarian Alps.

The National Socialist Party has ceased to be a formidable rival of the Army. Only a huddled remnant of the former high party-sachems is left alive and in office; its troops, decimated and disarmed, are powerless. Though Goebbels may go on making the speeches, and Hitler will continue to take public salutes, the reign of the Party is over. As the situation is bluntly explained by the Chief of the Reichswehr's Press Department, Major H. Foertsch, the Army will direct the economic and psychological as well as technical mobilization of the nation. Not even the Nazis may meddle with the Army. They will be tolerated only so long as they "restrict themselves to the tasks assigned them."

The Army is not whole-heartedly Nazi in sympathies and ideas; indeed, it despises the class from which the subaltern Hitler sprang, and most of his entourage. It shares the Nazis' hatred of Marxists, liberals, democrats, and pacifists, but it does not approve all Hitler's demagogic promises. It is

not, in fact, and was not, identified with any party; it is not "political" in the manner of South American and Balkan armies. Its strength lies in its aloofness from factional struggles. Being above all groups, there is no group or force as yet visible which might challenge it. Apart from a severe economic breakdown, its sway seems assured. The fateful shift of balance within the German State is hence perfected. The old order has returned; again, and indeed even more than before 1914, the future of Europe hinges upon the decisions of a military caste.

But the significance of this fact has been little appreciated abroad; liberals and communists alike have been too obsessed with sheer economics and class movements to pay due attention to a force which falls outside their usual categories. The Army is not a class but a caste. Though its basis is big landlordism and its affiliations with munitions-industries are obvious, its power is derived from more than economic sources; it has the naked might of the sword and an inherited and now restored prestige which sanctifies its every action. Its rise to the present dominion cannot be explained by easy economic formulas but must be understood in the light of a long series of decisive events in the past seventeen years.

The military element in Germany was not republicanized in 1919. At that time, when the Wilhelminic

armies had straggled back, minus Wilhelm, from the fronts, beaten and discredited, their power and prestige seemed irrevocably lost. After the Armistice and Revolution, as a Reichswehr officer in charge of public relations complained, "the officers, up to then the most respected class, fell lower in the public estimation than any paper on the Exchange."

The chance to take over and rebuild a fitting military support for the Weimar Republic was allowed to pass. No war commissar like Trotsky arose. Liebknecht and Luxemburg were murdered by army officers. The democratic-republican parties, both left and center, in the new Reich failed to take up the power that had fallen from the hand of Ludendorff. Instead of establishing a firm civilian control over the military departments, they actually invited the remnants of the old armies—the so-called Freikorps and other groups—to assemble again for suppressive action against the Spartacists. They vainly hoped that the reactionary elements would, for a consideration, be induced to support the Weimar Republic and protect the gains made by Socialists, Liberals, and Centrists in the Revolution.

The Weimar parties reckoned on developing, particularly in Prussia, a police organized on military lines to counterbalance the Reichswehr; and they thought that the Reichswehr, limited by the Treaty of Versailles to one hundred thousand men, would prove small enough to be manageable. In a way they even welcomed the Treaty. But the French, in their short-sighted plan for security, insisted on a demilitarized police. This left the civilian government without strength of its own and placed it increasingly at the mercy of the Army. France also aided the triumph of the military reaction by insisting on a Reichswehr made up of professional

soldiers instead of short-term conscripts. This gave the Army continuity of personnel and purpose; and in the weeding-out operation, necessary to bring the fighting force down to the level prescribed by the Allies, the reactionary inner circle of the officer corps took good care to place its own men well. At the same time it eliminated as far as possible men known or suspected to be republican in sympathies. Under the pretense of selecting competent technicians, the military directorate drove out all elements loyal to democracy. By January 1, 1921, the Army had been boiled down to small size, and in the process it had become a pure distillation of militarism.

After the damaging failure of the Kapp Putsch, the Army strengthened the pretense of aloofness from political action: henceforward it would serve no parties, only the "State," meaning of course a State to its liking. Behind this screen the Army worked subtly and obscurely to build up its power. It established autonomy within the State, an *imperium in imperio*. It refused to account to the civil government for all its expenditures. It kept the recruiting in its own hands and took care to absorb only "reliable" young men, the privates preferably from rural regions and small towns, uncontaminated with democratic or socialist ideas. As in Japan, Generals soon displaced civilians as Ministers of War: first an ex-General, Groener; then von Schleicher. The Army, said General von Blomberg, accepted the popular name, "Sphinx Reichswehr," and stood proudly aside, refusing to "co-operate with governments which elevated weakness to a principle."

Posing as the Sphinx in German politics, as a force looming above parties, the Reichswehr managed to wring relatively large military budgets from the Parliament. Like Praeto-

rian guards of old, Army men could maintain their salary level even when the civil bureaucrats had to take cuts.

Nor could any party control the expenditure of the "unpolitical" Reichswehr. The Army directorate spent, unchecked, a part of its budget for no concrete military purposes, but for a campaign to regain its lost standing in the eyes of the people. And in this campaign two slogans were employed. The first was "*Im Felde unbesiegt*" (unbeaten in the field), an idea easily maintained because the war was not fought on German soil. The second was the "*Dolchstoß*" or stab-in-the-back legend that the Army would have won if the civilians had preserved their morale. The war-guilt issue was likewise used for the purpose. The action of the Allies in fixing upon Germany responsibility for the War had a pernicious effect upon German politics; no nation can be expected to accept a humiliating foreign judgment on itself. Even liberal Germans sealed their lips, fearing to betray their country if they discussed war guilt at all or condemned the old bureaucratic-military caste for involving the Fatherland in war and failing in leadership. Thus a frank debate among the Germans over war guilt was prevented by the Versailles Treaty. The Army could never be assailed, even by liberals; on the contrary it could rally national feeling around a fight on the Treaty. An ex-officer, Alfred von Wegerer, led and still leads the official campaign in defense of Germany—and of the Army.

Seeking tools for its subversive activities, the Reichswehr retained contacts with the various groups of foot-loose ex-soldiers who never found their way back to jobs and civilian mentality. Some of these, like the members of the Black Reichswehr, were even organized and paid by the Army Ministry; others were judged too radical for such close support. Whenever a

part of this underground work was uncovered, the Reichswehr could protest that such *Verbände* were necessary to uphold the too feeble Army in case of foreign attack. In reality, the Army did not fear an immediate war and knew the worthlessness of these groups in such an eventuality. But it intended to employ them in the task of remilitarizing the German people and as agents in removing the pacifist opposition. The so-called Fehme-murderers and the assassins of Rathenau and Erzberger, two very civilian-minded politicians, came from such societies.

The German judiciary contributed to the remilitarization of the population by its judgments in the numerous high-treason cases. Publication of information about military and even quasi-military formations was treated as treasonable betrayal of military secrets, although this information was already in the possession of foreign powers. The French were always brandishing dossiers on the subject but never publishing them because, from a military point of view, they also seemed to regard the *Verbände* as worthless.

Of the two chief political organizations of veterans, the Army preferred the more conservative Stahlhelm. The older, and especially the monarchical, officers favored that society; Hindenburg became an honorary member. In turn, leaders of Stahlhelm posts aided the Reichswehr in collecting information about possible new Army candidates; the young German men, living abroad, who are now being summoned back to arms, were selected from just such lists.

The Nazis, though in composition similar to the Stahlhelm and comprising veterans of wars and youthful understudies, were less dear to the Reichswehr leaders. They were infected, after all, by a kind of socialism, even if only by a vague "Field-Gray Socialism." It is true that the Reichs-

wehr kept in touch with the Nazi Party and that many of the highest swastika banner-bearers came over from the Reichswehr—men like General von Epp, Hierl, and Roehm, the organizer of the Brown Troops. Hitler himself was for a while a paid agitator, a propaganda agent, of the Reichswehr. But, for a long time, the Reichswehr and the Nazis were not associated on harmonious terms.

Yet the Reichswehr viewed the Nazis at least as useful tools in the work of remilitarizing the minds of the German people. This task led the Reichswehr in many directions. An attempt to acquire control of a film company in order to produce militaristic movies was disclosed amid great scandals. More successful was its privately published, confidential monthly review, *Wehrgedanke des Auslands*, which after 1923 went regularly to reliable newspaper editors, to pound home perpetually the Army's chief argument: while Germany had disarmed, her ex-enemies had not lived up to their contractual engagements; Germany had contented herself with one-sided disarmament though her neighbors surrounded her with bristling weapons of war.

Fostering the competitive instincts among the German people—teaching them to keep up with the Joneses in point of armaments—was the direct contribution of the military mind to the ever-sharpening conflict going on in the Reich between the proponents of pacifism and of remilitarization. The outside world heard little about this conflict. While foreign countries received with great acclaim the outstanding anti-war books of Remarque and Zweig, they remained unaware of the growing chorus in Germany chanting the praise of war—books like Jünger's *Total Mobilization* and *In Stahl gewittern* (Under the Hail of Steel).

In its campaign to remilitarize Ger-

many and rehabilitate its own prestige the Reichswehr needed a foreign foe. Its true enemy, at whom its most determined blows were directed, was at home, "on the left." But since no army can exist and grow without an alien adversary, and as France, "the hereditary foe," was too superior in fighting strength to be attacked, Poland was chosen as the comparable and immediate target. In the plans of the Reichswehr it has figured as *the* enemy ever since 1919. A Reichswehr officer opened up the public campaign with a novel in the style of the *Battle of Dorking* and other venerable pieces of war-scare literature, to horrify the German people with the specter of a Polish invasion. This function of Poland fitted in of course with Brockdorff-Rantzau's Rapallo policy. The corresponding friend, Russia, obligingly offered a trial ground for some of the war-machines which the Reichswehr was forbidden by the Versailles Treaty to exercise at home. It was with grim irony that German Communists in Parliament, the true enemies of the Reichswehr, defended such experiments when importations of poison-gas munitions into Germany from Communist Russia, "Germany's only friend," were detected.

Till Hitler's triumph, the eastern boundaries remained the "bleeding frontier." Stresemann was not allowed to close the wound. Never would the Reichswehr and the Junkers suffer the eastern boundary issues to be settled, like the western, by pacts. The army needed its foreign enemy. The Junkers, allied with the officers, wanted Polish agricultural produce to be kept out of the German territory whatever the cost to German exporting industries.

II

Locarno was as far as post-war civilianism could go. It reached its height

in the leadership of Stresemann, who was determined and powerful enough to send the builder of the Reichswehr, General von Seeckt, into the desert for allowing the eldest son of the Crown Prince to join the Army ranks for a couple of weeks. Stresemann was allowed to die in his bed, though on his return from Locarno Hitler wrote in the *Voelkischer Beobachter* that he ought to be shot like a mad dog.

The door to power, which Stresemann had kept shut against the Reichswehr, was opened by Field-Marshal von Hindenburg. When he became President of the Reich he continued the Reichswehr's anti-Poland policy; he disliked the Poles from whose neighborhood he had sprung. He also disliked Fascist Italy and almost as long as he lived he resisted closer contacts between Berlin and Rome. He was primarily a military man and, moved by military considerations, wished no relations with Italy, which had broken its Triple Alliance commitments in 1914, and whose soldiers were so poor that even Austrians could beat them. It used to gladden the hearts of republican ministers when the old man assured them that he thought it utter nonsense for the Nazis to advocate anything resembling an alliance with Mussolini.

Although Hindenburg was thus opposed to the foreign policies of Hitler and, as a Junker officer, thought the Austrian plebeian-private "hardly fit for the job of Postmaster General," he nevertheless tolerated the ever-growing power of the Nazis.

German post-war civilianism collapsed under Brüning. His attempt to reach an understanding with France the Reichswehr successfully defeated; in vain did Laval, in 1931, offer a deal whereby Germany might receive financial aid in return for giving up for a decennium all efforts to revise the military clauses of the Versailles Treaty.

A turn in affairs had come. The economic crisis strengthened the inclination of the German people to try an opposite policy. Thus, with political frustration and the simultaneous stoppage of loans from abroad, the period of Germany's outward orientation, of international agreement-seeking, ended.

The resort to economic autarky was naturally supported by the Junkers, since it gave them the highest agricultural protection ever reached in history. This coincided with the desire of the Army to foster self-sufficiency in military interest, a resource too neglected before 1914; and the attachment between the Reichswehr and the Junker class, traditionally the breeder of officers, was close. Therefore, when Brüning tried to touch a few of the more hopelessly indebted estates of the Junkers to make farm settlements of them he alarmed both the aristocracy and the Army. So Hindenburg curtly dismissed him, declaring such bolshevism could not be allowed to undermine the Army.

By this time the Reichswehr had voiced the wish to leave the League of Nations, a project backed with especial warmth by General von Blomberg but still opposed resolutely by the Foreign Office. Proposing a new course of independence and defiance for Germany, the Army leaders now cast about for suitable political figures. The most talented wire-puller among them, General von Schleicher, a close friend and fellow-regimental of the younger Hindenburg, had been able to place Brüning in power, an officer and the first officer to become Chancellor after the War. Following the dismissal of Brüning, he proposed as the successor, another Army officer only slightly discredited by escapades in America during the War, namely, Colonel von Papen, who might bring the Catholic Center Party into the scheme for an

authoritarian regime under military auspices. To entrench his faction, Papen, in July 1932, removed the Prussian republican government by an act later proved unconstitutional. Behind him loomed the Reichswehr. It prevented the Prussian Ministers from employing their reliable police, though police officers begged for permission to act against Hitler and Papen.

Still Papen could not ride the storm. So Schleicher frankly took power himself. But as Chancellor he veered left; he admitted in public that the anti-capitalistic sentiments of the broad masses were rising in the midst of economic distress; he favored Brüning's anti-Junker policy. In this he drew attack from the reactionary officers in the Army, notably the Blomberg cabal as well as the Junkers; these were sure that Hitler would be amenable if associated with Hugenberg, and if the radical veterans, the Nazis, were neutralized by the conservative Stahlhelm. Persuading Hindenburg, through Papen, they took the fateful step. Schleicher had an impulse to defend himself by force and jail Papen and Hitler; enough was known of this unrealized idea to ensure him the bitter hatred of the Nazi leaders.

After aiding Hitler to power, the reactionary ringleaders in the Army strove to consolidate their position. Many of the younger men, especially in the "neglected" Navy, were Nazi sympathizers whom Goebbels, after visits to warships, called in his published diary "quite O.K." But the older, more conservative officers were adamant. They would consent to dismiss those of their comrades whose escutcheons had been too recently gilded by Jewish grandmothers' money, but they would not accept in their stead any of the Brown parvenus who had risen with Roehm in the Storm Troops: Dreading "political soldiers" and despising plebeian ad-

venturers, they flatly refused to receive the upstarts. Faced by an ultimatum, the Nazis then "shot it out" among themselves. Those Nazis, who like Roehm had hoped to break into the sacred circles of the Army, were ruthlessly cut down.

The bloody "purge" of June 30, 1934, settled the character of the German Army. Common soldiers might not expect to rise within it to high posts; the last republican taint was wiped out, namely, the clause permitting the common soldier to complain against his superiors. And another issue, not less momentous, was settled at the same time: the issue of war profits. Many military men had long been questioning the capacity of a nation as poor as Germany to pay exorbitant prices for rearmament. Some men, among them Schleicher, were going farther than questioning; they were tending toward planned control of war industries. They too were slain. And the organ of the chemical industries, the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, rejoiced at their demise. In this fashion victory was assured for the conservative munitions policy—a program outlined by Reichswehr Captain Heinz Schmid in a new book, *Kriegsgewinne und Wirtschaft* (War Profits and Economy).

The munitions thesis of the Army directorate is classic in its simplicity. Great military supplies are necessary. Costs must be kept down. Yet manufacturers must be incited to action by high profits and curtailment of profits must be postponed until the first day of war. Even then profits must be permitted and only excess profits applied to financing the war. To soften the "psychological damages" to the populace, high profits must be slightly offset by increased wages. "The unrestrained frenzy for profits on the part of the privileged contributed decisively to our breakdown in 1918," it

was admitted. Next time, there must be subtlety and caution.

Even the purge did not, however, entirely smooth the path for the Army. The Nazis offended potential allies. So they forced the Reichswehr, somewhat against its will, to shift enmity from Poland, now declared a friend, to Soviet Russia whose power Germany, as Hitler told Sir John Simon, must rival. Moreover, the development of the new large army will present many embarrassments to the generals. While the technical equipment can be obtained with relative ease, so efficient is the German nation, the desired homogeneity of the officer corps will be another matter. The new army will be based on general conscription, but the Reichswehr does not intend to make officers out of "non-coms," very few of whom have reached officers' status. It wants an upper-class body of officers, just as in imperial days when the old Prussian Ministry of War rejected a plan to raise two additional army corps—badly needed supplements which might have turned the Battle of the Marne and won the war for Germany—because that would have brought plebeians into the G.H.Q. This army conservatism, operating today, may now give the world a year or two of peace, while the German nation is being sifted for genuinely reactionary officers.

The chief problems of the Reichswehr, its lack of foreign allies, and its own awkward bulk, are both traceable to Nazi influence. Otherwise, the Nazis have carried to fulfillment the plans and dreams of the Army. They have taken Germany out of the League to permit full liberty to rearm; they have drained the resources of the state for armaments, the construction of military roads, and the drilling of youth. Most efficiently they have performed a task which the Army, accustomed to command rather than per-

suaide, might never have achieved alone: the remilitarization of the popular mind. They have seized, for the purpose, every organ of education and public opinion, forced universities to accept the new "Science of War," placed over the Protestant churches an ex-Army chaplain who first brought Hitler and Blomberg together and who hopes to "wipe the pacifism from Christianity." The press is now continually reminded by the Nazi Minister of Propaganda to "inform the German public about the military events in adjacent countries. . . . Details are always obtainable from the Reichswehr Ministry." Everywhere, in all fields, military terms and martial attitudes now reign. Musicians celebrate the tercentenary of Bach because he "fought the great battle in the field of German music," and, as a Nazi paper recently rejoiced, "even in the German streets the new spirit is visible. . . . The ash-cans are lined up as if standing in attention."

Yet the Reichswehr is even a little jealous of the supreme success of the Nazis in capturing the populace for militarism. So the War Ministry has inaugurated a department of "Military Psychology." It is planning to take up the indoctrination of the military spirit in a professional manner which means in Germany in a bureaucratic way. The Reichswehr is likewise endeavoring to absorb Nazi slogans and ideology for its own use. In speeches and articles, Army men now claim the totalitarian state as their own idea though, like General von Metzsch in a recent book, they may courteously admit that Hitler's idea of a Nazi State was serviceable in preparing the way for the Soldiers' State, the *Soldatenstaat*: "The factory and the barracks are no longer hostile camps. They are fields of work for the same service to the same nation, cells of the same nationalistic spirit, cells of the

identical social tendency. The front of labor stands well equipped side by side with the armed front. The opposite of the soldier is no longer civilian—it is coward."

As General von Blomberg has declared, the *Soldatenstaat* has arrived: "Pacifism is overcome. . . . Defense-power and the State have merged into one unity." The Army is to remain the only bearer of arms in the State; there is to be, says Blomberg, "no more playing at soldiers." There are to be only regulars.

Foreign statesmen, who have all along conveniently ignored the role of the Army in Germany, have now begun to wake in alarm and ask what is the will of the Reichswehr. Will it attack? And whom? And when? None of the powers wishes to attack Germany now that the French have given up the idea of marching into German territory which they entertained in May, 1933—a project then militarily feasible and feared every day by the Berlin Government. No one of the *beati possidentes* wants or dares to move against Germany, but all wonder whether Germany will take the aggressive.

Outwardly of course the Reichswehr still preserves its "unpolitical" pose. It will be conservative and make no socialistic experiments. It will concentrate upon its own development with professional pride and cultivate militarism for militarism's sake, *l'armée pour l'armée*. Nevertheless, it has not renounced aggressive plans. Its very recent change of name, from *Reichswehr* (Reich Defense Force) to *Reichsheer* (Reich Army) indicates the frank shedding of the mere defensive character for the new troops.

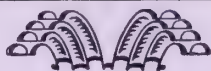
What are its military designs? All close students of recent events in Germany know that the Army is relying, is

compelled to rely, on the "strategy of the surprise attack," and that its preparations are all leading to extreme mobility. Its operating theory has been elaborated by Lieutenant-Colonel Nehring in *Heere von Morgen* as follows:

There is general horror of the trench war, the freezing of the fronts. It must not come again. Now every tendency is directed toward mobility, rapidity, and surprise. No more declaration of war. Like a stroke, the surprise attack comes. First strong motorized reconnoitering corps which penetrate the enemy country for hundreds of kilometers. With greater rapidity these forces are followed by the main bodies, supported on the flanks by armored tanks. At the same time the air attack takes place.

And what are the ultimate objectives of the Army? Possibly they have not yet been determined. For the moment it is concerned with its own aggrandizement, with developing the fighting machine, and consolidating its social, economic, and political power. Yet some thought has been expended upon "grand ends." A few leaders, following General von Metzsch, hold that Germany, armed to the teeth, may claim all she wants and get it without a fight by overawing other nations smitten by the "peace-psychosis." Others, like General Goering, who defends the march through Belgium in 1914, propose the "smashing blow" along the old lines of attack, aided by an overwhelming air force. Looming before them all is the possibility that the Reichswehr may yet be the executor of Hitler's testament, *Mein Kampf*—destroy France, overcome Russia, and, as he proclaims repeatedly, establish Germany as Mistress of the Globe, *Herrin des Erdballs*.

Long the Sphinx of German domestic politics, the Army has become the Sphinx of Europe—indeed of the world.



THE HOME PLACE: SUMMER

A STORY

BY DOROTHY THOMAS

TO WAKE to the hardy hymn of hens and the far and sweet lament of turtle doves, to see the sky so deep a blue beyond the little window gave Phyllis such happiness she wanted to sing. She laughed to herself when the song that came to her lips was one of her mother-in-law's hymns, "On the other side of Jordan, In the green fields of Eden . . ."

She put out a sleep-weak hand and laid it on the rounded blanket in the basket beside the bed. What a good baby to sleep so late! Mama Young said he was the best baby she had ever seen and Old Granma said she had seen but two as good and both had been "taken under three." She raised herself on her elbow to look at him. He was lying with his fists up on either side of his head. He was "all Young" as Old Granma had said when he was first laid on her lap. "Shoulder 'n thigh," she had crowed, "this boy's all Young. The girl's yours, Phyllis, but this one's a Young." Phyllis had been sure from the first that his eyes were going to be like *her* father's, but she had kept this to herself.

"Hello, Son," she whispered. "Happy birthday!" The baby tucked down his chin, opened one eye, closed it again, and yawned. "Four weeks old," Phyllis said. "Want a party? Want to have on a dress and have a party?" The hands moved in wider circles and the mouth puckered.

Phyllis lifted him into the bed beside her.

"He's too lazy to eat," she told her mother-in-law when Mama Young came upstairs to carry the baby down for her. Mama Young sat down on the bed beside her and patted the baby and crooned, "Was him Granma's big boy, was him? Why, he eats like a hand, seems to me. Such a big boy! He's got a whopper appetite. I believe he weighs more 'n any my boys did, at his age. Archie, the one we lost when he was still a baby, he was a heavy baby, but he wasn't as solid-fleshed, seems to me, as this child. Arch would have liked it, I think, if we'd named the next baby after him, too, but you know I couldn't. A baby's a person, no matter if you don't have it but for five months. I remember all his ways, clearer, I think, than I remember any of them when they were babies, except Harvey. The baby, you know, the last one, without another one on the way to get ready for and take care of when it comes, gets so much more looking after and notice. And the other children, the older ones, they all keep saying, 'Look at baby!' Now they're all grown, things are always reminding our boys, the older two, of things Harvey did and said when he was a baby. That helps you to remember things, I think. They made so much over Harvey, the older boys, Tom especially. He'd let that

child tag him all over the place, or he'd carry him on his shoulder. Pick him up and hold him way up above his head, and the little fellow 'd hold his knees stiff and spread out his arms and balance. He was such a strong little boy. Tom was so proud of him. Took more notice of him than he ever has of any one of his own boys really. He was the best brother.

"Ralph, now. I honestly felt sorry for the child when I had Harvey while he was still such a baby. I remember when Harvey came Grandma said, 'No need for your nose to be outa joint, Son. You be my boy now.' And really she took almost all the care of him. When he was little he'd go to her sooner 'n he'd go to me, she took so much care of him. And he's never forgot it. Ralph's awfully fond of his grandmother. He never loses his patience with her, never.

"I'm glad yours is six years apart and didn't overlap so. Betty's gone with her Dad and the boys to watch them put up hay. You don't care, do you? I said to Tom—jokin' you know—I got him by himself and I said to Tom, 'I'm makin' cherry cobbler, and if Ralph's young'n comes cryin' from your boys pickin' on her, not a bite do you get, and I mean it!'"

"I'm going down," Phyllis said, "and stay down all day, doctor or no doctor. I think Edna's laid up all these lazy days against me, and it will take all summer, no matter how hard I try, to make up for them. I think I'll walk out to where they're haying after I've bathed the baby."

"Well, that would do you good, likely," Mama Young agreed. "The boys got the cherries all picked now and Edna 'n' I are going to pit them soon as we can get at it. But let me bathe the boy. I'd like to. I want to weigh him. You go right on out to the field if you think it's not too long a way. It's so nice out. Just day after

day like this! I can hardly believe it. I feel like they say Old Mrs. Morgan does—that we've been forgiven or something. I wake up and it's just a surprise to me to see it so green, after a whole year of it so dead gray. Seems like a miracle. Greenest June I ever saw. Let me take the baby on down—you're not to carry him."

Mama Young gathered the boy to her soft bosom and went slowly downstairs with him, clucking to him all the way.

Left alone, Phyllis dressed slowly, carefully, in her pink gingham. It was so nice to be putting on her "thin" dresses again. To tie the sash of pink gingham round her very slender waist seemed almost as great a miracle to her as the greenness of the land was to Mama Young. Ralph might not say anything, he might not even notice enough to *know* he noticed the pink gingham, but he would smile, without bothering to figure out how she was like her old self.

Phyllis had learned in the eight years of her marriage to rejoice in Ralph's noticings and in his splashes of wit when they came, and not to bait him for them. She had not quite learned, however, to let her own happiness in the things she made for their home be enough for her. She still felt angry, terribly angry, and hurt when Ralph failed to notice works that had cost her hours of effort and tiredness; but she was learning. Always after she had been furious with him for not noticing, not appreciating, she forgave him and made a last great effort to do something else, something especially for him, and found a deep and very superior satisfaction in her silent forgiveness. Sometimes he gave the needed irony to that satisfaction by saying, stretched long and shoeless in the easy chair she had sawed and built and cushioned for him, "My, Baby, we've got it mighty cozy here, haven't we?"

The winter was really over and gone. Phyllis could almost forget it, the brittle cold, the dust and the dead ugliness that lay on the land, and the workings of hate in the house. Her boy's coming had been so much worse than her girl's coming. It was better not to think of that at all. "A fine boy!" the doctor had said foolishly, like a doctor in a woman's magazine story, and when she had laughed with the mingled mirth at his saying just that and pleasure at having a fine boy, Ralph had sobbed aloud because she was still alive and could laugh, and somewhere, away and away, she had heard her father-in-law shouting to his old mother, "And it's going to rain, Ma, it's going to rain!" Her fine boy had come the morning of the day it rained.

When she was dressed she put her room in order. The overalls Ralph had worn the day before lay over the back of the little rocker, chaff spilling from the turned-up hem. What had he said about their needing mending? They looked such tired clothes, tired with such a farmer-tiredness. Something about them made her remember the early days of her marriage—those days and those nights when she was getting used to the tiredness of farmers. She wondered if all town girls who married farmers puzzled about that tiredness as she had puzzled over it. It was an honest, shoes-off and silent tiredness—that young farmers seemed to be able to lay aside almost entirely through the evenings of their courting days. She had been surprised, but she got used to it and felt at home with it. She had learned to read her poetry books to herself, to fall asleep over her own sewing at nine o'clock.

Edna was alone in the kitchen when Phyllis came down. She grunted something that might have been "good morning" and went out the kitchen door with a nest of pans under her arm. "Cherries," she said over her

shoulder, and Phyllis knew that she meant that the pans were to be used in sorting and pitting the cherries, and that Edna was in one of her kindlier moods.

Willa came out of Old Granma's room with her hair standing out wildly around her pointed face. "Well, you up?" she said when she saw Phyllis. "Thought the doctor said you were to go back to bed and stay there all this week too."

"I feel fine," Phyllis said, "just fine."

Willa washed at the sink and sat down at the kitchen table with Phyllis and held up her cup for Phyllis to pour her some coffee. "You're lucky," she said, "if you feel fine. I sure don't. Couldn't sleep. With the whole yard out there, what did they do but bring all that cherry stuff right round under my window. Mama and Old Granma and Edna out there. They got the baby out there too on a quilt. Mama's going on to the baby and Old Granma's talking about her folks in Indiana, and *nobody* could sleep."

"I'm going out and help," Phyllis said. "I love cherry time."

"Well, you can sure have mine," Willa said. "They likely won't let you help anyway. Old Granma'll start in about some woman that had a baby and then pitted cherries and the baby died of double convulsions."

Phyllis laughed. "I never heard of those," she said, "but it sounds like her all right."

"Mama'll likely run in to get a cushion for you."

"You should have a baby," Phyllis said, still laughing.

"Me? Like heck I should! Nobody'd be madder 'n Harve if I did have one, nobody but me. He's ga-ga about kids, yours anyway, but he wouldn't want me to have one." She slid her chair closer to Phyllis's, rested her elbow on the table and her chin in her palm, and said, "Harve's up to

something. I don't know—but he's up to something. He means to put something over on Willy—you wait, you wait and see. I'm on to him. You wait. Two can play at his game."

"What game?" Phyllis asked.

"You wait," Willa said, narrowing her usually extra-wide eyes to slits. Willa always talked to Phyllis when they were alone as though they were allied against the Young forces. She was always saying, "You wait, you just wait." Now she felt in her pockets for cigarettes, and finding none, poured herself another cup of coffee and brooded over it, her shoulders rounded, her mouth pouting.

"Some day that guy's going to get me mad enough I'll tell him something," she said. Willa saw herself as a woman of infinite forgiveness and self-control. Her coming to the farm at all she looked on as a piece of base trickery on Harvey's part. That all the Youngs were "against" her, she was very sure. "Yes, I'll let loose and tell him sometime," she went on. "You know, when we got married—we'd both lost our jobs, you know—well, I had another job. I could have gone to work the morning of the day we got married. He asked me to marry him—we were up at his place—and I said I would. I didn't tell him I had another job if I'd take it. I did that for Harve. I went ahead and married him and we came on out here, to *this*. I did *that* for Mr. Harvey Young! And sometime, when he gets me mad enough, I'll tell him too. You wait!"

"Don't do it," Phyllis said.

"Well, I won't unless he drives me to it," Willa said, pink with the pleasure of thinking on the gracious twist she had given to the bringing about of her marriage to Harvey. She picked up a piece of cold toast and bit into it with her narrow teeth.

"I was nuts about Harve," she said,

"and he was about me too before he started running with that Country Club bunch and going out to a big place where he used to go over Sunday where there was one of those front-page debs. Well—she let him down, and I took him back after that. Not every girl'd do that. I thought I knew him like a book, and I did, but something sure bit him. Why, before he started going with that bunch out there, do you think he'd ever sit around and read and listen to classic music? Well—you don't know Harve from what he's like now. He liked everything I did, and after we got married—well, honest, Phyllis, before we got outa the courthouse he begun to crab, and he's done nothing but bawl me out ever since. He thinks he's so smart—and it's the God's truth that guy can't even spell! I had to work his letters over all the time in the office. I don't kid myself. Harve's about as mean and spoiled as a man can get. He got spoiled playing football, down at the State, and you know all the folks here spoil him. And he thinks his family's so much better 'n mine, though he's never seen mine. And except for you and Ralph, who around here's so educated? Ralph, he just had the two years, didn't he? That's all right, but he don't need to feel so smart about it, Harve doesn't. Good night! I went to business college, didn't I? I didn't go clear through—but I stepped into a good job."

Phyllis had been waiting for Willa to stop talking. "I'm going outside," she said while she was washing her breakfast plate and coffee cup. "I want to help with the cherries."

"You for it," Willa said. She looked up almost suspiciously at Phyllis. It was plain she regretted her confidences. She got up and tossed her uncombed hair back from her face. "Oh, well," she said bitterly, sadly,

"you wait. You wait and see," and went toward Old Granma's room. Her breakfast dishes she left on the table for Edna to wash.

Out in the sunshine the three women, Mama Young, Old Granma Young, and Edna, made a bright picture grouped round the baskets and pans of cherries. Mama Young was in faded green gingham, Edna in blue percale, and Old Granma in her black sateen, white apron, and Paisley shawl. Mama Young sometimes tried to get Old Granma to fold her Paisley shawl away, declaring that it was far too good for everyday, but Old Granma always said, "No, I learned my lesson looking down into Old Mrs. Tickert's casket. Look how she skimped and saved, and was just a living patch, and when they buried her, did she have her good shawl on? No, she didn't. Those boys' wives of hers, they thought it was too good. And if they'd buried her in it, what comfort would it 've been? No, I tell you, my Aunt Kate was right: 'Have the best first and have the best all the time.' I'll wear my good shawl. I don't go out often and when I do I'll wear it and get the good of it. It'll outlast me," she would say. "It's a good piece of cashmere."

Phyllis dropped down on the folded quilt beside her baby and reached for a handful of cherries.

"That's right," Mama Young said, "eat all you want. They'll never harm you. Some say they will, but they won't, not if you don't drink milk the same meal they won't. I remember one of the Miller girls—they're all gone now—had the prettiest color, and they say that's what she did in cherry time. Drank a quart of cherry juice every day. They used to put it up, they say, put the cherries through the press and put up the juice, just for her to have to drink. My, she was a pretty girl! You remember her, don't you, Granma?"

"'Deed I do," Old Granma said, sucking loudly on a cherry, "and she was lazy as sin. All those Miller girls was lazy and she was the worst. I remember we had one of them over once, and the river came up and she couldn't get home for a week, and instead of helpin' me, I had to pick up after her. She'd stand and look in the mirror, primpin', with the men right in the room. Edith, her name was."

"Oh, no, Granma," Mama Young said. "That wasn't Edith. Edith was one of the older ones, and goodness knows she wasn't lazy or silly about her looks either. That was Grace was the one that was at your house."

"You don't know a thing about it," Old Granma said sharply, and drew her shawl closer about her elbows. "That was before you were born. This girl, this Grace, was a little thing, something like this woman George brought home, only dark instead of fair, and she was lazy as sin."

Mama Young began to hum a hymn. It was scarcely worth her while on such a fair morning to take the time to remind her mother-in-law that she was not her "born" child, that Willa was Harvey's wife, not long-lost George's, and that she had herself just owned that the Miller girl they had been discussing was Grace and not Edith.

"The best ones," Edna explained, "go in this pan, for pickles. The pitted ones, here."

Phyllis felt reproved for eating instead of pitting, and after she had kissed her baby's wrist, straightened up and began to work rapidly. "I'm glad there'll be so much for pickles," she said. "I think your cherry pickles are the best I ever ate."

"They are good," Mama Young said, "but they're not mine, that is, the receipt isn't. No, those are Jenny's mother's pickles, and she made up the receipt herself."

"Jenny?" Phyllis said. "Now she's a cousin, isn't she?" Phyllis had much enjoyed getting acquainted with the Young relatives through hearsay.

"Well, yes," Mama Young said, "she's a cousin in a way, for she's married to one of Arch's brother Jim's boys, but she's no blood relation. But Jenny's mother—her name was Jenny too—she was dearer to me than I could think a sister would be, though I never had a sister. They came out here about the third year Arch and I were married, I think, shortly after Granma moved in with us, and we just took to each other from the start, Jenny and I. Oh, she was the best woman!"

"Who you talkin' about?" Old Granma said, hitching her chair closer to Mama Young's. "You mean Jenny Blight? Well, I don't know how you can say it, Mamie. I never liked her. I never could abide a woman that wouldn't stay home and tend to her own house, and that woman was over here a good half the time."

"Oh, no, she wasn't, Granma," Mama Young said. She shook the pan on her lap, to settle the pitted cherries and then held the pan out to Edna and dropped her hands either side of her, with the juice dripping from her fingers and said, to Phyllis, "Sometimes, I'd give anything to see that old white mare and that buggy come over the hill, up there by the cottonwood. I miss Jenny so."

"I never think of her," Old Granma said, with decision, and put her hands behind her to grasp the back of the rocker to help herself up. "I'm going in," she said. "I'm going in and lie down awhile."

Edna went with Granma. "Time to get the potatoes peeled," she said.

Alone with her mother-in-law and her baby, Phyllis stretched out on the quilt and lay with her hands clasped under her head.

"Granma's never got over it," Mama

Young said, and laughed silently, quivering. "She never liked Jenny—that's Jenny's mother I'm speaking of now. You see, I wasn't but seventeen when Arch and I were married, and we lived in a little frame house that they tore down when they built over the cow barn, and then when Jim got married—that's a funny thing for Jim—he named his boy after himself, his first boy, and Jenny, this friend of mine, she named her girl after herself, and they grew up and were married. We used to call them Big Jenny and Little Jenny, but Jenny wasn't a big woman. She was little. Little Jenny's a lot like her, but she'd never have the get-up and go Jenny had. You see, we were planning the house, this house here, and Granma, her mind was all made up, and she'd tell Arch just how she wanted things built. I was just a girl, and I wasn't asked 'Aye, yes or no.' Arch—you know how he is yet. He thinks everything's all right, just go along, thinking everything's smooth, and Granma'd run him. She run all her boys. He never dreamed but I was perfectly satisfied. And, Phyllis, I couldn't even wring out a dish rag but Granma would take it outa my hand and tell me how they wrung their dish rags in Indiana!

"Well, Jenny came out here with Mr. Blight, and she was from Connecticut, and first time she was over here, Granma started in on Indiana and she started in on Connecticut, and it was just a show, and so noticeable even Arch noticed. We got out the plans we'd drawn up for the house, or that Granma'd drawn up rather, with Arch saying, 'Well, just whatever you and Mamie want, Ma,' and Jenny could see I'd not had a word, and she lit in, sayin', 'How'd you want this, Mamie?' and I thought Granma was going to put 'em out. I had to ask 'em to stay for supper myself. She wouldn't.

"Why, I was such a goose, wanting so much to please Arch. And if Jenny'd never come out here, she'd be runnin' me yet, Granma would. Jenny showed me the way. 'Sing a hymn,' she said to me, 'and go your own way, Mamie,' and I've done it. Jenny was a great one to be fixing round her house. If she wanted anything she took the odds and ends on hand and she made it. You put me in mind of her, Phyllis, in that. The day you fixed over the ell room for you and Ralph and Betty, I said to Arch, 'Now, that's Jenny for you, all over!' I know you can't tell a young girl just starting up housekeeping anything, but if you could, I think that's what I'd tell her—what Jenny told me: 'Sing a hymn, and go your own way.' A man's good for some things, but for knowing what a woman's about when she's making something—well, you know. What comfort are they? There ain't one in a hundred'll come in and say, 'Ain't that nice—and what a lot of work!' Not unless he's been prompted a lot or is kind of old granny anyway. No, it's a neighbor you got to look to for that. There's nothing like a good neighbor. And there never was one fuller of appreciation than Jenny was.

"Her girl's been on my mind a lot lately, since those floods started out west. Jim and Little Jenny live out near McCook, you know, out there where it's bad. I knew when Arch subscribed to the paper again, after we'd done without it for so long, that there was something he just had to know about, and it's those floods, and his brother's boy out there in 'em. But their names haven't been listed, and I guess if they'd been washed out and were alive they'd let us know. I guess they must be all right."

"Have they ever been back here?" Phyllis asked.

"Oh, yes, they've been here a number of times, before and since my Jenny

died, on their way to the Fair. Jenny's got two of the huskiest little girls." Here Mama Young stopped to laugh, her silent, bosom-shaking laugh. "I wish you could have seen," she said. "Jenny's oldest girl's just the age of Edna's first boy, you know. Well, when they were here last—Tom and Edna were still in their own house then—we had them all over here for supper. The children went out to play and Tommy tried to take something Jenny's girl had, and he come in yelling so and dripping blood all over the kitchen. She'd taken him down and trounced him good—bloodied his nose. They're sturdy little things, and they're a little like their grandma. They know their own mind."

"I was going to the hayfield," Phyllis said. "Do you think it's too near dinnertime?"

"Why, I don't know," Mama Young said. "I'd guess it isn't more'n eleven. Better feed your boy first and then, if you don't think it's too warm, you go. Wear my hat."

Phyllis took the baby into the house to nurse him. Edna was setting the table. Old Granma was sleeping on her bed in the kitchen corner, snoring her trembling, feeble snores. Awake, she seemed very much alive, but always when she slept Phyllis was reminded of the old woman's age and fragility. There were pauses between snores that seemed alarmingly long at times.

"Guess they'll think they got the whole family out there," Edna said, when Phyllis told her she was going to the hayfield. "Your girl and my kids out there now. The boys are helping of course."

The anger Edna's words could bring up in her, rose in Phyllis. Did Edna think that Betty had no business out at the hayfield even when her father took her there, that the child would be in the way? The baby squirmed in her arms. In the corner Old Granma

turned on her back and snored a louder, whistling snore. Phyllis was reminded of the old woman's warning that anger would "bitter" her milk.

When Phyllis started toward the stair door with her baby, Edna said, "Where you goin'? You wait. I'll carry the basket down. You'd rather have him be downstairs, wouldn't you?"

Kindness from Edna always touched Phyllis. Kindness came so hard to Edna. "Why don't you go out with me," Phyllis asked, "out to the hayfield?"

"Me!" Edna said. "Say, I haven't been out there since the year I was married." She laughed her breathy laugh. "Used to work in the field all the time 'fore I was married. Would yet only Tom's mother's got notions about it. Thinks it looks funny! Anyway, somebody's got to get the dinner. No—I'll stay here."

When she had put the baby in his basket Phyllis took her mother-in-law's wide straw hat and went out, and through the barnyard to the hayroad. She stopped by the garden fence to look at the rows of peas and beans, the lettuce, and the melon plants. The garden was clear of weeds and fine looking. Phyllis swung her hat from her fingertips and wondered who it was that kept the garden. Edna, she supposed. Yes, she was sure that many times when the little boys had asked for their mother, Mama Young had said, "Why, she's up at the garden, I believe." Edna carried the burden of the housework, did the washings and ironings, looked after her chickens, and managed, without talking about it, to keep a garden.

The hayroad left its years-old ruts to curve round a stagnant, muddy pool. A black-and-white cow came to the fence and stretched out her neck and breathed loudly toward Phyllis. Her childhood horror of cows came on her

so that she wanted to run. "Sook Boss, Sook Boss!" she said, put out her hand, then drew it back from the wet slobbery tongue, and was glad no Young, even Ralph, was near to see her.

The hayfield was beyond the "near" wheat field. There was a gentle, cool wind on the fields that made ripples over the grain. Beyond the wheat she saw the stacks on the alfalfa field, and the slowly rising stacker. She heard the men shouting to their horses. Ralph's loud, "Get over there, Kit, you!" surprised her, amused her just as it always did. Not in the eight years of their marriage had he ever been "cross" with her, ever raised his voice in anger. She always started a little when he yelled at the stock.

The wheat came to her breast. She felt suddenly free of it, as though she had been wanting to run, when the hayroad led into the open alfalfa field.

Harvey saw her first—he was on the stack—and waved to her. Ralph was driving his sweep, an extra large load of hay before his team. She stopped near the stack and watched him come on. Kit and Beaut stopped just where they should, then backed expertly, and the stacker rose slowly and slid its burden of hay onto the stack. The timbers of the buck were red, and its teeth bone white against the very blue sky. There was something fine about the stacker's going up, emptying and then going more slowly down.

Little Betty came running to her mother, rubbed her hot cheek against Phyllis's wrist, and cried, "Mother, I didn't know *you* were coming. Look! Look what Daddy found. A pheasant egg! She had a nest and they spoiled it, but they didn't mean to. Daddy says she'll make another one. The other eggs are in Tommy's hat."

"No, they ain't," Tommy said, puffing from running to get to Phyllis before his brothers could reach her; "we threw 'em."

"Oh, no!" cried Betty.

"Sure we did," Tommy gloated. "Busted 'em. Threw 'em at a post."

Betty began to cry. "I was going to take 'em home," she sobbed. "I was going to put 'em under a hen."

"We'll put this one under," Phyllis said. "Don't cry. Shall I hold it for you? You've held it, kept it warm, haven't you?"

Betty ran away to look for other pheasant nests that she confided to her mother she'd likely "never, never" find, and the boys went to follow their father's mower. Phyllis sat down on a heap of cut alfalfa and rested, her arms wound about her knees. Watching, it was easy for her to understand how Edna had been happy, helping in the haying. The thought of doing the work herself tired her, but to imagine Edna doing it, stacking, up on the stack, or driving the sweep, filled her with a vicarious happiness.

Ralph came to her at once when the men stopped work. "My, you look slick as a banana peel, Baby," he said, giving the lie to her pre-breakfast thoughts about his reactions to the pink dress and her regained slimness. He dropped into the stubble beside her. "How do you feel?" he asked. "This the day Doc said you could be up?"

"Your mother said I could," Phyllis said. "I feel fine."

Harvey came over to them, his face grimy from the dust of the hay. "Hello!" he grinned. "You don't look like a farm girl. Tell you what you look like—like the lead in a bucolic operetta." He drew down his mouth, wrinkling his brows and said in his brother Tom's serious, vexed voice, "Come on, let's get going!"

"You can ride in the cart," Ralph said, pointing toward the decrepit rig that pulled the buck. "You and Betty."

"No, no she's not to," Harvey said.

"She's to ride Old Tilly. And I'll ride Prince. Come on."

"Why, I could never get up on her," Phyllis said, more than half afraid. "I—"

Tom had driven his team near. At his grave, "Hello, Phyllis. Come on, boys, let's get going," Harvey laughed, picked Phyllis up and swung her onto Old Tilly's back. "I'll take this team," he said to Tom, and got on Prince.

"You'll look after Betty," Phyllis called back to Ralph, not at all sure he was pleased at his brother's high-handedness. Ralph grinned after them, a grin that was an answer to Harvey's. Harvey was the favored one. Whatever he did was in the eyes of Ralph, and Tom, and Grandpa Young right enough and endearing.

"I abducted you like this so I could talk to you," Harvey said. "Got something to tell you."

Phyllis remembered her talk with Willa that morning, and waited, clinging to the harness that made a very insecure side-saddle, and anxious about riding. It would make her unforgivably ridiculous to fall off a work horse, at a "dead walk."

"I think I'm getting out," Harvey said. "I oughta know any day. I think I got a job!" His voice grew husky with the import of his news, with the hope of having a job. "And I got to go alone if I go," he said. In his embarrassment he gave old Prince a crack with the rein, and both horses trotted a few paces. Phyllis grasped the harness more tightly and did not try to speak until the horses were walking again.

"Oh—fine!" she gasped. "Fine! Tell me about it!"

"Well, a fellow I was in school with wrote me. Says he's got a job down in New Mexico, a good one, a soil erosion job, and in the place where he is they need an accountant, and he put

my name in, wrote me, and I got the application blank, and filled it out and sent it in, and—he thinks I got a good chance of getting it. If I do—I go down there—and the men live in barracks.”

“What—what about Willa?” Phyllis asked.

“Well, I’ll send her money, but I can’t take her down there. There’s no place for her.” Harvey was looking, not at Phyllis, but away over the fields, with such satisfaction in his face that Phyllis could not help but feel some pity for Willa.

“I thought you and Willa were getting on a lot better, that you were happier,” she said.

“You mean, by any chance, that look she gets in her eye when I do something she’s thought up to see if she can make me do?” Harvey asked. “Nope, after that night Dad bawled us out, I made up my mind—two things: first, I was getting *out*, just as soon as I could, and second, I wasn’t going to give the folks any more of Willa’s shows than I could help.”

“I think she’s very lonesome,” Phyllis said, surprised at herself, little as she found to like about Willa, to be seeming to champion her.

“Who isn’t?” Harvey asked. “It’s her own doing. I’d have got on with her if she’d tried at all, but she hasn’t. I’m like Dad. I don’t like scrapping. The only way for Willa to be happy is to be on the go all the time and be scrapping in between. We haven’t the time or the money for that. Aw, Phyllis, you know there’s no sense in me tryin’ to get on with a girl like Willa! I’ve tried it a whole winter—and that’s too long. I thought if I couldn’t have Doris it didn’t make any difference who I had. But that, even, wouldn’t have been what I wanted. I couldn’t ever *talk* to Doris. She’d make you feel all the time that things were all right for right now, but you’d

better look out, in a minute you’d likely do something to make her walk off and never come back. I guess she was just spoiled.” He smiled suddenly, that broad smile that all the Youngs found irresistible. “And her golf was rotten,” he said, “and I couldn’t tell her a thing. No, I’m going to get loose, and then I’m going to look for a girl like you, Phyllis.”

She turned and looked at him again, her lips parted, her eyes wide with surprise at the earnestness in his voice.

“Don’t you do it, Harvey,” she said, her words tumbling over one another. “I’m spoiled too, rotten spoiled, as Old Granma says. I’m an awful baby. I can’t garden and I’m scared of cows, scared sick!”

Harvey looked down at her, and they laughed together, loudly, happily. There was the rattle of cart wheels behind them, and Ralph and little Betty turned out around them, into the edge of the field. Tom and his boys came up behind them too. Then there was the garden and beyond that the barnyard, and next, Ralph was putting up his arms for her and saying, “I’m afraid you’re doing too much, Baby. You ought to take it easy.”

The spicy smell of pickle syrup drowned out the odor of fried potatoes and ham. Ralph went to admire his young son, where he lay in his basket at the foot of Old Granma’s bed, and Grandpa picked up his paper, even before he looked over his few pieces of mail, to see what there was about the floods.

There was a letter by Harvey’s plate. The boy picked it up and went out onto the step with it, and did not come in even when Tom called him. Grandpa asked the blessing without either Harvey or Willa at the table, and then opened his letters with his table knife. “Letter from Jim, here, Mama,” he said to Mama Young. “Let’s see what he says.”

"Well, I'm glad," Mama Young said, "awful glad. I've had Jenny on my mind and heart so all this week, especially this morning. Does seem, if there *was* anything—"

"Well, well, Mama, listen to this," Grandpa said, "listen to this, Mama—they been clear washed out!" Instead of reading the letter aloud, he handed it over to his wife.

"Jim has?" Old Granma cried. She was always confusing her *son* Jim with her grandson Jim. "Well, I told him not to go out there. The Republican's a tricky river. Any river's tricky, and the farther off one I live, the better I like it; but I'm sorry for Jim, I am. But Jim's gone, isn't he? I thought we buried Jim, Arch. Didn't we lay Jim away?" She was almost crying, lost between reality and things she "musta dreamed."

Harvey came in from the steps. At just that minute, as though she had heard him walking about and thought he would be coming for her, Willa came from Old Granma's room.

Harvey went to his place, slid a generous slice of ham onto his plate, and then sat looking at them, his large hands resting, tremblingly, either side his plate. "Dad," he said, "I got a job."

"Oh dear," Mama Young said, with such a mingling of meaning. She was happy of course that Harvey had a job, but a job would take their baby away from them, and they had loved having him home, even for such a bad and crowded winter, even with Willa.

"Ya?" Willa said through her pointed teeth. "What?"

"Well, that's good, Son," Grandpa Young said, "but we'll be sorry to have you go if you have to leave." Grandpa Young spoke with ease and love and hospitality, as a man who had plenty of money and a big house might speak.

Phyllis, looking at him, saw him through tears, and loved him almost as

much as she loved her own father.

"What is it?" Willa shrilled.

"What's your job?"

Harvey looked at her. Was the moment of his telling his family about his job to be spoiled by a woman who had somehow come to plague his days, a woman who screeched at him?

He half rose in his chair. "Will you shut up?" he said. "Will you shut your mouth just a minute?"

Mama Young gasped. It was the first time since the night before Phyllis's boy was born, the night Grandpa had told the boys "where to head in," the night before it had rained, that Harvey had told Willa to shut up.

"What's the matter with you?" Tom asked. "She didn't do anything. She just asked you what you're going to do. What's wrong with that? Whata you have to take her head off for?"

The letter, Harvey's letter, lay in front of his plate. He had taken it from his pocket and put it there while Tom was talking to him.

"Now, you keep out of this," he said with forced calmness. "Willa's my wife, not yours. I'll be glad to tell her what I'm going to do if she'll shut up and let me." His voice was not only angry but hurt. He was the baby, and what he did was important and interesting in the eyes of his family. He had wanted a job so long, and now a near-miracle, a pure happenstance, had brought him one, and his wife and his brother were spoiling it for him.

Mama Young gave a bosomy mother-moan, and held Nephew Jim's letter up in her hands. She had looked down at the letter in her embarrassment when Harvey and Tom were quarrelling, and the line she saw was: "And all Jenny's mother's things gone, dishes and all."

"Listen, children!" she said. "Jim and Jenny's homeless, clear homeless!" She looked round at them, her tears

running over. "What'll we do, Arch, we'll have to send for 'em, won't we?"

"Where d'you think you'd put 'em?" Edna said. "Looks to me . . ."

"They can have Granma's room," Harvey said. "I'm packin' right now."

"Oh, Son, I'll have to do some mending for you," Mama Young said, "and I think you'll just have to buy you some socks. Yours are just riddled."

Harvey handed his letter, the letter that gave him a job and his hope of freedom, across to his father, and his eyes asked forgiveness for losing his temper at the table. The old man adjusted his glasses, coughed, and whistled, and then read slowly.

Phyllis's baby cried, and she went to him. In the excitement about the two letters no one noticed when she lifted him and carried him upstairs herself. She put him in the middle of the big bed and lay down beside him.

"Happy birthday, happy birthday," she said to him. Did everybody but his Mama forget it was his birthday? He went to sleep again at once, and she lay brushing his wisp of hair with a finger tip. In the tipped dresser mirror she could see herself, very slender in her pink dress. She might be some young girl, holding somebody else's baby. She put her hand to her face and brushed back the curls. It seemed to her that she had not looked so young since the spring Ralph had given her his ring. There was a sleepy, noonday mingling of birds in the yard trees. Over head, against the rafters, a wasp buzzed and blundered. How good it was that the spring, and as much of summer as they had, had been so pleasantly cool. Only two nights had the raftered room been too hot for sleeping. Ralph had slept even then.

Now she heard Ralph coming up to her. His feet sounded lighter on the stair. Maybe it was Harvey instead of Ralph, coming up to tell her about his new job. In the mirror she saw

the color creep over her throat. Wasn't she a goose though to be so flattered that Harvey thought he wanted a girl like her when he picked another? Poor boy, she was sorry for him, sorry for Willa too, sorry for the Jim Youngs, who were washed out, sorry to tears. She wiped the tears away with the ruffle of her baby's dress and smiled up at Ralph when he came in.

He sat down on the bed beside her.

"Well," he said, looking at the sleeping baby, "Whata you think of that stack? Pretty nice stack, wasn't it?"

"Fine," Phyllis said, looking at him through wet lashes.

He glanced about the room. "You know, I think we could cut a couple of dormer windows in here," he said. "If they've got to sleep up here they'll roast if we don't get some more windows in."

"Who?" Phyllis asked. "Who's going to sleep up here?"

"Why, Jim and Jenny, and their girls, I guess."

"Well, I guess not! Where are *we* going to sleep? If you think I'll move back down to Old Granma's room—Ralph, I won't. I . . ."

Ralph leaned over and brought his face close to hers. There was a strong smell of alfalfa, sweat, and horses about him. "Will you shut your mouth?" he growled, in a voice that was much like Harvey's voice for Willa, and laid his cheek against hers.

"If you weren't such a little pig, I'd have had a surprise for you," he said, "and now I suppose I'll have to tell you."

"Ralph," she whispered, "You're not going—you haven't got a job down there too?"

"Nope. Don't want one. But, we got a house." He sat up again to look at her, to see what she thought about their having a house.

"Where?" she breathed.

"Over other side of Don Ferguson's. It's two rooms, Baby. Their renter-house, and they're not going to have renters any more. I'm fetchin' it over just as soon as we get through haying. See?"

"Oh my," Phyllis said happily, ready to cry again. "Ralph, you're—how are you going to pay for it?"

"With the sweat of my brow, and Dad's and Tom's. Harvey gets off, since he's leaving to-night. We're going to work it out over there. It's just two rooms. You mustn't expect much."

"I'll love it," Phyllis said. "Has it any closets?"

"I never noticed, Baby. It's got two rooms, and the paper's all off, or hanging."

He leaned and kissed her, and Phyllis, busy with the happiness of feeling so well, and slim, so proud of her baby, so in love with Ralph, had mind enough left, with her arms tight about Ralph's neck, to remember the bundle of wallpaper in the storeroom behind the quilt curtains. There must be two dozen rolls. Would there be rolls enough alike to paper one of the rooms? Most likely not. But with even three rolls alike she could panel the rooms. She could distribute the other patterns, the gayer patterns, in panels. She could . . .

Tom was calling Ralph at the stair door. He kissed her again and looked at her with that awed, enraptured look, as he had looked at her the morning her son was born, as though God had held her back from another world for him. She got to her feet and went to the door with him, and hugged him as hard as she could before she let him go. There was no need to tell him that her other world was a wallpaper one.

As soon as the lower stair door closed on him, she went into the storeroom and found the bundle of wallpaper and untied the binding twine that held

it. There her mother-in-law found her, with the wallpaper in scrolls around her.

"Oh dear, oh dear," the old lady said, sat down on a trunk, and smoothed her apron over her knees with her plump hands. "I've got so much to do I don't know where to begin. I got to mend Harvey's shirts and underclothes, and the boy's plain destitute of socks. He's going on the night train too. This friend of his sent him a check. Wasn't that mighty fine?"

"And what about Willa?"

"Oh," Mama Young looked down on the wallpaper patterns as though she'd quite forgotten Willa. "You know how old that piece is?" she asked. "Arch got that paper and we papered our bedrooms with it the spring we lost the baby. Didn't say a word, just brought the paper home. Awfully pretty pattern, isn't it? And it did comfort me, somehow it did."

Phyllis waited.

"Why, she acted up," Mama Young said. "Willa did, awful. And I'm glad she did. Yes, I am. She went all to pieces. Such talk! You wonder how anybody ever brought a young'n up to act so. I was glad, for Tom's sake. You know—you know how he's been. Tom's tenderhearted. People work on his sympathy. They can, you know. And I think he'd just never really seen Willa clear, and when she talked to Harve like she did, well—he just *looked* at her, Tom did, and pretty soon he got up and went outside while she was still abusing Harve. Went down toward the barn, and I could tell just by the way he walked that notion is over, for Tom. You know how fond of Harve Tom is. I don't think he'll let his sympathies run away with him over such a person again." Mama Young smoothed her apron under her pink fingers while she talked.

"What will she do?" Phyllis asked.

"I don't know. He's in his room, getting ready for me to help him pack now, and Willa's in there, talking to him. He's not got money to give her to get away, so I guess she'll have to stay on here until he can send her money to go on. I don't know what she'll do. Nobody's more against separation than I am, Phyllis, but—I don't know."

"Will she stay on in Granma's room?"

"No. No, she won't. There's no sense in it. To-morrow morning I'm going to clean the room—Edna'll take care of the cherries—get Old Granma back in it, and then till she goes Willa can sleep in the kitchen."

A smile was twitching the corners of Mama Young's mouth. Now Phyllis slid toward the older woman, laid her head back on her knees, and they laughed together, laughed at the thought of Edna coming down to get breakfast in a room where Willa slept.

"I was talking with the boys," Mama Young said, "and they think, this stuff up here, we can store away in the mow, and this end the room we'll use for the little girls, Jenny's little girls. No tellin' how long they'll be with us, but until late fall, I expect."

"And what about *me*?" Phyllis asked.

"You're a bad one!" Mama Young said. "Don't you think anybody 'd know to look at you Ralph had told you about that house? Where you going to set it?"

"Oh, up under the cottonwoods, where I went the day before the baby came—that would be nice."

"And haul water all that way? You can't do that, child. It'll have to be nearer the well."

"Down near the apple trees then."

"That would be all right. We'll see, we'll see. Ralph'll likely have some notions about it, and Arch."

Mama Young began to hum to herself, and Phyllis wondered if she might not have a notion too about the placing of the little house.

"Have you seen it? Has it any closets?" she asked.

"Child, it's bare as a bone," Mama Young said. "It hasn't a closet or a shelf or anything. It hasn't even a step."

"I must get downstairs. Edna'll have all the dishes done and set away, and she has enough to do with the cherries on her hands. Betty's asleep in Old Granma's bed, with that egg in her fist. I guess she run herself tired this morning."

"I'll come down. I'll come down and help with the cherries," Phyllis said, "as soon as I get this paper rolled up again."

"Arch is writing Jim to-night," Mama Young said. "They're with some friends of theirs out there."

Phyllis looked up at Mama Young, shaking her head slowly, wonderingly, at her cheerful acceptance of the idea of having four new people in the house.

"You'll like Jenny," Mama Young said. "And Jim'll be like one of our own boys. Jenny is such a hand with the canning. And Betty'll like the little girls." She stopped on her way toward the door, to lean over the bed and say, "He's such a good baby. Granma's Lamb!"



WHERE ARE THE YOUNG REBELS?

BY PEARL BUCK

IN THESE days, when life is too rich for boredom and too various for satiety, when every nation in the world is galloping through such racing history as will one day dismay the children who must study in their school books what now we are living and doing, it is essential, if one is to grasp in any fashion the effects of what is happening, that he find the point of highest temperature in any people and watch it. That acutest point is of course the newest generation of intellectuals. In any nation this generation presents most articulately and most consciously and unconsciously the effects of their period. They are usually children of upper middle-class parents; they have not, therefore, been dulled mentally by ignorance about them, nor have their bodies been stunted by primitive circumstances of hunger and filth. They have had leisure to share in some measure in the life of their day; they have had books and newspapers, and they have seen plays and pictures and heard music at least on the radio—or they could have these things if they wished. They have been given in the United States an amazing amount of deference and freedom to do what they call living their own lives. Indeed, to the observer from elsewhere the attitude of the average American parent toward his child, or even of the adult toward youth, is one of pathetic deference. The effect upon the child would be amusing were it not so alarmingly bad, for it bestows upon the youth a spu-

rious superiority which he has done nothing to achieve and robs him of the enthusiasm for life which is the right of every individual.

For I do not believe in the rights of the young any more than I believe in the rights of the old and the mature. Or let me turn it round and say that I believe in the equal rights of everyone, of every generation, and I do not think that there is any special reason for giving deference to youth because it is youth, as Americans seem to do, any more than I believe an adult should be revered merely because he is an adult, or an old person because he is old, as he is in China. Youth must take his chance among all of the rest, and he is not worth listening to unless he has something of worth to say or to do. Nothing is more devastating to any sort of progress than our American tendency to sacrifice ourselves to our children, to give them a better chance than we ourselves had, to hope that by so doing we will give them more happiness than we have had or that they will make the world better than we have been able to do. It is a manifestation of our childlike idealism which believes in what is to come, and that the young can fulfill as we have not been able to do—as we have not been able to do in great part because we have been so busy sacrificing ourselves for our children.

I realize that this hopefulness is sometimes an excuse for the lazy man or woman, the man who excuses himself for being nothing but a dull busi-

ness grind by saying that he has to have the money for his family needs, or for the woman who excuses herself from any civic or creative activity by saying she has had to devote herself to her children. The human brain is a lazy affair, filled with natural inertia, and it will always choose the easiest round and the habitual process rather than give itself up to the possibility of devastating creative force. Self-sacrifice is the pleasantest of vices and, like all subtle vice, it blinds those who practice it so that they are self-deceived to the end of their lives.

The truth is that no man or woman gave himself or herself up to his family without doing it because he wanted to do it for his own sake. It has excused him from more strenuous personal endeavor, it salves him with self-righteousness, and it consoles him with vicarious achievement, in the hope that his children will pay to the world the debt of what he should have done with what powers he had himself. His real punishment comes in the fact that the children of wholly devoted parents are usually ashamed of their parents, or if the children are decent-minded average young people, they give back a small impatient affection while they maintain their secretly scornful solitary intellectual and emotional life, seeking elsewhere for true companionship. The only parent to whom children turn with pride and eagerness is that parent who, while providing intelligent care and a sense of being near in time of need, yet stoutly maintains his own right to live and to think as he pleases and to do his own work, and to make his contribution to his times, not through his children but through his own powers, and who does not sit at the feet of the young. Nothing is so bad for anyone as to have people sitting at his feet, and our young sophisticates show these ill effects perhaps more seriously than do any young in the world.

For if China has been absurd in her reverence for the old, so that merely growing white hairs instead of black assures one of dignity and respect, in the United States we have an equal absurdity, which is to grant to rosy cheeks and hard young carelessness a sort of timid admiring obedience. And, indeed, the Chinese absurdity is not so dangerous as our own, for the old are so soon to die they may be indulged a little, and must only be curbed if they tend to curb others. But to indulge the young and to give them undue place is seriously to hamper them. It robs them of the chance, invaluable to every mind, of having to pit itself with reality against other minds, and postpones the normal adolescent age of disillusionment into maturity, when its effects are very much more pervading and dangerous, and may result in a sad acceptance of defeat and refuge in lesser achievement.

The effects of our American attitude toward the young are now apparent and are well worth observing, and it has been a matter of most profound interest to me in these days when I am finding so much of profound and fresh interest in my own country. I go a good deal out of my way to meet these young, and I find them of course of many kinds and mental shapes. But I maintain that the acutest point of revelation is the sophisticated intellectual, the young man and woman between eighteen and twenty-two, now for the most part in college. I make them so young because at this age they are still the product of their home environment, and by home I include also their civic and national environment and, therefore, still the product of what they have been taught and have absorbed rather than of what life has forced upon them by the crude experience of bestowal or deprivation, awaiting them when they are compelled to try to make their own living.

For the years between twenty-two and thirty, or even thirty-five, are not the years which are most important in the personal life of the average individual because these are the years when people are absorbed in the more or less standardized tasks of marriage and home-making, of earning a living for a family, of begetting and giving birth to children. These routine activities absorb to a large extent the individualistic tendencies of even the most creative minds, and only before they have been undertaken and after they have been somewhat fulfilled can an individual really be studied on his own merits and peculiarities. How many men and women wake up from this period of existence with a sense of fresh wonder at life and with the realization that their own lives have been in abeyance while they have been giving physical birth at least to the next generation! Some never wake up at all and these remain as stunted as does any permanently infantile child.

This post-generative period, therefore, is not indicative of the social environment of any people in the same sense as is that period between, roughly speaking, eighteen and twenty-two, when for the first time the youth is beginning to function as an individual but with all his environment as freshly wet upon him as the inside of an egg is upon the newly hatched chick. He is then truly the shape of what has created him, and we can see that shape and discover whether his environment has been good or ill for him.

In this fashion I have been watching with greatest interest the young men and women about me these days in my own country, and I am forced, for the present at least, to feel that their environment has not been good for them. They are so charming, they are so mild, they are so unconsciously and completely selfish, they are so sophisticated with a sort of pseudo-sophistication

which is touching in its shallowness, they are so docile, docile to their parents or their teachers whom for the most part they ignore, and docile toward life; and nothing is so unhealthy in the young as docility.

When I say they are docile toward their parents and teachers I do not at all mean that they listen to their parents and teachers with any interest or respect, but they do not rebel against them as they should. It is a very serious indictment of the older generation, for it means they have not been forceful enough or meaningful enough as individuals even to be rebelled against. A mollycoddle may be ignored or despised or a little loved, but he is not taken seriously; and it seems to me significant that the young in our country do not give their elders the weight they should.

For this the elders are to be greatly blamed. We ought to give our young something to rebel against, just as we give our babies something hard to chew upon. But we have not. We have built us a race of beautiful, strong-bodied young creatures with no angers and no determinations. The narrow-minded, self-assertive, domineering parent, if he is enough of these things, makes giants out of his children, giants of resistance and revolt and fury, who after they have run away in all ways possible and have cast off all authority, proceed with the energy thus generated to produce great things. For a father to say amiably, "Do as you please of course and let me know how much it will cost," is an injury to a child from which he can scarcely recover. Much better that he thunder out in the approved manner of the wicked father of old, "I forbid it and if you do it I will cut you off without a penny!"

The child of the first father, our modern child, will wander disconsolately through life, like that poor little product of a progressive school who in-

quired mournfully, "Must we do what we want to to-day?" But the child of the second father, if he is worth anything, will go off in a great rush of healthy rebellion, will starve with intense enjoyment, will find life extremely exciting and worthwhile, and will go all his days with a secret flow of good honest wilful determination to have his own way. Of course he will also complain for years against his father, and tell everywhere what a bull-headed fellow his parent was, but secretly he will think none the less of his father; for if it had not been for what his father drove him to do, he would never have known, etc., etc. A certain amount of rebellion is right and normal for everyone at an appropriate age and if it is not fulfilled against parent and teacher, as it should be and naturally is, it will fulfill itself later in much more dangerous and uncomfortable ways, in bombs and wars and social vices or in docile pointless discontent.

Our young people now, therefore, show the signs of not having had their inalienable right of rebellion. They exhibit all the physical and mental restlessness of the teething child who cannot find anything upon which to set down his sore and swollen gums. They are vaguely rebellious; for of course they cannot help being rebellious against something, and they are rebellious not against their natural enemies, their parents and their teachers, but against life itself.

II

Now this is a serious state of affairs, for it is no use being rebellious against life. Life is a great shapeless inexorable force, and all the individual rebellion against it does no good. In order to conquer life, one has first to accept it, and to pay no heed to its vicissitudes, and to attain to this state of tranquil

ignoring one must choose as one's antagonist something that can be actually attacked and downed, some individual or some cause. But to feel rebellious against life is to have lost without ever having fought. It is like fighting a fog or an ocean tide or the winds or the fires in a volcano. It is like turning a fire-hose upon the sun, or like using a blotting paper to dry up a Yangtse flood.

The truth is the less attention one pays to life and its exigencies the better. One has to get around life in small ways, and deceive its malignancies in order to emerge triumphantly happy in spite of its dismays. One has to find happiness by seeking small concrete joys, and not least among these is the joy of rebellion. But in rebellion, as in all else, we must find something of our own size or at least of our own kind against which to rebel.

And this is the injury we have done our young. We have taken away from them the opportunity of finding something against which they can rebel with any chance of victory. They cannot rebel successfully against a vast social order or against a bad scheme of distribution of food and jobs, and the tragedy is that they will not be able to rebel, I fear, even against another war. Indeed, many of them even see in another war a chance for the joys of rebellion they have not had. It will be a pleasure, I do believe, for some young men I know to stick a bayonet even into a dummy rather than to have nobody into which to stick it, as is their plight now. And they are avid for the chance of a struggle and for desperate fatigue and for a chance to vent anger and to run into danger and for a chance to gain glory and be a hero—all those things which a good honest fight at home or anywhere else might have given them on a smaller and less vicious scale. For, pitted against the vast vague enemies of our times, they are

helpless. They are in the position of a certain football team I once knew in a Chinese university, who on being sent to play a team in another university returned without doing so. Upon being questioned they replied with surprise, "Why play when we knew we could not win? It is more honorable to return home to our studies." Our times are creating a group of young intellectuals who prefer not to play, knowing they cannot win. There is nothing more crushing to the human spirit than to live in such knowledge of defeat.

What is the direct effect of such knowledge, as I see it among those young men and women whom I know? I confess they are few in number, and that most of them belong to the avowedly intellectual classes. Many of them are in college, or if not in college, they are trying to write books or plays or paint pictures. But I maintain again that they are the best examples of their generation because they are the recipients of the best and most typical of our home and school and community life. They have had the best of everything and they are the flower of our American ideas of what home and school and town should be. They ought to show it and they do show it. In their colleges, Yale or Vassar or Harvard or Smith, or wherever they are, they show it, and almost universally they are alike.

The amazing thing is how alike they are to one another. They come from the most varied country in the world, the most vivid country in the world, the most exciting country I have ever seen, where every situation of race and religion and social life is at variance with some other, and they emerge all alike lovely to look at, all alike docile, all alike hard in a small superficial sense, sophisticated with the pathetic sophistication of a child to whom everything has been offered at an age too young

for its appreciation or perception of what it is being given. The depression, which most of them have experienced in one form or another and in varying degree, has left them only with a sharp selfishness or a sense of melancholy which makes them shrug their shoulders and feel that life is against them. Of course life is against them—life is against every individual. Why should the youth feel that he ought to have a chance when life gives chances to almost nobody unless he makes them? I heard a young woman say the other day, "We are soon to graduate into a world that does not want us." But of course—when did the world ever want anybody? The world considers no one indispensable until he makes himself so in some particular way. It is an indictment against home and school if we have let our children grow up thinking otherwise, or being so foolish as to believe that there is anything easy in living, or that anyone at any time can hope to have a smooth existence for more than a very few years at a time.

Their study of history ought to have shown them this, with its record of pioneering and wars and frequent panics and business depressions. I do not believe there has been a period in any country's history which has been long enough to insure peace and prosperity for the lifetime of any individual. At some time in every life business becomes difficult, the hour changes, and hardship must come. The Chinese youth is reared with this knowledge and he expects nothing else. The son of the rich man knows that all about him are the poor, avidly waiting their turn, and he knows that the chances are their turn will come before he dies. The knowledge sharpens his pleasure in what he now has, lends zest to life, and prepares him with a philosophy for the day of change.

This is the normal course of life up

to our times, and the young ought to know it, and they ought to realize that if they do not like insecurity and the constant hazards of change, then they ought to do something about it for their future. We who are now middle-aged were born in prosperous times and were fairly secure in our youth, and left college to jobs and chances which our children do not have. But surely we have served our turn. Upon us the hazards have fallen with bitter weight, and we have had to struggle through depression, and to feed and clothe and house and educate our families at terrible cost of fear and anxiety, and it has been just as hard for us as for anybody. There is no burden so heavy as responsibility. Our children are getting their turn early at poverty and hardship; but they have less sense than I think they have if they do not realize that the chances are their middle years will be spent in much greater prosperity and security than ours. And after all, the generations owe one another nothing. Our children did not ask to be born, but neither did we. We are all here together, and it is nobody's fault, and we must all make the best of it, and there is no reason why any generation should take the whole brunt of it.

Nor is there any reason why life should be considered an evil thing or not worth living. Life is exactly what it always has been, and nothing can be gained by revolt against it in any sense of a vague formless melancholy. One may refuse to undertake it, and commit suicide, and this is anyone's right of course if he is constitutionally unable to see any fun in a fight. Indeed, I am inclined to respect the person who is decisive enough to kill himself. At least he has made a definite move. It is the mild complaining youths whom I cannot respect, the ones who are contemptuous of everything because they themselves are secretly dissatisfied, who

see no beauty in enthusiasms and dislike emotional vigor, who have the dull pervading cynicism common to the person who wants something without being vigorous enough to struggle for it, who desires without aspiring for achievement. These ridicule by silly wisecrackery every honest effort of others stronger than they.

But they are critical without being rebellious. From early childhood they have been urged by teachers and parents to be independent, to be individual, to accept nothing, to shape their own minds. The average and even the super-average child is not able to do this. It is not by such means he grows. He grows by conflicts, he shapes himself by determining not to be what people want him to be, he makes up his own mind by deciding he will not agree with another mind, and having thus decided not to agree, he is forced to define what he will be and do and believe. He can be positive only by associating with other positive people. Under our present liberal system our children have grown into a set of feeble critics, critical of everybody whom they see and hear, without anything to offer except a peevish universal criticism. They do not understand that such criticism is the refuge of the mediocre and incompetent mind which sometimes out of jealousy, and sometimes out of laziness, seeks refuge from the active mental effort needed to make an honest opinion and, by crying down any such effort elsewhere, invests itself with the petty false superiority of the easy and spurious critic. And there is nothing so lacking in originality as the sort of critical mind to be found in our young people. Criticism is valuable only when it leads on to active rebellion, to the construction of another positive opinion and action. Merely to criticise is puerile and preliminary and, if no more comes of it, it remains puerile and the mind may,

unless it pulls itself out of this state, become entirely sterile.

III

This state of sterile criticism is particularly to be observed in the attitude of some of these young toward our national figures who have already achieved position in life or letters. Nor is it, I believe, to be accounted for by any casual explanation of economic difficulty. There are whole groups of young people who fall upon any well-known person with the bitterest and most prejudiced criticism. I have sat among them sometimes and listened with delight and profit to some artist explaining with painstaking eagerness his art, and I have heard afterward the callowest and most sweeping condemnation, and if the artist were a great and famous one, the condemnation was the more bitter. Part of it was jealousy of course, for the young aspirant to the arts forgets that the famous and successful figure was once obscure and poor too and unknown and struggling. But most of it is this attitude, born of our too early urging for individuality, which makes the young feel that they must be "different." If the world praises so and so, then they must blame, else they will be like everybody else. It is the fear of the mediocre, the creature who dares not be himself, lest he cannot be distinguished from others. The truly great person never fears so to be lost, for he knows he cannot be lost. It never occurs to him to think whether he is like anybody else or not—it does not matter to him.

But I am the more concerned for these young because this state of conscious and continual ineffectual criticism produces sterility in them not only because it deceives them into thinking they have done something when they have merely disapproved what somebody else has done, but

because it actually robs them of one of the most real incentives toward achievement, which is honest wholesome hero-worship. It does not at all matter whether these heroes are worthy of worship or not—nor is it essential to be worshipped. But it is essential to worship; for to worship and to admire is to stir all the creative instincts, first through imitation perhaps, but finally, if there is actual ability, to real and individual achievement. And the critical mind cannot worship. We have only begun the education of our young when we have urged upon them to be critical, and I am inclined to think it is a bad beginning at that.

These then are our so-called "hard-boiled" youths and they are products, let me add, not of our depression, but of our prosperity.

For most of them were formed before the depression, which, after all, is only five years old. I believe that the real children of the depression, if only this depression can last long enough, will be very different. If only this depression can continue to keep parents busy and bad-tempered with fatigue and anxiety so that they cannot afford to send their children to expensive schools and will order them about a bit at home and make them help with the work and realize that life is, if a good time for all, still only a good hard time, the children now eight or nine years old are going to be an interesting lot of young men and women when they get to college. By that time their parents will be easier financially than they are now in all probability, or we shall have had some sort of social revolution to loosen up the times, and with the memory of a hard childhood, the young people will be rich with enthusiasms, and every little thing they are given and every little privilege they have will be precious and amazing. They will be full of rebellions and angers because of their poverty-

stricken childhood, and if they still have nothing they will set to work in a fine frenzy and get what they want or some of it; for even in the best of revolutions no one gets all he wants. I doubt if there was ever even a communist who got all he wanted. But it is not so much getting everything as wanting to get it. I had rather have for my child a communist who wanted everything for himself and went out to get it than a ninny who sat and complained because life did not give him a job. And that is saying a great deal, because frankly, after much observation of them, I do not care for communists. But there are persons worse.

Not that I am in the least extolling poverty. Poverty in itself never made a man out of any boy. None but the strongest and the most determined and even the most ruthless nature can escape its dull and levelling influence, and even then it leaves its permanent, wicked scar. A delicate and sensitive mind is as surely killed by poverty as is the delicate body, and the loss to the world of genius, born and bound in poverty and forever unexpressed, must be incalculable. For it is not true that genius will emerge out of any circumstance. Genius combined with a great will to rebel will emerge,—but it is the will that does it. It is our American storybook tradition, in which we so sentimentally believe, that heroes must come out of log cabins. It is as absurd as to believe that storks bring babies. Far more heroes are born and die in log cabins than ever came out of them. No, poverty has only one value. If there is a man or woman strong enough to fight to win, poverty is a great enemy against which to fight—perhaps the greatest enemy of all; for few are able to prevail against it always.

But the youth whom I watch with greatest interest are not the children of the very poor. After all, it does

not greatly matter what parents the children of the very poor have, for the mere circumstances of their life gives them plenty of chance for healthy rebellion. The youth of whom I speak are the children of the rest of us, of most of us who are neither rich nor poor and, after all, these are the children of America; for surely in no other nation of the world is the middle class so comprehensive and the very rich and the very poor so negligible. Most of our children, I say, take for granted clothing of fair quality, a comfortable home, plenty of food, and some amusement—an amazing amount of amusement in fact. Most of all they take for granted that these things will be provided for them with no contribution on their part for many years. Indeed, they usually do not know with what difficulty their fathers do provide these things, and they do not care, and their mothers do not often enough help them to any other point of view. Their understanding of life, therefore, is indefinitely postponed.

But it is the vice of the American parents that they shield their children from the understanding and knowledge of life. I receive with wonder letters from mothers who complain to me, "Your story in such and such a magazine was one I was ashamed for my twelve-year-old daughter to read." I reply invariably, with all the gentleness I can muster, "But, madame, I do not write for twelve-year-old little girls." It is extraordinary the desire that American parents have to shape everything to suit the minds of twelve-year-old little girls or boys, even our book literature, and certainly the material in popular magazines, which is of course the literature of the mass. The tragedy of these mothers, and of many others, is that they try and succeed in preserving these twelve-year-old minds of their children far into maturity, and perhaps forever. There

is no age apparently at which we are willing to allow our children to know that life, however beautiful, is grim, that passion is a fact in every human being and not a sin, that joy is not easily or truly found, and less easily held, that struggle is inevitable so long as life lasts, for when it ceases death of one sort or another begins.

Here, I suppose, is the real trouble with our youth. They are shielded, praised, coaxed, indulged until this becomes their atmosphere. Then suddenly, heartlessly, cruelly, we push them out of this careless sunshine into life as it is. Even a wolf will take its cubs on the hunt, to teach them how to live, and the cubs see danger and learn escape and understand how close death is to life. But we do not show such wisdom. After letting our children grow up in the feeling that bread drops as manna from heaven, we, in one day, tell them they must henceforth earn their own bread. We tell them complacently that we have "done every-

thing" for them, given them "all the advantages."

But the truth is we have not given them the greatest advantage of all. We have not made them see what life really is, for we have not made them share it with us as they grew. It is to push them into desperate battle without a sword and expect them not only to survive but to win. For the keenest weapon of all, the only valuable weapon, a parent can give a child is knowledge, not mere knowledge in schools, which is a fairly useless thing except as an occupation for childhood, but knowledge of life, of its depths and its heights, of the follies and the weaknesses of men and women, to which we are all liable, as well as of their glories and strengths, which are possible for any soul resolute enough to achieve them. Early to know, early to choose, early to struggle toward a determined individual and achievement—this is to equip our children with armor for body and soul.



INTERLUDE FOR MOUNTAIN POET

BY JESSE STUART

I SING out of my heart *American songs*
As I plow through hard-bone Kentucky clay.
I fling out to Kentucky winds my songs,
Like blackberry seeds that root down in the clay.
My songs are born here in a different way.
My songs come from this human heart and brain,
Their white-hot metal tempered by the rain.
My songs come from the stubble and the flower.
They come from cornfield dirt and fighting blood.
My songs come from the thrush note and the shower,
From the green rag-weed blood in solitude.
These are American songs for in my moods
I sing American from American blood,
With words dripping with blue Kentucky mud.

II

Sing out, wild heart! Sing in your windy mood,
Sing to the playful wind, sing your gay song;
Sing out, wild blood, sing songs of your wild blood,
Sing loud, sing gay—sing—sing—go sing your song.
This is your life—this is your native land;
These are your hills, your rivers, and your bottoms.
Sing out your song, your people, and your land
Through winters, springs, the summers, and the autumns.
Sing—sing—of ox carts, wagon wheels, and plows;
Sing of the little world where you belong—
The round-log shacks, cornfields, and spotted cows.
Sing, poet, sing, sing wildly wild your song.
Remember song was in you from beginning,
Back in your sires in drinking and in sinning.

III

*The dripping rain at night you love to hear
Oozing down from the black wind sheets of night;
The monotone of rain you love to hear,
Drops beat the dirt like drums far in the night.
You love to put your hands on the green tree
And feel the ooze of water on the bark.
You love to think such night eternity,
The gentleness of rain in the long dark
With you—the dripping dripping drums of rain
Soft on the woodland leaves for feet of man,
Soft to the flesh and soothing to the brain.
Rain in the night eternity for man,
And possums there to love such night to stir
And polecats with white raindrops in their fur.*

IV

*You'll fall beside the path you walk upon
And you will lie deep rooted there beside
The men with whom you worked to carry on,
And girl you chose in youth to be your bride.
It will not matter where you sleep or when,
For you will be a part of destiny
In this American world of sleeping men
When you find sleep beneath the roots of tree.
Be all the same to you American dust,
Give yourself back to corn and root and bud—
Give yourself back, fertile American dust,
Decaying flesh, your brittle bone, your blood,
Under the golden moon, under the stars,
Under pokeberry, under the pasture bars.*





OUR ART BECOMES AMERICAN

WE DRAW UP OUR DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

BY THOMAS CRAVEN

NOTHING in recent years has exceeded in vituperation and critical ignorance the controversy now raging in the field of American art. On one side we have the dying academicians, who believe that art is a conservative sport for gentlemen, and the two groups of internationalists: the purists who cling to the notion that art is beyond the effects of time and place, and the propagandists who would arrogate painting to the exclusive service of Marxian economics. Normally, the three factions despise one another, but in the anxiety of the moment they have joined forces against a common foe, and the foe is a band of specifically native painters united in the belief that art is the product of direct experiences with the actualities of American life. The controversy was precipitated by the achievements and rise to national prominence of five men: Charles Burchfield, of Ohio; Thomas Benton, of Missouri; Grant Wood, of Iowa; John Curry, of Kansas; and Reginald Marsh, of New York.

These men have taken art into the open air, away from the jurisdiction of specialists, esthetes, Bohemians, and political fanatics, and have placed it within reach of the people; they have produced a body of paintings now enjoyed by large and intelligent audiences; they are the leaders of a new movement which has swept the coun-

try, inflamed the imagination of the coming generation, and which, on the basis of accomplished work, marks the end of American subservience to foreign cultural fashions. Naturally they have incurred the enmity of the cults, cliques, and quacks, and the unreasoning jealousy of their competitors; but their good work goes marching on, and the American people for the first time are beginning to understand the meaning and value of fine painting. It is possible that the eminence of these artists, as Karl Marx said of John Stuart Mill, may be due to the flatness of the surrounding country; that they are only the forerunners of a movement which, later on, will flower more abundantly. But by all sensible reference to historical practice, they are on the right track—the only track that can produce art. Nor are they alone in their convictions.

For strange as it may seem to our gullible victims of the Marxian fantasy that art is social propaganda or nothing, the Russians, the only Communists who are not amateurs, have learned from bitter experience that art cannot be generated by didactical ukases, and have shown evidence of a sharp turn to local issues for their materials. Burdened with the machinery of centrally controlled esthetic theory, the Russians have nothing to compare with the regional developments in America; but, nevertheless, it

is plain from their latest motion pictures and paintings that they are beginning in their art to express the hopes, fears, and feelings of men and women in given environments—just as Tolstoy did when he was an artist and not a propagandist—rather than the dogmas of the Third International.

Before considering the attainments of the new American school, let us examine briefly this so-called Internationalism in art. Everybody knows that the great art of Italy was composed of a nest of intensely local schools, each with rigidly defined characteristics, and each strongly conditioned by local psychologies. Viewed at long range, this great art may be designated nationally as Italian; on closer inspection, it becomes Florentine, Roman, Sienese, or Umbrian; in the last analysis, it is the work of powerful individuals and their followers. And everybody knows that the native art of Italy spread throughout Europe and influenced the whole stream of Occidental painting, sculpture, and building. With the collapse of the city kingdoms of Italy, and with the antique blooms of the late Renaissance, the practice of art was abstracted from local settings and converted into an international business, a business having as precedent the medieval hand-over of the churchmen and philosophers who continued to think and write in Latin, the international language. Art was enthroned; it became the property of aristocrats, the spoil of collectors, the concern of the cultivated, and ultimately, the plaything of the precious. A new concept came into being—an international esthetic—and with it the habit among intellectuals of regarding art as a universal practice above the references of time and locality.

Curiously enough, this attitude appeared when races and peoples were consolidating into nationalities, when

the boundaries for the bitter and bloody rivalries of modern Europe were being determined. This theoretical view received its strongest official support from the French Academy, and its pictorial direction from Poussin. Later, at the time of the formation of German nationalism and the concept of Teutonic preëminence, it was accepted as gospel; and Goethe, during those first deep stirrings of the national consciousness, proclaimed that art was above local particularities. It must be noted, however, that his own work, when it was art and not just comment or rhetoric, was thoroughly Germanic. As for the Russians of the period, they swallowed the theory whole, and their art, what there was of it, was slavishly imitative of the French. For the French, with indigent foresight, had already convinced the world that France was the repository of all that was culturally free and fine in the history of the human race. Culturally, the French were internationalists, but they made it perfectly clear that the fountainhead of the cultural stream was Paris—that is, their diplomatists made it clear.

But fortunately for France, this lip-service to internationalism was wasted upon a number of men who were artists, not theorists; and beginning with Chardin, we find that persistent, practical reference to experiences in the French environment which later produced Daumier, Renoir, and Cézanne. And looking in other directions and back to earlier times, we find that El Greco, Velasquez, and Goya, and Rembrandt and Rubens, whatever their opinions on internationalism, reflected thoroughly in their art the characteristics of race and locality.

What inference shall we draw from this? Shall we simply say that the concept of internationalism in art is so much intellectual poppycock? Certainly not. There is profound truth

in it. The division of Europe into nationalities was followed, not only by the international exchange of economic goods, but also by a brisk trading in cultural goods. Italian and Flemish paintings circulated freely in France, Spain, and England, and were lavishly admired. The cultivated people of France—and the uncultivated too, if we are to credit the reports of the crowds that gathered to behold Napoleon's art robberies—discovered that they could respond to Italian art, that its language was not altogether alien. The old Italians, of course, had discovered the glories of Greek and Roman sculpture; the Greeks had discovered the Egyptians—and so on. We see then that internationalism, in one sense, is as old as commerce between peoples; but it remained for the French Academy and such abstract theorists as Schelling and Hegel, who considered art as an accomplished fact, an esthetic object, to give the concept precise formulation.

The inference to be drawn from the notion of the universality of art is this: there are two sides to the art business, the appreciative and the creative, and what is good and true for one is not good and true for the other. From the appreciative point of view, art is indeed universal: we may enjoy and understand—to a certain extent—the sculpture of such diverse races as the Italians and the Chinese. But to the maker of pictures and statues, art is an intensely local occupation—the product of direct experiences with human beings, of the perception of things in specific settings. No matter how much an artist may admire and understand the forms of Rubens and Rembrandt, he cannot make original pictures by imitating, rehashing, or disguising those forms; no matter how learned he may be in the styles and methods of the masters, he cannot produce anything in his own right unless his tech-

nical equipment is put to work in new situations—fertilized by fresh contacts with life and transformed in the crucible of experience.

The confusion of the values and meanings contained in the completed object with the processes of generation is responsible for most of the evils and manias into which art has fallen during the past forty years. In the new French Academy, the modernist academy ruled by Picasso, this confusion has reached the uttermost limits of infantilism and absurdity. The French modernists have denied completely the value of life-experience—they do not even paint the familiar scenes of their own Bohemian playground—they paint geometrical litter and phony symbols. They have the typical academic habit of trying to make art by preying upon venerated objects of art. All that they do is to imitate the structure, or external characteristics, of the art of the past: the primitive Italians, the Persians, the Negroes, and occasionally an Occidental master. Sometimes they try to conceal their operations by reducing their venerated objects to "abstract organizations"; sometimes they resort to cryptic titles or the drivelling metaphysics of their literary dupes. They assume that because works of art have universal values, they can transmit those values by remaking, with slight changes of idiom, objects evolved by their predecessors from living experiences. This attitude, compared to that of a real artist like Daumier, is no more than an obsessional devotion to pointless and repugnant pattern-making.

But the authority of tradition is powerful, and in modern times the tradition of universality in art has been craftily maintained by France. The French have done well by their sacred trust, convincing the rest of the world that universality is really a French prerogative, and that the best the out-

sider can do is to adopt unquestioningly the theories and practices of French artists, preferably in Paris, if one has a little money to spend. And the Americans, provincially doubtful of their powers, have followed the French like so many sheep, excusing their imitations of imitations with the traditional cry that art is universal and its values eternal, that it is neither American nor French—just art. This in the face of every valid work of art that was ever produced.

II

The pioneer in the new revolt against our provincial servility, which is as manifest among the international modernists as among the sedate refugees of the National Academy, is Charles Ephraim Burchfield, a tailor's son, born in Ohio, in 1893. Burchfield is one of those grim, gifted, independent Americans who take nothing for granted, essentially a Middle Westerner with the melancholy, sharp-seeing interest in hard facts that distinguishes the novelists of the central valleys. He was brought up in a rustic background; in drab down-at-the-heels towns and monotonous farm lands that no one loved. But the life of the midlands made a profound impression upon him. Footloose, in the good American fashion, he wandered through town and country, observing the habits of men and women, the wretched architecture, the freight trains, the fields and forlorn vistas of unoccupied earth, the stern farmers and their sad, patient wives, and the social life of the shabby settlements.

In his youth Burchfield frequented an art school in Cleveland, and managed to survive it. Had he been made of the usual plastic stuff, he would have submitted to the Franco-American system of preparing young students for a postgraduate course in Pa-

risian fads; but he had no need of Continental inspiration or training and would allow no one to tell him what or how to paint. In his late twenties he exhibited in New York a collection of water-colors of astonishing originality. At that inauspicious moment American artists were groveling before Matisse, Picasso, and the cracked-fiddle painters, and the importance of Burchfield's pictures was not generally recognized. But the few artists and critics who were not dizzy with imported distortions and theories saluted the arrival of an authentic American artist.

This young man brought painting down to earth. He was never taken in by the flummery of Cubism, and he avoided New York and the contagion of cults. He painted the country that was in his blood, the Mid-Western environment that had matured his conception of America—and he did not romanticize it. He chose scenes and subjects that had been proscribed because they were supposed to be insular or intrinsically ugly; and his pictures outraged both the modernists and the conservatives trained to paint nature in the rosy colors of Impressionism. His experiences had taught him that life was neither charming nor classical: he had found it rich in bleakness, and beneath its loneliness and shabby monotony he had found nobility of effort and a naked, haunting grandeur. He painted villages in winter, the coming of spring, the seasons of harvests, and fall plowing; he painted the countryside with a row of false-front stores straggling on one side of the highway, farmers in T-model Fords, little towns on a Saturday afternoon; and he made special studies of local architecture from the dilapidated cottages by the railroad to the jigsaw Gothic of the quality folks. And he managed to surround these subjects with a tragic atmosphere, the tragedy of barren living,

cheap tastes, and starved ideals; to make them personal expressions of his own poetic view of common things.

Burchfield faced life, and extracted from it an art that may be justly called his own. His art is not without flaws: he is a man of a single mood and his technical knowledge is limited. He is more brilliant than powerful, and his work tends to slide into mere illustration; that is, instead of building up well-knit structures, he produces descriptive sketches, and beautiful, suggestive bits of American life. Of late years, living in a new environment near Buffalo, he has endeavored to correct his faults, and his work in oils is more substantial and more poetic, but at times, fantastic and unreal. But I do not wish to underestimate his importance: he is still a young man and his best work, for all I know, may lie before him. On the strength of things accomplished he must be called one of our best artists. He was the first of the modern group to throw off the incubus of European imitation, and his example changed the direction of American painting.

The most prominent, vigorous, and versatile of our painters is Thomas Hart Benton, of Neosho, Missouri. Benton, now in his forty-sixth year, comes by his Americanism naturally. His great-uncle, after whom he was named, was the famous Missouri senator; his father was a noted criminal lawyer in the Southwest, and for many terms, a member of Congress. The backwoods country of his boyhood was not unlike the environment of Huckleberry Finn, but he had advantages denied to Mark Twain's hero: during the winter months he lived in Washington, and very early, through constant traveling, was brought into contact with all sorts of people and conditions of American life.

At the age of nineteen Benton went to Paris to make an artist of himself.

He served a five-year term in the art colony of the Left Bank, and on his return was the most dismal misfit I have ever encountered. He had absorbed, practiced, and rejected all the isms of the day and he was out of joint with his own country. For years he worked, painting with prodigious energy and frantic determination, but he did not seem to get anywhere. Slowly he recovered his athletic youthfulness, his gusto for living, and his interest in people; and a hitch in the Navy removed the last traces of French influences. But it was Burchfield who showed him the vast potentialities of the American setting and how to relate his technical knowledge to native backgrounds. It is not too much to say that without Burchfield's pioneering discoveries Benton would never have found himself. Beholding the Ohio painter's searching interpretations of the Middle West, he resolved to devote his life to the construction of a complete pictorial history of the United States, an art of and for the American people.

Since that momentous decision Benton has made himself the most widely discussed artist in America. Armed with an exhaustive technical equipment, he has made annual expeditions into the interior of the country. With a knapsack of drawing materials on his back, he has traveled by every known means of locomotion from the great industrial centers to the furthestmost corners of the mountains and backwoods. He understands people, high and low, and people like him, put him up for the night, swap yarns with him, and pose for him. In the course of his wanderings he has amassed a library of notes and drawings: cowboys, mountaineers, college professors, politicians, cotton pickers, mill hands, Indians, rustic fiddlers, miners, harvest hands, poets, and preachers—and every one of them drawn from life! Eventually

these studies find their way into his finished works in oil and tempera.

Benton's vitality, diversified interests, and powers of design have been most successfully employed in mural painting. To date, he has executed three murals of outstanding significance in modern art: one in The New School for Social Research in New York; another in the Whitney Museum of New York; and the third—the most impressive wall decoration on the American continent—the History of Indiana painted for the Indiana building of the Century of Progress.

From his first exhibition, Benton has been the storm center of critical opinion. His art is a veritable onslaught against accepted traditions of painting and preconceived ideas of beauty, not so much by the nature of his subject-matter as by his method of attack. In the first place he paints actual scenes and living characters—scenes of crime and violence, agrarian occupations, industrial activities, night life in cities—and he paints them with a full-bodied, shameless, detailed treatment unknown to art since the days of Dutch genre. Second, he uses such materials in great wall paintings, in mural schemes of powerfully integrated projections and recessions in deep space. For this his enemies have called him brutal, vulgar, and blasphemous. But we must remember that mural painting in modern times has been bogged in sham heroics and symbolical blather of a literary nature. It has also been sterilized by the convention that it should be a background like wall paper, that it should not dislocate the flat surface of the wall—a convention the architects have been careful to foster in order to preserve the harmony of their borrowed ornamentations.

Against the conventional heroics of content, to which even so original an artist as the Mexican, Orozco, subscribes—with results that border on the

ridiculous—Benton has thrown his perception of things in the American environment, persuaded that his subjects, by their simple, factual character, convey not only sufficient content, but all that the art of painting is capable of holding without turning into literature or illustrational philosophy. Against the fetish of flat decoration he has thrown his structural processes by means of which the wall is used as a window opening back into great distances. Both moves are revolutionary and, furthermore, typical of the American mind, which is contemptuous of grand ideas and heroics. There is no doubt that Benton's revolutionary vigor has overturned American painting and plunged it into new channels; for his most vehement opponents are now adopting both his methods and his views, and painters who have worshipped all their lives at the feet of French artists and bowed to French universality are now proclaiming America and the wide open spaces of the "three-dimensional world."

This, in my opinion, is all to the good. Benton's insistence on the superior value of directly perceived facts has made it possible for any artist to get at the roots of his original self. He has paved the way for the freedom of American expression, and men like Curry, Wood, and Marsh, who share his views, are in no way reminiscent of him. In truth, these men have no special interest in the complicated technical method which has given to much of his work preceding the Indiana mural the hard, cold appearance of problem solutions.

III

The Americanism of John Stuart Curry is of a different stamp. Curry, born on a Kansas farm in 1897, has been painting only a few years, but he has been drawing all his life. "He

began to draw," his mother confides, "when he wore skirts and curls, and like Tommy Traddles, he was always at it. He drew the things he saw on the farm, and the old Northwestern express that roared by at dusk. And one winter, after the corn had been laid by, we went to Arizona, where John's pictures of cowboys, bucking bronchos, and long-horned cattle were much prized by the pupils of the country school."

After working on the Missouri Pacific Railroad as a section hand, Curry entered the Chicago Art Institute, left his studies at the end of two years to play football in Pennsylvania, and then came to New York to try his hand at magazine illustration. Discouraged by his lack of cleverness, he went to Paris to learn how to paint, and returned to America a self-confessed failure. He went back to the farm to think it over, and inspired by renewed contacts with the homeland, painted his celebrated "Baptism in Kansas," a picture that won instant and unexpected recognition. In rapid succession, he painted "The Tornado," which was awarded second prize at the Carnegie International, 1933, "Gospel Train," "Roadmender's Camp," "Hogs Killing a Snake," and many other "Westerns." In 1932, with the permission of John Ringling, he followed The Greatest Show on Earth, a venture resulting in the finest circus pictures thus far done in America. Last year he proved his ability in mural painting and was commissioned, together with Wood, Benton, and Marsh, to decorate one of the new Federal buildings in Washington.

Severe intellectual determination plays only a small part in Curry's work. He is the poet of the American group, certainly the most poetic painter since Albert Ryder. In the best sense of the term, he is an inspirational painter, but "it is everyday human material,"

he says, "that has furnished his brush with its fill of inspiration." Unlike Ryder, Poe, Melville, and many other Americans unknown or forgotten, Curry is neither moon-struck nor mystical. He is the seer of things as they are, not the studio visionary: the poet of the plains, of the great green inland seas of growing wheat; of droughts, dust storms, tornadoes, and elemental terrors. Like Benton, he works from objective facts into which, during the processes of construction and experiment ending in his finished pictures, there enters a sympathy and love for those facts—the feelings, memories, and intimacies springing from childhood ties that have remained unbroken through the years.

Curry is an uncertain painter, but at his best, the most moving of American artists. His "Line Storm," painted last winter, is a convincing and terrifying piece of work from which no amount of jealous criticism can remove the stamp of greatness. This picture makes most Cézannes look faint, painfully hacked together, and emotionally empty; had it been painted by a European, it would be accepted for what it is, a masterpiece. Curry is still young, and his work is often marred by loose and confusing patches which seem to exist separately as illustrative details; but each year finds him a bigger artist with a stronger grip on his technical means. We can be sure of Curry.

Among these Americans, Reginald Marsh stands alone as a product of the city, a painter devoted wholly to urban phenomena. After his schooling at Lawrenceville and Yale he settled in New York, where in a short time he became conspicuous for his studies of the humbler aspects of metropolitan life. Benton has painted the cities but with a grinning cynicism which makes it plain that he does not love them; Marsh, in contrast, really loves

New York and all its grand vulgarity. He paints Harlem and the Bowery, the parks, breadlines, subways, and Coney Island; and he paints the Fourteenth Street shop-girls and the girls of the public beaches and burlesque shows with sensual tenderness and deep appreciation of the charms of exposed flesh. He is thirty-six years old, abhors well-bred people more and more as he grows older, and cannot paint them with any degree of success; he is interested in the vigorous sensuality of common life, which he accepts frankly and affectionately, as Renoir accepted it. This New Yorker has developed an original method of painting in transparent washes which lend a curiously vibrating quality to his surfaces; but how far this method can be reconciled to precision in design remains to be seen. Marsh has always had trouble in relating his forms, and now that he is engaged in mural painting which demands that his facts, however interesting in themselves, be subordinated to some rational scheme of composition, he faces a difficult problem.

Burchfield, Benton, Curry, and Marsh, living in the East and exhibiting regularly, have been known and watched for a number of years. But it is only within the past two years that Grant Wood who, with Benton, now occupies the most influential position in American art, has come into national acclaim. Wood was born on an Iowa farm in 1892, and has endured the extremes of poverty and hard work. A born craftsman, he has performed almost every kind of manual labor from carpentry to the making of jewelry. He has also been a country schoolmaster and teacher of art in a high school, and at present is head of the Department of Art in the University of Iowa, where, he says, "the creative student shall have his chance."

For a long time Wood suffered the agonies of cultural inferiority which

afflict, and usually destroy, American artists. Four times he went to Europe in search of esthetic salvation and in search of something soft and mellow to paint—he "had not yet discovered," he says, "the decorative quality in American newness." He never fooled with Cubism or the other technical and symbolical isms of the day, but he was bound to an older regimen of conventions quite as detrimental to originality. Consciously or unconsciously, he adhered to the Impressionist formula that art is a shutter opened on appearances, and painted bits of nature which, in structure, were no better than the average academic pictures. As a matter of fact, as late as four years ago, save for a few portraits, he was still painting nice, Impressionist studies for a limited Iowa audience. The portraits were beautifully done and superior in characterization to most portraits, but too much influenced by acceptable conventions to count as original works.

Then, as if by a flash of revelation, Wood made his dynamic change and rapidly developed from just another painter of pictures into the designer of original forms which have no parallel in modern art. He painted "American Gothic," one of the most deservedly popular pictures ever produced by an American—incomparable characterization rendered with a craftsmanship of the highest order. It is not possible, of course, that Wood became a creative painter overnight. His study of the German and Flemish primitives inspired him to portray the people of Iowa with the same integrity, methodical planning, impeccable craftsmanship, and love of detail that had gone into those old European masterpieces. And it cannot be doubted that the maturity of his present style had its roots in his planned work in the crafts. For Wood, like Benton, is a planner, a man of method

who calculates his effects. These two men are closely allied, in their intellectual attitudes, to the Florentine painters of the High Renaissance. Temperamentally, however, they are opposites: Wood calm and controlled, Benton hardly able to contain his extravagant energy—the proper distinctions between the Yankee and the Southerner! These distinctions are apparent in their work.

Grant Wood is here to stay, a powerful factor in our declaration of independence in art, despite the attempts of the New York followers of international theories and French processes to treat him as a fad. His "Dinner for Threshers," a masterly piece of designing, has the constituents of great painting; and his most recent landscapes, though a little fantastic and too neatly tailored, reveal an amazing fertility of invention, and what is unique in landscape art, a sense of humor. And Wood, in addition to his attainments as an artist, is the pioneer in the regional movement of art in America. He has founded an Iowa school; won the confidence and respect of his own State by making the artist a sober workman and useful citizen; erased the circles within circles through which the artist must pass to reach an audience; and has sold, without the aid of an intermediary, more than four hundred pictures to the friendly people of Cedar Rapids, his home town!

IV

"What is this basic Americanism which you say informs the work of your chosen painters?" ask the seaboard intellectuals. "Why don't you tell us?" I shall undertake to answer the question.

The American Spirit, as it is revealed historically in the political writings of our founders, in our poetry, in the essays of Emerson and Thoreau,

in the fiction of Mark Twain, Dreiser, Lewis, and Hemingway, and in the rush and storm of economic expansion, may best be described as overwhelmingly pragmatic. Though tintured with melancholy and democratic idealism, this spirit remains essentially pragmatic. No other word so exactly differentiates the American mind from the European which, by education and habit, has come to regard "true thinking" as indissolubly bound to the methods of systematic philosophy. American thinking, as exemplified in the writings of such men as William James and John Dewey, is clearly at war with the logical structures of classic European thinking. It is, in fact, so individualistic that the average Continental student of philosophy does not esteem it as thinking in any sense of the term, and recoils from it with contempt. The American mind is predominantly experimental and suspicious of linguistic processes. As an example, I may cite our Behavioristic psychology which illustrates, in somewhat exaggerated fashion, our skeptical attitude toward systems and great truths, toward anything in the nature of logical expositions of alleged certainties.

Among the men and women of the frontier, whose lives were conditioned by the necessity for immediate action, thinking was regarded as a useless frill, a highbrow weakness. We may safely say that the American intelligence still supports this attitude in many ways, viewing with disdain the kind of thinking venerated as "true thinking"—the construction of all-embracing, logical conceptions of the world and its meaning. At its best, this native intelligence, with its core of skepticism, is a revolutionary force which may yet do more for humanity than the patterned idealism of Marx and Engel—the pure conception of a world of inexorable purpose.

The American spirit, recognizing the intricate blending of ends with means, is concentrated on factual evidence rather than on the so-called spiritual ideals. And here, I think, we arrive at an element running through every type of American life and its psychology: we find it in the talk of the garage mechanic, in the poems of Whitman, in the paintings of Homer and Ryder, and in the works of the artists just considered. But this factual intensity is not without a profound spirituality of its own, a quality present in Whitman's magnificent apostrophes and enumerations where the poetry and mystery of life seem greater and more exalting because of the very simplicity of the common things used as symbols. It is present in those lesser, nameless poets, the soul-savers and evangelists who shout the way to heaven, not in hackneyed Latinisms, but in graphic word-pictures of engines, airplanes, and race horses. And it is present in Mark Twain who, with the simile of a barrel rolling down a flight of stairs, conjures up the rumbling terrors of the thunder storm.

The constant efforts of noble-minded people to put a measure of traditional solemnity into our national life have had little success; and the schoolboy with his stock, "Oh yeah!" plays the devil with the heroisms of school history. The major concern of European thinking—the discovery of the meaning that lies beyond reality—receives consideration in America only among retiring professors of philosophy, esthetes, and the amateurs attached to the weekly highbrow sheets, all of whom count for little in the country's life.

No one can define absolutely the American spirit or isolate that common factor underlying sectionalism, psychological and political contradictions, and a thousand local prejudices;

which lives in the sharecropper and the taskmaster he sweats for, and which makes the hysterical efforts of conventional radicals to stimulate class-feeling so difficult, if not impossible. Yet that spirit is real, a strange mixture of nervous emotionalism combined with, and dominated by, a realistic interest in things and the action of things. This conscious, all-absorbing interest in tangible matters is vividly represented by the new group of painters who, even in their poetry, hold certain sardonic reservations—a tendency to twist the solemn moment into a laugh. These painters, for all their differences, are concerned with definite properties—they concentrate on the particular and the characteristic.

It is no accident that the leaders of the new school have come out of the Middle West; for in that region American particularism is at its highest and the frontier heritage of thought and conduct lives on in stark realities, spreading distrust for all absolutes and preserving the hope and temper of democracy. If these painters may be said to represent any abstract content, that content may be named as an equalitarian philosophy in which one thing is as good as another, justifying its value to art by the simple fact of its existence. At the inexorable and inevitable, at all grandeurs of linguistic content, at Marxism and all social absolutes, these painters thumb their noses in typical American style. They see and paint the world of American experience undeterred by theories. They are free from two forces which, in the East, have worked to undermine objective clarity: the colonial and imitative spirit nursed in educational institutions, conservative or radical, and the evil influence of capitalistic finance which, by prolonged manipulation of essentially abstract properties, has separated the minds of men from the realities of things.

V

Burchfield, Benton, Curry, and Wood have not come from a land of abstractions, but from the great productive center of the nation, where things, the industrial and agrarian as well as the cyclonic things of untamed nature, are of supreme importance; where doing is still more important than brooding over action; where the characteristics of individual men and women are cherished, laughed at, and loved; where the pragmatic spirit of America is most vigorous, and the individualism of America most democratic in fact; and where the signs of a social movement toward a greater democracy are most promising. They are of the blood of Mark Twain, Dreiser, Lewis, and Lardner, particularists who found that the only fundamental truth for the artist lies in life as it is actually lived; and that no conception, however grand, can be made real save by attention to experienced things. Naturally, an art so concentrated on life in native localities will be different from European art; and naturally too, this American work to those trained to appreciate art in European terms will seem to be the negation of art. This cannot be helped; but conscious of their strength, these artists do not care; and Benton, to my knowledge, derives huge entertainment from the wails of his cultivated detractors.

These men, with their contempt for abstractions and their deep sense of the simple humanities, have aroused the ire of the Communists. Because they cannot be maneuvered, argued, or bullied into the Marxist fold, they are held up as Fascists, anti-Semites, and negro haters, and accused of the lowest forms of social cynicism. The Communists, by their ill-advised attacks on American artists—attacks similar to their political agitations—have not

gained the sympathy of intelligent men. Art is not born of thought-patterns but of experiences. To ask the artist to paint a revolutionary American proletariat on the classic model, when there is no classic model of proletarian consciousness, is to ask the impossible. The ceaseless yapping and driving of the Communists against our artists is a confession of social impotency; but their conception of a social program to which they demand the allegiance of artists is so opposed to realistic facts and so filled with absurdities as to pass from impotency into hysteria. It is significant that the Communists have no artists worthy of the name, and more significant that in Russia there is a growing conviction that it is better to let the artist alone.

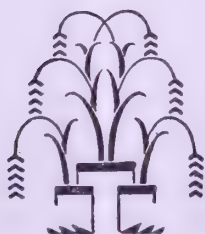
The artist, before all people, must be the individualist—or there is no art. Every genuine artist is in revolt not only against the prejudices and practices of traditionalism in his own field but in the field of society as a whole. This, I think, will always be a part of his life as an individual—under all systems and at all times—unless he is again forced to return to a slave status where, as a simple craftsman, he will do the bidding of his political master. It is better in the interests of a more abundant life such as is gained through extensions of experience that the artist be allowed complete freedom. To bind him to dogma, or to make him the illustrator of theses, as the Communists decree, is to sell him down the river; for once he is in the power of any system, no matter how idealistic, he becomes the slave to accepted symbols which, the moment they are found to be effective instruments of propaganda, are rigidly guarded.

The tenets of Communism, like the orthodoxies of official Capitalism, are too rigid for the artist, and only the weak artist can submit to them. There are a number of modern paint-

ers who, like Diego Rivera, profess to believe in Communism, but their attitude is the result of confused thinking. Rivera, when he is really effective, is like any other creative artist—a portrayer of experience, not a propagandist of doctrine. The poor quality of his *History of the United States*, in the New Workers School of New York may be attributed to his lack of experience with the subject-matter. The mural is simply propagandist illustration, with wooden figures, and of little value when compared to Benton's work in the New School for Social Research. It is also trivial in comparison to Rivera's best Mexican murals.

The leaders of American independence, perceiving the pitfalls of doctrine, have resisted the efforts of the Communists to involve them in their social program. This refusal, let me point out, was not instigated by a belief in the soundness of a Capitalist society nor by any faith in the power of that society to function and at the

same time to provide justice, mercy, and happiness to the American Commonwealth. It was based, to a certain extent, on the knowledge that the Communist program is not tuned to American psychology and ways of life; that its language and logical formulas are too general to appeal to American industrial workers and farmers. But it was based primarily on the doctrinaire subservience asked of them, and the Communist denial of the value of individual experiences essential to art in any society. The vindictive opposition of the Communists to these Americans is aggravated by the insignificance of their own artists who can do no more than turn out stale cartoons which, in form and content, are always the same. What grieves the Communists most is their recognition of the fact that in the coming changes of American society, it is such artists as Burchfield, Benton, Wood, Curry, and Marsh, and not the propagandists, who shall represent the American Spirit.





THE CONQUEST OF OUTER SPACE

AN APPROACH TO ASTRONAUTICS

BY PETER VAN DRESSER

THE world is small and getting smaller. Sailors in steam are apt to refer sarcastically to themselves as seagoing conductors; even the air, though it still holds a deal of romantic promise, is being invaded by the worldly and the commercial. The discarded razor blades and empty film containers of exploring parties before very long will have littered all the trails of distant romance still left; air travel—safely, on schedule, anywhere—will become commonplace, and bathysphere excursions to the sea-bottom will furnish amusement for week-enders. What then will be left for the “lunatic fringe” of eternal adventurers, the men who were willing to gamble that the ocean did not end somewhere in a bottomless abyss, the men to whom unknown lands, unconquered elements, have been challenges and lures not to be resisted? Will they cease to exist? Will they sublimate their desires to other fields, scientific, economic, or technical? Or will they settle back in their armchairs and at last become rational, admit that, having reached the sky, man has encountered his ordained limits?

Not, one suspects, while there is an instrument available with which they can pry their way into any new chambers of the cosmos. To the earlier, more naïve mind the flying machine appeared to be such an instrument. With it one might wing to distant

spheres, might track the angels in their courses. Now that we can outfly the celestial beings themselves (a fact which any aeronautical engineer can demonstrate; weight/horsepower ratio, coefficient of resistance—these do not harmonize with the idea of an angel) increased knowledge shrinks our limits still farther. We realize more clearly each day that the highest flights of aircraft are mere microscopic punctures of the thin peel of atmosphere surrounding our earth, and the astronomers are at considerable ingenious pains to inform us just how insignificant that globe itself is.

At ten or fifteen miles high wing and propeller bite futilely into near-nothingness; a few miles farther, and the lightest sphere of gas we can create floats at the limit of its buoyancy. Beyond for a hundred miles or more stretches a zone of mystery, a zone where rarefied gases react in obscure ways to radiations from the sun, moon, and stars, where streams of ions weave in patterns almost astrological, where meteorites from outermost space strike and burn themselves to dazzling lances of white-hot vapor, and the eerie glow of the aurora shifts and flickers. Incalculably rich in significance to the life far below are the enigmatic processes of this region. Here are set up the balances, the interplays of forces and elements which, as they flow about the atmospheric globe and work down-

ward through its various strata, condition the weather for the day, the year, the decade. Here occur the great electronic tides controlled by radiation from bodies in the solar system and beyond, whose pulses are reflected in the operation of our radio network. Here begins the strange catenation of influences which links sunspot cycles ninety million miles away with the yearly thickness of fur worn by animals in North America, with the level of Lake Nyasa in Africa, and with environmental changes affecting our destinies with unknown profundity.

A world such as this calls as imperiously for exploration as an unknown continent bearing broad forests, deep rivers, and mountains inhabited by strange races. Its appeal is of impalpables, its significance is only for minds saturated with the scientific animism of this age. It possesses the quality of *endlessness*, that feeling of receding vistas that has attracted the Western mind across oceans, above the clouds, into the depths of space and matter. Tier on tier withdrawing from us stretch the chambers of the universe; we give them resounding names. Beyond the sky is the stratosphere, and above that the ionosphere, and beyond that Störmer's toroid reaches out into space three hundred thousand miles or more. And all this is but an antechamber to the vastness of the solar system, wherein the nine planets with their moons wheel and circle miraculously, and a thousand wanderers swing through their complex cycles, and through all, the tides of radiation ebb and flow from the farthest ends of all things, and the cunning invisible fingers of gravitation reach and balance and direct.

We have learned a little of these worlds in the generations since we guessed their existence. We want to learn more. And it is in our blood to

demand: Will the ship be built to take us to them?

Down the ages drift echoes of the disgusted grunts of the adventurous caveman's mates as he lashes his log contraption together; the contemptuous head-tappings as Columbus' three caravels stand out to the west; the merciless witticisms as Langley and the Wrights tinker with their queer machines. And this is perhaps just as well, for humanity has always had ample share of crackbrains, and a robust skepticism is its necessary defense.

And yet . . . *will the ship be built to take us to them?* And how will she be built . . . of what material . . . and how powered and directed?

Vaguely in answer to these questions looms the astroplane of the future, the ship of space, its form limned in by the men who are laying the foundations of the coming science of astronautics. Yet to visualize it is difficult, for one must adjust oneself to a mode of operation entirely new. Aeronautics, ballistics, and celestial mechanics will be combined in its design. A little of the airplane, more of the projectile, and a great deal of the asteroid, the star-ship will be quite literally like nothing on earth. First of all its propelling principle must be completely independent of air or even of gravitation, and—because “astronautics is primarily a problem of quantities of motion”—it must be capable of driving it to speeds vastly greater than any we are used to, aircraft or even cannon shot not excepted. This is an absolute necessity. Can we conceivably meet it? Conceivably, yes.

II

There is one instrument in existence which in theory is able to deliver velocity in the required amounts and under the required conditions. That

instrument is the reaction motor or rocket.

Perhaps the oldest of all prime movers, barring muscle, wind, and water, the rocket has never been seriously put to work. A signal, to some extent a weapon of war, and a life-saving device—these three uses complete the catalogue of its services. The reason is plain: the rocket is in essence an engine of high velocity, and at ordinary speeds is woefully inefficient. Two factors combine to make this so. One is that, like the air propeller, it derives its forward "kick" or thrust by shoving back on a column of gas (though, unlike the propeller, it carries and generates its own gas). Now the magnitude of the thrust depends on the speed with which the relatively light gas is shoved back, and in order to develop a usable force it must be moved very rapidly—in fact with explosive violence. In the past this has been accomplished by using gunpowder as a fuel; and gunpowder is actually a very inferior kind of fuel, not only because of cost but also because, weight for weight, it has nowhere near the energy of ordinary coal. It merely *seems* to have more because of the speed with which it liberates it. The second cause of inefficiency is that even if a "velocity of ejection" of gases high enough to build up a sizable thrust is reached the rocket is still in danger of using most of its energy to shoot these gases back instead of itself ahead. In fact, a rocket is quite capable of burning all its charge at zero efficiency if it happens to be too heavy to lift itself. Not until it is traveling forward somewhere near as fast as its gases shoot backward is it getting the proper power out of its charge. And by the time this high speed is reached the charge is practically exhausted, so that the over-all efficiency of the flight is extremely low—perhaps one or two per cent.

A kind of machine which does not begin to work well until it is traveling a thousand feet a second, and which must burn a fuel as costly and uncontrollable as gunpowder, has naturally found few uses. Yet the very deficiencies of the rocket, viewed from the point of view of the astronaut, proclaim it the only engine suitable for the new and splendid task. Ultra-high velocities are the *sine qua non* of astronautics.

Just what does the rocket motor offer in this direction? This question has been carefully examined by such noted engineers and physicists as Professor Robert H. Goddard, Director of the Physics Laboratory at Clark University, Dr. Hermann Oberth of Rumania, and Robert Esnault-Pelterie, French aeronautical engineer. In the light of such analysis the gunpowder rocket departs completely from the scene, having served its only important purpose of germinating an idea. The low-energy content of its available fuels and the difficulty of controlling them make this inevitable. The power plant of the hypothetical airplane must bear the same relation to the Fourth of July skyrocket as the turbines of the *Normandie* do to the steam-driven toy described by Hero of Alexandria.

It must make use of the most violent possible controlled combustion of the most highly concentrated fuels we can produce. Explosives such as nitroglycerine or TNT do not answer the requirements. Any of various hydrocarbons do—gasoline, alcohol, or acetylene, combining with pure liquid oxygen. Gasoline, for instance, contains energy to the extent of 20,000 British thermal units per pound, or, expressed in mechanical terms, about fifteen and a half million foot pounds. Theoretically then, a pound of gasoline can generate enough power to lift its own weight fifteen and a half mil-

lion feet—or almost three thousand miles—above the earth's surface (that is, assuming the force of gravity to remain constant, though actually at that distance it would diminish to a ninth the value at the earth's surface). Here in common use we seem to have a fuel powerful enough to command the interest, if not the respect, of the ambitious astronaut.

Of course such an estimate is only the crudest sort of approximation. The pound of gasoline must lift not only its own weight, but three and a half pounds of oxygen for combustion as well as the weight of the apparatus which it drives. Furthermore, only a fraction of its power is liberated usefully, depending on the efficiency of the engine in which it is burned. This efficiency in the case of the rocket is conditioned by the two factors previously mentioned—one, its ability to turn the potential energy of fuel into the kinetic energy of its jet of exhaust gases; and the other, its ability to translate the resulting thrust or reaction into forward motion. Rocket engineers name the first factor "thermal efficiency," the second, "ballistic efficiency."

Thermal efficiency is determined by the design of the rocket motor—the shape of the "combustion chamber" in which the fuel is burned, the shape of the exhaust nozzle, the way the fuels are injected, and the pressure behind them. Experiments and calculations indicate it can be brought up to about ninety per cent. This high figure is due to the fact that the reaction motor is by far the simplest known—a combustion chamber and nozzle being its only parts.

The ballistic efficiency varies from zero when the rocket is standing still to one hundred per cent when it is moving forward as fast as its exhaust gases do backward. Naturally the final figure, which heretofore has been

low, depends upon how long the rocket takes to reach its optimum velocity, and this in turn depends on the ratio of its weight to its thrust, on its air resistance, and on whether it is launched under its own power or given an initial velocity by external means.

A vast field for experimental research, bristling with technical problems, surrounds these various factors. The forces involved, even on a small scale, are quite awe-inspiring. For instance, the mixture of liquid oxygen and gasoline, most commonly used by experimenters, possesses ten times the explosive energy of TNT, and the heat developed is of the order of 2000° Centigrade. The mere bringing together of these fuels, the burning of them in a chamber which will not melt or explode, the directing of the exhaust gases and the measuring of their forces require long and patient practical work guided by engineering ingenuity. Even the *sound* of a liquid-fuel rocket in operation is a new thing on earth, a warning signal of inexpressible and deadly potency. There is something about it as elementally fearful as the whirr of a rattler, and it has been compared to the satanic howl of the wind during a tropical hurricane.

III

Playing with toys of this sort has not been a very common occupation. Professor Goddard, under a grant from the Smithsonian Institute, and later from Simon Guggenheim, executed the first scientific investigations of the rocket motor. A quite extensive series of experiments have been carried on by the German society called the *Verein für Raumschiffahrt*. This society was able to expend upward of twenty thousand dollars in research during its most prosperous year. A handful of individuals scattered about the globe have carried on investigations,

some of them systematic and scientific, some of them merely spectacular. Probably the most active center of rocketry is now the American Rocket Society in New York, and there is a Cleveland society. There are also organizations in Germany, Holland, Austria, England, Russia, and Japan.

Slowly, even painfully, these various experimenters are working toward the realization of the theoretical possibilities of the reaction motor. What can be done when certain stages of mastery are reached has been calculated many times. Given a velocity of ejection of so-and-so, a ratio of fuel weight to rocket weight of such-and-such, a certain altitude can be reached. Principles long in use in ballistics and celestial mechanics govern these calculations. They are not speculative. Beginning with trajectories comparable to those of the shells of some of our great guns, the rocket, as its power and efficiency increases, blasts its way farther and farther into the sky. With velocities of ejection already reached in ground tests—about 2500 meters a second—the way well up into the stratosphere, miles above the ultimate ceiling of any aircraft, is open. As the latent energies of the fuel are released more and more efficiently, successive chambers of the cosmos are thrown open to exploration.

If a motor can be built able to hurl its incandescent gases backward at 4000 meters a second and large enough to thrust with a force five times the weight of the projectile it drives, and if this projectile consists by weight of twenty-eight parts of fuel to one part of structure, then the magical "velocity of liberation" can be reached.

This velocity, the holy grail of the astronaut, is the speed at which a body moving in the earth's gravitational field ceases to travel in closed ellipses and follows a parabolic path. It is the speed which, once attained, carries a

projectile completely and forever away from the earth. It is the point of transition from the terrestrial to the cosmic, from the earth-bound to the infinite. Its value at the earth's surface is about seven miles a second, or over twenty-five thousand miles an hour. At speeds of this order and greater the true science of astronautics begins. A vehicle reaching them would become in fact an astroplane, able to leave the earth and plunge into outer space, its destination the moon or even a planet. Here again the mathematicians have pursued their indefatigable investigations and have calculated to the last decimal place the possible course of such a projectile, the forces to which it would be subject. They have plotted orbits and trajectories requiring the least amount of time or of energy for a passage from the earth to the nearer heavenly bodies. (They are not wholly inconceivable; that to the moon, for instance, occupies 2 days, to Venus 48 days, and to Mars 90 days.) They have computed the temperatures such a vehicle would attain in free space. (By polishing one half of the hull and coating the other half with black, and thus either absorbing or reflecting the sun's rays as the case demands, livable temperatures could be maintained as near to the sun as Mercury or as far away as Mars.) They have examined the possibility of keeping a breathable atmosphere in an airtight hull over long periods. (Submarine engineering offers a starting point for the development of this technic.) They have discussed the effect on the human body of accelerations five times that of gravity, or entire absence of gravity. (Pilots of racing airplanes and stunt drivers of motorcycles in bowls at fairs are subject to the first condition, and long parachute falls approximate the latter—at least for a short time.) They have worked out satisfactory methods of

navigation, based on celestial observations and the use of gyroscopic instruments.

The greatest difficulty so far discovered in this theoretical study is not leaving the earth, but returning to it. It is schoolboy knowledge that an object falls to the ground just as hard as it is thrown up. An astroplane in this sense would behave exactly like a baseball. Leaving the vicinity of the earth at seven miles or so a second, it would return with practically the same speed—a speed at which even the cold, rarefied air of the high stratosphere would be heated far above the melting point of any metal, and the vehicle would flash into white-hot vapor like any of the thousands of meteorites which strike our atmosphere daily. (The same danger would not be present during the outbound trip, because the acceleration to the maximum speed would take place outside the atmosphere.) Two methods have been suggested for avoiding this unpleasant termination to an interplanetary voyage. The first is to use the rocket motor itself to slow down the ship. This, unfortunately, requires the release of atomic power; because no known fuel, in reasonable quantities, contains enough energy to drive a ship away from the earth, laden with enough of the same fuel to stop itself on the way back. The second scheme is to guide the returning ship so as to strike the outer curve of the atmosphere a “glancing blow”—that is, just so as to pass through a comparatively thin bulge of air. The ship would then be slowed somewhat by air resistance, but its line of flight would carry it on out again to airless space before it became dangerously heated. Having then fallen below the “velocity of liberation,” it would eventually be drawn back to earth on an elliptic orbit and would reënter the atmosphere to repeat the maneuver. After

an adequate number of these “braking ellipses” had been performed the astroplane would have transformed enough of its kinetic energy to heat—in other words would have slowed down sufficiently—to volplane to earth.

This last method is the only one which even remotely indicates a means of making a round trip to our nearest neighbor, the moon. (At least without the aid of complex auxiliary systems to increase the range of a given rocket. These systems are comparable to the re-fueling of an airplane in flight, but of course under entirely different circumstances, and on a vastly greater scale.) Using at high efficiency the most powerful of all fuel mixtures known, which is liquid hydrogen plus liquid oxygen, it is not altogether impossible that a projectile be shot from the earth at exactly the right angle and speed to coast within the moon’s field of gravity, encircle her, and fall back to earth in the right direction to land by means of “braking ellipses.”

IV

However interesting they may be, it must be emphasized that calculations concerning the possibility of voyages to other planets are now about as valid as calculations for a transoceanic flight based on the performance of Langley’s aerodrome. They serve principally to bring home the almost unthinkable difficulties to overcome—difficulties so vast that many learned men have pronounced an interplanetary trip an utter impossibility short of the release of atomic energy or some other god from the machine. Yet it is well to remember that not so many years ago similar pronouncements were made by equally learned men concerning the bare possibility of mechanical flight, even though the gasoline motor had already been invented, the airscrew was known, and aluminum was available. It is now impossible to foresee

what new principle or method of attack will be brought to bear on this problem.

Over-enthusiastic speculation and "fictionizing" launched by conjectures of this sort have thrown the whole subject into the domain of the fantastic so far as most people are concerned. And this applies even to rocketry, little sister to astronautics. Yet the art of rocketry, even in its present stage of development, offers the base for a sound program of research leading to immensely valuable results. There is no physical reason why our technic cannot be perfected to such an extent that we can send exploring rockets equipped with instruments twenty-five, fifty, or a hundred miles into the stratosphere. The increasingly important science of meteorology would probably receive the greatest immediate benefit from such an achievement. With hundreds of weather stations about the globe, each one equipped to probe quickly and accurately into atmospheric conditions scores of miles above it, the "three-dimensional weather map" would become a vital reality, and long-range forecasting would influence our economics and sociology. Accurate knowledge of what goes on in the outermost regions of the sky would lead to the development of a science of a kind now hardly conceivable—a science of the cosmic factors affecting terrestrial life and activity.

The next logical field for development is in the fast transport of mail by rockets traveling in trajectories between the great cities of the world. Though somewhat more ambitious than the high-altitude exploration, the making and controlling of rockets for this purpose is not at all beyond the development we have a right to expect in the fairly near future. Transportation of this sort would be about the ultimate in speed: a rocket mail pro-

jectile operating between New York and Paris, for example, would cover the distance in about twenty-five minutes. The economic value of such a service in this age ought certainly to be high.

As for man-carrying rockets, they will probably be evolved by judicious crossbreeding with the airplane. Projects for high speed stratosphere planes point toward evolution of this kind; for these aircraft will probably reach velocities at which the reaction motor begins to be efficient. At first merely an experimental auxiliary, the rocket motor may develop a type of extremely fast high-altitude craft which as its power and range increase will gradually merge into something worthy of the name astroplane. This would seem to be the safest way for working out a technic for the use of the new motive power in manned craft.

Why has an instrument of such potentialities not already been brought to some degree of perfection? This question is answered very well by a paragraph from an article on "aerial navigation" which appeared in the February, 1879, issue of *Scribner's Magazine*, long before any successful airship ever flew. I quote the anonymous author:

"Have any commensurate efforts yet been made to achieve this result? [The mastery of the air] Has it been considered otherwise than as a fantastic dream? Have any, save a few enthusiasts, mostly poor . . . attempted to realize it? Is it not left, even now, to the accidents of time? Still, there is nothing yet undone but man desires to do it. His unrest, his eager insatiate daring, penetrates the heart of Africa, the depths of the seas. Visionary speculators waste fortunes upon impossible motors, upon luckless wells and mining shafts, while here is the most tempting of all material achievements demonstrably within the capacities of force and matter already under

our control. The determined effort, the liberal expenditure of a single government, even of one of our thousand moneyed corporations, can solve the problem. It is strange that a score of such efforts, of such expenditures are not making; that the princeliest appropriations, the deftest intellects, are not devoted to the attainment of this end. But with or without them, I repeat, the end is near at hand."

Fifty years have passed since this was written, and the situation has repeated itself. As a matter of course money has little taste for such projects as these, for they are profoundly impractical—as impractical as a work of great music, or as Columbus' first voyage across the western ocean. Society can get along perfectly well, in a material sense, without such gestures. It is, perhaps justly, hard to interest capital in making them; and rocket experiments are quite expensive gestures. Fulton was able to work out the prin-

ciples of his steamboat with small clockwork models—but even model liquid-fuel rockets are formidable and costly contrivances. What work has so far been done has been with limited or erratic financial resources. A great many mistakes have been made, and a great deal of duplication of effort. The majority of rockets so far built—and there have been some ambitious ones—seem to have exploded in mid-air, and none of them has set an altitude record.

But the work goes on and must sooner or later blaze a new trail through and beyond the skies. And this is true above all because the idea has gripped our imaginations—because it speaks imperiously to the presiding genius of our race. We must bring into hard reality the promise of this vision, and affirm once more our unique and all-important creative mastery of matter and space and time.





GILBERT AND SULLIVAN

PART II

BY HESKETH PEARSON

THE strain he had undergone during the production of "Princess Ida," early in 1884, the references in the press to the weighty duties of a composer who had been honored by his sovereign, the solemn admonitions of George Grove and George Macfarren, both of whom had been knighted with him, and the fact that he felt ill and played out, forced Sullivan to a decision. He informed D'Oyly Carte that, tired of light opera, he did not intend to write anything more for the Savoy Theatre.

Carte was thunderstruck. At first he did not believe that Sullivan was serious, but after dining with the composer he changed his mind: Sullivan was deadly serious. But Carte was a business man and, having failed to coax Sullivan, he threatened him. The trio had recently signed an agreement for five years, whereby Gilbert and Sullivan had bound themselves to provide operas for the Savoy during that period, Carte to give them six months' notice whenever a new work should be required. By the end of March it was clear that "Princess Ida" would not repeat the success of its forerunners and Carte despatched a formal notification to the collaborators, at the same time informing Gilbert of Sullivan's attitude.

Gilbert was amazed and promptly wrote to Sullivan for an explanation. Sullivan replied from the British Lega-

tion in Brussels, and it is clear from his letter that Carte's reminder of the agreement, which rendered the collaborators liable for any losses resulting from their failure to supply an opera, had made him shift his ground. He said that his music was becoming repetitive and that his work had been dominated by Gilbert's words. He wanted greater freedom; he wanted his music to "speak for itself"; he wanted "a story of human interest and probability"; he implied that Gilbert had a habit of spoiling a serious scene by the introduction of humorous dialogue; above all he wanted a libretto in which the humorous and serious elements were kept entirely separate. This letter gave Gilbert "considerable pain" and in his answer he assumed that it had been written in a hurry, since he could not suppose that Sullivan had meant to "gall and wound" him. He accused Sullivan of trying to teach him the ABC of his profession and left it at that.

A fortnight later they met at Sullivan's flat and talked for two hours. Gilbert had what he considered an excellent subject for their next work, but unfortunately he had been similarly inspired about two years before and Sullivan had turned it down as artificial. The main idea was that by swallowing a lozenge a person became the character he or she pretended to be. Gilbert was obsessed by this

theme; it cropped up at nearly every stage of his future dealings with Sullivan; and eventually he collaborated with Alfred Cellier and used it in "The Mountebanks." By then he had changed the lozenge to a liquid, and this is what we read: "Man is a hypocrite and invariably affects to be better and wiser than he really is. This liquid, which should be freely diluted, has the effect of making everyone who drinks it exactly what he pretends to be. The hypocrite becomes a man of piety; the swindler a man of honor; the quack a man of learning; and the braggart a man of war." Not perhaps a particularly brilliant notion, but it captured the imagination of Gilbert, and Sullivan had to pay for it. Their two hours' talk about the effect of the lozenge came to nothing. Sullivan could not stomach the unreality of the plot—and in fairness to him one has to admit that probability is not its strong point—while Gilbert was really suffering from lozenge on the brain.

The next move came from Gilbert, who wrote suggesting that, if Carte agreed, Sullivan should do his next opera with someone else. Gilbert went on to say that he was at a loss to know what Sullivan wanted from him and that Sullivan's objections to his libretto seemed to him "arbitrary and capricious": yet another proof of the strange lack of sympathy and understanding between the men, a variation in humanity that somehow produced a fusion in art. Sullivan refused to entertain the suggestion and hinted that Gilbert might evolve another plot. But Gilbert remained faithful to his lozenge, and in order to meet Sullivan's demand for "human interest" promised to separate the serious and comic episodes, keeping each firmly in its place. Sullivan, though still protesting against the lozenge, was partially appeased and promised to give his "most earnest consideration" to the

plot when Gilbert had fully sketched it out. Gilbert finished the job in a few days and went to read the result to Sullivan, who liked it much better than before but again displayed hostility to the lozenge. However, he promised to study it carefully and let Gilbert have his final opinion shortly. He wrestled with the theme in solitude for several days, but the lozenge stuck in his throat and at length he had to confess that the plot did not arouse in him that "enthusiasm which has hitherto characterized all my work with you" and without which he would not undergo the pangs of composition. He advised Gilbert to write a piece which should be innocent of supernatural or improbable elements.

Gilbert lost his temper. Had not Sullivan expressly declared his satisfaction with the plot only a few days before? Gilbert had made his reputation and his fortune on the exploitation of the supernatural and the improbable and he was certainly not going to be told at this time of the day that he must forego his fairies or his lozenges. Taking up his pen he wrote: "The time has arrived when I must state . . . that I cannot consent to construct another plot for the next Opera." He wrote reluctantly, he said, and remained "Yours truly." Sullivan replied that further discussion would obviously be useless, that he regretted it very much, and remained "Yours sincerely."

Carte nearly went off his head when he heard what had happened. Had he known how much money their next opera was destined to make the anxiety caused by the present uncertainty might have killed him. He rushed from Gilbert to Sullivan and from Sullivan to Gilbert in a fever of friendliness, and at last, after each had stood upon his dignity for a period sufficient to satisfy his pride, the business argument prevailed. Gilbert agreed to jet-

tison the lozenge and all it stood for, and Sullivan was so relieved that he undertook to set the new piece without even asking what the subject was to be.

The quarrel had cleared the air, and in an atmosphere of good-will and serenity the partners produced a work that was the perfect expression of their artistic harmony.

II

Gilbert had a clearer conception of what the public wanted than Sullivan had; he led and Sullivan followed. "I know my limitations and capabilities better than anyone else," he once said; "no man is successful until he learns that lesson"; which was certainly true when he was writing libretti. But he also knew that success was not solely the result of self-knowledge. "The secret of success," he said, "is to keep well within the understanding of the least intelligent section of the audience." This did not call for a very high order of merit on the part of the author, he admitted, though it required a good deal of practical skill. He worked with the utmost care, often between eleven at night and three or four in the morning, because "then you have absolute peace—the postman has done his worst and no one can interrupt you unless it be a burglar."

He usually began by writing out the story of the piece about twelve times, until he had got it right. He then read it to Sullivan, who sometimes made suggestions which were duly incorporated in the final version. After that he commenced the libretto, writing only the baldest dialogue and leaving out both songs and jokes. This merely carried on the action in the fewest possible words. Later he wrote the songs for the first act, which were sent to Sullivan, who set them to music while Gilbert was writing the songs for the

second act. The songs completed, Gilbert returned to the dialogue, elaborated and polished the crude suggestions in the first draft and filled it out with the necessary number of jokes. The reason he would not allow the actors to "gag" was because he had so carefully timed the "laughs" that an additional joke, perhaps in the wrong place, might have destroyed the dramatic or humorous value of the scene as he visualized it. Very occasionally he permitted an actor to put in a quip or a piece of business that did not happen to spoil the effect of what followed, but his usual reaction to that kind of thing was neatly expressed when Grossmith, anxious to score a "laugh" during one of his scenes, fell over and rolled on the floor.

"Kindly omit that," said Gilbert sternly.

"Certainly, if you wish it," replied Grossmith, "but I get an enormous laugh by it."

"So you would if you sat on a pork pie," was Gilbert's comment.

On the other hand he was quite willing to receive suggestions from actors as to how their parts should be played. At a revival of "Pinafore" Walter Passmore asked him:

"Don't you think that I ought to play Sir Joseph with his nose in the air, as if he was raising it above an unpleasant smell?"

"Unpleasant smell," muttered Gilbert lifting an eyebrow; "well, you're the best judge of that, Passmore."

Gilbert's vitality as a producer was phenomenal. He supervised every thing—scenery, costumes, stage-management, chorus, lighting—and nothing escaped his notice. His attention to detail was such that Barrington once bet he would not commence a rehearsal of "Pinafore" before noticing that one of the ship's ropes was wrongly placed, and won the bet. His strictness at rehearsals has become prover-

bial and he certainly could play the martinet; but no producer since his time has been able to exercise half his patience. He would stand on the stage by the side of an actor or actress and repeat the words with appropriate action over and over again, without the least sign of despair or irritation, until he had achieved the exact intonation and gesture he wanted. He knew the limitations of his actors and took care that the work he gave them to do should be well within their compass. He also knew that he could only get the best out of them by being on friendly terms with them. He believed that acting could not only be taught but dictated, and it satisfied his appetite for power to teach his actors like children who did not know their alphabet.

With those who took his teaching in good part and tried their hardest to follow it his patience was inexhaustible and his kindliness never-failing. To one well-meaning girl who kept putting the accent on the wrong syllable of the work "indubitably" he remarked that hers was a Parisian pronunciation and though of course it would be understood by the stalls it might not be clear to the gallery. He had a different method of dealing with those who resented his teaching and refused to follow it. To a girl who was evidently not trying to obey his instructions he said: "Never mind, my dear, you cannot help it; it takes a lady to get it as I want it." Naturally his moods varied. Sometimes he was all smiles and the actors breathed freely. At other times he glowered upon the assembled company and no one dared to approach him. Whenever he was exceptionally irritable the actors would assume that he had been eating almond rock, of which he was very fond; and as it was supposed to be bad for his gout, an "Almond Rock Day" was usually tempestuous.

He was to be seen at his best and at

his worst when drilling the chorus. Then the military-looking gentleman became military in manner. He issued his words of command as if he were on parade and when they were not obeyed he stormed and shouted. Sometimes he would even seize the leader of the chorus and shake him into a Gilbertian view of his duties. He seemed to be possessed of demons. When the dancers failed to put sufficient vigor into their performance he would show them how to do it by twirling up and down the stage, his coat-tails flying, his square sporting hat jammed hard on his head, his feet moving at a most unmilitary speed, and his body gyrating in a manner never seen on the drill ground. Even though he could not sing a note in tune, he would instruct the chorus in rhythm and pronunciation. However rapidly uttered, every word had to be given its full value, every syllable its proper inflection.

"Remember, ladies and gentlemen," he would bawl, "you've got—to—do—your—damnedest in this passage or it'll go flat!"

At the close of one of these drastic rehearsals the female chorus were speechless, the male chorus were spineless, and all of them were thirsty. But they had a very high opinion of him, and one of them reverently paid him this tribute: "He's the only man I ever met who could swear straight on for five minutes without stopping to think and without repeating himself."

He was not always so vigorous. Some playful moods have been recorded. During the rehearsals of a certain opera the male chorus had to raise their right hands at a given moment, but every time they did so one of their number raised his left hand by mistake. At last Gilbert said: "My good fellow, if you don't know your right, ask the gentleman on your left."

Sometimes he had to ease an awk-

ward situation created by a member of the chorus. A girl who had just joined the company complained that one of the gentlemen-choristers had put his arm round her waist and called her "a pretty dear." Gilbert mollified her at once with: "Never mind, never mind; he couldn't have meant it."

He did not usually treat such matters with levity, and the moral atmosphere behind the scenes at the Savoy Theatre would have been approved by Queen Victoria herself. The strictest discipline was enforced by Gilbert and no theater was ever run with such careful regard to propriety. The dressing rooms of the actors were on one side of the stage, those of the actresses on the other; no lingering about corridors or on the stage was allowed, no gossiping of the sexes in one another's dressing rooms; when not actually playing or waiting for their entrances on the scene, the performers had no contact with one another in the theater. Even on the stage they were not safe from the eye of authority and every time they varied from the set "business" of the piece or misquoted the text they were fined half-a-crown.

This monastic or conventual austerity was observed also at rehearsals, and though Gilbert was heard to swear he was never heard to use an ambiguous word. His language, like his libretti, was clean, if hearty.

According to Jessie Bond, he "watched over us young women like a dragon." During the run of "Patience" he happened one evening to be standing by the side of Jessie when a note was brought to her.

"What's that, Jessie, a love letter?" he asked.

"Here it is; you can look for yourself," she answered, handing him the note, which was from a party of four young men in one of the stage boxes

asking her to have supper with them after the performance.

Gilbert was extremely angry; he considered that the letter was an insult to a lady and instantly went round to acquaint the young men with his views. The young men were ignorant of the standard of behavior enforced at the Savoy Theatre and the sudden appearance in their box of what they took to be an irate colonel (probably Indian Army, retired, with a troublesome liver) completely upset their conceptions of life behind the scenes. Unable at a moment's notice to give any satisfactory reasons for their past existence, their immediate future was placed on an optional basis by their liverish visitor, who said:

"There are three ways of dealing with you and you can take your choice. I will go before the curtain, if you like, explain what has happened, and say that Miss Bond refuses to continue whilst you are here, or you can go of your own accord, or I can send a couple of commissionaires to carry you."

They chose the second, and probably entertained morbid views of light opera for the rest of their lives. The incident got into the comic papers, the "Savoy Boarding-School" became the joke of the season, and Jessie Bond received printed condolences, *e.g.* "Poor little dear! she always has to show her love letters to her daddy!"

Though Gilbert carried his views on respectability to a point that some thought was beyond the limit, his attitude was not entirely unreasonable. In those days actresses were popularly supposed to be saleable property. Their social status was extremely low and the average middle-class Englishman scarcely differentiated the back of the stage from a brothel. A Victorian Dr. Johnson (if one can imagine such a being) would have defined an actress in his dictionary as an immoral woman. Jessie Bond's husband, for example,

came of a Quaker family, and when after their wedding Jessie got into the carriage to drive away, her father-in-law's parting words were: "I hope you are going to be faithful to Lewis, Jessie." When Gilbert was not on the premises even the actresses at the Savoy were made to feel that they were not "ladies." One evening Jessie and several others were sitting in the green-room when the door opened and in walked Carte, followed by the Prince of Wales and a few friends. The ladies stood up but no one took the least notice of them and the Prince, having made himself comfortable in a chair, proceeded to light a cigar. Jessie Bond promptly sat down and went on with her sewing, much to the annoyance of Carte, who made angry signs, unperceived by the Prince, that she should remain standing. Later she was scolded for her behavior by Carte, but she replied that he ought to have presented them to the Prince. Later still she met the Prince at Sullivan's flat, reminded him of the incident and informed him that "there are ladies in our profession."

"Miss Bond," said he, "you are perfectly right."

To prove the sincerity of his conversion to her view, he made a request:

"May I come to see you, Miss Bond?"

"What for, sir?" she asked.

At this point the conversation lapsed.

It is clear from the foregoing that Gilbert had some excuse for protecting his actresses from the attentions of Victorian gentlemen, and we may unreservedly accept Jessie Bond's statement that "no breath of scandal" ever touched the Savoy Theatre while he was responsible for its morals.

Sullivan had very little to do with the morals of the Savoy Theatre; in fact he scarcely came into touch with the artists at all. The music rehearsals were taken by the musical di-

rector, Cellier, and as a rule Sullivan did not put in an appearance until the dress rehearsals, though he always went to the theater in order to play over the songs as each was completed to the actors concerned. The company did not like him so much as Gilbert. He was courteous but not so friendly; and here again they provide a strong contrast, Gilbert's popularity with his company being as considerable as Sullivan's popularity in society. Many acts of generosity to individual artists have been placed to Sullivan's credit; yet somehow they remained indifferent to him. He did not trouble to charm them and his interests were not theirs. He copied Gilbert's form of humor, but as it was the expression of Gilbert's character it did not come naturally from Sullivan. Though accompanied by a most attractive smile, his remarks seemed comparatively crude.

A singer who thought he knew better than Sullivan how a certain song should be rendered was rebuked in these terms: "In future I'll get you to sing my songs first, then I'll compose them afterward." A neater example of his humor is reported by Rutland Barrington, whose treatment of other people's tunes was individual and peculiar. Having accompanied Barrington right through a song, Sullivan remarked: "Very good tune indeed, Barrington, but now we'll have mine." Gilbert capped this after the first performance of an opera, when someone pointed out that Barrington had for a wonder sung all his songs in tune. "Oh, I know that first-night nervousness," said Gilbert, "it soon wears off."

But the humorous side of Sullivan's nature was best expressed in sheer nonsense, as was the case with so many Victorians, and the most characteristic specimen of it is to be found in a post-script to one of his letters, which starts off with a number of complicated and indecipherable hieroglyphics and ends

with the phrase: "This of course is between ourselves."

Sullivan maintained that there was no such thing as humor in music, which accounts for the unique success of the Savoy collaboration. Had he perceived the possibilities of humor in music he could not have illustrated the humor of Gilbert's words, for he would have demanded a far greater freedom than Gilbert's libretti gave him. Failing in imagination, he triumphed in interpretation. Mozart would have submerged Gilbert; Sullivan helped to keep him afloat. "We always saw eye-to-eye," said Gilbert; "the same humor always struck us in exactly the same way. With Sullivan I never had to do that fatal thing—explain a joke." Sullivan was aware that his best light music would never have been written but for Gilbert, that in some obscure way Gilbert "called the tune," and the knowledge troubled him. It made him feel only half a man and he would try his hardest to believe that he had put his real self into his serious work.

Though Gilbert realized the enormous value of Sullivan's contribution, he did not fully appreciate it. He used to say that he only knew two tunes: one was "God Save the Queen" and the other wasn't. The truth is that he did not much care for music, and really disliked grand opera, confessing "I would rather hear 'Annie Laurie' sung with feeling than the greatest singer in the world declaiming a scene from 'Tristan und Isolde'." He was the first comic-opera librettist to achieve equality of standing with the composer. The librettist had to adapt his words and rhythms to music already written by Offenbach, for example. But with Gilbert and Sullivan the positions were reversed, and though Sullivan might sometimes say "My dear fellow, I can't make anything of this," and Gilbert would re-

write a song to meet the objection, the composer was always the disciple, the librettist the master.

III

The last six months of the year 1884 were spent by Gilbert in writing, re-writing, polishing, and re-polishing "The Mikado," and since it could not be ready for production until the following spring the Savoy was kept open, after the withdrawal of "Princess Ida," with a successful revival of "Trial by Jury" and "The Sorcerer," for which a few new numbers were written. Sullivan suffered a slight setback in his career of fame at the beginning of '84, when the Committee of the Birmingham Festival passed him over and appointed Richter as conductor. He was extremely annoyed and expressed himself freely on the subject, asserting continually that native talent should be encouraged and that the choice of a foreigner, however distinguished, was unpatriotic. However, he forgot his griefs in a round of visits to eminent people, and throughout the season he was to be seen at Ascot, Sandown, Newmarket, and other haunts of the English aristocracy. He had many friends among the members of the Jockey Club and not only bet heavily at all the big meetings but owned several race horses during his years of prosperity.

In November he dined with Gilbert, went through as much of the new libretto as had been completed, and made a few suggestions. Among other things he wanted to know why Gilbert had not used any of the distinctive class titles of Old Japan. Gilbert replied that when he found the aristocracy of Old Japan were called "Samurais," the obvious rhyming phrase had decided him to keep clear of historical accuracy.

Sullivan started to write the music

just before Christmas, working all night when time began to press, and the score was finished a week before the production. The rehearsals were exceptionally trying for the actors, especially George Grossmith. Gilbert had determined to make up for the comparative failure of "Princess Ida," and he believed that a play's success was largely due to good production. He drilled the company until they were exhausted and then drilled them again. Every step, every gesture, every expression, every inflection was rehearsed and rehearsed until the players achieved automatic exactitude. The effect on Grossmith, a highly sensitive man, was disastrous. He was reduced to a pitiable state of nervous trepidation and almost wrecked the piece on the first night. Though Gilbert can hardly be held responsible for Grossmith's nerves, it was partly due to the extreme methods of the producer that the actor took to drugs in order to keep himself going; and at the end of his long engagement at the Savoy Theatre a member of the company was horrified by the sight of Grossmith's punctured arms.

Grossmith was not the only person who suffered from nerves on the opening night of each new production. Gilbert, who had combined the patience of Job with the discipline of a sergeant major throughout the rehearsals, behaved like a frightened child on the evening of the first performance. Wrought up to the highest pitch of excitement and dread, he went from dressing room to dressing room, wishing the actors good-luck, asking them how they felt, reminding them of points he had already stressed a hundred times, wondering whether they were sure of their words, begging them to do their best, and making a general nuisance of himself. Then he had a last look round the stage, fussed over the scenery and properties, and

worried the life out of the stage-manager. The moment the curtain went up he left the theater and wandered about the streets in a condition of indescribable anxiety until eleven o'clock struck, when he returned to the theater to hear the result and to take his bow before the curtain. "What I suffered during those hours," he once admitted, "no man can tell. I have spent them at the club; I once went to a theater alone to see a play; I have walked up and down the street; but no matter where I was, agony and apprehension possessed me." Strangely enough, he never saw his productions after the final dress rehearsal, and with a single exception he never witnessed any of his operas as a member of the audience.

Sullivan's first-night demeanor was quite different from Gilbert's, but then the tumultuous applause with which his appearance in the orchestra was always received must have given him assurance. The moment the audience caught sight of the dapper little figure, moving to his seat with quick step and cocksure carriage, the cheers broke out and sometimes lasted for more than a minute. His manner as a conductor was not spectacular. He kept his eyes on the music and his beat was restrained and cramped, the baton moving across the top or up and down the sides of the score. He wore glasses, and people sitting near him observed that the fingers of his well-manicured right hand were stained with nicotine. In spite of his unimpressive manner, he was in complete command of his orchestra and nothing escaped his attention. Once, to prove that he could be as dramatic as anyone, he altered his style of conducting, using whirlwind beats, stamping his feet, jerking his head, and twisting his body. Though many people considered it a great improvement, he did not repeat the experiment.

At the conclusion of the performance the theater resounded with cheers, applause, the thunder of beating feet, and loud cries of "author," "composer," "Gilbert" and "Sullivan." The contrast between the tall martial figure of Gilbert and the short tubby figure of Sullivan as they came before the curtain was heightened by their difference in bearing. Sullivan bowed gracefully, smiled affably, and walked on and off the stage with ease and self-assurance. Gilbert almost had to be dragged on, scowled at the audience, inclined his head ungraciously, and seemed to resent the occasion as a personal indignity.

"The Mikado" was produced on March 14, 1885, and ran for nearly two years. It was the greatest success of the series and still remains the most popular of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas. It carried the fame of the collaborators all over America, Australia, and South Africa, and even aroused the enthusiasm of Amsterdam and Berlin.

IV

So pronounced was the success of "The Mikado" that there was no need for the partners to think of their next opera for some time to come. Gilbert settled down quietly to enjoy his new house in Harrington Gardens, which became the scene of marvellous children's parties when the host would stuff them with sweets, load them with presents, take the lead in their games, and behave like Santa Claus and Mr. Maskelyne rolled into one. Yachting and tennis occupied most of his time in the summer, and he was a regular playgoer when the days shortened, but he was not very fond of dining out, preferring to entertain a few carefully selected friends in his own home, when he would relate amusing stories in a dry quiet voice or flirt with the prettiest woman present, telling his wife

when she laughingly protested that he was "too good to be true."

Though he enjoyed his meals, he declared that it was not so much what was on the table as on the chairs that mattered. People attached too much importance to the business of feeding. "My cook gets eighty pounds a year and gives me a kipper," he said; "Sullivan's cook gets five hundred pounds a year for giving him the same thing in French." But he was annoyed when someone invited him to a poor meal and threatened to "pay him out by asking him to dinner. I have an avenging sherry at one and nine which I think will astonish his digestion."

Sullivan's life was not so well ordered as Gilbert's. In the summer of '85 he tore himself away from the tables of the great and crossed the Atlantic. His brother's widow had recently died and he had made himself responsible for the children, who were now left to look after themselves at Los Angeles, where the family had settled shortly after the death of Sullivan's mother. The reason for his visit to America was, therefore, a personal one, but he was not allowed to pass through the continent unheralded. In New York he tried but failed to escape the reporters, who discovered his hotel and cornered him in his apartment. In Chicago he made an effort to shake them off by starting to remove his clothes the moment he reached his bedroom, but they would not stand on ceremony and interviewed him in his shirt and trousers.

When he returned to England, in October, he found the country Mikado-mad. From drawing-rooms, concert halls, cottages, street corners came the well-known airs. Queen Victoria strummed them, barrel-organs murdered them, business men hummed them, errand boys whistled them, and the future Kaiser wrote to tell Sullivan that as soon as he could get rid of "a

very serious and rather dangerous attack of ear-ache" he would attend a performance in Berlin. Sullivan felt that he could rest on his laurels, but Gilbert felt otherwise, for he wrote to say that they must now get to work on "the (as it seems to me) admirable plot I proposed to you last year"—in other words, the lozenge plot. Sullivan was seriously disturbed over the reappearance of the fatal lozenge and wrote to Gilbert begging him to forget all about it. Gilbert could not forget all about it, but he laid it aside for a stormy day and concentrated on something else. One January morning in 1886 he walked through a blizzard to Sullivan's flat (it must have reminded them both of the first reading of "Trial by Jury") and after Sullivan had helped to relieve him of the snow that lay in drifts on his overcoat they went through the plot of "Ruddigore" together. Sullivan was pleased with it and they sketched out the whole story, but he told Gilbert that he would have to write a work for the Leeds Festival before starting on the new opera. Gilbert received the information with fortitude and they parted amicably.

A wave of laziness now overtook Sullivan and though he had given Joseph Bennett three hundred pounds for a libretto founded on Longfellow's "Golden Legend" he could not settle down to composition. Instead he went to race meetings, introduced Liszt to London society, and hobnobbed with the nobility. By April he had done nothing and was recalled to duty by Gilbert, who cursed him for being idle and received the reply: "Do you take me for a barrel-organ?" Sullivan rented a cottage at Yorktown and began "The Golden Legend" a few weeks later, but work progressed slowly at first. May went by and he had done scarcely anything. June came and he still found the effort

"awfully tedious." July found him absorbed at last and for six or seven weeks he hardly went out of doors. He was in pain at regular intervals throughout the entire composition and toward the end, when the mental strain was increasing his bodily infirmity, he hardly enjoyed an hour free from suffering.

"The Golden Legend" was performed at the Leeds Festival on October 15, 1886, and was received with delirious enthusiasm. The audience yelled themselves hoarse and pelted Sullivan with flowers. He turned to bow his acknowledgments to the choir, who also pelted him with flowers. The newspapers agreed with the audience and choir. *The World* called him "the Mozart of England" and said that, though it was difficult to claim a place in the foremost ranks of composers for the author of "The Pirates of Penzance," the case of the author of "The Golden Legend" rested on a very different basis. It still does.

The plaudits had not ceased to ring in his ears when Gilbert wrote to congratulate him on what "appears from all accounts to be the biggest thing you've done" and to remind him that the music for "Ruddigore" had still to be composed. Sullivan now balanced his period of laziness earlier in the year with one of extreme activity. In spite of the fact that he was preparing performances of "The Golden Legend" for the Albert Hall, Queen's Hall, Crystal Palace, and St. James's Hall, he started on the new opera and wrote some of his best music for it.

Each collaborator had a high opinion of his own contribution to "Ruddigore" and was not too pleased with the work of the other. Yet such was their curious relationship that they dared not express their feelings frankly to each other but tried to influence their friends to do it for them.

"How do you think the piece is shaping?" Sullivan asked a man who was on friendly terms with them both. "It is supposed to be an opera but it is really becoming a play with a few songs and some concerted music. Don't you think it would be as well to hint to Gilbert that the music is disappearing in the background?"

"Though to my uninstructed ear," Gilbert said to the same friend, "nothing could be better than the music, there is so much of it that I am afraid the audience will lose the thread of the story and forget what it is all about. Perhaps you could suggest to Sullivan that if one or two numbers were cut the piece would play more briskly."

The story was founded on an early sketch of Gilbert's and of course he made use of one or two ballads, but the whole piece was put together with considerable skill and it is certainly one of his best libretti.

"Ruddigore" was produced on January 22, 1887, and went very well up to the last twenty minutes of the performance, when the audience became restless. At the fall of the curtain the first "Boo" in the history of Gilbert and Sullivan opera was heard from the gallery. Whether this expressed the general feeling that the sailor's song about "the darned Mounseer" was a slight on the British Navy or the popular objection to the resurrection of the ghosts it is difficult to say. It may have come directly from a "darned Mounseer," since Gilbert received several challenges to duels from Frenchmen who felt their country had been insulted. At any rate the opinion of the audience and the critics was that the new work was not half so good as "The Mikado," and many people took exception to the title. This annoyed Gilbert, who suggested that it should be changed to "Kensington Gore"; or "Not Half so Good as The Mikado."

The morning after the production the partners met at Sullivan's flat and made a number of alterations and excisions; next day they changed the Finale, so that the ghosts remained spectral; but when a play receives a mixed reception on the first night no amount of titivation can make a success of it, and the run of "Ruddigore" only just beat that of "Princess Ida." It was what the Savoy partners called a failure: that is to say, Gilbert made seven thousand pounds out of the original run, Sullivan made more because of the sale of his music, and Carte made most because, having only financed instead of creating it, he naturally made most.

Of course there were recriminations. Sullivan thought that by bringing the ghosts back to life Gilbert had ruined the piece. Gilbert thought that Sullivan had not treated the ghost scene humorously enough. "I fancy he thought his professional position demanded something grander and more impressive than the words suggested," said Gilbert, adding that the ghost music was like introducing fifty lines of *Paradise Lost* into a farcical comedy. These opinions, however, were not exchanged by the partners, who were content to whisper them into the ears of their friends.

V

The mixed reception of their new opera had a mixed effect on the two partners. Sullivan was again at the mercy of his solemn mentors, who did not fail to point out that now was the time to break away from the Savoy and compose works more worthy of his genius. Gilbert, who had satisfied his lust for writing works more worthy of his genius at an earlier period, was now solely concerned with the problem of increasing his investments. The result was that Sullivan went

abroad to ponder on mightier themes, while Gilbert remained at home and reconsidered the possibilities of the lozenge.

Early in September he read the scenario of his proposed operetta to Sullivan, who objected to its lack of human and dramatic interest and declined to write the music for it. Gilbert again pigeonholed the plot but stated, flatly and finally, that he had no intention of thinking out another, hoping perhaps that his attitude would bring Sullivan to his senses.

It did nothing of the kind. For many weeks Sullivan had been fighting his disease; he had no patience to spare for Gilbert; and it was during this period of estrangement that an ominous incident occurred at the Savoy. One day D'Oyly Carte chaffed Gilbert about the condition of the carpet outside the door of the room which he shared with Sullivan. It was shabby; it had a hole in it; surely, said Carte, a man who was earning such colossal royalties as Gilbert ought to spare a few shillings for his mat. Gilbert, who hated chaff and usually scented some malicious motive behind it, flared up at once and retorted that as Sullivan earned more than double his own royalties, music being considered of *much* greater value than libretti, it was up to him to get a new piece of carpet. At that moment Sullivan appeared, feeling very much below par, and what started with a joke ended in a violent controversy.

Once more the clouds lifted. After several weeks in bed with a recurrence of his malady, Sullivan went to the Savoy to conduct a music-rehearsal of "Pinafore," which was the first of the revivals that had been decided upon. There, by accident, he met Gilbert, whose business-sense had begun to function again and who had thought of an entirely fresh plot which he was going to call "The Tower of London."

Sullivan was immensely relieved. A little later Gilbert spoke of the play as "The Tower Warden," later still as "The Beefeater," finally as "The Yeomen of the Guard." Sullivan did not mind what it was called so long as it was not about a lozenge.

The idea for the new plot had come to Gilbert when waiting for a train at Uxbridge station, where he had seen a poster of a beefeater. Soon the story took shape in his mind, and fortunately it made an instant appeal to Sullivan, because it was human and free from topsy-turvydom. Sullivan, the dreamer, was always crying for reality. Gilbert, the realist, was always crying for dreams. But on this occasion the desires of both were appeased, for Gilbert contrived to dress his dream in the costume of reality. He spent days in the Tower of London and thoroughly enjoyed writing a work which he always declared to be his best opera. He put a great deal of what he thought was his essential self into the character of "Jack Point," and regarded this idealized Gilbert as a greater creation than any of Shakespeare's jesters. He was never happier in his partnership with Sullivan than when he was engrossed in this plain tale of the Tower, for it was the nearest he ever got to the Gilbert of the earlier plays, the poet he imagined himself to be. It was, therefore, a terrible shock to him when Sullivan wrote from Monte Carlo that, after mature reflection, he had decided to abandon comic opera and devote himself henceforth to serious work.

Having left the impression that he was delighted with the new work, Sullivan had gone to Algiers and the south of France early in '88. There he meditated upon various matters: the persistent warnings of his friends, Grove and Macfarren, the constant friction with Gilbert, the periodical resurgence of the lozenge, the illness

which was growing upon him and making work on anything but the most exalted subjects burdensome to him, above all the extraordinary success of Cellier's comic-opera "Dorothy," which had already passed its five hundredth performance at the new Lyric Theatre. This last achievement made him feel thoroughly uncomfortable. It seemed that inferior composers could make fortunes out of comic operas. So why should he, Arthur Sullivan, debase his art merely in order to compete with people whose success could equal his own? The thought rankled, and in the disquietude of his soul he determined to dedicate himself to the nobler forms of music in which he felt that he excelled.

Gilbert gasped. Was Sullivan going mad? Did he really think "The Golden Legend" was a better work than "Ruddigore"? Did he believe that he could live in comfort on serious music? What did the success of "Dorothy" matter? Damn "Dorothy"! Had not "The Mikado" run for two years? Had other musicians stopped composing because of its success? The company at the Savoy was the best in England; the composer was the best in England; the librettist was of course the best in England; Gilbert and Sullivan opera was a national institution, like Westminster Abbey; and did Sullivan seriously intend to wreck the whole business and sacrifice a gold mine merely because rubbish like "Dorothy" could fill a theater for five hundred nights?

Gilbert committed these reflections to paper and sent them off to Sullivan, advising him at the same time, since it was possible a run of bad luck at the tables had affected his brain, that he ought to try Gilbert's system: "Back red until it turns up twice in succession, then back black till it turns up twice—then back red and so on. I

tried it a dozen times . . . and always won." Possibly the tip for the tables was successful, possibly he went down heavily on it and as a consequence the "gold mine" argument in Gilbert's letter became operative; at any rate Sullivan was convinced, and when he returned to London he showed his disinclination to religious music by plunging into the social life of the capital. He did however conduct a command performance of "The Golden Legend" at the Albert Hall, when Queen Victoria earned the gratitude of serious-music lovers by telling him that he ought to write a grand opera. "You would do it so well," she said.

Sullivan went to Fleet in Hampshire at the conclusion of the social season and started on "The Yeomen of the Guard," which was put into rehearsal during August. He wanted Gilbert to make a number of alterations. Gilbert protested but eventually agreed; and while Sullivan was staying with the Empress Eugénie at Farnborough or playing poker in the summer residences of his wealthy friends, Gilbert was reconstructing the second act. With the first breezes of autumn Sullivan began to make up for lost time, and during September he worked all through the nights, seldom turning in before 6 a.m. He experienced considerable difficulty over the setting of "I Have a Song to Sing O" and tried in vain for a fortnight to get the right tune. Gilbert offered to recast it, but he was so pleased with it as it stood that he would not allow it to be altered. At last he gave it up in despair and said to Gilbert:

"You often have some old air in your mind which prompts the meter of your songs; if anything prompted you in this one, hum it to me—it may help me."

This was quite true, because Gilbert frequently achieved a particular

rhythm with the aid of a tune he had heard, but as a rule Sullivan would say: "Don't tell me what the tune is, or I shan't be able to get it out of my head." However, the present situation was desperate, and though, as Gilbert said, "only a rash man ever asks me to hum," he did his best to reproduce the air of a sea-chanty that the sailors on his yacht used to sing in the dog-watch on Saturday evenings. He had not hummed a dozen bars before Sullivan exclaimed:

"That will do—I've got it!"

Gilbert wondered whether his humming had proved too much for Sullivan, whose sudden exclamation might have been a cry of pain. But Sullivan assured him that for once he was responsible for the music as well as the words.

"The Yeomen of the Guard" was produced on October 3rd, 1888, and was given such a tumultuous welcome that Sullivan thought its success would be greater than that of "The Mikado." Right up to the last moment Gilbert was the victim of nervous apprehension. The commencement of the opera was in his opinion too serious; he had warned Sullivan about it again and again; and on the morning of October 3rd he wrote to his collaborator "to place upon record the conviction" that the play's success would be seriously imperilled unless certain musical numbers were shortened or withdrawn, adding, lest Sullivan's vanity should be hurt, "I am proposing to cut, not only your music, but my words."

A few minutes before the curtain went up they reached a compromise, and then Gilbert started his regular first-night fuss. Jessie Bond as "Phoebe" (alone on the stage at the rise of the curtain) was almost driven crazy by his questioning. "Are you sure you're all right, Jessie?" "You haven't forgotten anything?" "Mind

and take the keys from Denny at the right moment." "Are you feeling nervous?" "Remember that—" but Jessie had had enough. "For heaven's sake, Mr. Gilbert, go away and leave me alone, or I shan't be able to sing a note!" He gave her a last frenzied hug, dashed from the stage, vanished from the theater, and tried to stem his agitation for the next three hours in the streets.

The papers were lavish with praise the next day and by a coincidence Sullivan received a letter that morning from the Duke of Edinburgh, who enclosed a decoration from the Sultan of Turkey "as a mark of his appreciation." In making a request for selections from the operas, the Duke said that the favorite piece played by the band on board *H.M.S. Alexandra* was Sullivan's music to "Henry VIII." Sullivan had also written music for three other plays by Shakespeare, "The Tempest," "The Merchant of Venice," and "The Merry Wives of Windsor," and now in October '88 he was approached by Sir Henry Irving to provide the music for the Lyceum production of "Macbeth." Irving had a very vague idea of music, but he knew what sorts of sounds he wanted and he gave Sullivan a brief outline of his requirements: trumpets here, drums there, a march at this point, a flourish at that, and one player at rehearsals "to tootle, tootle" so that they could hear the exact tunes. Apparently the player did not always "tootle tootle" the kind of thing Irving had in his head, and an interesting fact emerges from this brief union. Just as Gilbert, by a most unmusical humming, was able to inspire Sullivan with the tune for a song in "The Yeomen of the Guard," so did Irving, by an exercise in cacophony, obtain from Sullivan the very themes that he needed. The company watched entranced as their chief stalked the stage, swaying his

body, moving his arms in curious convolutions, now making strange croaking sounds in his throat, now tapping his feet on the boards to keep time with the moaning modulations that issued from his lungs.

"Much better than mine, Irving, much better," Sullivan would cry the instant he perceived what the other was trying to express; "I'll rough it out at once." And when the orchestra played the new version, based on the actor's startling exhibition, it was always exactly what Irving wanted.

Here is another proof that Sullivan was the perfect medium. He could transmit the essence of words (or even croaks) into music; but, being of an essentially feminine nature, his best work was produced only under the spell of a dominating and masculine

personality—Gilbert, as it happened, though it might have been Irving.

Both Gilbert and Sullivan thought that "The Yeomen of the Guard" was their finest work together. The general public did not agree with them, and the general public was right. It is a serious opera and, owing to the restrained nature of their relationship, seriousness did not become them. Their happiest combination was on the plane of facetiousness. They flirted together in perfect accord; and since a misunderstanding invariably gives a zest to flirtation, their two best works were produced after their two biggest quarrels. Already we have seen "The Mikado" emerge from the ashes of their anger. Now we are to witness another and a greater storm, to be followed by the yet serener calm of "The Gondoliers."

(To be continued)





CAN WE STAY OUT OF WAR?

BY ERNEST ANGELL

TWENTY-ONE years after the explosion in Europe which rocked and nearly destroyed the world as we know it, the faces of men in our country are clouded with anxiety as the shadows of recurring conflict deepen, clouded with an anxiety far greater than in 1914. When war broke out in 1914 we in America felt that it was too remote ever to concern us intimately, much less to sweep us into that vortex. Few, if any, realized that our material interests and our sympathies would in time provide the fuel to which a few incidents, such as the sinking of the *Lusitania*, the stupidities of German agents in this country, and our emotional reaction to the later declaration of unrestricted submarine warfare, would set the match. Wilson was re-elected in November, 1916, as the President who had kept us out of war; for months thereafter, the consensus of sober opinion was strongly against our participation; and even when we declared war on Germany in April, 1917, it is extremely doubtful whether the majority of our people were really in favor of that momentous step.

As the ultimate disasters of the post-war period have taken their toll abroad and at home, the doubt as to whether it was wise or necessary for America to have participated at all in that war has become increasingly articulate. On all sides one hears fervent vows that never again shall the United States be dragged into the quarrels of others. I have heard

scores of veterans say, "You'll never catch *me* going into a fool war like that again." I am fully persuaded that these expressions represent something much more deeply significant than the creeping lethargy of middle-age or the remembrance of personal discomfort or suffering in 1918. They are a hopeful sign.

The events of the past year or two in Europe—the murder of Dollfuss, the rearming of Germany, the growth of all armaments, and the general tightening of the tension—have given impetus and point to the increasing effort in this country to devise additional safeguards for neutrality, to remove all possible incentives to our own participation in any war which does not immediately and vitally threaten our safety.

There are pending in Congress to-day a group of proposals framed primarily to achieve this purpose, but also to arrange things so that if the United States does again go to war the financing of our participation in it and the control of prices, profits, wages, and industrial management during the war period may be more intelligently handled than in 1917–19. These proposals attempt to go to the root of influences which involve nations in wars that are not of their own seeking or direct concern. They demand our most thoughtful attention while there is yet time, soberly and coolly, to weigh their probable value.

Reduced to their lowest terms, these

proposed laws, upon the outbreak of war abroad, would (1) prohibit export from the United States to any country at war or to its citizens of any munitions and war supplies, and even of any articles declared contraband by any belligerent nation; (2) prohibit public or private war loans or credits here to any belligerent or its citizens; and (3) rigidly restrict the travel of Americans in war zones. If, despite such measures, the United States itself did go to war, then these proposed laws would (4) clamp a lid upon domestic prices to prevent drastic rise; (5) take, by stiff increases in the tax rates, all profits and income above minimum levels; (6) pay the cost of our war by taxation instead of by large government borrowing; and (7) draft industrial plant management for the war period.

Not all of these proposals are entirely new, yet in the aggregate they mark a radical departure from what may be termed the passive neutrality of other days. They are bold in purpose and method, possibly naïve in certain assumptions; yet they represent an earnest attempt to bring under conscious control forces which in the past have unquestionably helped to drag nations into war, whether their citizens consciously wished to go to war or not.

II

The best way to understand the intent of these proposals and to assess their probable value is to begin by examining the experience upon which they are based.

A few simple tables reveal how profoundly the Allied Powers' need for supplies and their blockade of the Central Powers affected the American export trade in the fateful war years which immediately preceded our own entry into the World War. Here are our exports to the Allies; notice what the war did to them:

To	United States Exports (in millions of dollars)		
	Years		
	1912	1915	1916
Belgium	50	20	21
France	121	367	628
Great Britain	550	1500	1526
Italy	64	183	270
Totals	785	2070	2445

You will see that our trade with Belgium fell off slightly, owing to the German occupation; but our trade with Great Britain increased three times over, with Italy four times, with France five times. The total gross increase of the single year of 1916 over 1912 was one and three-fourths billion dollars.

The figures of our exports to the two principal Central Powers for the same years tell a strikingly different but equally illuminating story:

To	1912	1915	1916
Austria Hungary	22	1.2	.146
Germany	300	23	.288
Totals	322	24.2	.434

The aggregate loss of 1916 over 1912 is 321 millions, as against an aggregate gain in shipments to the Allies of 1760 millions. (Before the War Germany alone had imported from us almost three times as much as France, nearly five times as much as Italy.)

Now the significance of this contrast as a factor of economic determinism is plainly enormous. It means that our farms, our factories, our shipping, in short, every producing unit and class in the United States, rapidly acquired a "vested interest" in the continuance of the war-market provided by the Allies' desperate need for munitions, war supplies, food, and commodities of every kind. The Central European markets were gone, suppressed by the Allied blockade; in their place had arisen, for the moment at least, the enormous consuming power of the Allies, which had to be fed, and was

in fact fed, principally by America.

Nor is this all. These purchases were to an increasing degree financed by America itself, through private credits and public loans obtained here by the Allies. It is estimated that between August, 1914, and our declaration of war in April, 1917, American investors had staked over two billion dollars upon the financial solvency of the Allies by such loans and credits.

The scope of this article will not permit of any detailed discussion of the theory that trade and investments determine a nation's foreign policy, and that this was noticeably true of the United States in 1917. Intelligent students will long differ on the degree of truth to be discovered in this contention. But all will agree that it is at least partially true.

A third factor in the trade and financing experience of these same years was the irritating question of contraband: the shipment by a neutral (the United States) of supplies intended for, or capable of, military use by a belligerent (Germany) through zones (the high seas) controlled by an opposing belligerent (Great Britain). "Absolute contraband" was supposed, one hundred and fifty years ago, to be limited to direct war supplies as such, and was generally agreed to be subject to seizure. "Conditional contraband" is a shifting category of articles which may be and are used for war or peace according to the circumstances. A prodigious amount of learning and legal quibbling has been expended in the discussion of these terms, their categories, and the rules for their application; but the crux of the matter is that contraband, to a belligerent, means in practice just what that nation deems it necessary to keep from its enemy and thinks it can manage to intercept and confiscate or destroy without getting into serious trouble with the neutrals who ship the articles

in question. A nation which has its back to the wall will seize property and will use or destroy it without regard to the rules of the game—and do the arguing or pay the damages after the fight is over. General Sherman's march to the sea is a classic example in our own history; our government's seizure of the private property here of German citizens in 1918 is another.

This, in substance, is just what the British did in 1915-17 with regard to American shipments to Scandinavian and Dutch ports, shipments which the British, generally correctly, suspected were destined for immediate transshipment to Germany and for consumption there. As the stalemate on the Western Front continued, the reserves of man-power were gradually exhausted, the cost of the War mounted, and the submarines took increasing toll of British ships carrying munitions, clothing, and food to the island people, it became increasingly apparent to the British that the most effective way to strike at the German army was in the rear—by shutting off supplies for the troops and the civilian population alike. In this plan the British government was entirely realistic and in the end completely successful; Germany collapsed from the results of the blockade before her armies had been beaten in the field.

This result was made possible by the British control of the sea-approaches to Germany, and by the ability of the British to gauge the extent to which they could extend the elastic and always inexact limits and implications of the term "contraband" without coming to a break with the neutral upon which they had to rely for the largest portion of their necessary imports, namely, the United States. The neutral naturally conceived of contraband as including nothing but supplies used for strictly military purposes. This conception had been well expressed by

John Hay when he was Secretary of State. In 1904, at the time of the Russo-Japanese war, Hay wrote in protest to a report from Europe that raw cotton was about to be declared contraband by one or both of the belligerents: "The principle under consideration might, therefore, be extended so as to apply to every article of human use which might be declared contraband of war, simply because it might ultimately become in any degree useful to a belligerent for military purposes."

This is precisely what Britain did in the war years. By the naturally vexing procedure of search, detention, and seizure Britain provoked the sharp resentment of the American shippers of goods which were consigned to Scandinavian and Dutch ports but in reality were ordered from Germany. By 1916 the British list of contraband had grown to four hundred articles; it included not only the clearly military articles such as barbed wire, explosives, military clothing, vessels, artillery and guns, but also aluminum, copper, cotton, lead, leather, iron, foodstuffs, nickel, rubber, sulphur, hair, harness, tin, and tungsten—not omitting such mysterious matters as xylol, capsicum, urea, and wolframitel

In contrast to the Hay declaration just quoted, the British War Office declared in 1916: "The circumstances of the present war are so peculiar that His Majesty's Government consider that for practical purposes the distinction between the two classes of contraband (absolute and conditional) has ceased to have value. So large a proportion of the inhabitants of the enemy country is taking part, directly or indirectly, in the war that no real distinction can now be drawn between the armed forces and the civilian population. Similarly, the enemy government has taken control, by a series of decrees and orders, of practically all the articles in the list of conditional contraband, so

that they are now available for government use." This statement was strictly in accordance with the facts, and to expect a different attitude would have been foolish. Britain risked American enmity and a possible break in relations—and got away with it.

To-day a school of thought is growing up in this country which seriously questions whether the dollar value to us of trade in contraband (and it may be a considerable value: American exports to Scandinavia rose from 40 millions before the War to nearly 200 millions in 1915) is worth the risks which its carriage necessarily involves. Professor Vandebosch has aptly said that "the problem of 'waging neutrality' under modern conditions of warfare is hardly less difficult and of less moment than those of waging war."

We hardly need to be reminded of what happened in 1916 and 1917. Germany, unable to make headway by diplomatic representation against the enormous exports of supplies from America to Britain and France or against the Allies' extension of the contraband list, and unable to break the blockade by open naval battle, was driven at last to the use of the only remaining weapon, unrestricted submarine warfare. Had we in America declined the venture of sending our goods and ships into the danger zone we should have been far less affected and roused by the inevitable consequences.

Picking up these facts of America's experience as a sincerely professing but ultimately unsuccessful neutral in the World War, the men in Congress who have put forward the present legislative proposals say bluntly, "We will have none of this hereafter, neither profits from exports to those who control the seas, nor loans to help them carry on their wars, nor blockade running of contraband goods. All of

these are magnets that draw us in turn into wars which are not our concern. The profits and investments are not worth the risk."

III

How would these measures take effect in practice? Let us assume that war has broken out in some troubled sector. The United States is, happily, still neutral, and these proposed measures have already been adopted into law by Congress. Wherein will our activities be any different than they were twenty years ago?

If Messrs. Nye and Clark of the Senate have their way, "upon the outbreak of war . . . it shall be unlawful for any person . . . to export or to sell for export from the United States . . . any arms or munitions of war, or any other article . . . which the United States declares to be war material, either directly or indirectly, to a government or the national of any government engaged in such war"; and "the President . . . is directed . . . to cause to be published a list containing the names and description of all articles declared by the United States to be war material essential to the conduct of war." Not content with shutting off an otherwise lucrative trade in machine-guns, bombs, tanks, and submarines, Messrs. Nye and Clark would thus make it equally unlawful to export any articles which the President might deem "essential" to that war—metals, cotton, chemicals, rubber; in short, a wide range of raw materials and manufactured goods.

This particular proposal goes yet farther, in providing that one who exports "any article declared to be conditional or absolute contraband by any belligerent government shall do so solely at his own risk"; that no American citizen "shall retain any right, title, or interest in any such article of contraband," and no title therein is to

be recognized by our government or in any American court; and finally that insurance of risks on contraband shall be void in our courts.

Mr. Maverick, of the House of Representatives, would in fact go even farther, to make actually unlawful the export of goods declared contraband by the belligerents or the chartering of American vessels for the use of a belligerent.

By another proposed measure these senators would make it unlawful for any one in this country "to make any public or private loan of money or to extend any credit for the purchase of any articles declared to be contraband of war by any belligerent government, either directly or indirectly, to a government or the national of any government engaged in armed conflict."

Connecticut could not export machine-guns to Europe or China; Wall Street could not arrange a credit for Paris or float a loan for London; Baltimore could not charter freight vessels to Italy. American export, finance, and shipping for the powers at war would be paralyzed, not so much because an effective blockade of the English Channel or the Straits of Gibraltar would make the voyage useless, but, in effect, by Congressional endorsement of the contraband list of the British, German, or Italian War Ministry.

True, the Nye-Clark proposal that the shipment of foreign-declared contraband shall be undertaken solely at the risk of the American shipper is to take effect only in the "absence of any treaty or agreement on private property at sea in effect between the principal maritime powers"; but for practical purposes this qualification might as well be omitted; for the experience of the last major conflict reveals that the necessity to cripple your enemy—not merely his army and navy, but

equally his civilian population—makes of the theoretical possibility of reaching a definitive accord by treaty on what shall constitute contraband a mere mirage.

If then these gentlemen prevail in their contention that the best way for us to keep out of future wars which arise elsewhere in the world and to which we are not in the first instance a party is to prohibit all commerce in goods which are declared either by our government or by any belligerent itself to be useful in that war, and equally to prohibit all financing in this country of the purchase of such goods, we shall erect a Chinese Wall at our ports. Through that wall it would be unlawful for any of these goods to pass. It would be unlawful even to say to a warring power or its merchants, "We can't deliver to you at London, Rotterdam, Havre, or Naples; but you come and get it right here at New York." Even that would be forbidden under the Maverick bill.

The third proposal reads: "Upon the outbreak of war in any part of the world in which the life and safety of the citizens of the United States may be placed in jeopardy by travel on the high seas the President shall withhold the issuance of passports to citizens of the United States traveling in war zones or traveling on any vessel of any belligerent power, except under such regulations as the President may prescribe."

The reason for this step is to be found, like the reasons for the other proposals, in the particular experience of our neutral days in the World War, and almost wholly, perhaps, in the single incident of the sinking of the *Lusitania* in May, 1915. One hundred and twenty-four Americans lost their lives on that occasion, and the disaster almost impelled us into war with Germany at that moment, two years earlier than the actual break.

The present argument is that if our citizens can be kept away from storm centers such as the submarine area was in 1915, we shall avoid one more source of otherwise inevitable and dangerous friction.

The rest of the seven principal proposals which I have listed—those to control prices, to pay our own war cost by confiscatory taxation, and to draft industrial managers into a wartime army—fall outside the scope of this article, although they emanate from the same school of thought. What the men who have framed them want to do is to make the advent of war so unprofitable that there will be far less temptation to rush into it; to arrange matters in advance so that industrialists, bankers, and newspaper owners will not look hopefully for "a nice little war to get us out of this depression."

IV

Let us then return to consideration of the measures proposed to clear the thorns from the road of our American neutrality while others fight. "Trade follows the flag" is a commonplace of territorial expansion, but that "warships and troops follow trade" when other countries are at war may be at times equally true.

André Tardieu, French High Commissioner to the United States during the World War, has written that in 1915 and 1916

... the increasing volume of Allied needs afforded the Americans almost unlimited trade possibilities. Prices had risen enormously. Profits had swollen tenfold. The Allies had become the sole customer of the United States. Loans the Allies had obtained from New York banks swept the gold of Europe into American coffers.

From that time on, whether desired or not, the victory of the Allies became essential to the United States.

Walter Hines Page, our ambassador

to Great Britain, cabled to our government shortly before we entered the War:

The almost immediate danger, therefore, is that Franco-American and Anglo-American exchange will be so disturbed that orders by all the Allied Governments will be reduced to the lowest minimum and there will be almost a cessation of transatlantic trade. This will, of course, cause a panic in the United States. . . .

If we should go to war with Germany, the greatest help we could give the Allies would be such a credit. In this case our Government could, if it would, make a large investment in a Franco-British loan or might guarantee such a loan. All the money would be kept in our own country, trade would be continued and enlarged till the war ends, and after the war, Europe would continue to buy food and would buy from us also an enormous supply of things to re-equip her peace industries. We should thus reap the profit of an uninterrupted, perhaps an enlarging, trade over a number of years and we should hold their securities in payment. . . .

Perhaps our going to war is the only way in which our present preëminent trade position can be maintained and a panic averted. [The italics are my own.] The submarine has added the last item to the danger of uncertainty about our being drawn into the war; no more considerable credit can be privately placed in the United States and a collapse may come in the meantime.

The measures now put forward in Congress are but the logical recognition of the truths that these men perceived many years ago, when the events were still fresh in their minds. The frictions of to-day have revived the issue and etched its dangers against the background of experience. We should recognize that war in Europe is probable, if not immediately, at least within the next few years; that it would produce an instant need for large quantities of raw materials and manufactured goods which our country would be in a position to supply; that we should be eager to fill the orders—against payment; and that any large volume of such new trade would be an

immense boon, for the moment, to our lagging industries. We may be sure that if this happened, before long we should be involved in dispute, more or less serious according to the nature of the war and its geographical circumstances.

It must be admitted that a European war in the near future would in one respect, at least, differ sharply from that of twenty years ago. To-day none of the principal European powers would enjoy the borrowing capacity which they possessed in 1914. The defaulted war loans have seriously impaired their credit, and European politics are in such disfavor with us that the successful public flotation of a large foreign loan, even if it were not positively prohibited by the Johnson resolution, would be almost inconceivable. There is furthermore among bankers a divided opinion on the hypothetical question whether it would be possible for foreign powers to obtain substantial private banking credits here for war purchases. One may believe, however, that if reasonably adequate security were offered, financing in this limited form would be entirely possible. Europe as well as Japan still enjoys some borrowing power in gold, foreign securities, and the like. Moreover, the conditions of moral risk may change rapidly; the emotional springs of sympathy may again be tapped quite as successfully as in 1914.

While for the moment it seems improbable that America would be able to repeat the roaring business in munitions and war supplies which made us in effect an ally of the Allies long before April, 1917, the assumption is too speculative for safe reliance. It should undoubtedly be buttressed by an absolute prohibition upon all such war loans and credits; that is, if we are willing to pay the temporary price of abstaining from the immediate profits

of the return upon the loan investment itself, and from lavish spending by the borrowers in purchases from us.

If the principle is clearly established *in advance*, before ever the first credits or loans have been arranged, there is little or no danger of a popular uprising of bankers and potential lenders to overturn a law prohibiting financial advances of this character. But to expect that the growers of wheat and cotton and the manufacturers of steel and trucks, boots and airplane engines, cloth, and a thousand other articles of necessary use would be silent in the face of a complete Congressional ban upon the export of any goods declared by one belligerent to be forbidden for shipment to its enemy, would be naïve to the point of folly. "Once bit, twice shy" is an aphorism that is but rarely true. The American people do not even yet realize how badly they were bitten in the fateful years of 1914-17: to what extent their indignation at the German conduct of war was built up by the almost complete Allied censorship control of all news emanating from Europe, to what extent they were lured from original neutrality into a position of economic and financial commitment to the cause of the Allies from which there was no possible turning back. Even if we come to a general realization of the truth in these matters, it is still almost certain that the lesson of disillusionment will be quickly forgotten if parallel circumstances arise again. Memories are short, and profits and employment are sweet. The glitter of immediate trade advantages to us would blind us to the certainty of the trouble to which we should thereby be led.

The present attempt to lay an embargo on arms shipments is not new in concept; what distinguishes it from previous efforts is that these previous efforts have been made after the event, when the golden stream of shipments

was already flowing. In 1914 the United States was as badly prepared for neutrality as it was for war, and the history of the attempt to lay an arms embargo at that time is of immense value now. The war broke out in August and by fall the Allies had begun to give us substantial orders. In September a French military commission had visited the Bethlehem steel plant. In November Mr. Charles M. Schwab was in England arranging contracts for war supplies, and Mr. H. P. Davison, a Morgan partner, had gone to London to arrange to set up in New York a central purchasing agency on behalf of the Allies. In December Senator Hitchcock, a leading Democratic Administration supporter, introduced in Congress a bill to bar shipment of munitions to all belligerents; the matter was debated, and increasing opposition was naturally expressed by and for those who already stood to profit by the trade which had begun to blossom. Shortly before Congress adjourned in March, 1915, the Hitchcock bill was lost, partly on account of tactical errors in the time and manner of its handling, partly on account of the emotionally pacifist character of the support given to it, but chiefly perhaps because the proposal ran counter to the immediate financial interests of growing numbers of persons to whom the right to engage in private trade assumed the form of an explosive patriotism. Who can blame them? The confusion is age-old, persistent, entirely understandable.

The only possible way to diminish the force of popular opposition to an arms embargo as a means of protecting your own long-range national interests is to establish the embargo *before any substantial trade has arisen*, that is, before the war breaks out and the purchase orders are on the books. This, however, is but half, and unfortu-

nately the lesser half, of the problem. The more serious question is how far you can extend the field of prohibited shipments and still hope to keep your lines intact against the inevitable popular demand for freedom of unlimited trade.

It is easy—and absolutely necessary, if we would be hard-headed—to imagine the hue and cry that would flood the press, the radio, and Congress against an absolute ban on shipments of anything and everything which the capitals of Europe and Asia might declare to be contraband goods and, therefore, subject to seizure while in course of shipment to an enemy. Today, for example, the export price of copper is 7.65 cents a pound, and half the mines in the United States are shut down for want of demand. We know that if another major war broke out the price would quickly double, triple—in 1916 it went to \$1.89 cents. The British contraband list of 1916 included “copper, unwrought and partly wrought; copper wire; alloys and compounds of copper.” Would the copper industry sit quietly by and see such a market kept closed to it? Would it not inevitably wave the American flag and insist that as two-fisted patriots we must stand up for our age-old right to do business wherever we pleased?

Cotton we now plow under, and pay taxes on its processing, in a futile effort to support an artificial price; cotton too was on the British list of 1917. Can one imagine anything which would more effectively unite the “solid South,” enlist the support of the entire cotton-textile industry, and evoke the flaming appeals of another Theodore Roosevelt for “red-blooded Americanism” than the acquiescence of Congress in a new edition of an Allied contraband list which would again include “cotton, raw, linters, cotton waste, cotton yarns, cotton piece goods,” etc.? Cannot one picture the

patriotic orators ringing the changes on “the inalienable American right to trade,” and “the historic freedom of the seas,” calling the embargo laws the “yellow-belly laws,” and asking how long Congress proposes to make every American citizen wear the white feather of cowardice? The farmers, the mill and shop hands, the manufacturers, a new band of would-be exporters, and Wall Street would be bedfellows, united as by no other possible issue in a spontaneous drive upon Congress to force the amendment or outright repeal of any sweeping embargo which stood between them and the natural profits of a potentially immense boom in business. Nor would their argument be made on the basis of profits. Undoubtedly it would be made on the far more persuasive basis of national independence, national rights, and national honor—and would, therefore, be very appealing.

The question, therefore, is how high is it wise to attempt to build the wall of isolation?

The answer seems clear: that the more extreme proposal of the Maverick group in the House would be doomed to failure, complete and disastrous. The more limited proposals of the Senate group, on the other hand, differentiate between three classes of goods. Munitions as such, specifically defined—war vessels, military airplanes, guns and artillery, ammunition and explosives, tanks, etc.—are to be banned for export to a belligerent. No one can quarrel with this prohibition, and it could pretty surely be sustained against any movement for repeal. The manufacturers of these toys are not likely to regain overnight the favor which they have lost.

Goods of the second class—those which are not actual munitions, but may be declared by the President to be essential to the conduct of war—might include, for example, clothing for

military use, chemicals and special equipment whose principal use was military, but not raw materials and foodstuffs. The pressure at home from producers and exporters to force a way through prohibitory legislation would be stronger with respect to goods of this class than with respect to actual munitions, and the possible uses of such middle-of-the-road articles could be concealed or falsified; nevertheless, it should be possible to hold the line and to keep the export of such goods from assuming large volume. The attempt is well worth making.

Goods of the third class in the bill—contraband as defined by a belligerent—could be sold and exported only at the risk of the shipper, the purchasing belligerent government, or its citizens. The American exporter would be warned in advance that Washington washed its hands of the affair: "You may ship to belligerent A articles which belligerent B has declared to be contraband; this means that B may seize your merchandise in transit, sink or bomb your ship. You do this at your own risk and we will not recognize your title, your claim to damage, or any insurance contract covering the voyage. Don't appeal to us or come into American courts if you lose." This is logical as a declaration of policy and advance notice. It is possibly capable of being sustained against the pressure of excited opinion, unless a succession of particularly outrageous ship-sinkings aroused intense resentment.

The number of Americans traveling in the war zones would probably be insufficient to force a breach through a wall of restrictions upon the issue of passports. The inflammatory danger in this quarter, however, lies not in the number of Americans whose lives would be in danger by such travel, but in the circumstances of a particular loss. The horror and anger which

were aroused by the *Lusitania* affair were not measured by the fact that only one hundred and twenty-four American lives were lost; the provocation would have been the same had the number been but twelve.

V

A repetition of circumstances such as were combined in the World War—a long-drawn-out conflict, a vast consumption of supplies of all kinds, and capacity on the part of the belligerents to pay for them or to borrow the purchase price—would unquestionably again operate to draw the neutrals who furnished the supplies or the funds into the center of conflict. Those who now urge these advance measures of prevention and isolation are entirely hard-headed and realistic, in so far as a new war might resemble the war which broke out in 1914. The question, one must remember, is not whether we should in any case have gone to war to repel Germany, to preserve democracy, to end all wars. Those who believe that we were quite justified in going to war with Germany in 1917, regardless of economic pressure, should be the last to oppose any measure devised to eliminate economic pressure as a motive for going to war. The question is not whether we should bind ourselves never to go to war for idealistic motives, but whether we should go into any war to protect our "right" as a neutral to sell and deliver munitions and contraband at the belligerent's ports, or to protect the solvency of belligerents who borrow large sums from us to finance their own wars. To the extent that these unavowed aims were, in fact, in the past, or may be in the future, an influence making for our later participation in the wars of other nations, let us by all means remove the incentives and temptations which lead us within the zone of fire.

We should not, however, put too much faith in any such over simplified solutions of the unhappy, difficult, and risky position of the neutral at the time of any major outbreak between industrialized nations of the complex modern world. Wars are not engendered or fought solely for trade, finance, and territorial possessions; there still exists the large inflammable segment of emotions and "national honor," the tension which is created by rivalry in armaments over nothing more important at bottom than the desire to demonstrate that you can lick the other fellow if you have to—witness the growing tension with Japan over naval rivalry and our recent fleet maneuvers in mid-Pacific. In this present state of suppressed feeling, how far could jingo newspapers fan popular resentment over an unfortunate incident or two in the Orient—a mishap to American tourists, missionaries, or sailors on shore leave, or a piece of stupidity by an individual super-patriot? To the sincere and earnest attempts of these men in Washington to bring under control the alluring but highly dangerous forces of economic entanglement one should offer no words of disparagement, but only a word or two of caution: that you cannot hope to persuade a whole nation overnight to surrender lucrative trade and investment in large figures; that you cannot safely assume that the particular experiences of 1914 would be repeated in parallel form in 1936 or 1937; that wars are made quite as much by national jealousy, fear, and pride, and by propaganda agents, as they are by manufacturers of machine-guns, bankers, and ship owners hungry for profits. To deal effectively with the latter is relatively simple—if you do not count too much on the printed word of the statute-book; it is far more difficult to curb the blind, unreasoning forces of mass emotion.

The particular proposals here discussed present but one of several possible choices open to America. There is, first, our traditional policy of aloofness (a policy to which we have returned since the close of the War and but lately have emphasized by the refusal of the Senate to consent to adherence to the World Court). This is the traditional policy or habit of negative neutrality in time of war, based, if at all consciously, upon the hope that in another conflict the United States would be able to avoid being drawn into it. This policy might or might not be successfully maintained in the future; but at least it was not successfully maintained in 1914–17. There is, in the second place, the diametrically opposed choice that America should join affirmatively in some concert of international action designed to prevent war breaking out anywhere. There are no indications that the country will accept this choice. And finally, there is the middle-of-the-road alternative of deliberate isolation to which we have in other respects already made substantial subscription—in the reversal of our Caribbean policy by withdrawal from Santo Domingo, Haiti, and Nicaragua, and by our refusal to intervene positively in Cuba, in the commitment taken to free the Philippines, in the reluctance which we have shown to reduce tariffs as a move to restore our world trade.

The measures pending in Congress to compel active withdrawal of American commerce, finance, and travel from the sphere of armed conflict are patently a product of the isolationist school of thought. They spring from the minds of men who believe firmly in this policy of deliberate isolation, deliberate withdrawal, as the definitely preferable means of maintaining peace and continuing our normal development at home. The weapons with which they would supply us for this

purpose are at best insufficient and are apt to be knocked from our hands at any moment by popular resentment over their use. The American public is not prepared to pay the price of complete abstention from trade with belligerents, and only at that price can neutrality be effectively preserved. Notwithstanding these limitations, however, the attempts at a new working concept of the neutral's position which are represented by the middle-ground measures now pending in Congress should be heartily supported—while at the same time we should remember that we are quite as vulnerable as twenty years ago to the equally entangling forces of propaganda.

Until we have devised effective methods to check propaganda, the wall with which it is proposed to defend our neutrality is open to flank attack. Even when the projected wall is completed by this addition of barriers to propaganda (if, indeed, it is practically possible to erect such barriers), the wall will still be insufficient, because America is in and of the modern world, and cannot at a given moment be effectively shut off from it, sealed away in a safe little comfortable isolated corner. Ultimately we must accept conscious responsibility for the part which we play—and in most respects enjoy—in this tormented, jealous, suspicious world.

A SONG FOR YOUNG MEN

BY TRISTRAM LIVINGSTONE

W*E shall not be with the naked vintners when they bear
The purple clusters on the weighted staff
Across bronze shoulders in the sun—
We shall not be there.
Not for us the wine-stained chaff,
The dance-song, and the streaming hair.*

*We shall not be with the harvesters when they crop the golden wheat
And bind it like a princess' flaxen hair—
Along the swath older and younger feet,
Ours will not be there.*

*Nor with the stars that cut the opaque glass of night,
Shall we drink quivering Earth's breath upon the air,
No longer ghostly in the moonlight
To those not there.*

*For us then a languid dream-dance wed to graver song,
For us a darker bread and slower wine;
No stars, a night strange to the moon and long—
No spring, no sign—
No touch, no quarrel, no ecstatic pain,
Anonymous there among the unmourned slain.*



A FLOWER BOX FOR LIZETTE

A STORY

BY DOROTHY SEAGER

THE first time Anna saw her she thought she was beautiful, prettier even than Miss Kingsley, her French teacher. As she stepped out of the taxi with the little black dog on his red leash, Anna watched her shyly. She was shorter than Anna by almost a head, and delicate as a doll. She made Anna feel big and awkward in her short cotton dress and her flat-heeled oxfords that were scrubby at the toes. Her hair was brown and wavy under the big hat, and the high heels of her pumps tapped sharply as she went up the steps. Reaching into her bag for a key, she smiled at Anna, and Anna smiled hesitantly in return, unable to believe that so miraculous a person could actually be coming to live here. Such people didn't live on the East Side, or at least not on Cherry Street, which was dirty and smelly even to Anna.

The next time Anna saw her she was sitting on the roof in the sun, stretched out in a bright red and yellow deck chair. The dog was curled up at her feet asleep. Anna slipped back down the stairs to change her middy for her new green sweater, and then she came back, trying to stroll casually past without looking in the direction of the chair. But hearing footsteps, the dog waked up and rushed over to her, his leash dragging behind him. Anna picked up the end of it and turned to find his mistress smiling at her.

"He likes you," she said. "He thinks you'll walk him round the roof."

"Oh, please, may I?" Anna said.

"Why, of course." She lighted a cigarette and lay back in the chair again. "His name is Saki, and he'll be your slave if you'll play with him."

Anna walked him round the roof several times and then brought him back.

"He's nice," she said shyly.

The girl in the chair tossed her a cushion. "Sit down," she said, "and talk to me. I'm lonely."

Anna sat down at her feet, and the dog curled up beside her. He made Anna feel less shy, and before long she was telling her how she too was lonely because they had always lived in Brooklyn, and now she didn't have any friends because her mother wouldn't let her stay down on the street very much or go to the movies with boys.

"I'm only fourteen and a half," she explained, "but everybody thinks I'm sixteen because I'm so big."

Just then she heard her mother's voice booming from the stairs.

"Anna, Anna," she called, "the floors are waiting."

Anna got up reluctantly. "What's your name?" she said. "Mine's Anna Varochnick."

"Mine is Lizette Greene," the girl answered.

"Oh," said Anna. "What a pretty name."

Lizette smiled at her. "But Anna is a pretty name too."

And Anna thought to herself that it was a pretty name the way she said it. When her mother said it, or her father, it was An-na, harsh and rough, with the tongue sticking against the roof of the mouth on each n; but it slipped out of Lizette's mouth differently somehow and smoothly.

"Please come back soon," Lizette said as Anna turned to go, and there was something more urgent than politeness in her voice.

All the rest of that Saturday morning as Anna scrubbed the floors and washed the dishes she said the name over to herself, Lizette Greene, Lizette Greene, and thought how pretty she was.

The next few weeks were full of enchanted days for Anna. She forgot that she had ever been lonely or ever been shy of Lizette. Every morning when her father stormed through the rooms in his nightshirt shouting "An-na, An-na, get up, get up!" she would wake in a dazed state of bliss, not quite remembering for a few moments why she was so happy. Then it would all come back. It was Lizette—Lizette who said that her straight yellow hair was pretty, Lizette who gave her a blue scarf because she said it matched her eyes, Lizette who called her *meine* Anna so that the words seemed to stroke her softly as one strokes a cat.

Almost every afternoon when Anna got home from school Lizette would be on the roof if it were a nice day, or if not, Anna would go down to her apartment. Anna liked the days that weren't nice almost more than those that were because she felt so much nearer to Lizette with the four walls close round them and everything else shut outside. Then too Lizette's

apartment was so different from theirs. Instead of four little boxlike rooms, Lizette had one big one that looked out over the river and the bridges, and instead of a clutter of furniture, there were only a few things, a big polished table with no cover over its gleaming wood, bright-flowered curtains, and an unbelievable number of books.

The dog became Anna's special charge, and sometimes when Lizette went away she even left her key with Anna so that the dog and the apartment were all hers for a day. Then she could go down, let herself in the door with a proud sense of possession, turn on the radio, and sitting in the big chair by the bookshelf, pull out book after book, pretending she was Lizette.

It was so that Lizette found her one afternoon, her forehead wrinkled over a book of poetry. Anna looked up startled and hastily put the book back in its place on the shelf. She had always left before Lizette returned, and she was afraid Lizette might be angry at her staying so long. But Lizette did not seem angry. Her eyes were bright and she talked very fast, the words tumbling out of her mouth. She did not look like herself but seemed to be encased in a kind of hard shining gaiety. Anna got up to go, but Lizette stopped her.

"Don't go yet, Anna," she said. "I couldn't stand it to be here alone. If you could only know how glad I was to walk in and see you sitting there so calmly."

Lizette tossed her hat and purse onto the table and lay down on the divan. For a moment she was quiet, and then she was up and across the room, lighting a cigarette.

She turned to Anna. "I saw him," she said suddenly to her, or rather not so much to her as to the whole room, and she stood defiantly in the middle of it as though she expected a denial.

"I saw him and, Anna, I hurt him. I wanted to hurt him." She walked up and down the floor restlessly while Anna, puzzled by all this, watched her. Then she put out her cigarette, only half smoked, and came to sit on the arm of Anna's chair. Her brightness was gone now and Anna thought that she looked as though she had hurt only herself. Suddenly she took Anna's face in her two hands, and they lay cold and soft against Anna's warm cheeks.

"Oh, *meine* Anna, *meine* Anna," she said. "I don't love anyone in the world except you." And she bent suddenly and kissed her.

Anna sat very still in her chair, trying to absorb this new wonder. Lizette had kissed her. It was at once fearful and exciting. All the way up the stairs, across the roof and home, she cherished the memory of it close inside her.

As she came in her mother glanced up at her patiently, but her father looked angry. "It is not good," he said, putting down his paper. "It is not good. Better you should stay at home."

But Anna had not even heard him and she kept on going to see Lizette.

One day she asked her why she lived on Cherry Street and stayed so much at home. Lizette laughed a little. "Because I'm tired of people and because I like you better than anyone else anyway. We'll spend all summer getting a suntan on the roof, and on nice nights we can walk to the Battery."

Anna sighed in anticipation. "You are really my friend then?" she asked.

"Really your friend," Lizette answered. "And now go ask your mother if she minds your being a little late. We'll go to the movies and have a chocolate sundae afterward."

One afternoon when Anna came down after school, Lizette was standing out on the back balcony tugging at a

huge window box. "Look what I've found," she called. "A flower box. If we can find some earth somewhere we can grow flowers in it."

Anna climbed out after her and with one pull of her strong arms lifted the box through the window.

"My father gets earth for my mother's plants. When he comes home from work I'll ask him, and we can go after supper."

"That's a fine idea," Lizette said.

When Anna asked her father he was loudly scornful. "Sure I know where you can get soil. Just go over to Jackson Park and take all you want. But you won't find her messing in it."

Anna found a pail and was hunting for a spade when her father came back into the kitchen. "What for you need a spade?" he said. "Is she too good to pick it up with her hands?" And he handed her an old kitchen knife.

Anna took it from him and bent quickly over the pail to hide her face from him.

"There's nothing to cry about," he said. "But it is not good. She could be your mother and you all the time running round with her like she was a kid."

Anna lifted her head. "She's my friend," she said.

Her father snorted and went out of the kitchen.

Anna took the pail and the knife and went across the roof and down the stairs to Lizette's apartment. But she was troubled. It was not true that Lizette was as old as her mother. It couldn't be. She thought of her mother, slopping round in old bedroom slippers, always cooking or scrubbing or ironing, her face greasy and hot. And then she thought of Lizette cooking supper for the two of them as though it were a new game—her ruffled apron—the things they had to eat, strange things with funny tastes—the pretty porcelain dishes. No, Lizette

could never be as old as her mother.

Lizette was waiting for her, and they ran quickly down the long flights of stairs and out into the street. It was just beginning to grow dusk, and as they watched, the lights on the bridge winked suddenly out at them from the soft haze that hung over the river. Walking along South Street beside Lizette, Anna felt the older in spite of what her father had said. She was so much bigger, and Lizette, in an old sweater and skirt and flat-heeled oxfords like Anna's own, skipped along the street beside her, sniffing at the stables and stopping to pat the nose of every big work horse that stood patiently at the curb waiting for his supper.

"It's an adventure," Lizette said. "We might even be arrested."

"I don't know about that," Anna said. It would never have occurred to her that going to Jackson Park for a pail of earth could be an adventure; but with Lizette beside her and the pail swinging between them it really did seem to be strange and exciting.

When they reached the park it was quite dark. The water lapped softly against the stone embankment and in the sky was a huge moon that shone in a broad path of light right across the water, almost to their feet. In the Navy Yard across the way a battleship covered with silver paint shone in the moonlight. There was an immense sweep of sky all around them, and Lizette pointing out the stars, named them one by one.

"It's beautiful," she said happily. "And I'm certain none of it is real. The moon, the battleship—perhaps even we aren't real."

But Anna, not forgetting why they had come, was scouting about for a spot where they could fill the pail. When she had found a place sufficiently secluded they sat down on the ground and began to dig. Anna dug

with the knife, loosening the earth, and Lizette scooped it out in her hands. Anna was glad for that, although it was strange to see Lizette's hands grimy with the black earth.

Lizette held a handful of it up to her nose.

"It's real earth," she said. "It doesn't smell a bit like New York."

As they dug and scooped the hole got deeper and deeper. Lizette squatted back on her heels and laughed. "I feel just like a puppy," she said, "and I know I look like one. Suppose a policeman should come along."

But none did. Occasionally people wandered past them in the dark, but no one paid much attention to them there on the grass digging their hole. Lizette pushed her beret back on her head and scooped industriously. At last Anna got up her courage.

"How old are you?" she said.

Lizette glanced up quickly with an odd look on her face. Even in the dim light of the street light Anna could see it, a sort of frightened look. Then Lizette laughed.

"I'm terribly old," she said. "At least you will think so. I'm twenty-eight. But let's not think about that. Let's leave the pail here and we can go sit by the water and look at the moon some more."

Anna was sorry she had asked her. Twenty-eight was terribly old. Fourteen from twenty-eight. Why, Lizette was twice as old as she was. When Anna was a baby, Lizette must have been her age. It made her seem so much less her friend that she was frightened. But Lizette had already jumped to her feet.

"Come on. I'll race you to that farthest bench," and she was off before Anna's slow mind had hardly grasped the idea. Anna ran fast but Lizette was so much lighter and swifter that she was there ahead of her.

The moon was higher now and a deep yellow. And it was the biggest moon Anna had ever seen. Lizette reached out and took Anna's hand as they sat side by side on the stone wall with their feet swinging over the edge.

"You mustn't mind that I'm old," she said. "I can still be your friend. I was very lonely and unhappy when I came down here to live. I was in love and it didn't work and I ran away." She was quiet a moment, looking at the water. "If it hadn't been for you, *meine* Anna, I should have come over here some black night and slipped in."

Anna said nothing but only stared at the dark water and tightened her hand round Lizette's. She did not exactly understand what Lizette was telling her, except that she was in some way necessary to her happiness, and that she must be protected from these things that frightened her. That was enough, and suddenly love for Lizette swept through her in a great wave so that she was afraid she was going to cry because she was so happy. Ahead of them stretched a whole summer, the flower box to be planted, long sunny afternoons when she needn't go to school and could sit on the roof with Lizette, long summer evenings when they could walk to the Battery or go to the movies and eat chocolate sundaes at the drugstore on the corner. She would get her mother to give her slips from all her plants, perhaps even some of the plants themselves, and the flower box would bloom all summer because Anna herself would plant every flower and water them every day. She sighed in contentment. All those lonely afternoons when she had sat on the roof by herself and stared at the boats going up and down the river were gone because there was Lizette.

The moon was high and golden in the sky as they walked slowly back down South Street, holding the heavy pail between them. Anna carried

most of the weight because she was so much taller, but she did not mind. She would have liked to carry it all because Lizette was so small and so nice.

When they got home, under Anna's direction, they spread papers over the kitchen floor and poured the earth onto them. On their hands and knees they went through it all, sifting it carefully between their fingers for stones and worms and pieces of brick and glass. Then Anna poured it into the box, but when she was finished the box was only half full.

She looked up at Lizette happily. "We'll have to go again," she said, and it seemed to her that nothing in the world could be so nice.

"So we shall," laughed Lizette, "and very soon. I want to see the flowers growing in it."

It was late when Anna got home, and her father looked up at her sharply.

"Well, did your pretty lady dirty her hands?" he asked.

"Yes," said Lizette proudly. "She got them very dirty," and went off to bed.

The next day when Anna climbed up to the roof to find Lizette she was not there. She went down and knocked at her door, but there was no answer. The dog barked unhappily and scratched at the door when she rapped, but that was all. Anna felt very sad and went back to sit in the sun alone. The next day when she went down Lizette was just going out. She looked strange. Her face was white and she smiled at Anna vaguely.

"I'm going out," she said. "I'm sorry I can't come up."

A sudden fear tightened Anna's throat so that she could hardly speak. "But the flower box," she said finally. "We must go and get the soil."

Lizette locked the door, and put the key in her bag without answering.

Then, "Oh, yes," she said. "It will have to be later this week." And she started towards the stairs.

"But Lizette," Anna begged. "We must go soon or the flowers will never grow."

Lizette turned back from the stairs. She thought for a moment. "All right. How about Wednesday then?"

"Sure," Anna said happily, a little ashamed of her insistence now, "Wednesday after supper. One more pail will fill the box and then we can start planting."

Wednesday was only two days away but Anna thought the time would never pass. Tuesday night she wandered about the apartment until her father shouted at her.

"You see," he said, "it's like I thought. Every minute you're away from her you fidget. For God's sake, sit down and keep still a while." And he subsided wrathfully.

Anna sat down, but nothing her father said could make her unhappy. She got out an old seed catalogue and a pencil, and Lizette's flower box bloomed a dozen different times in a dozen different ways. She looked at all her mother's plants, and when her father had gone out for a pail of beer, she got up courage enough to ask her if she might have some of them for Lizette.

Her mother looked at her sharply too, but said pleasantly enough that with so many she guessed a few could be spared.

"She's older than you," her mother said, evidently trying to say something else she didn't know the words for.

"I know," Anna said smiling. "But it's all right. She's my friend."

"M-m," her mother said, and added something in Russian which Anna didn't understand.

On Wednesday night Anna waited as long as she could, knowing that Lizette always had supper much later

than she did. She put on her middy and sneakers and got out the pail. At the last minute she went to her mother's plants, and working her fingers gently into the earth, she dug out a marigold plant. It had delicate green leaves that curled around the little yellow blossoms, and it was so small that she could hold it on the palm of her hand. It was like Lizette somehow in its small perfection. She wrapped it carefully in a piece of newspaper, being certain that enough earth clung to its roots so that it would surely live. It would be a bad omen if the first thing to be planted in Lizette's flower box were to die. Then catching up her pail she ran up to the roof and down the stairs to knock at Lizette's door.

For a moment there was no answer. Then Lizette opened the door.

"Oh, it's you," she said. "Come on in."

But Anna stood awkwardly in the door holding the pail and staring into the room.

It was full of strange people whose faces peered at her curiously through a fog of cigarette smoke. All their talk and laughter had suddenly stopped and they sat, their glasses in their hands, staring at her. She blushed crimson with embarrassment.

"I'm sorry," she said. "I thought . . . I mean, this is Wednesday . . . you know, the soil . . ."

While she was speaking a young man had come to the door and was standing beside Lizette, one arm thrown possessively across her shoulders. He was very tall, much taller than Lizette, and taller even than Anna. He had dark curly hair and a pleasant smile.

"So you're Anna," he said. "Do you mean to tell me that you and Lizette actually go to Jackson Park and dig dirt out of it?" He laughed as though he found that extremely funny

and went on. "Well, even if you did, she can't go with you to-night. In fact," and he smiled down at Lizette, "she can't ever go anywhere again unless I say so. You see I'm going to marry her before she runs away again."

Anna stared at him stupidly and her hands clenched the handle of the pail in rage. He didn't have any right to come here on Wednesday night and spoil everything. He didn't have any right to put his arm round Lizette that way. And most of all he didn't have any right to laugh at the night she and Lizette had gone to Jackson Park. She hated him, and surely Lizette must hate him too. Anna turned to her.

But Lizette was smiling up at him happily, and Anna saw that this was a different Lizette, one she didn't know at all. It wasn't so much the dress, though it was beautiful, falling in long green swirls all the way to the floor, but there was a new look about her face, in her eyes, so that even as she looked at Anna and smiled at her, she didn't seem to be seeing her at all.

Anna, very conscious of her sneakers and the middy and the pail, backed hastily out of the door.

"Good-by," she said. "We can go some other night," but as she said it the tears choked in her throat, and she knew they would never go again.

Up on the roof it was cool and dark and the wind blew softly against her cheeks. The tears rolled out of her eyes now and tasted salty, as she sat on the wall and watched the lighted trains crawl back and forth through the bridge like caterpillars. In all her life she had never been so unhappy. The windows in Lizette's apartment were open so that the sound of talk and laughter floated up to the roof. Looking up, Anna saw the moon beginning

to rise slowly, only now it wasn't round and full any more, but oddly shrunken on one side like a balloon with the air going out of it. She wanted to go home, but she couldn't go yet and have to tell her father that they hadn't gone for the soil.

In her hands she found the paper parcel with the marigold plant. For a moment she stared at it and the flowers were golden like the moon the night they had gone to Jackson Park. Then she leaned across the wall and dropped it over the side of the building. The newspaper floated away from it and she could see the yellow flowers dropping down and down to the street.

After a while she heard voices below her and Lizette's, high and sweet, among them. She leaned over the edge to look at them. In the light from the doorway she could see them getting into a car. Then she saw Lizette come down the steps. She had a soft black coat over her dress, and was holding up the long full skirt delicately in one hand. The same young man was holding her other arm and smiling down at her.

Anna shut her eyes tightly but the tears squeezed through anyway. For a moment she heard the motor roar, and then they were gone down the street, the sound of the engine growing fainter and fainter as it mingled with the river noises. When she could no longer distinguish it, it seemed to Anna that the street was quieter than it had ever been before, that time itself had stopped with Lizette's going.

She picked up her pail and went slowly across the roof and down the stairs. Her father was reading the paper when she came in.

"Isn't it wonderful?" she said to him in a firm bright voice, "Lizette is going to get married."



BACK TO STATES' RIGHTS

BY GEORGE SOULE

IN Springfield, Illinois, Abraham Lincoln lies buried. It was the work of Lincoln's life to establish the sovereignty of the Union as against that of the separate States. Yet on June 10, 1935, in Springfield, a convention of Republicans met to invoke his blessing on an appeal to the country in behalf of "States' rights." "We believe," the embattled Republican Grass Rooters resolved, "that the maintenance of the independent sovereignties of the Federal Government and the several States, as guaranteed by the Constitution, is vital to the maintenance of our American System of government, and we reaffirm the wisdom of our forefathers who reserved to the States their power over matters of intra-state and local concern."

In Charleston, South Carolina, was burned the first powder in the War between the States, when the muzzle of a cannon was trained on Fort Sumter. That shot gave the signal for the great protest against the supposed invasion of States' rights by Abraham Lincoln and the Republicans of his time. Six days after the Grass Rooters' Springfield convention we find the *Charleston News and Courier* again expressing the doctrine that the bitter enemies of Lincoln held. Yet it is in perfect sympathy with the chief aim of to-day's Republicans, which is to preserve the existing economic and political order intact. Like them, it appeals to the States' rights doctrine. "This State entered into a contract with other

States one hundred and forty-six years ago, and once before the contract was violated by bayonets. We would like to know before the discussion of change of government goes further whether or not we must submit to the outcry of the urban masses or get shot."

What brings Springfield at last to Charleston?

In the same Springfield convention, the Republicans, like the Southern slaveholders before 1860, rested their case upon the Constitution. Not merely upon its preservation, but upon its preservation without amendment. "We believe in the Constitution of the United States." Frank O. Lowden argued that if it were amended to give the Federal government more power, it could also be amended to end the separation between executive, legislative, and judiciary, or to abolish the Bill of Rights. No amendment, therefore, was safe. But when the slave power similarly appealed to the Constitution, Lincoln replied, "This country, with its institutions, belongs to the people who inhabit it. Whenever they shall grow weary of the existing government, they can exercise their constitutional right of amending it or their revolutionary right to dismember and overthrow it."

Then, as now, this was no academic issue. The Constitution was used to prevent the Federal government from interfering with slavery, just as now it is regarded as a bulwark against Federal interference with the private gov-

ernment of industry. In both cases the issue was raised in concrete form by Supreme Court decisions. The *Dred Scott* and other decisions, supporting the slaveowners, were hailed by Southern Democrats just as the *Schechter* and other decisions, supporting the industrial power, are now hailed by Grass Roots Republicans. The Court interprets the Constitution; therefore the black robes of the Justices become mantles of sanctity. The Court was then exalted by those who wanted no change in the economic system of plantation slavery, just as it is now exalted by those who want no change in the economic system of industrial capitalism. But if Lincoln's spirit had emerged from his tomb to speak to his professed followers in Springfield they might have been horrified to hear a repetition of words from his first inaugural: "The candid citizen must confess that if the policy of the government upon vital questions affecting the whole people is to be irrevocably fixed by decisions of the Supreme Court, the instant they are made in ordinary litigation between parties in personal actions, the people will have ceased to be their own rulers, having to that extent practically resigned their government into the hands of that eminent tribunal."

What brought about this remarkable change of clothing? Why are Republicans now acting like Democrats? It is not mere lack of knowledge of history. Leading Republicans are not unaware that their party's historic role has been to oppose rather than to emphasize the doctrine of States' rights. This is not merely a question of abstract political philosophy. It is a question of interests and economic forces. On no other basis can the reversal be explained.

Let us outline the matter in its crudest form. It is a form that historians can clothe with all sorts of ex-

ceptions, complexities, and additions. But without the central thesis the whole matter is meaningless. The leading economic and political power in the nation from the days of Andrew Jackson until shortly before the Civil War consisted of the plantation owners of the South. With the help of small farmers and city populations they controlled the Federal government, except for a few brief intervals. But the industrial and financial interests of the North were growing. As they grew they threatened, through the national government, to enforce policies that were ominous to the plantation owners. In the early days they endeavored to revive the National Bank, with its centralized control of finance. They wanted higher protective tariffs, which favored the growth of manufacture, but interfered with the foreign markets of cotton and tobacco growers and raised their costs. Above all, they wanted to open up the western lands to free enterprise and hold them shut against slave agriculture. But the planters needed these new lands for their own system as the old soils grew unprofitable. They were afraid of the shift of national power that the enlargement of free soil embodied. The forces behind the free-soil movement might even aspire to abolish slavery where it existed and so ruin the plantation system. The Northern farmers and industrial workers began to shift their allegiance to the manufacturing and financial interests. But the plantation owners remained in undisputed control of the slave States. By standing fast on the doctrine of States' rights they could save what they had. They eventually fought, ostensibly for that doctrine, but really for the property and the economic system it protected, when, through the victory of the Republican party, Federal power fell into the hands of the Northern interests.

The victory of the North abolished slavery, established the protective tariff and free enterprise. The plantation owners were ruined; industry and finance, rid of their chief obstacle and in secure control of the Federal government, ate and waxed fat. But just as the small farmers and laborers had once turned against the slave power, now they began to turn against the industrial and financial power. In foray after foray, they tried feebly to use the Federal government to check the new masters of the country. Again and again they were turned back by Supreme Court decisions or by the political competence of their opponents. Eventually, however, in a crisis, they assumed a more ominous role. Under the temporary leadership of a President who happened to call himself a Democrat, they induced the Federal government to embark upon policies designed to curb centralized industry in the interest of smaller business, farmers, and laborers. Industry and finance have managed largely to neutralize this New Deal, but the threat remains. The central government may yet be mastered by the insurgent forces and used to more definite purpose. So the industrial power, like the slave power before it, resurrects the doctrine of States' rights to prevent the Federal government from becoming dangerous should it fall into the hands of the enemy. Big business, having outgrown the need of help by the central government and having become superior to it, prepares to cast it aside.

This analogy, like all historical analogies, is not exact. The slave power held a particular group of States, regionally separated from the rest of the country. It cannot be said that the big business power holds a particular group of States in this sense, or that it is regionally segregated. It may lose control of any given State as readily as of the Federal government itself, since

its opponents live inevitably where its property and activities lie. Why then does the doctrine of States' rights offer it any protection? If the analogy is to hold, it is because the separate States are powerless in respect to industry, as compared with the Federal government. It is because the opponents of private capitalism, even if they administered State governments, could not exercise the power over it that they could exercise with the force of a competent national government. Is this true? Let us see.

II

Though it has been brewing for some time, and has appeared in speeches by Presidents Coolidge and Hoover, the current Republican boiling over of enthusiasm for States' rights rests upon the unanimous decision of the Supreme Court in the *Schechter* case. In depriving the National Industrial Recovery Act of Constitutional sanction, the Court relied upon two main points: first, delegation of legislative power to the executive; second, Federal invasion of the rights of the States. The first we need not here discuss, since it is the second that contains the broad prohibition. It appears not merely to invalidate the act as drafted and to condemn the practices of the N.R.A., but to forbid any Federal attempt to regulate hours, wages, prices, production, or costs broadly throughout industry.

Nobody but the expert in Constitutional law is qualified to say exactly what a Supreme Court decision means, and to predict what the Court will do in the future. Even the experts are frequently wrong. The Court appears to reverse itself; it applies a distinction in one way in one case and in quite a different way in another case. This paper does not pretend to be an essay on Constitutional law. But all this is beside the point. What we are

discussing is rather what the conservatives think the decision means, what they firmly intend to make it mean. They praise the Court because they suppose it supports their position; if the honorable Justices really had something quite different in mind, that is unimportant in the practical political situation. The ineffable mysteries of the judicial mind we shall not rudely question. Let us suppose merely that what the decision appears to the layman to mean becomes a permanent policy. What power over industry can government then assert?

The Court says that the employees, the regulation of whose wages was in question, were admittedly not engaged in interstate commerce. The poultry on which they were working "had come to a permanent rest within the State." In spite of its suggestion of weeping willows and gravestones, this clause has serious implications. People who work on processing, transporting, or selling anything that is dispensed to consumers within the same State are not engaged in interstate commerce and hence are not subject to Federal regulation on that score. It makes no difference where the article in question comes from or where its material comes from. On the basis of former decisions, it seems likely also that people engaged in manufacture, mining, forestry, fishing, or agriculture, and who do their work within the boundaries of a single State, no matter where their products are sold, are supposed not to be engaged in interstate commerce. In other words, those who are subject to Federal regulation on this ground consist only of railroad men and others whose occupations involve physically moving goods or selling them from State to State—a small minority of the population.

Next, there might be ground for Federal intervention if the activities of the persons in question "directly"

affected interstate commerce. "Indirect" effects are not enough to make national laws valid. This distinction is at the heart of the matter. "In determining how far the Federal government may go in controlling intrastate transactions upon the ground that they 'affect' interstate commerce, there is a necessary and well-established distinction between direct and indirect effects. The precise line can be drawn only as individual cases arise, but the distinction is clear in principle." To those who read what follows, the distinction may not be so clear as it is to the Court. But there is no doubt about the outcome. In the case of persons not employed in interstate commerce, "their hours and wages have no direct relation to interstate commerce," and hence cannot be regulated. This applies to the vast majority of employees in the nation. And it applies not only to hours and wages, but to prices and all other elements of cost as well, because the Court explicitly says that if Congress could regulate hours and wages it could regulate these other things too, and from such a proposal it draws back in horror.

The contention of the government that the general levels of hours, wages, and prices do affect the national stream of commerce and hence are within its power is thrown out as too broad. This argument, the Court says, proves too much. If it were admitted, there would be virtually no limit to central power. Quite so. And still the argument may be economically true. The Court disregards the economic facts in favor of the Constitutional distinction which it feels compelled to make. And in order to make this distinction it has to deprive the Federal government of nearly all power over the basic economic factors. At least, that is the practical result of the decision, and it is the result that the industrial and

financial interests welcome and will attempt to perpetuate.

III

One would think, from reading the words of the Court and the conservatives who hailed its decision, that they were preserving a precious right for the States. One would think that they wanted the States to act, and were keeping Congress out of the field so that the States could do so. They do not remind us, however, of the narrow legal and economic boundaries of State action. The Federal government cannot regulate hours of work—that would never do, because this is the sacred province of the States. But the Supreme Court has previously decided that the States cannot regulate hours either—that is, the hours of men. They can set some limit to the work of women and children. But here there are economic hindrances, which conservatives do their best to set up as bars to action.

On the invitation of former Governor John Winant of New Hampshire, I once testified before a legislative committee in behalf of a forty-eight-hour bill for the women of that State. It was bitterly opposed by textile employers on the ground that it would raise costs. Mills in Southern States, working longer hours, already had lower costs. In order to convince the Committee, I should have had to prove that the textile operatives could produce as much or more in a shorter time as in a longer one. There are examples tending to prove this, but it is a difficult thesis to establish in the abstract, and in any case there are limits beyond which shorter hours do not lead to more production. The employer representatives, with no proof at all of their position, won an easy victory. Social legislation by States is always slow and spotty because of this

handicap. Again and again employers' representatives will present impressive arguments to show that the State in question is losing business and decreasing the employment opportunities for its workers because it is in advance of the procession in matters of social legislation.

The Federal government cannot regulate wages—this right is also solemnly reserved to the States by the Schechter decision. But the States had already been deprived of that right by other decisions—even of the right to set bottom limits to women's wages. The Supreme Court invalidated the District of Columbia minimum-wage law, and prevented a board from enforcing its ruling against wages that were too low, on the ground that this power violated the sacred right of contract. Minimum-wage laws and boards have persisted since that decision in several States, relying merely on publicity to enforce their rulings. It is hoped that new laws, more carefully drawn, like that in New York State, may pass the Court test. There is some virtue in publishing the fact that a certain employer or group of employers is conducting a sweat shop. But when this is the kind of regulation on which we must rely there can be no prompt or decisive effect on the general wage level. The wages that are already being paid—the prevailing wages—inevitably set the standard of judgment. We simply single out a few women workers in laundries, clothing shops, or hotels and say—these workers are so much worse off than the others that they can scarcely live at all. They ought to have a few cents more per week. That is a good thing to do, but it is a mere police measure, not a renovation of the economic system. The power so righteously reserved to the States is the next thing to no power at all.

As to prices, the judges have already

set all kinds of complicated limits on State power. There are many prices that the States cannot regulate—prices in industries “not affected by a public interest.” Only the wisdom of the Judges enables them to decide which industries are affected by a public interest and which are not; no one can certainly predict in advance what they will say about any particular industry. All one can predict is that they will not be eager to enlarge the small category, and that State legislatures, in establishing price regulation industry by industry, are slow in adding new instances for the Courts to decide upon. If anyone expects that as the result of the *Schechter* decision the States are suddenly going to burst forth with public regulation of prices, he must expect that green cheese is going to rain from the moon.

States can, of course, regulate prices charged by local utilities and certain other industries as the Court permits. But stop a moment—can they? It was just a week after the decision on the *N. R. A.* reaffirmed States' rights that another decision of the Supreme Court denied the right of the State of Maryland to reduce telephone rates as much as its regulating Commission had declared they ought to be reduced. If rates do not provide a “fair” return (the Supreme Court of the Federal government deciding what is “fair”) on the “value” of the property (the Supreme Court of the Federal Government deciding what that value is on any given date) the rates deprive the utility of its property “without due process of law” and hence are in violation of Amendment Fourteen of the Federal Constitution. I shall not drive my readers away with a discussion of the painful and intricate process of valuation of public utilities. Suffice it to say that on this subject there is a large area of complicated and legitimate disagreement, and that on

this subject the power of the Federal Courts is superior to the power of the States. Do we hear the Grass Rooters, the financial interests, and the industrialists raising their voices in protest against this usurpation? Hardly. We hear only defense of the Constitutional rights of the utilities—this time of their Federal right to be protected by Federal Courts against State power.

Suppose, by a series of miracles, the separate States should assert and gain from the courts the right to regulate a large array of industries. Still they would be prevented by economic obstacles from doing much regulation of products that were sold in competition with products from other States. You may with relative impunity regulate hours, wages, or prices in the case of things that are wholly made and sold within one State—such as telephone service or, in some cases, electric current. But real State regulation of steel, automobiles, of almost any of our great manufacturing industries, is next to inconceivable.

“Our forefathers,” intoned the Grass Rooters, “who reserved to the States their power over matters of intrastate and local concern . . .” But the power that our forefathers reserved the courts have taken away, and none more than the Federal courts. The State's right to legislate about industry is not the right to govern it; it is the right to do nothing about it—and to prevent Congress from doing anything about it. None knows this better than Supreme Court Justices, Grass Rooters, and industrial interests.

IV

Let us be fair to the proponents of State action. There are some things the States can do, outside the control of hours, wages, and prices. They can abolish child labor (within their separate borders). They can establish

and enforce standards of industrial safety. They can provide accident compensation, old age pensions, widows' pensions, other kinds of social insurance. They can even set up unemployment insurance. There are practical limits, of course, fixed by the burdens that the costs of these measures impose upon the industries of the States that pass them. The burdens may to a certain extent be equalized by Federal legislation, as in the new Wagner unemployment insurance law taxing employers in States that do not have the insurance more than employers in States that do have it. But this law may be declared unconstitutional. The Federal government may, in some cases, equalize burdens by a distribution of grants to States.

States may forbid monopoly within their borders, just as the Federal government forbids it in interstate commerce. States may levy taxes and use the proceeds for innumerable public purposes; they may even, apparently, employ taxation to break up chain stores and give an advantage to small independent proprietors (as the new chain-store tax in Iowa is intended to do).

It must be noted, however, that measures of this kind are not, in the proper sense, regulation of industry. They leave the system of private enterprise free to do what it wants to do or what it can do. They merely attempt to limit or repair its incidental damages to human beings, to fill in the niches that it does not cover, or perhaps even to enforce competition and thus to check the self-regulation that might be adopted by private monopoly. They are not regulation in pursuit of a coherent plan or national purpose.

Defenders of State action have tried to get round its competitive obstacles by the device of interstate compacts. If one State cannot achieve a certain

object alone, or if it fears the competition of other States when it raises the costs of its own business concerns, it can, like an independent nation, make a treaty with the other States concerned, by which all agree to take the desired action. If ratified by Congress this treaty has the force of law.

But interstate compacts present difficulties. They are a clumsy attempt to duplicate the Federal government itself, when the Federal government is prevented from acting. The States originally got together and formed a national government to serve their common needs. Now they are obliged to come together again and make treaties with one another, instead of having the legislature of their Federal government pass the desired laws. The negotiation of a treaty is a delicate and difficult matter. It has to be ratified by the separate legislatures. In order to be effective, it requires the unanimous consent of the States involved; whereas in legislatures a majority is sufficient. No government anywhere ever worked well by unanimous consent. Twelve manufacturing States, let us say, employ child labor; nine wish to abolish it and propose an interstate compact; three will not agree and so threaten the others with the competition of their cheap labor; the eight that are progressive and contain the majority of children and of voters are forced to choose between continuing to permit child labor or suffering from the competition of low standards in the others. In a case like this the interstate compact is even more clumsy and difficult than a Constitutional amendment, which can be ratified by three-quarters of the States. If the people of this country must rely on separate Constitutional amendments for every addition to important economic legislation, we are sunk. To rely on interstate compacts is even more hopeless than that.

V

Whatever the States may be able to do, there is one kind of thing that they certainly cannot do, and that is the kind of thing that the sponsors of the New Deal announced it was going to do. The States can trim the economic system about the edges, but they cannot improve the central principles of its operation. I am one of those who believe that President Roosevelt's program itself was doomed to failure because as a whole it was not carefully enough planned, because it was not thorough-going enough, because it left too much power in the hands of private industry. But, irrespective of that belief, there is no possibility of effectuating any program of national planning to produce the abundance we are capable of producing as long as the planning must be delegated to forty-eight separate sovereignties, no one of which has power over the essentials of economic life.

A minimum-wage or maximum-hour measure merely tries to prevent parasitic trades from going too far below prevailing standards. Unemployment insurance is merely a more efficient scheme for keeping alive the victims of unemployment—and then for a short time only—rather than an attempt to prevent unemployment. Rate and price regulation, as far as it is within the States' power, is, if it works at all, only a safeguard against exorbitant prices, not part of a system of planned prices or of planned production. Bitterly as property interests fight against these minor curbs on occasion, they carry no really serious threat to the owners and managers of industry. But any attempt to raise wages or cut hours generally, or to plan prices or production on the basis of a general social program, is an invasion of the powers hitherto enjoyed by private industry and is feared by its own-

ers above everything else. It is an issue that is vital to them as the preservation of slavery was to the planters in the first half of the nineteenth century. And anything of this sort is now as thoroughly prevented by a maintenance of "States' rights" as was the abolition of slavery in the South by the maintenance of States' rights before 1860. In both cases the effect of the Courts' interpretation of the Constitution is a bulwark of the ruling property interest of the day.

Some liberals defend the new philosophy of States' rights because they believe in decentralization and fear the development of bureaucracy. But they forget that the major part of industry is already centralized—in private hands. To decentralize political power over it is merely to prevent the people from doing anything important about it at all. The bulk of the manufacturing of the United States is in the hands of approximately two hundred big corporations. Once the national government controlled this business and these corporations, it would have to solve the problem of centralization and decentralization. Though some decisions would have to be centrally made, it would be wise to decentralize many activities. No issue of this sort, however, is now before us, because, under the circumstances, we cannot control industry at all. The real issue is private control *vs.* public control. The program of supporting States' rights is for big private industry the program of divide and conquer. Divide the non-owners who might wish to influence the government of industry into forty-eight water-tight and incompetent compartments. Maintain the right of big owners (incorporated under the laws of Delaware or Maine) to do a national business as they see fit. So big business survives, for a time, the political revolt of the people.



THE IMPERFECT WAGNERITE

BY ELMER DAVIS

NOW that the Metropolitan Opera Company has survived another crisis, some of us veteran opera goers can sit back thankfully and reflect on what we should have missed if it had gone the way of other adornments of the fat years. I do not claim to speak for the "opera public"; the New York opera, at least, has several publics. But I am a specimen of perhaps the most truly devoted public of them all—the people who go to the opera house, buying seats when they can afford it and standing up when times are hard, for no social or racial or customary reason, but simply because we like opera. Of course we could hear opera even if the Metropolitan closed; there are minor-league companies that give you a pretty good show for a very moderate amount of money. If you prefer a passably good performance of a good opera to a first-rate performance of a dull opera (and if you do not, you are no true opera fan) those companies can slake your thirst for Italian and French opera, for "Tannhäuser" and even for "Lohengrin." But in one respect the Metropolitan, to us middle-aged middle-class citizens who go to the opera only because we like it, is irreplaceable—only there, regularly every season, can you hear "The Ring"; and as we grow older, "The Ring" seems more and more the one indispensable item of the operatic repertoire.

What about "Tristan"? says the lady in the back row. Madam, you can

have "Tristan"; an hour of it, any hour, is a good show; but four hours of "Tristan" is a great deal of the same thing. "Tristan" is about love, and "The Ring" is about something which cannot be described by any term less comprehensive than Life; and on that topic it offers an all too pertinent commentary. When it no longer has anything to say to the spectator that will be a sign that the present human race has turned into something else, better or worse. So long as there are men of our kind, men who can imagine and desire more than they can accomplish, you are lucky if you can come away from the full cycle of "The Ring" without saying to yourself, "*De te fabula narratur.*"

But what the devil does it mean, then? says the embittered boxholder who has to appear regularly at the opera house for the sake of his social position, but has never been able to understand what anybody could see in this myth of gods and giants, dwarfs and heroes, with its interminable monologues and wearisome repetitions. Forget the myth, brother, and all the hoyotoho and wagalaweia; "The Ring" is a drama of to-day, not of a remote and fabulous antiquity." So wrote, nearly forty years ago, a London music critic who had also written some plays which were beginning to get productions; his name was George Bernard Shaw. It is still a drama of to-day, and of every day until the impulse that began with the Renaissance

either gets somewhere or finally gutters out. Shaw's interpretation (in *The Perfect Wagnerite*) treats "The Ring" not only as a brief in the case of The Spirit *vs.* The Letter, which it is as surely as are the epistles of St. Paul, but also as a parable of the revolution of 1848, in which Wagner was disastrously involved. Before the revolution, when he was conductor at the Dresden Opera House, he had projected a music drama called "The Death of Siegfried"; after he lost his job and had to escape to Switzerland to save his life he expanded this into a series of four music dramas which turned out to be less about Siegfried than about Wotan. Shaw equates Wotan with the well-intentioned ruler, temporal or spiritual, who must rule by law yet finds his own evolving best intention (personified in Brünnhilde) outgrowing the law. Fricka is the Spirit of the Constitution, Alberich the sort of early industrialist depicted in Marx's *Capital*, Fafner the coupon clipper, and so on. Wotan is unable to realize his good intentions; but the gods (like modern man) can imagine and try to create a nobler species than themselves, the Heroes. So the world is saved at last by Siegfried, the Uninhibited Natural Man who lives wholly by his unconscious, yet finds that in harmony with his best conscious desire.

Whether Shaw would still stand by that interpretation, written in 1898, I do not know. We have learned rather more than was then known about the Uninhibited Natural Man, and the drives of his unconscious no longer seem the surest foundation on which to build the perfect society. Even in 1898 there was one great stumbling-block in the way of Shaw's exegesis—"Götterdämmerung." Siegfried did not triumph; enmeshed in the ancestral curse, he failed, and his death involved the end of the old gods who had cre-

ated him and the clearing of the ground for a new order in which neither gods nor heroes would have any part—perhaps a dictatorship of the proletariat which had served the Gibichungs, or of some future Hagen who might seize power in their name. Bring the Shavian parable up to date, with Siegfried as Hitler, and it may be uncomfortably prophetic.

Hitler could not have been foreseen when Shaw wrote, but Shaw got round "Götterdämmerung" very ingeniously on historical grounds. Last of the operas in the cycle, it was written first; Wagner had sketched it, out of old mythological materials, before the unsuccessful revolution. After the revolution, discovering that it needed prefatory explanation, he wrote the other three operas of the cycle in reverse order, filling them with the ideas which naturally were most on his mind at the time. It was years, however, before production of "The Ring" was possible; Wagner put off finishing the music, and when at last he got round to it in the early seventies he must have realized that "Götterdämmerung" did not fit into his great musical-dramatic parable of the revolution at all. Logically the drama ends when Siegfried shatters Wotan's spear, and goes on through the fire to awaken Brünnhilde.

But by the early seventies times had changed; Bismarck had triumphed, the Paris Commune had failed; Wagner was dependent on a king's favor and pretty much disillusioned with revolutionaries. "Alberich had got the ring back and was marrying into the best Walhalla families," and respectability had humanized him; he was more like Krupp or Carnegie than like the early manufacturers described by Marx and Engels. Wagner realized that between Siegmund who failed and Siegfried who triumphed several generations must intervene;

and since it would have been an impossible task to rewrite his whole tetralogy, he let "Götterdämmerung" go as written, counting on the "enormously elaborate and gorgeous musical fabric" to make the listener forget the logical irrelevance.

It would be presumptuous for a man who knows far less than Shaw about music, or about Wagner, to dispute this interpretation; yet I get the impression from Wagner's letters that before very long he remembered the revolution of 1848 chiefly as something that had cost Richard Wagner the best job he had ever had. At any rate, "The Ring" is spacious enough to admit of more than one interpretation, and what was in the mind of such an artist as Wagner when he wrote it is perhaps not altogether to be grasped even by such a mind as Shaw's. I do not pretend to get more out of it than Shaw got; but I get something different, which no less than Shaw's interpretation may have been implicit in Wagner's vision.

Who cares, you may ask, what I think it means or what Shaw thinks it means? The question is what Wagner thought it means. Unfortunately Wagner has told us what he thought, and Shaw has proved out of his own mouth that he was wrong. Reading Schopenhauer's *Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung* after he had finished the libretto of "The Ring," Wagner felt in his first enthusiasm that here was a logical exposition of the very ideas he had set forth in poetry; "now at last," he wrote, "I understood my Wotan." In some respects—emphasis on the superiority of the unconscious to Reason, for instance—Wagner's philosophy does indeed resemble Schopenhauer's; but in the Wotan of "Das Rheingold" and "Die Walküre" there is none of Schopenhauer's negation and resignation. He was always in there trying; only when he was old and

tired and beaten did he become a disciple of Schopenhauer.

So never mind what Wagner thought he had written; it is an old story (most recently exemplified by the autobiography of H. G. Wells) that a first-rate writer may not know what he is really doing. It is also an old story that what you get out of a work of art is largely determined by what you bring to it; the spectator of "The Ring," says Shaw, will recognize in it "an image of the life he is himself fighting his way through." If he is trying to save the world, as was Shaw in the nineties, he will read into it a parable of the world revolution; and he can equally see his own problems reflected in it if he is trying to do no more than show some creditable result for his life's work and make of himself as decent a figure as the wear and tear of living will permit. So if you are only an imperfect Wagnerite, a middle-aged middle-class citizen who goes to the opera because he likes it, you can read in the history of Wotan ("Götterdämmerung" included) the greatest apologue ever written of the life of the Average Man. Or if this seems disrespectful to Wotan, call him the typical Rather-Better-Than-Average Man; the man whose ambitions, by no means wholly unselfish, still aim at socially useful ends; who catches a vision of good things that he hopes to accomplish, and then finds himself in middle age impotent to accomplish them, paralyzed by his innate shortcomings and by the ineluctable consequences of his own mistakes.

II

Wotan's troubles, like those of most young married men, began when he became a home owner. Up to that time he had apparently done pretty well; when we first see him he is the executive of a considerable organiza-

tion, he has made some advantageous contracts, and he is successful enough to enlist the services of a smart lawyer, Loge, who can be depended on to find a loophole in any contract that may prove inconvenient. Wotan also has a wife, Fricka, whom he wanted badly enough to give up one of his eyes for her. The average young man gives up half his freedom when he marries, perhaps as high a price; but he generally feels, for a while at least, that the girl was worth it—as does Wotan at the beginning of “Das Rheingold.”

Nevertheless, there are already signs of tension between husband and wife. “I like women too well to suit you,” he confesses; but as yet other women are no problem in themselves; they are only the symptom of a restlessness in Wotan, an itch for variety, that Fricka cannot share. So, agreeing with Herbert Hoover that nobody ever sang “Home, Sweet Home” to a bundle of rent receipts, she has fallen in with Wotan’s project of acquiring a suburban home, in the hope that her husband will be so proud of his establishment that he will stay at home in the evening. (Plenty of apartment wives will recognize her feelings.) So badly does she want the house that she is not much worried about the price; her husband is doing well in the world, he has assured her that they can afford it; with the self-confidence of a rising young executive he has left her out of the negotiations with the contractors—and now she and her husband suddenly discover that the new home will cost more than they can pay.

Wotan gets out of this difficulty more luckily than the average young man—thanks to his lawyer. Usually such talent as Loge’s serves the title company; with his professional skill backing up Fafner’s brutal violence, the home owner goes into peonage for the rest of his life. But Wotan pays for his house only by letting himself in

for something even more inconvenient than mortgages; he raises the money by the first unmistakably crooked deal of his life, behaving so badly that even his lawyer is ashamed of him. Wotan has overcome his moral scruples, Shaw points out, by working up a moral fervor over the misuse Alberich would have made of the money which Wotan intends to employ for worthy purposes; but presently he meets a woman (a widow with three children, older, more experienced, and wiser than his wife) who recalls him to reality. He has behaved badly because it seemed at the moment that it was the only way out; and thereby he has started a chain of consequences whose end is far beyond his seeing. Always after that he must worry, and be a little afraid.

For the moment Wotan has triumphed, and triumphed very splendidly as the rainbow bridge leaps across the chasm, and the gods cross over it to Walhalla on the distant heights. . . . What was once the music of the future is already, to a good many people, the music of the past; and it may be that no one can be deeply moved by it who did not get his emotional set before the nineteenth century went out. But there is an emotion that most men are lucky enough to experience at least once or twice in their lives, an emotion without which no man’s life is complete: the feeling of now-at-last-I’m-beginning-to-get-somewhere. The sudden startling glimpse of a rainbow brilliance as some long-sought objective that has cost work and worry, anxiety and apprehension and self-denial and tears, is at last attained—the triumphal culmination of a long struggle, opening the way (so it seems in that exalted moment) to even greater triumphs beyond. These words are pitifully inadequate; no words that I have ever seen in print are adequate to describe this particular feeling. Once and only once, to my

perhaps archaic taste, it has been expressed adequately—by the rainbow music at the end of "Das Rheingold." . . . Yet presently, interwoven with that music, you begin to hear other themes—reminders of what the triumph has cost, of the hidden forces, irrational and incalculable, that have been aroused. Wotan has done something wrong and he knows it; he keeps up his front, but precisely because he is a fairly decent god, as gods go, he never quite gets over it.

Nor is the stirring up of hatred, the unleashing of a curse, the only cost of Walhalla; something irreparable has happened to Wotan's relation to his wife. Before this real-estate transaction she may have worried about his restlessness, but she respected him; he might be just a big grown-up boy in some ways, but nobody could deny his business ability. Now Fricka has to recognize that her husband made a fool of himself, that only Loge, whom she despises, saved the family from disaster. Moreover, a marital harmony that had survived ordinary stresses cracked wide open in a money crisis; husband and wife under pressure displayed unsuspected motivations, utterly irreconcilable standards of value; everything each of them did got on the other's nerves, they lost their tempers and blurted out unpleasant truths that can never be forgotten. The quarrel is over, they move into Walhalla; but an indispensable illusion has been shattered, Fricka can no longer respect or trust her husband. . . . While Wotan, recalling how maddeningly his wife nagged him when he was worrying his head off about money, finds his thoughts going back to that widow he lately met, and her refreshingly realistic point of view. It could do no harm to look her up again—with no sentimental intentions, of course; his interest in Erda is purely intellectual. . . .

You can read in "Das Rheingold," says Shaw, the whole tragedy of human history; and you can also read in it such a tragi-comedy as is played out a dozen times a year in every commuting suburb. There stands the House, acquired at such a cost, and not in money alone; still it is a good house and the young people have taken title and moved in, even though the mortgage hangs heavy over their heads; the quarrel that broke out during the negotiations with the title company has been made up, and now they are going to live happily ever after.

But nothing will ever be quite the same again.

III

"Die Walküre" shows us Wotan and Fricka in middle age, successful, prosperous, and miserable. Wotan has continued to do amazingly well for himself, but always there hangs over him the tormenting realization that this may not last, that something he did years ago because it seemed best at the time, without ever foreseeing its consequences, may ultimately ruin him. And there is nothing he can do about it; tied down with promises and commitments, he cannot remove the peril without wrecking the whole social fabric of which he is a part.

As for his domestic relations, he and Fricka maintain the dignified front of a successful middle-aged married couple, but the true situation is plain enough to anybody who knows them well; Brünnhilde, at the beginning of the second act, hurriedly leaves Wotan with the cheerful observation (I translate freely): "You're going to catch hell; here comes your wife." Brünnhilde did not then know of anything particular and recent that Wotan had done to catch hell about, but she knew Fricka, and Wotan too. He still has that itch for variety, yet he has always treated his wife with proper respect;

she has a remarkably fine car (which the limitations of stage production do not permit the audience to see); over certain fields of their common interest she is supreme; her husband seems to have done about everything for her that a man can do for his wife, except be faithful to her. . . . That widow now, Erda—he had gone to see her, drawn by a purely intellectual attraction; he wanted to ask her some questions. But apparently she was lonesome, she did not want to talk about abstract topics; and it occurred to Wotan that a man and a woman cannot be sure that they are intellectually congenial till they have got more urgent matters off their minds. This seems to have been his first affair, and no doubt he got into it without ever exactly intending to; but there were others. . . . And others. . . .

The painful scene between Wotan and Fricka in the second act has a bisexual application that could hardly have been dreamed of in Wagner's day, when only women of the aristocracy had much freedom; nowadays there are wives as well as husbands who could play Wotan's part, husbands as well as wives who could play Fricka's. The tragedy is Wotan's, and Fricka has an extremely unsympathetic part; yet Wagner as an artist could not help letting us see the psychological springs and explanation of her behavior; she was so rigorously insistent on maintaining the outward front of marriage, even if nothing but hatred was behind it, because her own marriage had ceased to be anything but front. She had to cling to the one thing she had left. It may be that when Wagner wrote her lines he was thinking of the Spirit of Constitutional Law; but it may be that he was also thinking of a woman named Minna Planer Wagner, who was so uncharitably suspicious of her husband's purely intellectual interest in other women. (Yet this same

Minna had once been the gay mistress who so delighted him, the young bride with whom he had planned their private Walhalla. . . .)

Fricka demanded that Wotan must surrender to her vengeance what he loved best—his son Siegmund, begotten to accomplish what Wotan could not do himself; and Wotan, who had begun by telling himself valorously, "I've got to stand up to her," discovered that he could not stand up to her because she had too much on him. What would become of him if contracts were disregarded? Besides, he does not come into court with clean hands. Siegmund has run off with another man's wife; no wonder, says Fricka, that you stand up for him, you who are always running around with other women. She says enough to let Wotan see that she could easily say more if necessary; so Siegmund must die, not so much because of what he did as because of what his father did before he was ever born.

You need not read any Shavian allegory of education and eugenics into the relation between Wotan and Siegmund. Every man believes, for a while, that he is creating a nobler race to replace himself; that his son will accomplish, by and large, what he himself had intended before he got involved. And I know of no more bitter experience in the life of the average man (or average woman) than the slow realization that your children who once seemed beings of another order, brighter and freer and better, must grow up to become members of the human race; that instead of realizing all the things on which you have somehow missed, they must make their mistakes, meet with their irreparable disappointments, see themselves enmeshed in the consequences of their own well-intentioned blunders—precisely like their grandparents' children, and everybody else's children since

time began. Not always is the responsibility for their misfortunes so clear as in Siegmund's case; but any conscientious parent must feel some qualms when he sees his children getting into trouble, ultimately, because they inherited from their parents their share of human frailty.

But Wotan's expiation does not end with the failure of his son. When Brünnhilde, who embodies Wotan's best intention, saves what she can from the disaster Wotan has to punish her—suppress his own best intention, do something that he knows is wrong, because in the past he has done things that turned out to be wrong, though he never suspected it at the time. A man in that position is about as far down as he can ever get. Maybe you think Wotan deserved it; but not many men, even if they never cheated anybody out of any money and are unfailingly loyal to their wives, can survey their records from middle age without perceiving something that had seemed the best thing to do at the time but which turned out to be disastrous. Wotan is a tragic figure precisely because he is the Average Fairly Decent Man, who generally tries to do the best he can and eventually finds himself entangled in unforeseen consequences. Now he is helpless; he must do what is expected of him, keep up a front. In "Das Rheingold" he swaggers and blusters and keeps up a front from pride, the pride of the young executive who refuses to admit that he has blundered; but in "Die Walküre" he sacrifices everything to keeping up a front because he knows how much relies on that front for shelter. He is a man with dependents now—all the gods must fall if Wotan falls; the head of a family, the keystone of a widespread organization. How faulty that organization is he realizes better than anybody else; still he must defend it at any cost, because he cannot think of a

practicable alternative that would be any better.

So Wotan, who had once done what seemed best, now does what he has to do, however bad it seems. After he leaves Brünnhilde, Wagner once wrote, the best he can do is to let things take their course. Most men, and most women, sooner or later come to that. Read "Die Walküre" as anything you like—a parable of nineteenth-century revolution, or of Roosevelt *vs.* the Supreme Court if you prefer; but the man who can sit through it without uncomfortable stirrings of his private conscience is either a paragon of virtue and wisdom or an insufferably complacent fool.

IV

Here, logically, the story of Wotan ends. But Wotan, like most of us, does not end when his existence ceases to have any logical or dramatic justification; he has to go on living. Mr. Thornton Wilder wrote in *The Bridge of San Luis Rey* an excellent story of five people who had the good luck to die at exactly the right time, when they either had just accomplished or seemed just about to accomplish the height of their ambition. As good a story could be written about the people who had the ill fortune to reach the bridge just before, or just after, it fell; who were spared to get across the river, and to discover that there was pretty much the same sort of landscape on the other side. In almost every man's life there is a moment when he might die with fitness and dignity, with the effect of a good dramatic conclusion; when (like Lincoln) he has just won some great triumph, so that people look helplessly at one another and say, "What shall we do without him?" Or when he stands visibly on the threshold of achievement, so that people shake their heads and say, "What a pity! He was

a young man of great promise." But it is the lot of most of us to linger on until our obituaries provoke some such comment as "What, that old fossil? I thought he'd been dead for years."

Wotan survived himself; in "Siegfried" he is nothing but an old fossil, yet he has to go on living till someone is competent to take his place. Like a good many elderly gentlemen of means, he spends his time in travel; he is observant, he picks up a good deal of information, he can answer all the questions anybody asks him and ask questions that less traveled persons are unable to answer; but he cannot do anything about it. He stands by and watches other people striving for what they want, what he wanted once himself; but he is through with striving; things are taking their course, and he has to take their course too. And his wife? We hear no more about her. No doubt, on the rare occasions when Wotan is at home, they get along well enough by keeping out of each other's way; by now they must be too old and tired for either love or hatred.

Yet Wotan has one or two last flickers of energy. He goes to call on Erda for old times' sake, and finds that that once lovely mistress also has grown old and tired, and is disinclined to conversation. ("Good heavens, did the man ever think that what I wanted was to talk to him?") And he meets Siegfried. . . . Wotan's grandson is growing up now, and is about ready to take over the family business; Wotan goes to see this young man, and naturally offers him some grandfatherly advice. But Siegfried has no appetite for advice, or for information that might be useful in his business; what he does not already know is not knowledge, and be damned to this old windbag who wants him to stop and talk when he is on his way to see a girl. Whereupon Wotan loses his temper, and feels as a million grandfathers have felt in his

place. "What, shall this young squirt, etc.? Not while I can stop him!" But the spear that once ruled the world falls to pieces under Siegfried's sword; its shaft has rotted with time, the contracts so carefully inscribed in it are ancient and forgotten history; the future belongs to a new generation which Wotan, upon acquaintance, does not admire quite so highly as he did when it was still in infancy and could be the repository of all his own unfulfilled aspirations.

Which brings us to Siegfried.

V

A competent social psychologist might have deduced the whole history of modern Germany, from Bismarck down to Hitler, from this one fact: the Germans are the kind of people who admire such a hero as Siegfried. (Not all of them, to be sure; but a sufficient majority.) Yet for what Siegfried was, no less than for what his father Siegmund was, Wotan was responsible. He had educated Siegmund very carefully; a rigorous education ("my son is not going to be pampered and spoiled, as I was at his age") but one well calculated to fit him for the profession of hero to which his father had destined him. Unfortunately it turned out that education was not enough to guarantee success; Siegmund never had any luck. Yet he stood up against all adversity with a Calvinistic fortitude; he was a man worth fifty of his son. And while he broke up a home (which needed it) he was no promiscuous amorist. Consider his dialogue with Brünnhilde, who has come to invite him to Walhalla, and recites its varied attractions. Are there any women in Walhalla? asks Siegmund. Why, yes, says Brünnhilde; we girls are there. But, says Siegmund, can I bring my wife? And upon learning that he cannot—Give

my regards to Walhalla, he tells her; I won't be there. The result of this conversation, curiously enough, is to inspire Brünnhilde with an overpowering devotion not only to Siegmund but to his wife; but then Brünnhilde is still a goddess, not yet a woman.

But if Siegmund's education made a man, it did not make a successful man; so Wotan lost his faith in education and let Siegfried grow up anyhow, with consequences which are a good advertisement for a formal schooling. "Having had no god to instruct him in the art of unhappiness," says Shaw, "Siegfried inherits none of his father's ill luck"; but that is a nineteenth-century judgment which Shaw might repudiate to-day. Siegfried has plenty of ill luck in "Götterdämmerung"; if he had been better educated he might have learned that there are influences which make a man forget what he ought to remember. Cocky, arrogant, bumptious, he grew up not only without inhibitions, but without manners and without knowledge. It is true that a remarkable woman fell in love with him, but he was the only man in sight at the time; a good many superior women have married the men they did for no better reason.

If the young Siegfried is disagreeable, Siegfried in middle age is intolerable. So far luck has been with him, everything he tried has come off, so naturally he thinks he knows it all. After a while he gets bored with country life on Brünnhilde's rock and goes back to town to achieve some more achievements; he is supposed to have learned all that his wife could teach him, but he must have been a dull pupil, for the very first thing he does is to stumble into a clip joint. Yet it is impossible to be sorry for him when you see how he behaves in the last act of "Götterdämmerung."

Siegfried, who has got rid of Brünnhilde and married again, is on his way

to meet his brothers-in-law when he encounters three girls, and pauses for what he probably considers a little airy repartee. He keeps up his snappy come-backs till they ask him for his ring; and he can think of no better reason for not giving it to them than that his wife might not like it. (Why drag her in?) Then he tells them, at some length, what a remarkable man he is; and when they lose interest in the conversation and walk out on him he says to himself (not the ideal listener, but better than none) that he knows all about women, and would certainly have dated up one of those girls if he were not a respectable married man.

Then he meets his brothers-in-law, and they have a few drinks; and our hero volunteers to tell them some stories—about himself of course. He talks on and on, till one of the others, obviously hoping to change the subject, suggests that they had better have another drink. They have it, and then Siegfried starts right in again—this time, about his prowess with women; at which point one of the listeners loses his patience and reaches for his spear. . . . Breathes there the man with soul so dead that he has not sometimes wanted to do, to some interminable autobiographer at the luncheon table, exactly what Hagen did to Siegfried?

Meanwhile we have heard one last report about Wotan; he is sitting in Walhalla amid the cordwood into which he has chopped the World Ash Tree from which he once drew his power, and waiting. This, says Shaw contemptuously, belongs to the old legendary materials with which Wagner began "The Ring." Old, Mr. Shaw? Legendary, Mr. Shaw? More than almost anything else in the tetralogy, that is a story of to-day and of every day; it may not fit into the Shavian parable of the revolution that

never came off, but it fits with appalling exactitude into the story of the Average Man. For unless he meets with what is ironically termed an untimely end, this is what the Average Man must come to at last—an old, weary, forgotten figure, sitting amid the debris of everything that he once cared about; waiting, with an apathy that does not deserve to be called patience, for an exit that might have been made with greater dignity long before. This is the end of all the striving, good and bad—all the struggles and all the visions, all the triumphs and all the mistakes; all the posturings and boastings, all the hatred and malice and all the love and forbearance too. The normal end of man.

VI

It is not a very pleasing prospect; and the endeavor to get us somehow reconciled to it has evoked some of the most brilliant flights of human genius. One such is the fifteenth chapter of First Corinthians, another the finale of "Götterdämmerung." Some people's psychic receiving sets are attuned to the one, some to the other; I prefer "Götterdämmerung," even though no earthly theater can ever produce that last scene quite as Wagner conceived it.

Wagner tells you, as St. Paul tells you, that the immediate tragedy does not really matter; it is part of a Whole, and the Whole is all right. So much of the Whole as we can see at present (not very much, to be sure) offers little evidence in support of that contention; you must be convinced, if you are convinced at all, in some new dimension, on some plane beyond the reach of mere human reason. Wagner transcends reason with music, St. Paul transcends it by faith; but Paul uses words, and combines those words into intelligible ideas, so reason cannot

help getting hold of his argument and finding it lacking in cogency. So long as Wagner sticks to words he too is unconvincing; but in the last five minutes he lets the orchestra do his talking, and no man can pick flaws in that argument. Perhaps all he gives you is a species of intoxication; when you have come out from under the spell, when you have left the opera house and gone down into the subway (or into your limousine, if that is where you go) you find yourself back again in a world where the Whole is no greater than the sum of its parts; and a good many of those parts are hard to fit into any totality that makes sense. Perhaps you have only been hearing some music, after all. . . .

Only hearing some music—but what music! Old-fashioned music, it may be; but on the pre-war generations it still has its unequaled effect. The artist has created his own world, and what he says is valid within its dimensions, whether it squares with logic or not. Alberich's curse is as good an explanation as the temptation of Eve for the fact, obvious to anyone who has lived for any length of time, that there is some perhaps incurable inadequacy in men and women, which is likely to bring their best intentions to nothing or worse than nothing; yet we like to feel, even if we cannot quite bring ourselves to believe, that some day, somehow, that failing will be corrected. To enable some of us to feel that for the moment, even if we can no longer feel it when we have come out on the street, the finale of "Götterdämmerung" is more powerful than the assurance that Death is swallowed up in Victory. If the Average Man, at the end of his days, cannot congratulate himself on any particularly impressive achievement, it may give him some solace to reflect that one of his kind, once upon a time, evoked from a great artist the noblest of elegies.



The Lion's Mouth



THE EVOLUTION OF AN ARTIST COLONY

BY JAMES RORTY

I LIVE on Crow Hill in the township of Easton, Connecticut, which is just outside Bridgeport and about sixty miles from New York.

There is no industry in Easton—unless, before this is printed, some garment-trade racketeer moves a truckload of machinery into an empty barn. Our industries died many years ago; many of the mill dams fell into the streams and the water company acquired the stream rights. One of the last industries to die was the sawmill and forge that drew power from the Saugatuck at Valley Forge, only a mile or two below me. The sawmill was operating as late as twenty years ago; it turned out the oak flooring of my living room, and the forge made good hardware which is still proudly exhibited by some of the local antique hunters. Both will be covered by several feet of water when the water company gets round to building its projected dam. We get our lumber from Washington now and our hardware from Sears Roebuck; we get our culture and recreation over the radio; as for our religion, some of us have learned to substitute gardens, leaving it pretty much to the older residents to keep the church going by such

arduous expedients as chicken dinners and cake sales.

We have a great many farmers in Easton, but the principal business of the town now is the collection of unearned increment on land, with some incidental traffic in the charm with which the passage of years has clothed our Colonial saltbox houses, our spinning wheels, our iron kettles, and other antiques. In this business we are competing strenuously with Weston, Westport, Redding, and Newtown, neighboring communities which have a considerable start on us. We are all parasites upon the metropolis and upon the residual capital and income which the metropolitans salvaged from the stock-market crash. The technic of this parasitism is fairly simple, although its ramifications are infinite.

You start with a real estate man and a quaint little saltbox house. The real estate man sells the saltbox house to an artist, who in the American middle-class mythology is also quaint, interesting, and authentic in and of himself. The artist more or less innocently connives with the real estate man to sell a neighboring saltbox house to another artist who, in turn, lends himself to the real estate man's game. As the game proceeds, both the saltbox houses and the artists tend to become less and less authentic. The later saltbox houses cost more and contain fewer sound timbers. The later artists are likely to be commercial artists, fictioneers, and advertising men. But by that time the real estate man, having acquired his nucleus of authentic quaintness, doesn't have

to bother with acquiring any more.

Also, by that time the cost of living has risen, the farmers are charging city prices for vegetables and eggs, and some of the original artists have become land poor and house poor. The time is ripe for the marriage of authenticity and money, and the real estate man is a good matchmaker. He goes to some metropolitan tycoon, who perhaps has a poetasting wife, and tells him that what he needs to take his mind off the crassness of holding company finance is a lovely little saltbox house in an artist community. The tycoon bites; so does the impoverished artist when he hears what the tycoon is prepared to pay for his saltbox house, his saddle-back chairs, and his Colonial sugar bowls.

The game now enters its second phase. The real estate man now has another kind of authenticity to exploit. He has an authentic tycoon who, feeling a little lonely, soon helps the real estate man to sell another saltbox house to another tycoon, who in turn brings others. They get together and start a country club, then a hunt club. Pretty soon it is the artists who feel lonely. Incidentally, most of the saltbox houses have by this time been buried under supplementary architectural and horticultural lavishness.

In this transformed community it becomes hard for the artists to keep their minds on their art, which is likely to become somewhat less authentic the more their artistic quaintness is exploited. Some of them engage directly or indirectly in the real estate business themselves. They are to be seen shamefacedly knocking little white balls over green hills—are they playing golf or “making contacts”? Any day now I expect to drop into the studio of one of my artist friends and find him doing a portrait of the artist attired in a red coat and riding breeches as Master of the Hunt. The

mutation of species will then be complete, and I shall duly inform the American Genetic Society.

However, all is for the best in the best of all possible worlds. A magnificent job of community building has been achieved. Land prices are out of sight, very few saltbox houses are left, and these are mostly synthetic. Everything costs more than it does in New York, everything looks newer and shinier, and everybody drinks more and is better dressed. (That story by the Winsted correspondent of the New York *Times* about a drunken woodchuck having been seen wearing shorts is probably authentic—well, as authentic as anything else that comes out of these artist communities.) Moreover, the artists, the near-artists, the rich, and the near-rich have been presented free with a Great Purpose in Life. That purpose, as you immediately realize if you read such publications as the Westport *Town Crier*, is to keep the real estate men, the innkeepers, the grocers, the hairdressers, and dear old Connecticut Light and Power happy and prospering. To do this everybody must buy a great many things, drink a little more, if possible, and engage competitively in a multitude of activities which are glowingly described and sedulously stimulated by the local boosters. But everybody is a booster. Everybody has got to be, for financial reasons if for nothing else.

A booster for what? For the unearned increment. For the “progress” of the community.

The most curious thing about it is that everybody seems to be more or less broke and more or less worried. Everybody has a headache: the artists because they suspect they may have stopped being artists, the tradesmen because the artists have not only lost their quaint artistic habits, but also their habit of paying bills; the real estate men because the unearned in-

crement isn't what it used to be; the tycoons because their taxes are too high.

When these headaches are practically universal, an artist community is entitled to feel that it has arrived.

The variations on this evolutionary pattern are endless; but those who have ever lived in, let us say, Westport, Connecticut, or Provincetown, Massachusetts, or Woodstock, New York, or Santa Fe, or any one of a dozen other communities will possibly recognize something familiar in some of the phenomena which I have described. Over and over, in varying ways and degrees, the thing happens: a few artists or writers go to live in an attractive and inexpensive place, it becomes quaint, they are followed by more affluent lovers of the picturesque, the picturesqueness of the place becomes more and more self-conscious and synthetic, and the real-estate values become higher and higher, until the artists either turn their chief attention from art to real estate or some other business which exploits quaintness, or else move away to repeat the process elsewhere.

We in Easton are only beginning, but I fear that we are on our way. We have a number of quaintly dilapidated saltbox houses. We have a few artists and writers—Ida Tarbell is one of them. And we have our tycoons, two of them.

A year or so ago Easton dedicated the new library which it has established in its new central schoolhouse. The writers received special invitations to the dedication ceremonies. Miss Tarbell contributed her books, being unable to attend. But Berton Braley and I stood up and were counted, feeling silly and even a little quaint. Nothing else was asked of us—merely to stand up and let the audience look at us. I thought the tycoons also should have been stood up for

counting and inspection, but nobody mentioned them. Braley and I both puzzled over this. Why hadn't they asked one of us to make a speech, sing a song, or wiggle our ears? Or to help them write the none too good dramatic sketch which the children acted? Why hadn't they *used* us, instead of exhibiting us as grade A celebrities, which we weren't? Surely, if it had been a barn-raising in pioneer days we should have been put to work, and should have felt ourselves a part of the community.

The more I think of it, the more it seems to me that we modern inventors of Colonial quaintness are much more quaint than our New England forefathers ever dreamed of being. They built their saltbox houses as they did because it was cheaper and more convenient. They cast their iron kettles to boil sap in, not to hang up empty before a fireless fireplace. The cabinet-maker who made our antique cherry table would be called an artist to-day; but they called him a cabinet-maker then and no nonsense about it. The tombstone maker who sculptured the death angels on tombstones dating back to 1770 in some of the Easton graveyards was an artist; even, in my opinion, a gifted artist. But they called him a stone mason, and I am sure nobody ever asked him to stand up and be counted on public occasions. He was a stone mason, and if he became so interested in his death angels and in what he could do with slate and sandstone that he sculptured a whole series of moving bas-relief portraits of a most interesting woman—why that was his own affair. He got paid, as a stone mason, for carving a death angel. Nobody knows his name, although he is probably buried under one of those tombstones. But while he lived it seems to me that he probably had a fairly good time and enjoyed a self-respecting, intelligible relationship to

his community, which is more than can be said of most modern artists, in artist communities or elsewhere.

What has happened to us in America? Have we lost all instinct for reality, all aptitude for simple human relationships? Is that one of the consequences—perhaps the major consequence—of our “progress”? Does that explain the flimsiness of these parasitic swank-artistic communities? Is the chief function of the artist in our American communities to provide that quaintness which will increase the unearned increment?

In pondering these questions it has occurred to me that perhaps quaintness, as an attribute of a contemporary artist, is a euphemism for a more accurately descriptive word: decadence. Modern artists may save their economic skins by being quaint. But I suspect the only way they can save their souls is to stop being stood up for purposes of counting and indirect exploitation and begin to stand up for themselves, for their art, and for their functional relation as artists to the total life of the community.



THE MAN FROM PORLOCK

BY JOHN HOLMES

EVERYBODY who has been to college and taken the sophomore survey of lit. course knows the story of the man from Porlock. He took a walk over the hills, from the town of that unlovely name, to make a business call on the poet Coleridge, and interrupted an afternoon nap. Afterward Coleridge said that he had composed in a dream a very long, fantastic poem, of which “Kubla Khan” was only a

fragment, and that his caller had driven the rest of it out of his mind utterly and forever. Every English professor finds a moment of mild excitement for himself and his students when he tells the story; it is almost like real life.

Mr. Wayland heard it again while he drank his coffee after dinner in the library of his college club. He had unexpectedly finished the business he had come into the city for, and decided to spend a night at the club, which he did infrequently. Perhaps he would call on George Fitzhugh uptown or even go to a show. So he had eaten a good but solitary dinner in the great high-ceilinged dining room and asked the waiter to bring him his coffee in the library, and a liqueur. It made him appreciate being a club man for the evening, just to order it. Then a man he did not know came and sat down in the leather armchair on the other side of the small Elizabethan coffee table and, without very much preamble that Mr. Wayland could recall afterward, told him the old story about the man from Porlock. Mr. Wayland sipped his coffee and listened reasonably.

“Every schoolboy knows that story,” he said at the end, and then thought it sounded a little rude. After all, they had presumably gone to the same college and had something in common.

“Yes,” said the other man, “but it’s always happening. Take for instance the time when Booth Tarkington found a man who looked like Poe.”

Mr. Wayland indicated that he would take Mr. Tarkington and the man who looked like Poe.

“It really happened,” said the stranger. “Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson, the man who wrote *Ruggles of Red Gap*, used to write plays together and knock around a good deal together. One time in Indianapolis, in a barroom, they discov-

ered a man they thought looked exactly like Poe—Edgar Allan Poe. They took this man and entertained him like a prince for several days, and treated him to drinks and meals and their best conversation, and then apparently they lost track of him—and they never saw him again. I'd like to know what he thought about it himself. Now in that story I don't know which one is from Porlock, if you see what I mean. They stepped into his life and out of it. But he did the same to them, and all anyone knows about him is what he just happened to look like."

"Well," said Mr. Wayland, to himself, "interesting conversation in this club. Better than I thought. Life. Books. Glad I stayed."

"Very interesting," he murmured.

"Here's another I picked up. Instead of one man, a whole party of people comes out of God knows where and steps into the story for a while and disappears again. It was when O. Henry died. He had plenty of friends then, but he hadn't always had them in New York. Maybe you know something about his life."

Mr. Wayland, who found that he had retained more than he realized from the studies of his youth, indicated that of course he did.

"Well, they were going to have the funeral at the Little Church Around the Corner. When they got there for the services, they found that some mistake had been made, and a wedding was scheduled for the same time, and the whole wedding party was there too. It's just like one of his own stories. I don't know who decided it, whether the clergyman knew he had made the mistake, or if the young people knew they had all the rest of their lives ahead of them anyway, or what; but the wedding waited. They went out in the church garden and walked about. They didn't know whose

funeral it was. Maybe the bride wept, and I bet the bride's mother did, at the very least. And maybe the bridegroom had time to think it over and still thought it was a good idea. Sort of a delicate situation. But every time I tell this one, I find myself thinking of the way O. Henry might have written it, and imagining things about the wedding party. As far as that goes, someone might even have given the young couple a set of his books for a wedding present. The chances were pretty good. But if that was the final twist to the story, no one would know about it, not even the bride and groom. I wonder where they went to live and what happened to them the rest of their lives."

"Why don't you ask the waiter to get you some coffee?" said Mr. Wayland, who had thought of a story of his own. It was ten minutes past eight by the clock across the room, and George wouldn't be in, or even up, so very much longer. And New York theaters had eight-thirty curtains, some of them eight-forty-five. This fellow might get to be a regular Old Man of the Sea, or another Ancient Mariner with a story to tell and a guest to detain. Mr. Wayland was remembering more and more from his bookish days. But he thought that if he got the conversation into his own hands there might be some chance of breaking away. The coffee was ordered. The other man looked as if he were going to begin again.

"It makes me think," said Mr. Wayland, "of a pig. I mean a pig I read about once. A story that works out like yours, and the pig, as you say, came from Porlock. But actually from Boston. Up there, in the days before the Revolution, it was part of the duty of the town marshal to take up stray animals from the street and put them in the pound. One day the marshal found a small pig wandering

around unattached, and he took the pig and shut him up."

"In the pound," said the other man.

"In the pound," said Mr. Wayland, and gave him a look.

"This pig," he went on, "was never claimed, and he grew up and got to be a very large pig from eating the food the government was paying for."

"Ellis Parker Butler," said the other man, "has a story something like that."

"Yes," said Mr. Wayland. "Finally the pig was butchered and the meat sold. Then a Mrs. Sherman claimed that the pig was hers and she wanted to be paid for it. Well, the case came into court and finally into the royal governor's council. In those days, you see, the governor had his own crowd of deputies; but there was another group too, representatives of the people of the colony. There had been a good deal of talk about abolishing the representatives, because they were getting to have minds of their own, and this case became a test of their strength. They won against the governor's men, and Mrs. Sherman was paid for her pig."

The other man looked at him as though he hadn't finished. In the pause the waiter brought coffee. Mr. Wayland started again.

"That is why they have an upper and a lower house in the legislature up in Massachusetts to this day," he said. "Mrs. Sherman's pig showed the representatives they really had power, and there was no more talk about abolishing them. I wonder who ate the pig and what happened to them the rest of their lives."

Mr. Wayland amused himself so subtly with his final remark that he forgot he had been planning an exit and that he had, to his own surprise, given himself a good exit-line. In the rather heavy silence that fell, the stranger spoke again. There was a certain severity in his voice.

"One of the best Porlock stories I ever came across," he said, "happened right here in New York, just before the War. I mean in 1915. A couple of Secret Service men were shadowing a German-American. They saw him come out of a building downtown, with another man, who was carrying a brief-case. The two of them walked over to the Sixth Avenue elevated and got on a train and sat down about at the middle of the car. One of the Secret Service men took a seat right behind them, and the other one across the aisle. The German-American got off at 23d Street, with his shadow at his heels. The man with the brief-case stayed on, and his shadow, whose name was Burke, stayed with him."

"How many of these people are from Porlock?" asked Mr. Wayland. He began to see now how to play this game. *Cherchez le man* from Porlock. For the moment he thought well of his wit, and this conversation, and club life itself; and was lost.

"None of them, so far," said the man. "The German dozed off then. He woke up suddenly at 50th Street, just in time to remember that he wanted to get off there, and dashed for the rear door. Burke grabbed the brief-case and made for the front door. The German, in a panic, rushed back. Just when Burke needed a break, a fat elderly woman, hanging on a strap, got in the German's way and slowed him up. He hadn't seen Burke, and when he couldn't find his brief-case he went back and out the rear door. That put him between Burke and the stairs down to the street. So Burke edged behind some waiting passengers and stood facing the wall, holding the brief-case in front of him and pretending to light a cigar so as to hide his face. In a minute the other man rushed down the stairs. After a while, Burke went down. But the German was standing out in the street, where

he could see anyone who came down, and he went for Burke with a yell. Burke jumped on the running-board of a surface car that was passing and told the conductor that the man chasing the car was a crazy man and had just been making a great row up in the elevated station. He looked it, and the conductor signalled the motorman to pass the next corner instead of stopping. Burke got the brief-case to headquarters and they opened it. When they saw what it was they wired McAdoo, who was Secretary of the Treasury then, and after he looked it all over, he decided to publish it in the *New York World*."

"Well?" breathed Mr. Wayland. "Well?"

"There was evidence in that brief-case of propaganda and sabotage in this country that had already run into about twenty-eight million dollars. Names, plots, secrets, proofs beyond any doubt—the whole thing came swarming out of that brief-case like—"

"Like the insects out of Pandora's box," put in Mr. Wayland, like a flash.

"And in that story," continued the man, inexorably, "it's the fat old woman in the El who came from Porlock. Whatever she did before or after, she was at the right place at the right minute for once. Maybe she was never so right about anything else all her life. Maybe she even read the big exposé in the *World* without ever dreaming she was the most important link in the whole story."

"Maybe she did," said Mr. Wayland, very excited now, "and when you stop to think about it, maybe—"

"Well, sir," said Mr. Wayland's friend, "thank you for a pleasant chat. I really must be on my way." He stood up. "I hope I haven't kept you from an evening's pleasure with my talk. I never know when to stop, I'm afraid."

"No," said Mr. Wayland, standing up. "No. This has been a pleasure. Not at all. As a matter of fact, I—"

The man was gone. Mr. Wayland looked at the clock and saw that it was after half-past nine. George Fitzhugh would have gone to bed. Another quiet man, alone like himself. In any theater the curtains were falling on first acts, the people pushing out into the lobbies, to talk it over. Mr. Wayland walked thoughtfully to the desk near the door and got his room key. At the magazine counter he bought two papers to look over before he slept, and at the cigar counter some cigars. In the silence of the rising elevator, quite unintentionally, he muttered aloud.

"The man from Porlock. Porlock. Porlock," Mr. Wayland said.

"Did you speak to me, sir?" asked the elevator boy, and opened the door at the ninth floor, where Mr. Wayland's room was.

"Er—no. Good-night," he answered.

"Good-night, sir," the elevator boy replied.



Editor's Easy Chair



THE HAT OF CONGRESS IN THE RING

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

IN THESE midyear days, with Congress anxious to finish its business and go home, and the President highly desirous to have certain items of difficult legislation put through before it departs, watching the progress of public affairs is very much like looking through a kaleidoscope, the politicians being the bits of glass that make new combinations as one turns the instrument. A very small proportion of the observers really know what is going on or at all precisely what the measures Congress votes on would accomplish if they were added to the book of statutes. The merits of what the President wants are disputed by critics in both parties. Over the utilities bill party lines went very loose, and the main conclusion that reached observers was that Congress suddenly had renewed its participation in the government of the country.

On the whole that was a good thing. We don't maintain congressmen as a measure of relief for individuals who need money, and it seems more equitable that they should earn their pay. Moreover, being there, they promoted old-fashioned discussion. If things are really being said in the Senate and in the House, what comes by the airline from Coughlin, Huey Long, the President, and other frequent talkers does not seem so much like the whole story.

The President is credited with a proposal to make increasing uses of the rich as sources of revenue. A bill to that end is one of those Congress is haggling over just at this writing. As for that there is something said in Scripture. St. Paul in his epistles applied himself to expounding the details of the Christian life as he understood them. In the gospels there are few details, but rather exposition of great general principles. The gospels as we have them were not available to St. Paul. Undoubtedly he had information of the mind of Christ, but his interpretation was Pauline. Christ said nothing of how women should wear their hair or whether they should speak in meeting. St. Paul was voluminous and exact about such details, though he distinguished between what were merely his opinions and what he felt authorized to speak with the authority of the Master.

What he said comes to us through translators, and is sometimes misleading for that reason. For example, in the Bible Society version of the New Testament—the King James version—which is the one that has the largest circulation among English-speaking people—an exhortation to the Corinthians reads: "Let no man seek his own but every man another's wealth." There seems to be a propensity run-

ning quite strong in Washington and other localities of the United States at this time to take that exhortation too literally. This new proposal to get three hundred and forty more millions, or whatever the estimate is, out of the very rich seems to be highly acceptable to many good people, and there is something to be said for it. When you have to raise money by taxation you have to get it from people who have it. That is one thought, and another is that the great fortunes in the United States in our time may have outrun what is expedient. There is ground enough for taxing the rich. It has been done in England far beyond anything done here; but if done it should be done right, with deliberation, with consideration of what the effect will be—both what it will bring to the Treasury and how it will affect the public mind and the rights of property as the mass of the people see them. Of course the text as quoted above is misleading and does not convey as expressed in English the idea intended, the one indeed in St. Paul's mind. The revised version prints it: "Let no man seek his own but each his neighbor's good," and that is sound Christian doctrine and applicable not only to personal dealings but to our affairs of state.

THE aim at Washington seems to be not only to attack large accumulations but to provide that there shall not be any more. Andrew Carnegie would have left to the big millionaires the money that they had got together, but he would have put limits on how much of it went to their heirs. He would have the fortune builders distribute most of their money while they were alive, as he did himself. Mr. Rockefeller has done very much in that line; plenty of others have done the like or are diligently doing it, and many, many others have made their distribu-

tions by will. If statutory limitations were put on the percentage of profit that any business could make, that might not minister to the public welfare so much as its advocates suppose. If there is money to be given away it is by no means certain that the government would make a wiser donor than the persons under whose control the money now is. Unless one is an Eastern Prince and likes very expensive jewels in his hat, and harems, and troops of entertainers and other such follies, the chief attraction about money is that it stands for power and especially for power to do good.

Some of the rich people blow in a good deal of money on sports, waste some; but perhaps there is something to be said for sports which may keep people from brooding over their troubles and give them recreation; keep them from suicide, and from more destructive forms of entertainment. One cannot be sure that the world would be better off without horse races. A large proportion of the population of the world is of a carnal turn of mind and likes horse races. If they did not, they might like something worse. The same as to prize fights. Fifty or sixty thousand people pay large admission fees to see a big prize fight. The government dips its hand in, takes part of the profits, and the observers of the fight for an hour or two are occupied and entertained with an exhibition which to them is interesting and are not being entertained with anything worse.

The poor we have always with us and probably shall have unless perhaps for a time if Dr. Townsend's suggestions are accepted. Probably we shall also have with us the rich, and anyone who thinks it will be a duller world if we do not will be able to get more public sympathy in that opinion than one would suppose. Put it down then that for every man to seek his

neighbor's wealth is not a wholesome aspiration, though for each man, to seek the good of his neighbor is all right, highly desirable, and so necessary that it may properly be done by the government if otherwise neglected.

THE papers said that in some local tests taken of the popularity of the idea of taxing their riches out of the rich, the general vote was nearly a tie, but the negro vote was against it—twenty-five per cent for, the rest opposed. The negroes did not seem to think that it would add to the joy of life, which to them is a great matter, as indeed it ought to be. Human beings like speculation. Somebody is trying to get a bill through Congress authorizing lotteries. A lot of people have an idea that all speculation is sinful; they try to beat it wherever it shows a head, and it needs beating in many cases because it backs devices for getting the money of foolish people away from them for the enrichment of scalawags. But lotteries for public purposes were in good enough standing a century ago, and the big gambles on horse races and such things which pay heavy taxes are popular now, though discouraged by our government. A man who makes a big killing in the stock market usually makes his gains by the losses of other people. That's a spider and fly proceeding which does not commend itself to a scrupulous mind even when it is legal.

All the same, life should not be a treadmill. It is better to have ups and downs. President Eliot once said that it sweetened the labors of a coal miner that he never knew how much coal his pick or his blast would bring down. There was a gamble in his mining that added to the joy of it. Life goes better with ups and downs, with possibilities more than ordinary even though they involve possibilities

less than normal. Communism may seem better than starvation, but a communistic world planned to let nobody get ahead is far, far, far from being a heavenly vision. Life on the next plane is said to be very highly organized. Money doesn't count there, but there are great disparities of development that is based on what we speak of as spiritual qualities. On the whole in Earth life the rich are popular. Due proportion of them are foolish, particularly the young ones, and make news in the papers usually of a tragic character which millions of people seem to like to read; but a lot more are people who add to the joy of living, and not a few are consecrated vessels that use the power of abundant means to do all kinds of good. If the rich should be stripped, the hospitals, the churches, the universities, and colleges and many, many other institutions organized for the public welfare, not to mention the imposing company of poor relations, would be left in a bad hole.

BUT there is no use of having too many forebodings about what is going to happen to us. Our President is a good man not personally dangerous or over ambitious. When he makes mistakes he is usually able to correct them. His job is enormous, the responsibility laid on him has been described as "cruel." No doubt he will have ups and downs for another year, but certainly he will not wreck the United States.

There are immense world changes ripening, proceeding, imminent, and hurrying on, the outcome of which nobody can predict. What happens in China, the aspirations of Japan, Philippine independence, the Italian hunger for a large bite of Abyssinia, all threaten world changes not yet calculable. There was a quotation in this department last month from a lively

bit of verse called "Drake's Drum." The sea was England's great protection. It saved her from Spain, saved her from Napoleon, left her civilization to ripen for eight hundred years without serious disturbance from Continental Europe; but that protection has run its race; in large measure it is gone. England's fleet is still a powerful instrument, but to destruction from airplanes she is as much exposed as any other nation; consequently she cannot go her own gait without something more than her customary regard for the proceedings of other nations. She emerges as a constant negotiator to keep the peace. She still spends money on battleships but has embarked in new and voluminous expenditures for an adequate air fleet; and that is a matter of concern for the United States, which heartily approves full development of England's defensive strength.

Most of the talk of England's not paying her war debt to us is little more than noise. The understanding observers know why it has not been paid; why indeed it is impossible to pay it until trade revives. They know we cannot be paid except in goods, and not in that way while our tariff is prohibitory.

But while the talk about the war debts is noisy, it is not vital and beneath it is the widely held conviction of co-operation between all the English-speaking peoples for coming defense, world leadership, and world benefit until human affairs come out of the fog and into clearer weather.

SOMETHING said two months ago in the Easy Chair about President Franklin Roosevelt, comparing him after a fashion with Washington and Lincoln, brought a letter from Buffalo to effect that "Neither Washington nor Lincoln was dishonest intellectually; neither of them despoiled the citizens

of the country of their property and claimed credit for the profit. Neither of them was guilty of dishonoring the credit of the United States. Neither of them was vindictive toward those who did not agree with them, and both of them did their best to get along with other people."

Right and wrong are a good deal related to circumstances. A small killing is murder and leads to the gallows, the guillotine, the chair; whereas a large killing, which is war, is a path to glory. What our President has had a hand in doing about our money and our credit is related to circumstances which have been unmatched in our records and have created problems in commercial and fiscal conduct all over the world. What you do when the weather is good is one thing; what you may do when floods come and you are crowded with all sorts of other animals on a hilltop may be different in a good many details. Nevertheless, good people should be and will be good irrespective of weather, and fundamentally bad ones will probably be bad.

The right and wrong of all the juggling with the gold standard can't be assessed offhand in the light of present knowledge. It will have to be discussed by specialists who will know what finally resulted from the efforts to keep the unemployed alive till times improved.

To impute intellectual dishonesty to anyone who departs in an emergency from what were believed to be sound principles involves of course examination into whether those principles really were as sound as they were believed to be. The Civil War was fought considerably to determine whether slavery was a sound principle. The Constitution accepted it, the Abolitionists didn't. Incidentally it led to Secession and that became part of the general discussion.



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A WORD TO THE REPUBLICANS

THE DUTY OF AN OPPOSITION PARTY

BY HAROLD J. LASKI

GOVERNMENT by discussion is effective only when the institutions exist which enable its results to compel action. That is why the party system at its best is the foundation upon which a representative democracy is built. For when the issues between parties are real the clash of opinion is bound to illuminate. The need to convince involves intellectual exploration. Men seek to make a case for their policy not only to persuade themselves, but to transfer the support of others to their side. Where the administration of the State is built upon a coherent philosophy it is only by its critical analysis that its truth can be rationally weighed.

This is the real case for democratic government. No dictatorship can afford to put its ultimate principles to the test of analysis, for its basic assumption is that they are beyond discussion.

It is bound, therefore, by the logic of its nature to regard all criticism of essentials as treasonable by definition since it is, inherently, an invitation to its destruction. A Russian citizen may attack the record of a motor factory's output; he cannot with confidence attack the basis of Marxian socialism. A German citizen may maintain the view that Europe cannot afford a new war; but he cannot safely insist that the persecution of Jews is a barbaric adventure or that General Goering's behavior over the Reichstag fire trial makes him clearly unfit to hold office in any civilized country. No Italian citizen may hope to argue in public that the corporative state is merely a mask behind which capitalism protects itself from the claims of economic democracy, though he has, of course, a wide freedom in the niceties of archaeological discovery or the radical emen-

dation of a classical text. A dictatorship, by its nature, hears only the opinion it wants to hear, by the convenient, and relatively simple, method of suppressing any alternative which may prove in experience to be uncomfortable.

Yet it is the main lesson of the human adventure that alternative opinion cannot, in the long run, be suppressed in this way. There is, given a long enough time, a stark objectivity about fact which prevents its interpretation from remaining in a condition of permanent subservience to any dictatorship. Had it been otherwise, Christianity would not have survived the Pagan persecutions; had it been otherwise also, militant Christianity would not have retreated before the persistent claims of free thought. Every great novelty in history which has expressed some wide and deep experience among men has been able, in the long run, to triumph over the most urgent effort at its destruction. Truth, doubtless, is slow and painful in its search for acceptance; but its rejection has always, in the long run, been fatal to those who have refused to see its significance.

An adequately organized democracy is at least a safeguard against this inherent weakness of dictatorship; but it is upon the sovereign condition that it is in fact adequately organized. To be so it must not merely provide the opportunity for discussion; it must provide the institutions through which hostility to the will of government may have the means to effect a transfer of political power. Whatever reasons, that is to say, there are for the existence of government in a democratic society, these are also reasons for the existence of an opposition. The grounds for this view are simple enough. Men live differently; they move, by different paths, to the achievement of opposed desires. Either a government must

prohibit desires alien from its own or it must admit their right to be. But in social life, to be is to seek to grow; and the purpose of growth in all matters of social constitution is translation into the ultimate fabric of the society. The idea seeks inevitably to impose itself by reason of the experience it embodies. Men who seek to infer the meaning of their experience are driven by an inescapable impulse to win for their insight the status of a universal.

Discussion in a democracy is the highroad along which they must move. But it is the price of social complexity that private insights must achieve organic form if they are to attract attention. In political life this seems to involve adoption by a party as the means which makes an insight originally private a matter of public consequence. For what a party does in the life history of a community is to act as the broker of ideas. From the mass of claims which present themselves as valid it selects those which, in its judgment and, as a general rule, from the intellectual standpoint it broadly represents, are most likely to win the favor of the multitude. It seeks to make them acceptable by all the arts that human ingenuity can invent. It uses them as its instruments in its efforts to persuade men that its title to supreme power is greater than that of its rivals.

The technic, of course, is slow; and it has a pathology of its own which not even its most enthusiastic advocates can reasonably deny. The high-sounding phrases of a party platform always conceal some body of economic interests it is seeking to preserve or promote. No party has ever been magnanimous enough to put its essential confidence in the rational value of its claims. No party has ever resisted the temptation to exaggerate their objectivity. No party has ever been able to avoid the danger of faction. It evokes a loyalty to which impartial

truth and justice are easily made subservient. It tends quite inevitably to feel—though less seldom to think—that the principles in which it puts its trust, the interests it seeks to protect, are part of the unchanging order of the universe.

These are grave faults; and yet, when the last word has been said against it, the party system is the only way known to us by which, over long periods of time, changes in social constitution may be made peaceably. The conditions indeed for its success are not easily attained. The parties must dispose of philosophies which differ seriously from each other; but they must not differ so seriously that one party would prefer to see conflict rather than accept its opponent's access to power. Government by party is built upon the assumption that the issues raised are susceptible of illumination by public debate, and that the matters discussed will secure an alert attention from those who are to be affected by the result. On experience, moreover, it is tolerably certain that the success of party government depends in large degree upon its simple bifurcation. There must be a party which favors slow adaptation; there must be a rival which seeks a more drastic rate of change. Both must accept aims which have sufficient in common to enable them to be tolerant of each other. If the divergences are too wide for tolerance, as with those between the Fascists and the Socialists in Italy, or between the Communists and their rivals in Russia, party government is a useless adventure.

Nor is it likely to be creative where there is a multiplicity of parties. For the experience of Western democracy has been the clear one that such multiplicity prevents clarity of purpose from emerging into policy. A group-system, like that of France, or of Germany and Italy before their Fascist

revolutions, has the wholly evil result of substituting the politics of maneuver for the politics of ideas. The consequence is always an evasion of substantial issues, a chaos of irresolute compromises, which destroys coherence in decision and firmness in administration. For the group-system means coalition government; and this has always meant on all substantial questions of principle that the government searches not for a policy which represents an organized outlook, but a strategy which maximizes its chances of survival. Each group within the coalition has to think at least as much of its individual future as of the corporate whole to which it belongs; with the result that its loyalty is rarely so permanently engaged as to permit it the luxury of reflection upon foundations. Its mind is too constantly absorbed in the tactics of combination for a long-term view to be possible. And this psychological habit has the natural consequence of taking the mind of the public away from the issues about which its thoughts should be engaged. Its attention is directed to the petty drama of personal differences in an atmosphere without relation to major principles.

The conditions, therefore, under which representative democracy may function effectively are tolerably clear. The electorate must have the great ends of life in common; those fundamentals upon which men are prepared to die rather than give way are not the fit subject-matter of rational debate. But having those great ends in common, the differences upon which debate is possible must be set for them in fairly clear alternatives. They must be able to choose the general direction and progress of the march. They must know that their rejection of one route involves the choice of the other. They must associate men with principles, and recognize that their unwill-

ingness to be governed by one set of persons involves the acceptance of a different set of principles in the business of administration. Where all this is well understood representative democracy has the chance of major historic achievement; but in the absence of such understanding the overthrow of the representative system is only a matter of time.

This may be put in another way. So long as the differences which divide men on matters of social constitution are differences of degree, and not of kind, they may be resolved by the peaceful compromise of intellectual discussion. In this circumstance, representative democracy is the only form of government with the prospect of serious stability, for it is the only one which effectively attempts the weighing of experience. But the success of representative democracy depends, in its turn, upon its association with a two-party system each partner to which is measurably differentiated from the other on philosophic grounds without being so differentiated as to deny the claim of its rival to win power when the electorate so decide. In these conditions, clearly, government and opposition are the warp and woof of representative democracy; neither can function adequately without the other. The idea of opposition with the same title to respect as the government, on the ground that it may itself at any moment become the government, is the essential feature by which democratic systems are distinguished from dictatorships.

II

What is the function of an opposition in such a society? It was said by Disraeli in a classic aphorism that the function of an opposition is to oppose; and there is a sense in which, as an expression of the historic consequence of the party-system, the remark is an

exhaustive definition. Certainly no organized body of men will be likely to view their exclusion from power with equanimity; and they are bound, in the nature of things, to use their opportunity of conflict to expose the blunders of their rivals. But it has been rare for any party to obtain a new lease of office merely because it attacked the government. No purely negative criticism has ever won the suffrages of an electorate. The function of an opposition is criticism of the party in power in terms of an alternative program. It has to show the democracy that its accession to office would result in positive achievements, from the performance of which its rivals are debarred no less by their philosophic outlook than their blunders in administration.

The post-war years in British politics provide many illustrations of this truth. The Labor Party won the election of 1929 because, in the main, the voters were persuaded that the Baldwin government did not understand the problem of peace and that the Labor Party did understand it. There were, of course, contributory causes, not the least of which was the conviction of the main body of the working-class electorate that the handling of the General Strike by the Tory Cabinet showed its inability to understand those industrial problems which a predominantly Trade Union party might be expected to grasp. The landslide to conservatism in 1931 was born, in part, of disillusion with the feeble record of the MacDonald Cabinet and, not less, of the more positive conviction that only a party pledged to a capitalist solution could see the country safely through the crisis of that year; while the association of Mr. MacDonald with the new administration reinforced that view by suggesting that Labor itself was far from anxious to apply the ultimate principles which it declared to be

the only real remedy for British ills.

The history of Great Britain since 1931 strengthens this conclusion. The opposition has consistently opposed; and the record of the government has for most observers been enough to justify passionate hostility. But the bye-elections do not reveal anything more than a widespread disillusion with the momentary enthusiasm of 1931. They suggest that the electorate is gravely dissatisfied with the government without having reached a positive conviction that the opposition knows in a definite and coherent way what alternative policy it would pursue. This is a reasonable attitude on the part of the electorate. For while the Labor Party has since 1931 been able to reveal, especially in international affairs, blunders of high magnitude on the part of the "National" Government, it still reveals itself as uncertain how rapidly it would travel if returned to office to its Socialist goal, or how decisively it would deal with the vital obstacles likely to be encountered on the road. Merely by being an opposition, that is, it has performed a vital negative function; but it has not yet displayed either the integrity or the coherence which enables it positively to assume the status of an alternative administration in the next immediate years.

The American position, perhaps because it is more complicated, is also more fascinating. From the accession of President Harding to the defeat of Mr. Hoover there were no essential differences between American parties. The electorate was asked to choose between persons rather than issues; and the criticism of the government by its opponents never suggested a coherent philosophic alternative. It was not until the depression of 1929 revealed a relationship between Republicanism and the vested interests which had to be broken, if the small man was to have

a chance of effective response to his experience, that Mr. Roosevelt was enabled not merely to attack the record of his predecessor but also to indicate an intelligible alternative. His election was, under the conditions of economic disaster, a foregone conclusion.

But even more interesting than his election has been the political atmosphere since he assumed office. Opposition to him has been surreptitiously widespread; but of organic criticism which sought to strike at the fundamentals of his policy there has been almost none. An untrained observer who watched the American scene might almost be pardoned for assuming that the Republican Party had been stricken into final impotence. What are the causes of so remarkable a situation?

They are, of course, manifold in character. Defeat led to panic among the Republican forces, and they have not yet had time to recover from its effects. The period, further, has been one of crisis; and criticism of an organic kind in a period of crisis is always a difficult adventure. But the root of the Republican ineptitude goes deeper than these reasons. It has nothing to say that is either positive or profound, because the principles for which it stood as a party have largely lost their meaning in the new economic orientation. The President has shown courage, initiative, imagination; no one can find these qualities in the confused murmurs of dissent of which alone the Republicans show themselves capable. They are a party in search of a soul, unable—at least as yet—to find issues of difference with the President which would enable them to discover a receptive audience among the electorate. The platitudes of the Coolidge era have lost all meaning; and the easy economic conservatism they represented could acquire new vigor only by the arrival of a new prosperity. The

Republicans, in a word, can only predict disaster without announcing the methods of its prevention; and since they are themselves associated with disaster in the public mind, their half-articulate vaticinations of gloom do not even awaken confidence in themselves.

It is not, of course, a healthy condition for any political society. Its consequence is a government which is not criticized in terms of principle because no demonstrable alternative is in view. What opposition there is seems to the man in the street too incoherent to deserve respect; and when he translates it into terms of men he sees it proceed from those whose policies he rejected with disgust only a little over a year ago. The Republican Party will revive only when it has drastically reconstructed its philosophy; and to do so there must be grave mistakes on Mr. Roosevelt's part which enable it to recover its initiative and its self-confidence. Out of these it may redefine its principles for use in a scene to which, at present, it barely seems relevant. Unlike the British Labor Party, it has not yet been presented with these opportunities by its rival; and it cannot seriously reënter the political field with no army to do battle. No government can be constructed from a band of discredited camp-followers.

III

Both British and American experience point, therefore, to a principle of representative government of which it is vital to seize hold. No criticism is ever likely to be seriously effective in government unless it is accompanied by two qualities. It must be a criticism conceived in terms of a general outlook which represents a wide electoral experience, and it must be a criticism which has behind it in the legislative assembly a driving force powerful

enough to compel the government to take account of its import.

Each of these qualities merits some amplification. It is obvious that no government is ever good enough to deserve immunity from attack. Such an atmosphere engenders complacency about its own performance. But it is obvious also that any government can afford to neglect an attack which does not express a considered and alternative outlook which the people can grasp sympathetically. It is no use, for instance, for American socialists to attack Mr. Roosevelt on the ground that his measures are not radical enough; for in the light of American post-war history their impact seems dramatically radical to the multitude. It is no use, either, for American bankers to suggest that they are dangerously radical; for the experience of the depression has persuaded the average American of the need for radical measures. Attacks on Mr. Roosevelt from Wall Street or the steel magnates, unaccompanied by any alternative program, naturally make no impact upon the public mind, not only because they emanate from the sources discredited by recent revelations, but also because their wholly negative character points to the intellectual bankruptcy of the critics. If the Republicans want to revive in America, their business is to reconstruct the philosophy of conservatism for the new environment which has emerged, and to drive home its significance in the specific terms of the President's measures. They produce no effect, for instance, by announcing that the Securities Act hinders the issue of new capital stock, without producing specific details of issues that are withheld from the market and explaining why it could be usefully amended without any danger of a recurrence of that frenzied speculation in which even the most conservative investment houses have indulged for the past

twenty years. To urge that Wall Street has learned its lesson may be popular in Wall Street; but as an inference from the experience of the boom it may be doubted whether it has wide repercussions in Montana or Vermont.

Nor is it less important that criticism made should have effective force in the legislative assembly. A discussion that is always followed by an overwhelming government majority rarely makes a profound effect on the public mind. It is discounted beforehand by the government; it is a process through which its measures have to pass rather than a dissection which may injure its prestige. It has little effect on the public for two reasons. The knowledge, in the first place, that whatever the argument the government is safe, already destroys most effective interest in the discussion. People do not watch a boxing match of which the result is known beforehand. Interest is created by suspense, the unexpected, the dramatic; and the absence of these prevents the emergence of the audience which makes discussion significant. The public, further, needs to recognize in the argument of the opposition a policy which is clearly driving toward the recovery of power. No opposition can create a receptive atmosphere unless it is winning an increasing hold of public opinion. If its strength, whether in a House of Commons or a House of Representatives, is too small to be effective in making an impact upon the government's view, it will be treated with indifference because it is not expected to do anything. An opposition can never afford to be treated with indifference; for when a party has lost its power of attacking significantly, as with the Liberal Party in Great Britain, it rapidly ceases to have meaning for the electorate. In politics, as in life, nothing succeeds like success.

This does not indeed mean that a

government can assume a sovereign indifference to the attacks that it encounters. It is always tempted to this attitude, for there is a subtle poison in supreme power which only the greatest men are able to resist. The Lloyd George government of 1918 and the MacDonald coalition of 1931 are both examples of the error inherent in this attitude. Each developed, out of its very assurance of authority, a forgetfulness of its temporary character; so that both lost fairly early an adequate psychological relation to their constituents, with results that were quickly fatal. Both had brought Great Britain through a crisis, and both assumed that the duration of electoral stability is a function of gratitude for past favors. There is no political error more grievous, for it fails to take account of the vital fact that all mass judgments have short-time significance. They are built much more upon the pungent impact of immediate experience than upon a long view which envisages some distant end. That is why Karl Marx, who saw more clearly than most people the significance of public opinion in a revolution, emphasized the urgency for the revolutionists of taking the offensive, and of being able to report even small successes every day. For the initiative goes with success; and they who possess the initiative in matters of public moment are already on the highroad to the possession of power.

Effective opposition, this is to say, is the one certain method of keeping a government mindful of its declared objectives. How vital an adventure this is becomes clear from historic experience. All governments confront the temptation to make their survival the real end of their effort; and the main technic of survival is to avoid a positive policy. It is, moreover, a technic that works sufficiently well in periods of prosperity; even acute ob-

servers during the great American boom were persuaded to mistake Mr. Coolidge's negativism for intelligence. So Guizot sought the *juste milieu* in the reign of Louis Philippe; and confounding pursuit of principle with balance of interests, he produced that state of public indifference of which, as Lamartine said, the climax is always a grievance which wears a revolutionary air. Governments which do nothing in order to minimize opposition destroy interest in themselves in the same way as governments which seek to do everything in order to maximize support. The business of their rivals is always to compel them to face the alternatives inherent in the nature of their effort.

Even the handful of Labor members in the present House of Commons have been not unsuccessful in this purpose; but no one can honestly say that of the opposition to Mr. Roosevelt in the United States. It has lacked coherency of any kind. It has been unable to agree even on the meaning it should attribute to his effort. So weak indeed has been its criticism that even in realms so vital as his currency policy it has been unable to extract from him any clear definition of his objectives. No doubt, at least in part, this is attributable to institutional weakness. Socialist criticism is too unrelated to congressional action to make any serious impact upon public opinion; and the resentment of the financiers and the industrialists has been too simply the expression of interested motives, too little the expression of a considered alternative, to deserve serious respect. The common man sticks to Mr. Roosevelt because he vaguely sympathizes, in his indignant bewilderment, with the idea of the New Deal; he cannot be expected to desert him for an opposition which cannot, either in domestic or international policy, tell him what it would do if it were in power.

Here indeed is the essential weakness of the American situation. Economic emergency has put a Liberal into office at a time when both the historic parties in America represented a confused and unintelligent Conservatism. Mr. Roosevelt has the gift of personal leadership; and temporarily, at least, he has been able to take his party with him down a path the direction of which it had hardly previously considered. The only way to attack him was to put forward, as the platform of Republicanism, an integrated conservative doctrine. It could be shown that the reconciliation of planning with a capitalist society is a very difficult adventure. But a conservative philosophy is the one thing the Republicans do not possess. Past American history has made the struggle between parties a conflict of sections instead of a contest of ideas. When one of the parties was driven by the development of economic crisis into the adoption, however fortuitous, of an ideology, it left its opponent staggered by the need for an intellectual decision. And even after almost three years of wandering in the wilderness, one cannot say that it has yet begun to find its bearings. Even if the failure of Mr. Roosevelt were again to sweep it into power, the signs all suggest that its leaders would have no idea of how to utilize this power.

It is an unfortunate result; for the nature of Mr. Roosevelt's experiment makes criticism of its foundations urgent if the mind of the electorate is to grasp his responsibilities. Yet such clarification is wholly absent. Even those who obviously dislike what the President is doing insist on their desire not to embarrass him; as though, when you believe the captain is taking his ship on the rocks, it is not your first business to compel a change in his orders. The American position in fact reveals in a peculiar degree how

helpless representative democracy is when the opposition has lost the sense of its primary purpose. The voters have no alternatives between which to choose. The Government is never driven to that constant self-justification which makes it consistently think out its primary objectives in its own mind. Nor is this all. The failure to develop a coherent opposition means that the conduct of the debate fails to illuminate the public. Because principles are not discussed, men are driven to acerbity in detail, or to those marginalia about persons which reduce political conflict to the status of a society-gossip column in a provincial newspaper. A great emergency ought to elevate the public mind; but it can only do so when the opposition takes its criticism to a high level. So far at least there are no signs that this has been the case in America.

IV

All this may be put in another way. If a society is to continue as a democracy based on universal suffrage, its existence depends upon the volume and intensity of interest its political processes can arouse. A successful administration may effect this for a period, if its ends and methods arouse, as in a war, a sympathy that is practically universal. But a division of sympathy produces inertia and fatigue unless the level at which the opposition is conducted arouses new interest in the struggle. The opposition, in a word, must provide a focal point round which the forces of discontent can reasonably group themselves. Thereby it is making possible that shift in the basis of policy which is the necessary end at which representative democracy aims. There is no other way in which popular preference can rationally express itself; and, if that way is not provided, representative democracy is not

likely to survive for any long period of time.

That this is the case is obvious from experience, most notably, of Russia before the revolution of 1917, but also in a lesser degree, of France before 1870 and Germany in the past hundred years. In each case, the opposition to the government lacked the means whereby its will could secure translation into the event by a direct institutional process; and when the government had to be changed, the only way of effecting this result was by its direct destruction. Any political system, in other words, that is non-representative in character must end in revolution if it fails, simply because by being non-representative it has failed to provide a peaceful mechanism for the transition to an alternative system. A dictatorship cannot simply transform itself into a representative system; the law of its being is its hostility to its critics, so that these at some point must rise against it if they are to have access to power.

But in a representative system there are similar dangers when the opposition is functioning inadequately. If it cannot make itself seem a necessary alternative the assumptions of the system do not work. This does not matter seriously in epochs where prosperity is pervasive because in such circumstances the reaction of governmental policy upon the national life is not profound. But in epochs like our own, where governmental policy is fundamental in its reaction, the failure of the opposition has momentous consequences. By failing to make its alternative seem rational, it either fails to win power, in which case long exclusion from office makes it in terms of governmental failure more and more extreme; or, alternatively, it secures office in a wave of disgust at its rival's failure but has no clear policy to implement or no positive opinion in its

support. Representative democracy cannot support such a temper. Party differences must be real in an era of crisis or there will be, first, a continued failure on the part of governments to solve its problems, then indifference to the system of the regime, and, finally, its overthrow by men who argue persuasively that it is the regime itself that is at fault. Only an effective opposition, that is to say, can prevent a representative system from degenerating into dictatorship.

This is clear from post-war British history. None of its governments in the past fifteen years has had the courage to deal drastically with its economic problems; even the two Socialist governments have followed traditional paths in this regard. The result has been a growth of skepticism in Great Britain about the validity of parliamentary institutions which is already significant and might easily assume serious proportions. The issue now raised by the relationship of the major parties is a momentous one. It has become clear that to follow the traditional path is incompatible with the maintenance of Great Britain's pre-war position; but it is also clear that to desert it, as a considerable part of the Labor Party now proposes to desert it, may well impose a strain upon the parliamentary system it is unable to bear. Each of the Labor governments, even though in a minority, had a chance by the introduction of great measures, to shift the general axes of policy to which parties have to conform; each lacked the courage to embark on the adventure. Each, therefore, left the horizons of policy unaltered when it went out of office and, accordingly, confronted the situation, in opposition, of urging remedies as a policy which, when a government, it had lacked the courage to undertake. This timidity not only produced disillusion among its own supporters; it

encouraged its opponents to believe, not unnaturally that, whatever its professions, the Labor Party did not mean what it said. This, in its turn, has engendered in its rivals a confidence in the security of their privileges the disappointment of which may make it difficult to maintain parliamentarism; while if the next Labor Government acts in the traditional way of its predecessors, it is certain that masses of its own supporters will cease to have faith in representative institutions.

An opposition, this is to say, must have a faith and a policy which makes it possible to express that faith in terms of legislation. It must have a faith upon which it is prepared to act as a government; and it inflicts injury that is often grave and sometimes irreparable when it fails to apply the measures in which it declares itself to believe. For the life of representative democracy depends upon its ability to retain the good-will of its constituents; and this, in its turn, depends upon the ability of those constituents to find among the political parties one which, as a government, will be able to govern with success. The survival of governments is never a function, in the long run, of their intentions; their survival depends upon their ability to increase material well-being. For it is the natural logic of universal suffrage that the electorate should use its political power to secure an increase in its material well-being, above all, in a society which, like our own, is so grimly divisible into rich and poor. If such an increase cannot be obtained under the governments which representative democracy creates, it is sooner or later certain that the drift of opinion will be away from that system; and when opinion is sufficiently impatient a Hitler or a Mussolini will emerge to seize his opportunity. Ancient Athens and the mediæval cities, the England of the Commonwealth and the France

of the revolutions, Russia in 1917 and Germany in the post-war period do not in essence teach us a different lesson.

If representative government is to survive, it must be successful; if it is to be successful, its citizens must have the choice between parties which, while they have the great ends of life in common, yet so differ in character that they can proffer the prospect of great alternative experiments the profundity of which elicits public interest, and so creates a moral allegiance to the system which makes them possible. On such a hypothesis, the urgency of the task an opposition must perform hardly requires a detailed emphasis. The purpose of its criticism, the objective of its attack, is to prove the elasticity of the regime, its power and width of creative experiment, its title to preserve faith in its possibilities among those who live by its results. There is no more final proof that a social system is nearing its end than its failure to provide opposition of this kind. For when there is such a failure the regime is incapable of experiment; it has then lost the power of adaptation, and, in political history, the loss of such adaptability has always been the premonition of death.

One final word may be said. It is the underlying assumption of this argument that representative government is possible only where the members of the society are agreed upon the fundamentals of political life. It is

worth noting that in an unequal society like that of Great Britain or America this agreement cannot be long maintained in a period of economic crisis. Grave social disparities are never easily defensible in terms of reason when despair drives men to extremes; for it is the inevitable habit of despair to examine the traditional foundations upon which they rest and proclaim their inadequacy. We have obviously entered upon one of those epochs of historical transformation in which our institutions are likely to be tested as at no time since the French Revolution. It is quite uncertain whether they are strong enough to stand that test. Their survival is going to depend upon the rapidity with which they can adjust themselves to the need of profound experiment.

Unless this experiment can be conducted in a temper of creative criticism, fatal errors are certain to be made; and such criticism there will not be unless there is a strong opposition to make it. Habit without philosophy never yet surmounted an historical crisis; and unless we can provide our system with a philosophy while there is yet time we shall lose our grounds for hope. But hope is the condition of peace; and the breakdown of the opposition in a period such as ours is equivalent to the certainty of social disruption. If that disruption comes, Western civilization is not unlikely to enter upon a new and uglier Dark Age.



A LONG LINE OF SOLDIERS

A STORY

BY MAC KINLAY KANTOR

OF THE Daughters of Independence who advanced upon Washington that pale November Friday, two were also the daughters of Dean Lucan Clark, and one was his wife Agatha. In the Clark sedan had come Dean Clark's granddaughter Constance Boston too, and Dean Clark.

The oaks of Arlington wore their bonnets of dry leaves, the magnolias were still green and papery. Lucan Clark took his tongue away from its task of nursing three front teeth and opened his mouth and inhaled a bite of the crisp air as the car crawled upward through the cemetery.

"Now, mother," said Ethel, in the back seat.

Dean Clark listened to his wife's lamenting sobs. "I know it makes you feel that way to come in here," Ethel continued somberly.

"He'd be thirty-six years old, girls; think of it!" Agatha cried.

Ethel clicked at him. "Father, I think it's wrong of you to insist on coming over here to Arlington!"

Marietta Boston, the widowed daughter, exclaimed, "Well, my conscience, Ethel, Waldo's been dead for seventeen years!"

"I want to see the Custis mansion," Connie Boston told her grandfather.

Lucan Clark tried to smile at her; he was thankful for his ragged gray mustache, which lay as a blanket over his upper lip. "You saw it, Constance,

from the bridge." He added, "By the by, your great-grandfather is buried near the head of this little ravine."

"Is he the one in the library at home?"

"No, in my little study. The portrait in the library is of Captain Leavenworth Clark, your great-great-grandfather, who fought in the Mexican War. He—"

Marietta said from the back seat, "He was slain by the Comanches. Don't you love the way father always says that, Ethel?" and even Agatha forgot her grief in a ripple of laughter.

Dean Lucan Clark looked through the windshield, eyes front. "The Custis mansion is directly ahead, Constance. Those ginger-colored walls and out-buildings."

"Why don't they call it the Lee house, Gandy?"

"Many people do, I believe." He wished that she would not call him Gandy, now that she was nearly eighteen years old. When she was a tiny child and could not say Grandfather it had been rather quaint. But now each time she said it he felt like a certain breech-clouted East Indian, conducting a hunger strike in prison.

"Very few cars," said Marietta.

Her mother gave a final sigh. "On Monday there'll be all too many. Sometimes I don't see how I can abide another Armistice Day."

They turned in at the parking area.

Dean Clark assisted his family from the car, all except the slim girl in the gay plaid blouse and neat black suit, who had skipped from the car before he set foot on the ground. He stood beside the open door, ready to support unsteady elbows or offer a helpful little tug as needed.

They climbed from the back seat: Ethel, plump and smooth-cheeked, in spite of the fact that she was the elder of the two daughters; Marietta, nearly as slender as Connie, and their mother, Agatha.

Embroidered red badges dripped from their coats, their faces wore the righteous insolence of women who are convening for a Purpose.

"Father, that necktie of yours . . ."

Agatha dabbed her eyes with a morsel of handkerchief and adjusted her glasses. "You gave him that tie a year ago last Christmas, Ethel!"

Dean Clark smoothed the scorned item of haberdashery. "No, my dear. It was Marietta."

"Did I?" exclaimed Marietta. "Forgive me then. Really, you've worn it till it's positively disreputable."

Agatha declared, "At least, Lucan, you must buy yourself some decent neckties." They ambled ahead toward the mansion, where Constance was already summoning them. Dean Clark heard Agatha appealing to her daughters, "That way about clothes. Always, always . . ."

Dean Clark remained behind to close and lock the car doors. The sedan looked middle-aged and straight-backed and out of place beside the lean, streamlined cars parked nearby. Nevertheless, it was a sound and faithful servant; it had brought three Clarks and two Bostons safely over a grinding journey of nearly three hundred miles, from Syrian College, New Jersey.

The distance seemed much farther. Dean Clark was tired; they had arrived

late at the hotel in Washington and were up early that morning, sightseeing. He had tried to correct the proofs of his new text-book before going to bed, but he had fallen asleep over them. . . . Miles of screeching traffic, red lights, mountainous trucks—it seemed more like a thousand miles. A thousand miles of viaducts and traffic signs and Baltimore and Chester and Philadelphia and Trenton. Connie wanted to help with the driving, but her mother wouldn't let her. Neither Marietta nor Agatha could drive, and Ethel was timid about driving on main highways.

He locked the car door, carefully. His stiff figure was reflected in the polished metal of the side; it receded into the green mirror, slowly and deliberately, as he walked away. For all its age, the sedan bore a good polish. Dean Lucan Clark was up early each Sunday morning with rags and pails and wax and chamois. A professional college-boy-cleaner-of-cars would have charged at least two dollars for the job. Agatha and the girls said that Dean Clark was eccentric because he liked to fool round with rags and pails and wax and chamois.

They were now taking him into the Custis mansion, when there were two other places where he would rather have gone. He had seen the Custis mansion many times, down to the last tea cup and patchwork quilt; but always he was more eager to visit those other places where, too, he had been many times.

One was a green corner of an upper ravine (an east slope, and Lucan Clark liked to think of that, because of the rising sun) where years before he had installed a big chunk of gray granite, at considerable expense to himself. They were making the final payments on their home in those days, and Agatha had not approved of this gray-granite expenditure. She said that

nothing was too good for Father Clark, of course, but nobody ever really went much to Arlington Cemetery except old soldiers and people like that.

"He was the second youngest brigadier in the Army of the Potomac, my dear," Lucan Clark had told her.

The other place which he liked to visit was made of white marble. It too faced the rising sun. The Potomac breeze went withering against the pristine slab . . . sometimes there were fresh wreaths, their blue ribbons blowing in the wind. And forever a young man with a rifle and fixed bayonet paced slowly to and fro. Sometimes he wore the red-striped trousers of the marines, sometimes the half-leather puttees of the cavalry. Sometimes he was of the signal corps or field artillery.

And on one memorable occasion he had worn the badges of an infantry regiment. Not, of course, the 165th Infantry, which had gone yelping toward a town called Haazavant in the last autumn of the Great War.

Now Dean Clark was opposite the old slave quarters, and a woman came swiftly toward him down the steps of one building. She motioned, waving him back, and touching her lips with a fat finger. Imploring silence, he thought—how very odd of Ethel.

"What is it, Ethel?" he asked.

Her pink face was tense and determined. "The others are inside. I stayed out to ask you again about Senator Noovan."

"But, my dear girl, I—"

Her soft, powdery lip began to quiver. "Father, don't you care at all about my future?"

"I—" he began.

"Shhh. You'll have them all out here, and I don't want them to know! Not yet. If I'm able to come, that is time enough. Father, do you ask me to wear out my years of active life in that awful college library?"

"Pshaw, Ethel," he said, "you are young. Forty-two or thereabouts."

She wailed, in a kind of frenzy, "I am old. Soon I'll be *too* old. Eighty dollars a month, and buried at Syrian, when I might be doing— I demand that you telephone Senator Noovan as soon as we're back at the hotel!"

Dean Clark felt his thin nails squeezing thin flesh. "But, Ethel, he is not even from our State. He is not from New Jersey. And aside from that, I cannot ask a favor from any man whose public practices have shown that—"

She gasped, "Murder! It was very near to that. And what about those waitresses and the liquor? And yet you got his precious son out of that disgusting mess, and nothing came of it. The boy's entire life might have been ruined! He would have been expelled and disgraced, and perhaps his father might even have had to leave the United States Senate! *Think,*" she exploded, "what you can do for me by one turn of your little finger."

"Yes," he said, "in the dial of an automatic telephone." He visualized the college library: it was an ill-ventilated morgue. But he had been happy there, many hours, surrounded by the right sort of books. . . . Ethel wanted to get out. Even being too fat, and—

Her face was swimming before him, and he knew that there must be tears in his eyes as well as in hers. Though his glasses were none too good any more; he had been intending to have them changed for a year past. Twenty-two dollars and fifty cents, said the optometrist.

Dean Clark removed the spectacles, and wiped his eyes carefully. He imagined Senator Noovan's face, a bull's head roaring from a hundred newspaper photographs. "My dear girl, I shall consider it. There is truth in what you say."

Agatha was calling from a doorway.

They went to walk among the Lee ghosts.

Constance stood beside him, and Lucan Clark liked that, partly because she was his only grandchild, and partly because she was very pretty. Her fluffy yellow curls fought their way out from under her flat black hat; her eyebrows were plucked to a narrow arch—almost too narrow an arch for the granddaughter of a Dean at Syrian College.

"Were the Lees related to the Custises and George Washington?"

He tapped on the wire gate opposite the dining room. "Of course, Constance. I hope you include American History 2 in your schedule next year. That is my class. I shall endeavor—"

She squealed, "Look at that perfectly adorable coffee set. Gandy, it's simply superb! How could Mrs. Robert E. Lee ever bear to leave this place?"

"Quite possibly," said Dean Clark, "she couldn't. The Federal government took it from her; it was confiscated."

Connie pointed. "Mamma. Out at the front door! Let's go, Gandy."

Agatha and Ethel and Marietta were waiting for them in the shadow of the enormous columns. "Lucan," cried his wife, "it's one-thirty! I have to see if my evening dress is back from the cleaners'."

He nodded. "I am quite ready. But if you don't mind, I should like to see if the General's grave is—"

Agatha sniffed. "Naturally, Lucan. Father Clark, poor soul. We'll stop for a moment."

They stopped at the General's grave, parking illegally on one of the winding drives. Lucan Clark went to look at the spot; there was nothing to see but clipped grass and stern monument. Connie followed him, but the others remained in the back seat of the car.

"Did you think the grave would run away, Gandy?"

He smiled. "Not at all. They're supposed to keep things in good order, you see, and I merely wished to—"

She examined the monument critically. "Who composed the inscription? Did you? Well, don't you think it would have been a lot better if you'd left off that part about Private and just said General Osborn F. Clark?"

"He rose from the ranks," said Lucan, stubbornly. "He was one of the few who did so. Of course, there were the Confederate major-general, Nathan Bedford Forrest, and—"

Connie tugged at his arm. "Come along, Gandy! Maybe we'll trek over here again to-morrow and bring flowers—while the others are Daughters of Independencing around town." Then she repeated, "*Town, Town*," as if she had just discovered the strangest word extant. "Gandy! How perfectly incredible of me!"

"What, Constance?" She had propelled him back to the car.

"Betty, my lad, Betty! Betty Town—"

"Constance," said her mother, crisply, "your grandfather is not a lad! He is Dean Lucan Clark of—"

"Nertz!" Connie cried defiantly. "He's a lad to me just the same. It was Betty Town, mother! I totally forgot her. Rosalie made me positively swear to call her the first moment I got to Washington; I've got her 'phone number all written down, and Rosalie will be absolutely furious if I don't call and tell Betty all about the folks in Syrian, and maybe have lunch with her, and so on and so forth."

Amid the splintering of her infinitives, Lucan Clark made out the story. He headed the sedan across the bridge; he drove with his eyes on the icy apex of the Washington Monument, and on the dangerous road which waited

ahead. Constance hurled a flood of staccato declaration into the laps of the three women who sat behind. Rosalie Town was her dearest friend; Betty was Rosalie's elder sister; she certainly would call up Betty Town if it was the last thing she ever did, for it didn't matter in the slightest to her that Betty was eight years older than she or Rosalie, and already had been married and divorced.

Lucan Clark's teeth ached with the stubborn resolve of teeth which have won their right, through sheer neglect, to devil the very roots of the mind.

He discharged his passengers at the north entrance of the hotel on F Street. There was a parking place in the next block, but it seemed expensive. Twenty-eight cents minimum, and dear knew how much per hour. The Dean chugged his way over to Twelfth Street, and south to Pennsylvania, and west again before he found a spot where he could leave the car without fear of accident or fine. Then he hurried against the wind, back to the hotel.

Agatha was waiting in her room. Her eyes were soaked with tears, and her two daughters crowded close, fingering and clucking over the limp garland of lace which Agatha held aloft.

"Ruined," chanted Agatha, weakly. "Ruined. Absolutely ruined." Lucan Clark reasoned that here was the hereditary source of Connie's adverbs. "I can't face a banquet in a dress that the cleaners have treated this way. Girls, what shall I do!" And then she roused herself to seek a white slip of paper, which she handed to the Dean.

"It was in our box with the key. For you, Lucan, to call Operator Twenty-two, who has a message for you." Then she went back to her mourning, and Marietta and Ethel to their advising, until Lucan Clark electrified them all as he stood by the

telephone stand. "The President wishes to talk to me," he said.

They squealed and made other mouse-sounds, and Marietta clutched at her heart, which startled her father very much. "Don't be alarmed, don't be alarmed," he reproved, while the dozen connections sputtered in his ear and a thin voice rattled, *Repeater for Syrian . . . Newark. Newark. Hello Operator Newark* in the bulbous tool beside his ear.

"My conscience, father! You gave us a start."

"I can't see why, my dear child. Some matter of college—"

Agatha chuckled sadly, "President Avery!" and held the dress against her outflung bosom again.

A pipe-organ boomed across the current, saying, "Dean Clark. This is President Avery."

"Good day, sir."

"Dean Clark, we are faced with a serious matter. It began developing yesterday: we are faced with a seven-thousand-dollar deficit in the fall building program. As long as you are there in Washington this week-end, I should like you to call on Mr. Dolph. You will recall the name: Mr. Gideon Dolph, the oldest surviving alumnus of Syrian College."

Dean Clark interrupted, nervously and in anger. He said, "Certainly. He manufactured corsets. But I shouldn't like to call on him, sir."

Avery rolled his capacious voice. "Yes. Just so. . . . He is a very wealthy man, Dean Clark, a very wealthy gentleman! Uh. In this hour of—extremity—we are apt to feel ourselves impelled toward any haven which—"

"I do not," said Lucan Clark, "feel myself impelled toward this man, President Avery. It seems that such a matter is scarcely within my province as—"

Somebody squawled something

about Newark again, and both he and Avery said *Hello-hello* back and forth, several times.

Rage boiled in Avery's voice. "Dean Clark, have you ever thought that it might be a very, very wise thing for you to make your own position here at Syrian a trifle more secure? Has it ever occurred to you that the board of trustees looks with rather scant favor on your activities as chairman of the—the Syrian League for the Opposition of War, or whatever you pacifists call it?"

"Well," said Lucan Clark. There was a long pause in which the women kept hissing at him, asking questions. He wondered what Avery's face would look like, if he, Lucan Clark, were to say calmly, *Go to grass*. . . . His lungs seemed breathing against their own will. Shorn of his rank, he could live and be happy, one way or another. Agatha and—the girls. He— Now his house had a red-and-white sign, as he imagined it: *For Sale*.

"I hadn't—thought of it in—just that way, President Avery."

The President said, "Indeed," which meant that he had, and so had the Board.

"You wish me to call on Mr. Dolph—seven thousand—"

Avery cajoled now. Dean Clark had a friendly and persuasive manner; he would be an emissary superior to any other person. Gideon Dolph was an invalid, but he received callers between the hours of two-thirty and five.

When the telephone was no longer an instrument of torture but only a black bracket sitting mutely on its stand, Dean Clark enlightened Agatha and the girls. In the next room, beyond an adjoining bath, Connie was ringing bells of laughter as she talked to Betty Town over another wire.

Agatha pursed her lips when she heard Lucan Clark's explanation. "I can hardly say that this is in your line

of duty. But, after all, Lucan, it would be splendid if you could do this for Syrian after all Syrian has done for you!"

"Syrian," he wanted to scream, but it was only a shudder in his dry throat, "what has Syrian—?"

Ethel declared, "Gideon Dolph is rich as Cræsus. He was supposed to be quite a power during the Taft administration. I recall reading, when I was a girl—"

Agatha warned the Dean, "Put on another necktie before you go. Will you call for an appointment?"

"It is getting late," he said.

"I'll call for you," suggested Marietta, "while you're putting on a different necktie." She 'phoned, and a man who might have been a secretary said—reluctantly and after mysterious consultations—that Mr. Dolph would be willing to receive Dean Clark of Syrian College. Marietta seemed to feel that the seven thousand dollars were now assured, and by her good offices.

Agatha cried, "That necktie is infinitely worse than the other!"

"Not bad," he told them. "But—as a matter of fact, I have only these two with me."

"Buy one," said Marietta.

They all chorused, "Buy one, buy one." Even Connie added her clear soprano to the shout. She came from the other room, clicking her rouge into her handbag, her mother's fur dangling from her arm. "Come along, my lad. I'll see that you buy a honey."

"Constance Boston," declaimed Marietta, "you are not taking my silver-fox fur to that Town woman's home! Really, I should forbid you to go."

Agatha said, wearily, "Marietta, let the child run along. After all, it's only Rosalie's married sister."

"Divorced sister," said Ethel. "I've heard things about—"

Connie promised, "Mothaw love,

I'll nurse it with the greatest of ease. Yes, yes, I know—the Mothaw-Daugh-tah banquet promptly at eight o'clock. Yes, yes! Come on, Gandy."

She went waltzing toward the elevators, but Ethel followed Dean Clark into the hall. She pressed a folded sheet of stationery into his hand. "While you are in the business of interviewing the Powers of Washington," she said with rare jocularly, "you might try Senator Noovan. I telephoned as soon as we reached the hotel. He's at the Butchman Park Apartments; that's out on Connecticut Avenue. I told them Dean Clark of Syrian College wanted to see Senator Noovan. And he'll see you, father."

He was white. "Ethel! I said I would consider—only that." He set his aching teeth together, and drove them tighter and tighter with merciless pressure.

"That dress, Ethel," he managed to say, when he could control himself, "your mother's evening dress. She said—"

"I don't see how she *can* wear it, Father. This banquet means a great deal to her—the whole convention does. She might even be made State Regent of New Jersey."

"Would there be time for her to buy another dress?"

"Assuredly! Marietta and I will take her right down."

Dean Clark said, "Then tell her to buy one." He could say no more than that.

"That is thoughtful of you, father." She watched him with eager, frightened eyes.

"And I—"

She twisted her hands together.

A great voice clanged in his ears; he thought it said, *Right-shoulder, arms!* "Yes," he told Ethel, "I shall see him. Senator Noovan." She kissed him good-by; she smelled of sugary powder, not the provocative and acid flower-

smell which Constance always carried with her.

The red elevator lamps winked and beckoned.

"Two have gone by," Connie cried. "Bet on the third. Yup, here it is!"

"Constance," he said, dazedly, but marching just the same, "I had rather be shot. I mean it; it would be easier. I—"

She hushed him, and they pushed into the crowded car. She squeezed his bony arm. "Don't you worry, Gandy," she whispered, "I know how you hate to buy new things. I know you'd rather be shot. But I'll pick out this tie for you; it'll be painless. And then you can drop me at K Street on your way."

Gideon Dolph was nearly eighty-two years old, and looked something like a Rhesus monkey. He sat in a mahogany chair with rubber-tired wheels, and a German nurse and an English secretary remained in the room all the while that Lucan Clark was there.

"How much you say?"

"Seven thousand dollars," replied Dean Clark.

Mr. Dolph bent the seams of the plaid robe across his knees until two of the green-plaid squares met and matched. "Lot of nonsense, seems to me, gymnasiums," he said. "Good honest boys go to work in gardens, get strong and husky, way they used to. Worked many day in gardens 'ny was boy. Raised beans. Yah? Seven thousand dollars."

He thought about the beans for a long time and matched more squares of the blanket. "Always asking for something . . . can't get along without. Don't you think so, Dean—what's the name—Dean Parker? Yah?"

"In this day and age," said Lucan Clark, "there are few gardens adjacent to Syrian College. We live in a mechanized civilization, sir, and must neces-

sarily resort to mechanized aids." He tried to remember what the athletic director had said at Monday chapel. "Records are falling year by year. Athletic records, I mean. The young athlete of to-day is more skillful and hardy than the athlete of earlier generations, and that would not be true if educational institutions did not—"

The Rhesus monkey squirmed and gnashed its jaws. "That's basis complaint. Not educational, full of nonsense, football games, radios, racketeering. Yes, that's so. Racketeering!"

"Scholastically, sir, we have accomplished a great deal. Only last year, the Rhodes Scholarship was—"

Dolph was trapped, and took refuge in coughing. The nurse crackled close and did things for him, and cast an indignant sterilized glare at Lucan Clark.

"What's Syrian College ever done for me, Dean Parker? Yah. Or you? Starve you on little salary, make slave of you, send you here, pester life out of me?"

Attention . . . right—dress! "Mr. Dolph, sir, I do not agree that this is the point in view. It is more vital to consider what we can do, you and I, to eliminate the mistakes of the past. If this present world has been formed as wrongly as you declare, then grant us the opportunity to work for better—"

"Yah," said Gideon Dolph, "seven thousand dollars, lot of money, think it was a dime, people always come hands outstretched, asking for something, yah." He snarled and grunted, and tried to make a joke; his secretary and his nurse laughed obligingly at the attempt.

Dean Lucan Clark felt icy perspiration on his neck, on his wrists and shoulders. Then, in a miracle, he had the promise. The secretary bowed him out at the door; there was talk of a letter to be sent on Monday. The

secretary whispered that Gideon Dolph was a very old man and a sick one, and should not be annoyed by such interviews again . . . the stiff green check would go through the mail; it would have the secretary's personal attention and Gideon Dolph's signature. *Cease firing!* Lucan Clark drove and drove.

Company—attention! Here in the Butchman Park Apartments were dowagers, retired generals, a Cabinet member, expensive fly-by-nights, representatives and senators and their wives and mistresses and children. Here was a colored man in pea-green livery, here once more were elevators and a mile of corridor and a white door with a single pearl-button beside it.

This bull was Senator Noovan; his nostrils were as wide as twin caves, and no other Angus bull had ever worn a velvet robe like his.

In the sun-parlor papers rustled and ice clinked in glasses, and five separate pairs of hard spectacles lifted themselves to peer at Dean Clark and the Chinese servant, until Senator Noovan closed the sun-parlor door behind him.

He rumbled, "Caught me quite busy, Dean, but not too busy to see you. Bourbon? Scotch? Here . . . sit down. Tell me what that bum's been up to this time."

Dean Lucan Clark held the cold glass clutched tightly in his thin hand.

"Richard, I mean. What's he—?"

"It is not your son, Senator Noovan. Not at all. I came—"

Rhesus monkey and Angus bull, and he prayed that neither would ever know how they shamed and terrified him. Noovan grunted, "College business then? What is it? If you don't mind my saying it, there are several very important constituents in there who've come a long, long way to—"

"I have a daughter, Senator. She is unmarried—Miss Ethel Clark. For the past eighteen years she has been employed in the library at Syrian."

Senator Noovan swallowed the last of his drink. "Yes?"

"She would like to come to Washington. She feels that possibly in a wider field she might be able to broaden her own—capabilities." He stopped long enough to wonder just what those capabilities were. "Possibly you, with your many connections here in Washington—"

Noovan interrupted, "Sounds familiar." He moved to a coffee table, splashed some whiskey into his tumbler, and pressed the lever of a siphon. "Dean Clark, I'm not quite as old as you, but I wasn't born yesterday. You put it very shrewdly. Of course your daughter isn't from my bailiwick, and everybody and his dog is after me, but in this case—"

"I felt that, in some manner, you might be able to discover a situation in which—"

Senator Noovan had stiff black hairs rimming each nostril. "You don't need to mince words with me, Dean. I get you. I got you the first time. Tit for tat, and fair enough! You got Richard out of a serious scrape, and now I see what prompted you to do it. He's an ornery piece, even if he is my own son. No great charm about Richard."

"Your son, sir," a remote voice was saying, "is not a bad young man at heart. I did not wish to see him ruined or losing his diploma. Since then he has repaid me by conducting himself with reasonable decency."

"Shrewd." Noovan laughed again, and again his lumps of ice were alone in their glass. He fumbled in his velvet robe and brought out a crumpled telegraph envelope and a gold pencil. He scribbled. "Have your daughter write to this man. I'll see him before Monday, and fix it up. Don't worry. She'll get something good."

Dean Clark stood up.

"I know the ropes," said the Senator. "I came in when Warren Harding did. I must say you've got a new method of approach! But I like you, Dean, I like you! And—" he lowered his voice—"take good care of the boy. He's all I've got since Mrs. Noovan left us last year."

In that moment his eyes were no longer the swollen, unblinking velvet of an Angus bull; they were dull and sad, and Dean Clark could not hate this man quite as much as he wanted to.

Here in the hotel on F Street were more men in uniform. They were not colored men; they were as white as Dean Lucan Clark, but not so pale, and they moved with greased regularity to let him in at the revolving door and to ferry him skyward to his room—or rather, to his two rooms. Seven dollars for one, ten for the other: seventeen dollars per day. Constance slept on a cot in the room where her mother and Ethel occupied the beds. He would have to mark it down in his little book: seventeen dollars, and there was one-ninety-five for the tie which Constance picked out, and there was Agatha's evening gown, though naturally she would be as economical as possible. . . . She might even be made State Regent. . . .

He went in and found Agatha trying on a new blue gown in front of the mirror, and Ethel was beside her with a mouthful of pins.

"Isn't this choice, Lucan?" Agatha had culled that word from her granddaughter's vocabulary, but always she said *chice*. "It was reduced. We got it for twenty-nine eighty-five."

Dean Clark said, "I saw him. I saw them both."

In the next room Marietta was conversing with someone on the telephone, and her voice was strident.

Ethel began to take the pins out of

her mouth rapidly. She made a little miaow. "Father, did he—?"

He gave her the crumpled telegraph envelope. "You are to write to this man, and Senator Noovan will have it—fixed up," and then Ethel began to sob.

"Ethel, what under the sun ails you, child? Lucan, did you do what President Avery—"

Dean Clark wanted to shriek, "Two battles, by God in Heaven! And won them both without adequate artillery support!" He said to his wife, "Yes, Agatha. The seven thousand dollars is assured."

"Splendid," breathed Agatha. "Ethel, what are you sniffing about? He got it—he got the seven thousand for Syrian." . . . She turned slowly, gazing at herself in the mirror. Her head lifted, her lips began to move in a whisper: *Friends, fellow-patriots, Sisters of our Great Cause, I stand before you to-night in the role of candidate for—* Her glasses gleamed.

The telephone receiver crashed in the next room, and a slender witch in a green dressing-gown rushed through the bath and in at the door, Marietta. She had aluminum curlers dangling all over her head. "Father," she gasped, "father, you've got to do something! that girl!"

"Girl?" he asked as they gathered round her.

The Mother-Daughter banquet, the Mother-Daughter banquet. Connie was at the Town woman's apartment, and they were having a party, and Connie had called and said that she wouldn't be back at the hotel in time to attend the banquet. "Drunk," yelled her mother. "I know she was. I could tell it by her voice. Connie—was—drunk!"

Agatha said, sharply, "If I were dressed, Marietta, I'd go up there and lug that young one home and give her a piece of my mind."

"You," Marietta howled, "are a fine one to talk. A fine one! You encouraged her to go. Grandparents! Good grief, I never thought to see the day when I shouldn't have a home of my own, and had to let my own parents take the disciplining of my daughter right out of my hands! Father, do something!"

He asked quietly, "You wish me to fetch her?"

"Good heavens, yes! Right away. That woman! The banquet's promptly at eight o'clock, and it's nearly night now."

From the doorway he spoke to them, hat in hand. "I always liked those Town girls. They were brimful of good nature. But perhaps Betty has grown a trifle—a trifle—"

"A trifle!" echoed Ethel, viciously. "She's well-named, if you ask me. Town woman."

"Oh, and that isn't her name," Marietta cried. "Her married name is Alwin. Do you know the building?"

"Yes," he said, "I left Constance there."

Captain Leavenworth Clark had come back to the fort, dismounted and staggering through the cactus, after eight days of fighting off Indians; and immediately he had ridden all the way to the Arkansas River when he heard that some buffalo hunters were in distress. . . . General Osborn F. Clark wrote in his memoirs, privately printed: "Before we reached Monocacy Junction, on the march to Gettysburg, we were nearly exhausted. The heat was terrific, and dust got in our throats, and the men were disposed to straggle. I felt none too energetic myself, having lately recovered from my Chancellorsville wound, and still wearing bandages. However, we held our place in column."

Lucan Clark drove to K Street. The building had a pink canopy in front of it; he remembered that; he imagined

that there was a feel of California about the building, although he had never been to California. . . . The automatic elevator baffled him for a time, but at last he got out at the fourth floor.

In Betty Town's apartment lived a radio which sang like a drunken sailor, and it seemed as if a dozen girls were laughing, although there were only three. Dean Clark rang the bell. "I have come," he said to the young man with oily-red hair, who opened the door, "for my granddaughter, Constance Boston."

The young man cried over his shoulder, "Casper Milquetoast in person!" whatever that meant. Then he held the door ajar and bowed, spilling half his cocktail as he did so. Dean Clark saw Constance getting up from a davenport; she had discarded the coat of her suit, and looked very pretty and trim in her gay red blouse and black skirt. Her eyes were exceedingly bright. She had a squat glass in her hand in which a cherry and a slice of orange bobbed about. That drink, thought Dean Clark, did not look particularly sinful.

But Constance was unsteady on her feet. So were some of the others: Betty Town, looking many years older than when the Dean had known her; the oily-red young man; another man who was silent and hid in a corner; and a young girl and a bald-headed cupid who appeared from the kitchenette. Betty kept saying, "Dean Clark, you must sit down. I knew Dean Clark years ago, Frieda, I knew him well. . . ."

He helped Constance with her coat. "My fur," were the only words she said, and someone brought it to her with her bag.

"Good-by, Connie Bennett," cried the redhaired man, and that was strange, for Boston did not sound like Bennett. Betty kissed Constance, and

then the door closed. Dean Clark could hear them inside all shrieking with laughter.

Constance laughed too once she was in the car. "I suppose mother thinks funny," she mumbled.

"She sent me," said Lucan Clark. "I did not particularly wish to come, but there seemed—"

"No way out?"

"That is not it, exactly. It was my duty to come. You are only seventeen, my girl."

Constance chortled, and squeezed his arm. "Blame it all, Gandy! I can't go back to the hotel like this."

"No," he said. And then, "Lower that window beside you. Not too much. There."

The tumultuous herd of cars squawked around them. Dean Clark drove sedately and carefully, though his eyes and teeth were both aching now. The girl beside him muttered, "Empty stomach—that was it. Too many old-fashioned empty stomach. Of course I've got to go to Mother-Daughter banquet Daughters Independence."

"Of course," he agreed, "because they are depending on you. That is—I believe," he exclaimed, amid the devious twistings of a traffic circle, "that is why so many frightening things that we do, are done."

They were working toward the Potomac.

"Not this way to hotel, Gandy."

"No, we have a safe hour before we must be there. I want you to feel better. I've heard," he added haltingly, "about— The boys at Syrian have all sorts of ridiculous remedies. I recall hearing some talk of tomato catsup and hot water."

"Skip it," said Constance, making faces. "Cup of black coffee would be better."

He brought it to her, from the neon glare of a tiny restaurant with an

enameled front, and she sipped the whole cupful as speedily as she could. They drove on toward the bridge, and the western sky looked like a crate of peaches.

Constance said so. "And that little part to the south, Gandy. That's yellower. That's cheese wafers. But I like the whole business very decidedly."

"My dear child," he said.

This gate of Arlington swung toward them like a forbidding jaw, and Lucan Clark ground his brakes. "No chance." A young man in khaki spoke from the dusk. "This gate is being closed."

"But"—many times Dean Clark marveled how he came to say it—"I have driven a long way, from New Jersey. My—my son is buried here."

The khaki youth looked at the license plate and flung his hands out, palms up. "Okay, Pop. When you drive out, go to that other gate over there."

"Why, Gandy—"

Their tires hummed up the slow-winding drive. "Why, my lad. Not your *son*. Not Uncle *Waldo*. You meant—your father. Didn't you? General Osborn F. Clark." She turned suddenly. "Unless," she faltered, "you like to imagine that Uncle *Waldo's* the Unknown Soldier . . ."

They paused in crunching silence, somewhere between the fighting-top of the battleship *Maine* and a great colosseum which shaped its classic paleness on the rim of the valley. Their feet were lonely but unafraid, echoing among the borders of marble. When they had progressed down more steps they faced the lights of the city—a great feast of winking or stolid dots crowded over the whole purple landscape.

Here, a young soldier was pacing along a strip of rubber matting toward the little canvas sentry-booth which waited for him. Click, and halt. A

pause. Click, and right-face. Again the pause, as if he were expecting some friend to wake up and speak to him. Click once more, and right-face, and the falling motion of Forward, March. Dean Clark and Constance came closer through the chilly haze, but the young man did not observe them. It was no part of his occupation to observe anyone who might be standing there.

"Infantry," whispered the Dean.

"How do you know?"

"His uniform—his badges. You see, my dear girl—" He paused, to nod toward the staring tomb of pure white. "You come from a long line of soldiers. Your great, great, great, great grandfather was Maccabaeus Clark, and he fought at Monmouth. His son, Lucan Clark, was in the second war for American Independence. Your great, great-grandfather was Captain Leavenworth Clark—"

Constance said, "Of course. Mexicans and Comanches. . . . And Uncle *Waldo*—your son *Waldo* was killed the year I was born."

"The town was Haazavant, in the Meuse-Argonne offensive," the Dean told her. "One Hundred and Sixty-fifth Infantry, Forty-second Division. He was nineteen. He was killed, but something happened to his body. It was never recovered."

She shivered and clutched his arm. "I'm okay now. Let's go," and he came willingly. "Gandy," she began, as they climbed into the sedan, "there's been one of our Clarks in every war we ever had—successive generations. Except the Spanish War."

He stopped, with one foot on the running board. It seemed to the girl that his face was proudest porcelain in the gloom. "Yes . . . I do not believe in war, theoretically. I have spent a great deal of time fighting the idea of war and shall spend more. I opposed the compulsory military training at Syrian. Nevertheless, in Eight-

een Ninety-eight, I did wish to go. In my blood, I suppose. I had a certain impulse—"

"You had two babies," whispered Connie.

"And another coming," he said. "That was Waldo. There was no chance of my going. But I should have been glad to be a soldier. All along, I had the inclination to— I wanted to—you must not laugh at me, my girl—to do brave things. Constance, I might have been a very brave soldier! I could have obeyed every order, even disagreeable ones, even orders which made me afraid. I could have suffered pain and fatigue, I am sure, in a necessary campaign."

Still she laughed. It was the hysterically penetrating laughter of a young person who sees and under-

stands all too clearly. She drew him into the car, baffled and hurt as he was. She kissed him. "Gandy," she sobbed, "I'm dreadfully proud to be related to you."

"Well," he said. He looked through the windshield and squared his thin shoulders. "Now there have been three battles in one day, Constance. With little or no artillery support, until you offered yours."

"The General," she swore, "would be very proud of you, Gandy. I'm absolutely proud of you myself." The tears stood hotly in her eyes. "I bet Uncle Waldo would be proud to claim you too."

At the mention of the name he turned away quickly and peered through the dusk toward the slope of the hill. Then he started the motor.

MAN

BY ROSS EDWARD PIERCE

Confected

*.Of a tissue so capricious yet so magical—
Pockets the lightning, computes infinities,
Has at the dark and misty realms of thunder
And plays the prophet to a host of suns,
Yet
Cools at a bird song, wavers at a kiss,
And at a hint of crimson in a flower
Grows silent.*



JAPAN'S NEW OUTPOSTS

BY WILLARD PRICE

OLD patterns of thought persist. We are accustomed to think of Japan as a small group of islands in the northwestern Pacific, and it is hard to realize that the Japan of to-day extends in one unbroken sweep from the snows of Siberia to the equator.

One can hardly appreciate the extent of this empire (or these two empires in "indivisible relationship," to quote the very apt expression of the Emperor of Manchukuo) without traveling the length of it.

In the latitude of Alaska's Aleutians you can stand on the Manchu-Siberian border among heavy-booted horse-odorous Mongols and bearded Russian lumberjacks and look down a well where the July heat has not yet dissolved the ice of last winter when the temperature was forty degrees below zero. Then move southward, ever southward, through White Russian Harbin, through construction-crazy Hsinking, through Manchu and Chinese Mukden, through Korea, land of galvanized hermits, then through the feverishly overflowing ant hills of Japan proper, on south through the brawny Bonins, through Formosa, where Chinese have forgotten China but savages have not quite forgotten head-hunting, through the Marianas where half-Spanish Chamorros go to early mass, wear mantillas, and play guitars, through Polynesian-Melanesian Yap of the crimson loin cloth and grass skirt. Tie up at last to the equator and watch canoes of bronze

gods coming across the blue blaze of the lagoon in search of a bit of ice from the ship's refrigerator with which to temper the heat of eternal summer—and try to realize that you have been in Japanese domains all the time!

Japan has presumably reached her farthest north for the present—although the foreign minister has recently mentioned the willingness of his government to consider the purchase of North Saghalien from Russia. With this minor exception, the course of empire is now definitely southward. There is a strong tide of influence from Manchukuo's Mongolian province southwest into both Outer Mongolia and Chahar. North China is acutely self-conscious under the calculating gaze of her northern neighbor. Nanking, driven by America into the arms of Japan, is open to a proposal that will alleviate her financial difficulties occasioned by America's silver policy. Siam is sending naval officers to Japan for training, asking for Japanese school teachers, engineers, and architects, and otherwise getting into direct circuit with the nerve-center of Asia. Japanese trade is swiftly overhauling British trade in India and has outstripped it in that most important item, textiles. Japan was frankly jovial when Uncle Sam made up his mind to abandon the Philippines to "independence"; and some Filipinos, overcome by afterthoughts, are now anxiously looking up that word in the dictionaries. And the Dutch are pain-

fully aware that the second largest Philippine island, Mindanao, already industrially dominated by Japanese, is only some four hundred miles from the Dutch East Indies.

The truth is that the East is in a state of high tension. Let a Japanese general so much as tweak his mustache and a tremor runs down the spine of Asia from Vladivostok to Melbourne.

The far-seeing Count Okuma said to me once in an interview: "I believe the entire East is to be bound together in one heart and one mind. And I believe that it is the mission of Japan to bring this about."

Japan is performing her mission. Not the least of the stakes she has driven to hold her claim on the Orient of the future are the more than fifteen hundred islands that peg the ocean at close intervals all the way from Japan proper to the equator. Most important of these are the fourteen hundred South Sea islands which Japan retains under mandate from the League of Nations. These islands appear on the map as Micronesia, comprising the Marianas, Caroline, and Marshall groups. The Marshalls were annexed in 1885 by Germany, who went on to acquire the Marianas and Carolines in 1899 by purchase from Spain. Germany was relieved of all of them by Japan during the first days of the World War. Secret understandings with other Allied powers confirmed Japan's claim to the islands. Hence she was taken aback when Peace Conference idealism substituted the locution "mandate" for "annexation" and placed ultimate control of the islands in the hands of a body not yet in existence, to be known as the League of Nations.

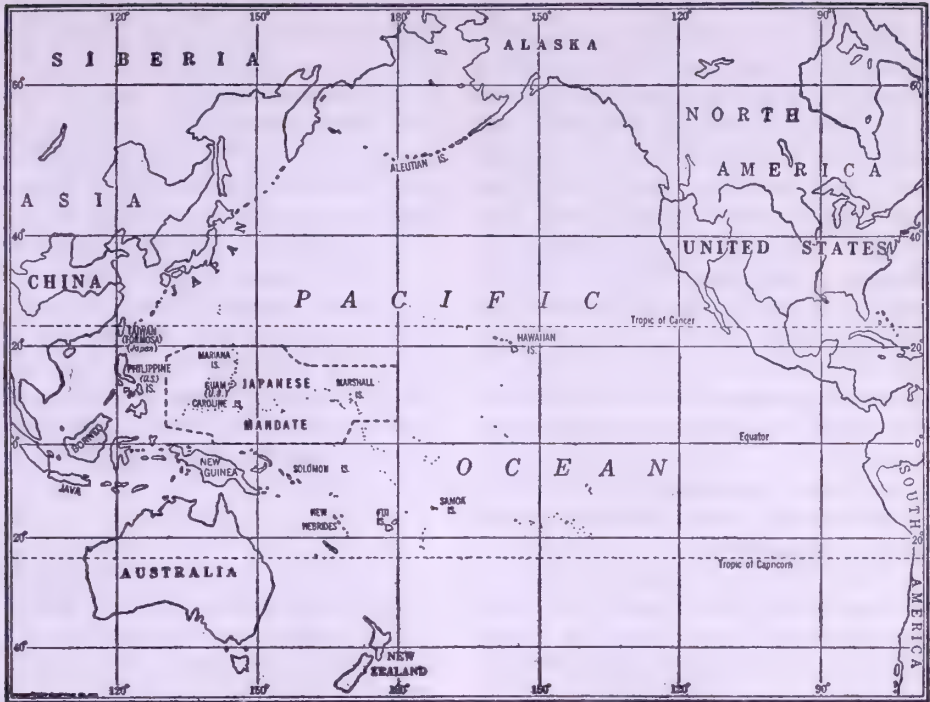
Japan accepted this phrasing as a mere pleasantry in no wise affecting her complete proprietorship over the islands. This was demonstrated clearly enough when Japan resigned

from the League of Nations. She then made it unmistakably plain that if the League should attempt to withdraw the mandate from her on the ground that she was no longer a member she would maintain her position in the islands by force. The League took the hint and refrained from any discussion of the possibility of withdrawal—but took equally good care not to commit itself to the view that the mandate-giving power could not also be the mandate-withdrawing power if and when need be. Thus the question has been left wide open—fertile ground for later trouble.

The map reveals good reason for the remarkable importance Japan attaches to these islands. They are her "life line to the south." They are her "first line of defense." Not so much perhaps the defense of Japan as the defense of Asia. Taken together with the Bonins, the main islands of Japan, and the Kuriles, they form a break-water across the entire front of the Asiatic continent against the advance of the West. They lie athwart all of America's trade routes to the Orient. They are a smoke screen over Asia. Behind it Japan hopes to work undisturbed on her great plan of Far Eastern co-ordination.

They make Japan and the Philippines close neighbors. The Philippines, eight thousand miles distant from San Francisco, are only five hundred miles from the nearest Japanese island, Palau, two to three hours by plane.

Incidentally, Japan is building an airdrome on Palau. Its immediate purpose is to serve the commercial air line soon to be opened between Palau and Tokyo. Incidentally again, it is on Palau that the visiting foreigner receives the most sedulous attention from the authorities. He is never permitted to feel neglected. The New Yorker who complains of the difficulty of



Map showing the Japanese mandated islands

finding a policeman should delight in Palau. There the procedure is simple. Step out of your door, go ten paces in any direction, and you will find a policeman behind you. He will be courteous in the extreme, cordially interested in knowing where the foreigner may wish to go, and eager to extend "every facility." If certain destinations are mentioned he may gravely shake his head and express the fear that at those points full conveniences for the comfort of the visitor might be lacking.

In fact the "comfort" argument is used to dissuade foreigners from stopping in the islands at all. It must be granted that the argument is sound. There are no hotels. Mrs. Price and I lived with Chamorro natives, Kanaka kings, and missionaries.

One or two Americans each year pass through the islands, stopping at each as long as the ship stops, usually one

day. "It isn't done," such a traveler told us when we proposed living for four months on the islands.

But it so happened that all the world was reading at that moment the League of Nations Mandates Commission's criticisms of Japan for barring foreign ships and foreign travelers from the islands. The suggestion was made repeatedly by various members of the commission that Japan could remove suspicions regarding fortification of the islands by allowing foreigners free entry. Whether or not there was any relationship of cause and effect involved, the bars were at least temporarily let down and we passed through.

On all islands except Palau we were studiously avoided by the police. It was quite evidently a conspiracy to give us a free hand. We were at liberty to go, and did go, everywhere. We were there to make a study of na-

tive customs, not to spy out fortifications; but if there had been any we could not have missed them. As a result of these persistent peregrinations in sections unvisited by any American since before the World War, it became evident that there are no fortifications on Saipan, Tinian, Yap, Tomil, Map, Rumung, Babeldaob, Korrer, Urukdael, Peliliu, Angaur, Kusaie, Ponape, and six islands of the Truk group. These are the main islands. What exists on others of the fourteen hundred we do not know; but the marine chart reveals them as the merest islets and bare reefs. It seems rather doubtful that they would be used so long as there are far superior locations available.

As for the Palau group, it is quite evident that Japan regards it as of great strategic importance. It is only four hundred and thirty miles from the Dutch East Indies and but little more from the Philippines. It is the point of the spear. Or, from the standpoint of Japanese defense, it is the exposed sentinel.

Here, too, the officials made a brave effort to leave us alone, but finally gave it up. Deeper instincts prevailed. We were shown about. A government motor boat with crew of three, a policeman, and the foreign affairs secretary of the South Seas Government were always at our service. It was luxury but not liberty.

My earnest plea that I be allowed to step into one of the two airplanes stationed at Palau and fly over certain hilltops so as to be enabled to write positively, "There are no fortifications on Palau" was courteously denied. So I do not know what is on those hilltops. Missionaries and natives, as well as officials, say there is nothing. I am inclined to believe them, but cannot say because I did not see.

Before the reader gives himself over completely to sinister conclusions, let

him consider one suggestion. Restriction of foreigners need not imply the presence of fortifications. There is perhaps a much better reason for the nervousness of officials. Japan, fearing later trouble, does not care to have foreigners learn too intimately the contours of coasts and mountains, the size of ship basins, the depth of channels, the locations and character of passages through the reefs. That is a legitimate reluctance, and easy to understand. If America were sitting upon the lid of a boiling world waiting for it to blow off, or waiting for an opportunity to take it off, she would be just as secretive.

II

It does not appear to be Japan's policy to fortify the islands. But no one can doubt for a moment that if war did break out Japan would promptly make use of the islands as naval bases. Many of these reef-barricaded atolls, notably the Palau lagoon and the Truk lagoon, are admirably suited to this purpose. The mandated islands are peppered over an area almost equal to that of the United States. They extend for a distance of 2,700 miles along the equator and 1,300 miles to the north of it. No enemy, unfamiliar with the hiding places of cruisers, submarines, and aircraft, could hope to get through this labyrinth. It is small wonder that Japan regards the islands as of first-rate strategic value. "Too much emphasis can hardly be placed on the necessity of Japan maintaining them at whatever sacrifice," writes Commander Tadashi Kojima of the Imperial Japanese Navy. "Japan must combat at whatever cost and if necessary by force any foreign attempt to interfere unduly in the affairs of these islands."

But a much more subtle force than that of the Imperial navy is at work to

make the islands irrevocably Japanese.

Sooner or later in some busy South Sea street teeming with Japanese, but quite empty of natives, the visitor will stop and clap his hand to his head. An attack of the sun? Well, yes, of the Rising Sun. For he will suddenly have thought of something to change for him the entire complexion of this mandate problem.

The League of Nations, and the powers behind it, consider the islands still as a mandate, subject to the will of the League. But there are forces at work which tend to make that will ineffective. Not the expansionist policy of Japan. Not the bold words and brandished gunboats of the navy. In spite of them, regardless of them, natural forces are at work like moles, accomplishing the things for which they are prepared to take the credit. Within a few years, even if Japan should wish to get rid of the islands, she could not do so.

The mandated islands are being inhabited by Japanese. For a quarter-century the native population has stood still at about 50,000. But during the past four years the Japanese population has doubled. It has climbed from 19,835 to 40,215. In 1934 alone the increase was 8,000. It seems likely that the total for 1935 will be higher.

Possibly within a year, certainly within three years, the population will be predominantly Japanese—and will continue to increase. Of course space is limited on the islands. But agricultural director Awano believes there is room for 100,000 Japanese farmers. Perhaps as many more fishermen and tradesmen can be accommodated. At the same time the native population will increase only slightly, if at all.

This means that within a very short time the islands will be Japanese because the preponderant population is Japanese.

But how does this affect the mandate idea? What is the mandate idea anyhow? According to those who conceived it and set down their conception of it in Article 22 of the Covenant, to certain territories "which are inhabited by peoples not yet able to stand by themselves under the strenuous conditions of the modern world, there should be applied the principle that the well-being and development of such peoples form a sacred trust of civilization. . . . The best method of giving practical effect to this principle is that the tutelage of such peoples should be intrusted to advanced nations who, by reason of their resources, their experience or their geographical position, can best undertake this responsibility, and who are willing to accept it, and that this tutelage should be exercised by them as mandatories on behalf of the League."

So the mandate system would appear to be a method of governing primitive peoples unable to govern themselves. It has been nowhere envisaged in the mandate theory that the people of the mandated area would be the same as those of the mandatory. Yet that is coming to pass in the South Seas.

In theory you can pass a mandate from nation to nation as one passes the butter. The butter has nothing to say about it. Nor has the mandate so long as its people are primitive savages. But suppose they are not.

When President Wilson enunciated the principle of self-determination he was merely rephrasing an old natural law. Sometimes it does not work among weak peoples. It always does in the case of strong peoples. The Saar was bound to go back to Germany because the people of the Saar were Germans. Great Britain might fear the defection of India because its people are Indians, and the United States can lightly abandon the Philip-

pinos because its people are Filipinos. But England could hardly lose London, full of Englishmen, and the United States could never shake off California; there are too many Americans in it.

It was easy for Spain to sell the South Sea Islands because there were no Spaniards there. Germany lost the islands in the World War, and Hitler says he would not kill one man to get them back, because there are no Germans there. But now that the islands are filling up with Japanese they are becoming as irrevocably a part of Japan as Kyushu or Tokyo.

This operation of natural forces to set at naught the yeas and nays of both Nipponese and European diplomats, who may have considered that they had full power to answer such questions, is seen not only in immigration, but in the magic of birth rate and intermarriage. Suppose not another man, woman, or child should go from Japan to the South Seas. Suppose the islands, with their 40,000 Japanese and 50,000 natives, were sealed up so that no one could enter or leave. Return a few years later to visit them, and you would find the population chiefly Japanese! One reason would be that the intermarriages which frequently occur between the Japanese and the better-class natives always result in a family more Japanese than native in its racial characteristics, education, and loyalties.

Another reason would be that the Japanese birth rate is one of the highest in the world and the native birth rate one of the lowest. In 1934 Japanese births in the islands were 1,714 and deaths 475—the natural increase being 1,239. Native births were 1,562 and deaths 1,637—causing a natural decrease of 75. In some years there is a slight native increase—but never one-tenth that of the Japanese. So the islands are certain to become Japa-

nese even if immigration should decline or stop altogether.

But immigration is increasing. It was 8,000 last year as against only 4,000 the year before. The Japanese community of Truk has doubled in two years; that of Ponape has doubled in one year. In Palau the main street of the Japanese town is solidly built up for a distance of two miles. Japanese department stores are crowding out thatched huts and old All-Men-Houses decorated with carvings of militant roosters. In Ponape we walked through a well-lighted street of stores a half-mile long where there was only a dark wood a year ago. On this Ginza of Ponape we dropped into a lively department store, sat in arm-chairs and listened to phonograph records from Tokyo, and saw a naked savage, whose children had been taught in school to brush their teeth, buy for himself for twenty-five sen an Osaka tooth brush complete with tongue scraper.

Japan is making the first real effort in history to develop the islands. By the time Spain stretched her arm all the way around Asia there was very little strength left in the fingers. Spain could not rule the islands, much less develop them. She was continually involved in bloody wars with the natives. Germany did better. She produced order. She did some trading in copra and phosphate; but she found it was not profitable to transport them halfway round the earth to Germany. There was no German migration to the islands. An old resident on Palau remembers that there were fifteen Germans there (three officials, five priests, five sisters, and two traders). To-day there are 5,565 Japanese. Formerly, in all these islands there were not more than one hundred Germans; now there are 40,000 Japanese.

That is the difference. Japan takes

the islands seriously. Spain and Germany never did.

The recent reports that Germany may wish to get the islands back are amusing. Even if Germany wanted them, it is too late. You can buy or sell pieces of land surrounded by water, but you can hardly buy or sell 40,000 Japanese. Their presence in the islands and their rapid multiplication change the face of the problem. Even if the islands were torn from Japan, they would remain Japanese and would sooner or later revert to Japan. Thus the gods of birth and migration, regardless of the judgments of human chancelleries, seem to have given Japan a permanent mandate in the South Seas.

Japan is taking no chance of having her house divided against itself. While filling the islands with Japanese, she is also converting the natives to the worship of the Emperor.

"Do you like Japanese rule?" I put the question to natives on islands far enough removed from government offices to be fairly sure of getting an unofficial reply.

Not a man would say, "I like it."

Doubtless that is human nature. Who will say that he wishes to be ruled by anyone else?

"Would you prefer to have the Germans back?" I asked.

"No. We prefer the Japanese."

"Why?"

"Because they belong in the Orient. They understand us better. We are not afraid of them. They are more like us."

One said, "The Germans told us, 'Do this or go to jail!' The Japanese say, 'Are we asking anything unreasonable of you?'"

An old chief who loved his toddy raised his coconut-shell cup to his lips and gave what he considered a conclusive argument:

"The Germans used to fine us

twenty-five yen for getting drunk. The Japanese charge us only five yen."

"Then if you don't want the Germans, how about the Spaniards?"

This question was usually met with a horrified silence. The brutalities of Spain in the South Seas will never be forgotten.

"How about American rule?" I would ask, assuming that they would give me the courtesy of a favorable reply. But the Americans they best remembered were whalers who had brought plagues, kidnapped their women, and raised hob generally. No, they would not care to be ruled by Americans.

"Then how would you like to rule yourselves?"

A Ponape chief said, "That would never do. When we ruled ourselves every chief was at war with every other. It is better to have some higher authority."

III

So it would seem that, making allowance for the dislike of human beings for any control over their actions, the rule of Japan is as satisfactory as any could be.

Certainly it is beneficial. Whether the Kanaka wants to be benefited or not, he is being taught to work, to study, to eat proper foods, to go to the hospital when sick, to keep his house and village clean, and to know something of the world outside his own little island.

Before the Japanese regime, mission schools were relied upon to teach the native. Only two government schools were built, one in Saipan and one in Truk; but the latter had not been opened when the Japanese navy arrived in 1914. The navy built six schools and navy officers turned teachers. In 1915 teachers from Japan took their place. By 1922 the number of

schools had become 17. To-day there are 25 schools for natives. This year native school attendance has reached 98 per cent in islands such as Yap where communication is easy, but stands at a little more than 50 per cent in Truk. It is not practicable to build a school on every one of the 245 small islands of Truk, and going to school by canoe over miles of stormy lagoon has its difficulties.

The schools supply books, pencils, clothing, and sometimes food also, without charge. The cost of native education to the government is more than four times the total of the poll tax received from natives.

"Why does Japan do this for the natives?" the cynical visitor asks. He is sure there must be some ulterior motive. He is told quite frankly that there is. Japan believes thoroughly in education of natives—not only because of its value to the natives, but because it will make the natives more valuable to their community and their government.

A very different theory is seen at work in some parts of Asia. Some Western overlords fear that common education of their wards may cause cleavage between them and their government. Japan has sufficient confidence in her pedagogic and propagandist ability to believe that education will cause the natives to cleave to the government. It will, she believes, make them better members of society, more useful industrially, more loyal to Japan.

Knowledge of Japanese institutions and respect for the Emperor are taught in every school. This Japonizing is defended as legitimate according to the terms of the mandate by which the territory is to be administered "as an integral portion of the Empire of Japan." The Japanese language is taught in these schools. No instruction is given in the native lan-

guage. The result is not wholly satisfactory. After five years of school (in some islands it is only three years) the graduate cannot easily read a Japanese newspaper and finds a magazine or book quite impossible. Nor can he read in his native tongue. He is a man without a written language. He can speak Japanese imperfectly but soon forgets what he knows of it when he returns to the jungle. Japanese is hard to learn, the native language easy. Moreover, the Kanaka child can of course already speak the native language when he begins school, and he could readily be taught to read and write it.

"The Kanaka should be taught in the Kanaka language," is the first-day conclusion of the visitor.

As he studies the question he may change his mind. In the first place, he discovers that there is no Kanaka language. Or, rather, there is a different language for the Kanakas of every island. Saipan cannot understand Yap; nor Yap, Palau; nor Palau, Truk; nor Truk, Ponape; nor Ponape, Kusaie; nor Kusaie, Jaluit. Put them all together and you have a confusion of tongues. But with fast ship service linking the islands and the movement of natives from one island to another it is necessary that they should all be able to speak one language. The only language common to the islands is Japanese.

In the second place, even if the native learned to read his own language, there would be nothing to read (except the Bible, provided by the missionaries). No commercial publishers could be persuaded to print newspapers, magazines, and books in a language read by only two or three thousand people. It would not pay. Hence a literature in an island language is impossible. The natives' only hope to tap the literary knowledge of the world is to learn a language in

which the world's literature is published.

Another consideration: The Palau language contains only 6,000 words, the Truk language 3,000, the Yap language only 1,000. The Japanese language includes well over 300,000 terms. A few eating-and-sleeping words did well enough in the isolated tropical isle. But times have changed. Making shift with a small coconut vocabulary in this modern complex world into which the native has been introduced would be like paddling a canoe in a motor-boat race.

New words make new horizons. The mind is expanded as it finds new ways of expression. But teachers admit that the native is not getting enough Japanese at present to give him much in the way of new horizons. The answer would seem to be, not to quit teaching Japanese, but to teach more of it. A five-year primary course is not enough. Until higher schools are established the natives will be without a written language.

On the whole, education seems to be intelligently adapted to the native's own surroundings and needs. He studies an arithmetic of coconuts and pigs, a geography that concerns chiefly his own islands although it never slights Japan, the natural science of his jungle and lagoon, ethics stressing the importance of keeping promises and the virtue of hard work. Nor is it all book-learning. The boys learn agriculture in the school farm and the girls learn how to cook, sew, care for babies, and nurse the sick.

School children receive free treatment in the hospital. Their elders pay two cents for a treatment that would cost a dollar in America. Natives are showered with bonuses for every pig born, every tree planted, every copra shed erected. They are protected in their land rights. They are given a considerable degree of self-

government through their native chiefs. As a result of all such benefits, while they can hardly be expected to hymn the praises of the dominating race, they would be unwilling to change it for any other.

IV

The inability of the League to find fault with Japan's treatment of the native population settles Japan more firmly in her mandate. She is obviously abiding not only by the letter but by the spirit of her duties as a mandatory.

Japan is further consolidating her position in the islands by industrial development. Vigorous production of sugar, copra, pineapple, tapioca, fish, cultured pearls, phosphate has carried exports from seven and a half million yen in the "boom year," 1929, steadily upward through what the world understood to be "depression years" to more than sixteen million yen.

If Japan is not building naval bases in the islands, she is at least immeasurably strengthening her hold upon them by this industrial expansion which entails building airports, constructing roads, laying piers, dredging channels, and enlarging harbors. All such operations that I saw had sufficient industrial motivation—but their value in case of trouble cannot be questioned.

The new Saipan harbor, the expense of which seemed to the League to be out of proportion to the commerce of the island, is the least valuable of these projects from a naval standpoint. Protected by nothing better than a low reef, it is fully exposed to the guns of an enemy fleet. But there are harbors admirably sheltered by mountainous peninsulas or islands at Palau, Truk, Ponape, and Kusaie.

Perhaps the chief reason for the lack

of man-made fortifications is that they are not needed. Nature has raised defenses that man could not excel. Wilhelm's *Military Dictionary* includes in its definitions of the various types of fortification the "natural fortification" which "consists of those obstacles which nature affords to retard the progress of an enemy; such as woods, deep ravines, rocks, marshes, etc." In that sense the islands are heavily fortified. Not only are some of them perfect natural bases for destroyers and submarines, but, in the words of Admiral Suetsugu, "These islands are naturally built aircraft carriers," and again, "These islands are apparently made to order for Japan. In fact, the Pacific equilibrium can be maintained only when Japan holds them."

The unkind critic might visualize this "equilibrium" as one in which Japan stands erect in a reeling Asia. But the Japanese are evidently sincere in their belief that they are the stabilizing power, and the only stabilizing power in the Orient. They have amply proved their ability to get and keep order—in Manchuria, Korea, Formosa, the South Seas, as well as in the Japanese homeland. They are Asia's most orderly folk. And they are obviously quite correct in their contention that the rest of the Orient

needs stabilizing. Will Western powers be content to see stabilization come at the cost of their own exclusion?

Britain says "no," and strengthens Singapore. The only reason for this naval base, as Lord Grey once said before the House of Peers, is the ultimate possibility of war with Japan. America is doubtful but is inclined to say "yes"; giving up the Philippines, just as she had formerly abandoned the fortification of Guam, lone American island in the heart of Japanese Micronesia. Russia says "yes" for the present, and parts with the Chinese Eastern Railway; but reserves the right to vote "no" later when her Far Eastern war machine is completed. The Dutch decline to say "yes" or "no." They have already announced their neutrality in the next struggle. But, aware that Japan cannot make war without Borneo oil, they are prepared to destroy at a moment's notice their own oil plants at Tarakan and Balikpapan.

Every Western interest in the Orient talks of "crisis." Each means something different by it. But they all look toward Japan when they use the word. In the meantime Japan, impelled by the surge of her population and the life-and-death necessity of export markets, talks too of "crisis" and looks southward.



IN HOMAGE TO MARK TWAIN

BY OWEN WISTER

Don Pedro. Out of question, you were born in a merry hour.

Beatrice. No, sure, my lord, my mother cried; but then there was a star danced, and under that was I born.

—"Much Ado About Nothing,"
Act II, Sc. I.

By November 30, 1935, Samuel Langhorne Clemens would have been a hundred years old. Listen, before we expatiate, to these two anecdotes. I have one at first hand and was present at the telling of the other.

In the days before he was a bishop the Rev. William Doane went one Sunday to preach in Hartford, and Mark Twain was in the church. After the service he lingered to meet the clergyman and say with what interest and pleasure he had heard him, adding that, most strangely, every word of the sermon was in a book he had at home. The Reverend Mr. Doane was appalled. They spoke of unconscious plagiarism and looked at the coincidence from various angles. On taking his leave Mark Twain offered to send the book round to Mr. Doane's hotel, which offer was eagerly accepted. The parcel arrived and on being untied out came the dictionary. That must have been during the seventies. Mark Twain was rising forty, and married.

During the nineties he let me come to see him. His gallant lecture journey round the world was over, his heavy load of debt paid off by the sole exertion of his genius; he was a world figure and sixty years old. His hair,

like the foaming crest of a breaker, was going to be snow white before long, but his eyes were hot and bright and young. Who could forget them? Blue fire under bushy brows, steady when he fixed them on you, inquiring, penetrating, fierce, and genial at the same time. He was living in New York, but he referred to Hartford in a little while. Had I been writing anything new? he asked.

I had just finished a story, "Sharon's Choice," suggested by certain real events. The citizens of Sharon had voted the prize for school elocution to a small boy in spite of his speaking like nothing at all—voted it tumultuously over the heads of the appointed judges, upsetting their decision, because the small boy's father had recently left town with a voluptuous Mexican and the family cash; still more recently his mother had turned out to be a dope fiend; his aunt, who had taken him to raise, had the personality of a decayed tooth; and only two days before the prize speaking the boy had experimented with the couplings of a freight train and parted with three of his fingers. "And do you know," I said to Mark Twain, "when my informant piled those fingers on top of that load of calamity, my overcharged sympathy exploded and I just roared."

To this Mark Twain had listened with piercing attention. He now sprang up and shot out his arm at me.

"I know what you mean," he exclaimed. "Just what you mean!"

And with that he was striding back and forth, talking in a stream more and more impetuously.

"It was on a Sunday up at Hartford some years ago," he began. And this was what he told me:

A missionary preached that morning. His voice was beautiful. He told of the sufferings of the natives, he pleaded for help with such moving simplicity that Mark Twain mentally doubled the fifty cents he had intended to put in the plate. As the address proceeded, describing so pitifully the misery of the savages, the dollar in his mind gradually rose to five. A little farther along, the missionary had him crying. He felt that all the cash he carried about him would be insufficient and decided to write a large check.

"And then that preacher went on," said Mark Twain, suddenly whirling on me and coming to a standstill, and falling into a drawl, "went on about the dreadful state of those natives. I abandoned the idea of the check. And he went on. And I got back to five dollars, four, two, one. But he went on. And when the plate came round—I took ten cents out of it."

Later in that visit Mark Twain was striding up and down again, whirling on me once in a while, scowling fiercely at me, his blue eyes burning beneath the scowl, and the mound of hair all of a piece with the electric total of the man. But this time Zola was the subject, he was wholly serious, very concentrated; and I shall come back to it.

In any case, I should have told you these anecdotes; but my chief point is not that I think them worth telling; I believe if they had been told without names to any American boy or man forty years ago, and the boy or man had been asked to guess who it was, he would have guessed right. There was a twist, a tang, a something the community had come to recognize as being particularly Mark Twain's. Already

the *Jumping Frog* had leaped round the world, the *Innocents Abroad* had followed it, Bemis and his buffalo were known to everyone who had read *Roughing It*. At school we repeated with zest that whimsical passage about Horace Greeley's having to make a speech at Placerville, and the stage driver, Hank Monk, who said he would get Horace there in time—why, I remember how we enjoyed it then! I read it over the other day and enjoyed it at seventy-four as much as I did at fifteen. There was nobody like Mark Twain. We said it in the seventies, we say it now; and, as an eminent painter observed to me, one of his outstanding qualities is that he interests you as much when you are grown up as he did when you were a boy.

But is there nobody like Mark Twain? And was there nobody? Will Rogers makes me think of him. A certain essence which I will call the true American essence, flavors his remarks—precisely the same which flavors Mark Twain's complaint that "Everybody is talking about the weather, but nobody seems to do anything about it," or his reply to a friend who asked where was he going for the summer: to Europe on five hundred dollars the plumber didn't know he had. This essence lurked in him to the end. Professors have defined it. I doubt if I shall try; but a great number of Americans have possessed it—Lincoln, for instance—as well as unknown thousands who never wrote anything or spoke a recorded word, but who emotionally vibrated to it, and made a nation-wide audience for those whose public utterance it inspired. It wasn't only what they had to say, *but also the way they said it*.

II

The mood of an epoch sets its stamp on men's faces and upon what they

create in art and in letters. Have you never noticed a resemblance between Dr. Johnson and John Adams? Many other faces of that type stare at you in picture galleries. The style of hair and dress counts in the resemblance, but that is not all. A broad, solid molding of countenance and an expression at once weighty and serene, as of men who dined well, drank port, and signed important documents prevail in dozens of those physiognomies. It is the 18th century type. You could walk and walk all day long in New York without seeing a single face that looked like that; and you could read and read all the latest books and never meet a paragraph which suggested the style of *Tom Jones*. Whereas you could cut passages of full-blooded prose from Fielding, Smollett, Sterne, even Addison, and others less eminent, shuffle them, and deal them round, and I doubt whether the authors themselves could identify their own child at sight.

Can you tell me who wrote this bit of dialogue?

Eumenides. Why, she caused you to be pinched with fairies.

Corsites. Ay, but her fairness hath pinched my heart more deeply.

Not many of the one-half-of-one per cent of our population on speaking terms with English literature could name the author. I couldn't if I didn't happen to know. But any of our devoted little minority could recognize the Elizabethan *expression* in those sentences, just as plain as it is in Walter Raleigh's face. Many of those dramatists might have written it. And several of them look as if they were some sort of cousins to one another, and to Sir Walter Raleigh, as well as to a dozen more belonging to that era. Again, it is not merely the hair and costume; they share an expression imparted by the prevailing mood of their time—a mood produced chiefly by the Renaissance and England's victory

over the Spanish Armada. The island was all exultant patriotism and intellectual excitement.

Abraham Lincoln was born in 1809 and died in 1865. He did not look like John Adams. Few of that type remained. But a new type had appeared, and Lincoln is an example of it—the lean, keen, agile product of roughing it; the man on the lookout for Indians as he walked beside his west-bound wagon, cracking his black-snake whip, or hewed logs for his cabin, or cleared a patch for his corn and his still. Pioneers, O Pioneers! as Walt Whitman sang. An outdoor face. The face of many, many soldiers on both sides in our Civil War. The face we see generalized in Uncle Sam. He's with us still, is Uncle Sam; but how many of him would you see if you walked and walked in New York all day long? Commercialism and Ellis Island have driven him into the quiet and rustic hills. And we have a new type of the epoch—the face of the fat apple. An indoor face.

That epoch, that Lincoln era, as you might call it, since it pretty nearly began with Lincoln's life and ended with it, was the era of our jubilant adolescence. Bonaparte had sold Louisiana to Jefferson six years before Lincoln's birth. Lewis and Clarke next had explored the red man's continent that the white man was to take. Next, Jackson won the battle of New Orleans. And what did the exulting American spirit do? Did it think? Not at all. It didn't have to. That has been its snare throughout. It proceeded to cut pigeon-wings. Westward the star of Empire took its way, at times very much like a fire-cracker; and the new epoch began to write with a pen of its own, often a quill from a pigeon-wing.

Let no one confront me with Edgar Allan Poe, and inquire if I discover pigeon-wings and the battle of New

Orleans to be latent in his prose and verse. Poe is not the only figure outside that picture as well as outside the New England group. These exceptions perform their proverbial office.

"Now and then on the stream of time," says Mark Twain, "small gobs of that thing which we call genius drift down, and a few of those lodge at some particular point, and others collect about them and make a sort of intellectual island—a towhead as we say on the river—such an accumulation we call a group, or school, and name it."

Yes, indeed. And the particular point at which these towheads have often lodged is the moment of some sweeping national emotion. Thousands of hearts beat as one. You will easily recall other towheads beside that in which Shakespeare overtops the rest so far that he dwarfs every one of his fellow-dramatists.

The whole nineteen were born after 1550 and before 1600, all felt the elation of the Renaissance and the thrill of the Armada. This rings through the most superb outburst of passion for one's native soil that I know in any literature—Lancaster's speech in "Richard II":

This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd
isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise;
This fortress built by nature for herself
Against infection and the hand of war;
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea . . .
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm,
this England—

Oh, who has ever equalled that? But who else has ever been Shakespeare? And Mark Twain could suppose that Bacon wrote that! It's another point I shall come back to.

All our native group, to which Mark Twain stands as Shakespeare stood to Marlowe and the rest (I am not making a comparison but suggesting an analogy), were born in the middle of the

Lincoln era. The earliest, John Phoenix (I use the names they wrote or lectured under) in 1823; Petroleum V. Nasby ten years later; Artemus Ward in 1834; Bret Harte in 1839. Not one of these came from the West; they were born in Massachusetts, Maine, New York; but how little any of them resembles Emerson, Hawthorne, Longfellow, Whittier, Lowell, Holmes!—that other group, also native, but regional, rather than nationwide in its scope. You must add Josh Billings, Bill Nye, Ambrose Bierce, Eugene Field, James Whitcomb Riley, and John Hay to the Mark Twain group; H. C. Bunner, Frank Stockton, and O. Henry were postscripts.

Much that each of them wrote or spoke differed individually from the work of others; yet certain fragments could belong to any of them, came from the pen of the epoch, were spiced with the same Lincolnian essence which flavored brains and veins from the Atlantic to the Pacific. When Mark Twain cabled from Europe that the report of his death was grossly exaggerated, you have it triple distilled.

In his San Francisco days Mark Twain might have written John Phoenix's anecdote of the dentist, Dr. Tushmaker, published almost ten years before *The Jumping Frog of Calaveras*. A man came to have a tooth out. When Dr. Tushmaker pulled, it didn't come; but the patient's right leg went up. "Why do you do that?" asked the dentist. "Because I cannot help it," replied the man. "Come back in a week and I will attend to you." During the week the doctor invented an instrument combining the properties of the lever, the screw, the wedge, the hammer, and the inclined plane. One turn of the crank, and out came the tooth. Its roots were hooked under the patient's right big-toe, his whole skeleton was extracted with the tooth, and he had to be sent home in a pillow-case.

Artemus Ward said that Harvard College was pleasantly situated in the Parker House, School Street, Boston. In the darkest hours of the Civil War, Lincoln would read Artemus Ward aloud to his Cabinet and laugh. Lincoln said it was bad to swap horses while crossing a stream. The essence, the mental consanguinity of the epoch, was in both of them. Bret Harte wrote the "Heathen Chinee." Again the essence; and don't you remember his parody of Victor Hugo in *Condensed Novels*? And this?

Then Abner Dean of Angel's raised a point of order, when
A chunk of old red sandstone took him in the abdomen,
And he smiled a kind of sickly smile, and curled up on the floor,
And the subsequent proceedings interested him no more.

No need to labor the point. The writings of the others will easily disclose you many specimens which in spirit match one another, and do not match anything else. "Prattle," the column contributed once by Ambrose Bierce to *The San Francisco Examiner*, is full of this spirit, more corrosive; it is present in some of his sulphuric stories. Just two instances more.

Bob Burdette wrote of an election bet paid him in a box of cigars. "They were the awfulest cigars," he says, and gives an impression of them, ending by his lighting one, pointing it at a dog, and the dog turns to stone. This theme of the bad cigar is treated less fantastically by Mark Twain—but then, he is dictating his reminiscences; fact is present, it is only as he goes on that fancy cuts a pigeon-wing.

"George brought the box . . . and began to pass them around. The conversation had been brilliantly animated up to that moment—but now a frost fell upon the company. That is to say, not all of a sudden, but the frost fell upon each man as he took up a

cigar and held it poised in the air—and there, in the middle, his sentence broke off. And that kind of thing went all around the table, until, when George had completed his crime the whole place was full of a thick solemnity and silence." Then he tells how, one by one, each guest after a few puffs rises and explains that he has an important engagement and leaves the house. And then, next morning, George brings him his cup of coffee, and asks:

"Mr. Clemens, how far is it from the front door to the upper gate?"

I said, "It is one hundred and twenty-five steps."

He said, "Mr. Clemens, you know, you can start at the front door and you can go plumb to the upper gate and tread on one of them cigars every time."

III

You will notice how vivid he makes that scene of the smokers; whatever he describes, you can't help seeing it instantly. His eye unerringly registers details, his selective sense picks out the right ones, the image starts to life; his inveterate humor does not distort the picture, merely intensifies it. In *A Tramp Abroad* he has been scolding Harris, his private agent, for larding an account of the Furka Pass with foreign words. The criticism, fantastically conveyed, is the soundest common sense; and then he describes the effect of the scolding upon Harris: "When the musing spider steps upon the red-hot shovel, he first exhibits a wild surprise, then he shrivels up. . . . I can be dreadfully rough on a person when the mood takes me." Even when his fancy is executing its loftiest pigeon-wings the realism somehow is not disturbed; you hear and see the actual thing. In the same *Tramp Abroad* he places some observations about blue jays in the mouth of an

old California miner. "There's more to a blue jay than any other creature. He has got more moods, and more different kinds of feelings than other creatures; and, mind you, whatever a blue jay feels, he can put into language. . . . And another thing: I've noticed a good deal, and there's no bird, or cow, or anything that uses as good grammar as a blue jay. You may say a cat uses good grammar. Well, a cat does—but you let a cat get excited once; you let a cat get pulling fur with another cat on a shed, nights, and you'll hear grammar that will give you the lock-jaw. Ignorant people think it's the *noise* which fighting cats make that is so aggravating, but it ain't so; it's the sickening grammar they use. . . . Now on top of all this there's another thing; a jay can out-swear any gentleman in the mines. You think a cat can swear. Well, a cat can; but you give a blue jay a subject that calls for reserve powers, and where is your cat?"

That laughter was expected, and for a long while laughter only, from whatever Mark Twain wrote, is quite natural when you remember that he made his first appearance with *The Jumping Frog*. There ran a very different thread beneath, destined to be uppermost in after years. Plenty of seriousness can be found in *The Innocents Abroad*; but it was such passages as his finding the tomb of Adam at Jerusalem which caught the appreciation of his readers. "The tomb of Adam! How touching it was, here in a land of strangers, far away from home, and friends, and all who cared for me, thus to discover the grave of a blood relation. . . . I leaned upon a pillar and burst into tears. . . . Noble old man—he did not live to see me. . . ."

Habit dies hard. *Roughing It* and *Tom Sawyer* were not at first perceived to be better portraits of their period

than any history has been. I remember (and this was during the nineties) telling a dear old clergyman who had taught me Greek, Latin, and English twenty years before, that Mark Twain was a great writer and a master of style. He was utterly astonished. I sent him *Life on the Mississippi*. It converted him. He was precisely the cultivated, delicate, civilized American of college tradition and gentle background whom the spirit of *Innocents Abroad* shocked. That class of Americans bowed down too low to Europe and all her works; with them whatever was European was right.

Innocents Abroad was a sort of Declaration of Independence in matters æsthetic, and in several other matters too; the comment of a strong, original, raw, voraciously inquiring mind suddenly confronted with the civilized, complicated Past. Now and then it got his back up. In consequence he was too sweeping, and remained so. Do you remember his furious outburst against "Lohengrin"? A remark about the composer of that opera, made by Bill Nye, delighted him. "I am told that Wagner's music is better than its sounds." Well, that is certainly delightful: Nye and Clemens were chips of the same American block. Do you remember what Mark Twain says about St. Mark's of Venice? Or his wholesale scorn and rejection of the Old Masters? Do you remember his remarks about the "divine Hair Trunk of Bassano"? He will take no man's valuation but his own for Titian, Tintoretto, Giotto—anybody. Indeed, he seldom takes it for anything, till in middle life he adopts W. D. Howells as his literary mentor. Beneath his genius, realistic and humorous, lies changeless independence of judgment. I think it is the foundation of his nature, the root of his upstanding moral and intellectual integrity. But it doesn't seem to have struck him that

other people may have been occasionally right. Very American, this, of its epoch! We flourished ourselves and our institutions in the Old World's face, and defied it to show us anything there as good as everything here.

Mark Twain never lived on close terms with either art or letters. At sixty-eight Walter Scott becomes known to him, and he is amazed that such artificial trash should be admired until he reads and likes *Quentin Durward*. He speaks of paintings by their area and the number of figures in them. Of that folk melody, the "Lorelei," he says: "I could not endure it at first, but by and by it began to take hold of me, and now there is no tune that I like so well." No wonder that Wagner had small chance with him. What would he have had to say about the B-minor Mass? Later in life, he owned a music machine whose sounds were agreeable to him; certain operas gave him pleasure; but I find no record of his attendance at symphony concerts. And although he came to examine and sometimes to read and to write about various books, I think that it was generally because they aroused the didactic or reforming or protesting element in his character, his hostility to sham, his passion for justice. The pretensions of Christian Science, Dowden's too indulgent *Life of Shelley*—these stirred up his militant spirit, and both his satire and his humor were poured out on them. You must keep in mind his partially New England blood and the dismal prayers he was taught. But—he believed and said that Bacon wrote Shakespeare. If he ever read the works of either, to the quality of both he was stone blind. It is utterly impossible to know these two authors and suppose them identical. As sensible as to say that Darwin wrote *Vanity Fair*. I don't believe Shakespeare interested him in the least. He doesn't

refer to him with any intimacy; when he sees "King Lear" played in German all that he speaks of is the thunder and lightning.

Susan, his daughter, felt that he would have been better for "advantages" in his youth. Advantages, to be sure, do not hurt everybody. Perhaps they might have saved him from that pitfall which lies in the path of burlesque—the overdoing of a bright idea, too much elaboration, such as his Alpine ascent and his French duel in *A Tramp Abroad*. I'm not very sorry that he never went to college. Oxford gave him a degree, after all. Suppose Hawthorne had been born in Florida, Missouri, and Mark Twain in Salem, Massachusetts. That is something I have squandered some meditation upon. You will notice that the *problem of evil* preoccupied one of them all his life, the other in his later years, and that both wrote masterpieces on that dark theme. You will readily recall *Young Goodman Brown* and *The Man Who Corrupted Hadleyburg*.

I said earlier in this paper that Mark Twain talked to me about Zola. It was not about Zola's merits or defects or his position in literature; it was the latitude which French conventions allowed novelists. Did I remember the beginning of *La Terre*, where a young girl takes a cow to a bull in the presence of a man? Did I remember this and that and the other in the same book? Such doings couldn't be described here. That sort of thing wasn't confined to France; it was human, universal in rustic life; but American taste wouldn't stand its being so much as hinted at. Long before he said this to me, he had written it in *A Tramp Abroad*, from another angle. He speaks of what you see in picture galleries and adds: "But suppose a literary artist ventured to go into a painstaking and elaborate description of one of these grisly things

—the critics would skin him alive.” So here is evidence that Mark Twain had felt hampered, and had resented it; but not sufficient ground, I think, for the contention of Mr. Van Wyck Brooks (quite the most remarkable critic of his generation) that this suppression of his creative force by Calvinistic hypocrisy and the over-cautious advice of Mr. Howells is the sole secret of the gloom which darkened his later years.

Undoubtedly there was suppression. It breaks out in his scene at the Court of Elizabeth. A similar explosion burst from Eugene Field. All writers suffered. When once I proposed a Western tale of passion gone wrong to the editor of *Harper's Weekly*, he threw up both hands and gasped, “Nothing about sex!” Well, too little about it is better than the whoredom of Hollywood.

IV

But if art and letters counted little with Mark Twain, no author ever lived on closer terms with life. It must have begun in the cradle. I wish I knew what the neighbors in Florida and Hannibal thought of that boy. Probably that he would come to a bad end. He gives us a glimpse of himself at ten, sent to bed early on board a Mississippi steamboat, haunted with visions of wreck, snags, and bursting boilers, and later rushing in a scanty shirt to the ladies' saloon with wild cries of fire, when a kind old lady stops her knitting and advises him to go and put on his breastpin. He gives us another at thirteen, when by a string of taunts he induces morbidly shy Jim Wolf, aged seventeen, to get out of bed, climb out on a steep roof covered with snow, and stop the noise of a couple of cats. He watches, hopeful and safe, from a window until Jim Wolf creeps near enough to make a grab at a cat, loses his balance, slides

and pitches headlong into a vine-thatched shelter below, where a party of girls and youths are having a candy-pull. He describes some horrible, violent deaths that he witnessed in the street—and adds that his teaching and training enabled him to see that they were inventions of Providence to beguile him to a better life. It's not in joke that he records his early notion of God.

Think of this. This boy, this triple essence of boyhood, this tempestuous nature, boiling with curiosity, mischief, humor, imagination, desire for adventure, all in collision inside him with the Calvinistic dread of hell. His splendid animal vigor shakes him loose from that black creed. Presently he wanders far from Hannibal and hell; he shifts for himself, he goes east, he goes west, he sails the Pacific, he edits, he reports, he invents, is challenged to a duel, is recommended to leave Nevada; he meets with Ambrose Bierce, Bret Harte, with all those lesser birds of his own feather; he sails to the Old World, returns, matures, lectures, writes book upon book, article upon article; sees straight, speaks out; a master of horse sense and nonsense, in money matters a flighty child, protected from his plunges by H. H. Rogers. He helps to overthrow Croker and Tammany. He brings a brutal and extortionate cab-driver to justice, spends time and trouble, doesn't drop it, sees the case through. Never from his San Francisco attack upon a corrupt politics in the sixties to his defense of Harriet Shelley and later, is he long without some public or private cause to champion, some victim to right or to defend. The torture of a soldier in the Philippines by a commissioned officer so enrages him that he can write nothing possible to print, and can only walk the floor and “curse out his fury at the race that had produced such a specimen.”

Disaster meets him, he meets it; travels, lectures, pays his debts, is received and honored by the world as no other American, save three presidents—Grant, Theodore Roosevelt, and Woodrow Wilson—has ever been; Kipling calls him "the great and god-like Clemens," and says Cervantes was a relation of his—why, what writer in any age has so lived to the hilt, has tasted such triumph? Yet, when all lies behind him, he can write in his notebook: "The offspring of riches: Pride, vanity, ostentation, arrogance, tyranny. The offspring of poverty: Greed, sordidness, envy, hate, malice, cruelty, meanness, lying, shirking, cheating, stealing, murder. We may not doubt that society in heaven consists mainly of undesirable persons."

That is not all. Not nearly all. That he had such friends as Joseph Twichell, H. H. Rogers, W. D. Howells counts nothing. In the indictment he lays against mankind he surpasses Voltaire and equals Swift. But why? What underlies this pilgrim's progress from the sunshine dawn of *The Jumping Frog*, through the noon splendor of *Huckleberry Finn*, to the sinister dusk of *The Man Who Corrupted Hadleyburg*, with its grim, disillusioned lesson? Most of us die saddened, but not embittered.

Yet Mark Twain when declining an invitation to attend a celebration in California writes: "If I were a few years younger I would accept it. . . . I would let somebody else do the oration. . . . I would talk—just talk. I would renew my youth; and talk—and talk—and talk—and have the time of my life! I would march the forgotten and unforgettable antiques by, and name their names, and give them reverent hail and farewell as they passed . . . and then the desperadoes, who made life a joy . . . Six-fingered Jake, Jack Williams, and the rest of the crimson discipleship. . . .

"Those were the days!—those old ones. They will come no more; youth will come no more; they were so full to the brim with the wine of life . . . it chokes me to think of them. Would you like me to come out there and cry? It would not beseem my white head.

"Good-by—I drink to you all. Have a good time—and take an old man's blessing."

And so you see, like all of us, he could be inconsistent. That warm, affectionate, nostalgic message was written in the heart of his pessimistic eclipse. Then how to account for this?

Doubtless one can shake loose from a creed; but the seed planted in us during childhood lurks and bides its hour. Soon or late, it will sprout in some fashion. Shall we suppose that monstrous, inhuman Calvinism has something to do with what happened to Mark Twain's gay, electric, adventurous spirit; that his New England blood and the vengeful God he had said his childish prayers to, fermented? We know that in the article in which his conscience takes shape outside him and he chases and vainly tries to catch it, he tells it that if he could he would give it to a yellow dog. Is that an indication? We know that he saw straight, thought straight, spoke out; that when an ugly truth stared him in the face he didn't shut his eyes—a rare thing with Americans. How could he witness the death of the rough, heroic Lincoln era, the birth of our many-headed greed, the quality of our congressmen of whom he never speaks without contempt, and not feel that at this point in our growth we were like certain apples which rot while they are still green? Moreover, he came late to his knowledge and realization of history—empire after empire fallen, faith after faith turned to mythology. This realization can tear a man's illusions up by the roots; not every nature

is able to withstand the shock; Mark Twain's *The Mysterious Stranger* is a tale by one in the bottomless pit of pessimism. We know also that he had been mortally wounded by grief; and perhaps illness played a part. I think these several reasons combined are more likely to have evoked in him his hostile gloom than the single explanation advanced by Mr. Van Wyck Brooks. Well, Mark Twain and his literary kin were the direct product of a buoyant epoch, just as the rout of the Persians at Salamis produced the age of Pericles. I believe that what set in after our Civil War accounts for the change in this glowing spirit. . . .

Read again, if you will, as I have, that chapter in Mr. Albert Bigelow Paine's admirable biography, where Clemens at sixty-seven returns to Hannibal and goes over all the old playgrounds and swimming places with the old men, the playmates who in the days of the Lincoln era had been Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn. You will be deeply moved, I think; and you will see how alive were warmth and affection in that emotional spirit; and you will wish that no cup of bitterness had ever touched his lips. For among all our writers he is not only the most interesting figure, but also the best beloved.





THE TWILIGHT OF NATIONAL PLANNING

BY DAVID CUSHMAN COYLE

FOR two years Washington has been full of sincere and intelligent men and women trying to plan, and there is not much sign of utopia yet. The advocates of national planning, which was to be the road out of chaos, have some explaining to do.

If you ask one of the original national planning enthusiasts what is wrong with the New Deal he usually answers that it hasn't been doing what *he* would call planning. That answer is too simple. The fact is that Americans who had hopes of promoting one kind or another of national planning were themselves in a confusion about what planning is and what it can do. The New Deal Administration, in tackling its various emergency jobs, was subject to the pressure of various groups who thought somewhat prematurely that they had plans that were plans.

The Russians confused some people with their grandiose Five Year Plan. From a distance Russia looked neat and orderly. The liberals who prided themselves on not being prejudiced were fascinated with the idea of an Economic General Staff that would collect all the facts and would arrange all our productive activities into a rational pattern. That was one side of the picture. On the other side were the hard-boiled captains of industry who had ideas of their own about how to arrange the rest of us into a well disciplined system with themselves as

owners and directors. The American Federation of Labor had similar ideas in its own field. And the ordinary folk who had no axes to grind, seeing all the world at sixes and sevens, had to admit that there ought to be a law. All these conflicting elements naturally influenced the New Deal.

Order, we were taught in Sunday School, is Heaven's first law; and with timbrel and with harp the people marched singing into the heaven of the NRA, while tailors by their companies and the stockbrokers by their companies strode down Fifth Avenue behind the Ark of God. Well, after all the singing and dancing the NRA turned out not to be Heaven.

The fact is that people who are not engineers—and some who are—sometimes overlook the limitations of engineering planning. Engineering is a special sort of human activity, quite all right in its own field, but not suitable for all occasions. Engineering is the application of material laws that are so well established that one may count on results. Bridges and skyscrapers usually stand up, a characteristic not so commonly observed in financial structures.

The kind of job that can be done in an engineering way has to have certain features that are not found in all human affairs. The objective has to be simple and universally accepted. The objective of Boulder Dam is to stop the Colorado River. The decision is

made, the job is there; whether to change the structure at mid-height into a community theater is not a question that need bother anyone. Other human projects lack such simplicity.

The second necessary feature of an engineering job is that the technical process of building must be within the range of human knowledge. We do not know everything about the chemistry of cement, but we know enough to build a dam that is almost certain to stay put. When the engineers have made their computations and checked their figures, they are as right as mortal man can be. Fallible man can speak with authority about a simple matter like the size of a steel girder, and he will be correct almost every time. On the other hand, the right to declare what no layman dare question is not vouchsafed to economists and financial experts in their fields. Economic structures usually fall down, indicating that the technical problems are not within the range of existing knowledge, or that the experts are overrated, or both.

Having, to begin with, a simple unquestionable objective, and, to go on with, a set of drawings and specifications that cannot be seriously questioned by the unlearned, the engineers can demand that the work be done just so. Everybody on the job must work according to the plans. Regimentation is complete. The workers may not vote about how much cement is to go into a batch of concrete. Any worker who cannot or will not follow the plans within the prescribed limits of tolerance must be eliminated. The third requirement of an engineering job is, therefore, that a practically perfect means of enforcing discipline must be available.

In order to do an engineering job there ought to be surrounding the work a comparatively large area of unplanned economic action. There

should be a place from which workers can be drawn, and when a worker is fired he should vanish from the job and from the payroll. In the absence of such a free reservoir, discipline cannot be maintained without corporal punishment, as with slave labor. In any case, discipline is essential or the job will fail.

An engineering operation, then, requires the final adoption of a simple physical objective, the existence of adequate technical knowledge to formulate a final positive program of action and some means of regimenting all the people on the job without overpassing the socially permitted methods of discipline. Engineering operations are successfully carried through under these limitations in all civilized countries. There is nothing unusual, tyrannical, or illogical in these commonplace activities of man the builder.

But when the engineering type of planning is applied to a whole nation, that is something else. In the first place, nation-wide objectives that are simple and unquestionable are few. We can all agree on trying to prevent automobile accidents, and a widespread system of traffic lights is quite practical. But how about the killing of little pigs? How about hours and wage rates? True, we must have national objectives in these controversial fields, but they lack the simplicity that the engineer requires, and they cannot be successfully pursued by strictly engineering methods.

In the second place, most of our national objectives, such as peace and prosperity, are to be attained, if at all, by actions that cannot be figured out on a slide rule. Human behavior may be a purely mechanical reaction to stimuli or it may not; but that is an academic question. Nobody knows how to solve the formula by mathematics. Mr. Einstein guides the stars in their courses; but he would boggle

at the job of keeping a movie star out of the divorce courts, and even more at bringing order into a whole social system by differential equations and tensor calculus.

Even in purely engineering construction there is such a thing as too much complexity. Public works that are simple in an empty country in an early stage of development, as they become larger and more numerous begin to overlap and interfere with one another. The mass of pipes and conduits under a New York street illustrates this sort of situation. Finally there comes a time when the interrelations are beyond human comprehension and any little accident can set off a whole train of disasters. Plans for avoiding over-complexity are a most necessary part of any advanced course in the theory of planning.

Meanwhile the example of the physical sciences has corrupted the arts of economics and sociology. Merely because a few billion dancing molecules can be described by a mathematical formula, and their behavior predicted within certain limits, the illusion has arisen that the economic and social behavior of man can be treated likewise. A pseudo-science is one which collects a series of verifiable facts, such as bumps on the skull, and derives conclusions therefrom that have nothing to do with the case. The value of a statistical collection of facts can be easily exaggerated. There are too many other loose facts that failed to get into the collection. This is a big world, and a pailful of small facts has no more scarcity value than a pailful of sand on the beach. Hence the pseudo-scientific aroma of economics and sociology as currently practiced. Nobody but God can possibly know enough to design a social or an economic order in the way in which an engineer designs a bridge. We need social and economic plans, but they

will not be engineering plans; they will be more like the plans of an author starting to write a play, or of a young married couple starting to bring up three children. A bit of clear thinking on this distinction will save us some grief.

In the third place, the engineering technic, when applied to a whole nation, presents problems of discipline that are hard to solve. In order to present the illusion of a unanimous objective in a really controversial field, those who do not agree with the objective have to be "liquidated." In order to avoid just criticism of the methods used to attain the objective, all the significant factors would have to be recognized simultaneously and worked into a rational pattern. That being impossible, the dictator has to censor the press and suppress his critics, depriving himself of the advice of all but timid souls and yes-men. In order to get the complete regimentation that engineering operation requires all the incompatible personalities must be banished or imprisoned or killed. The effect is to reduce the average intelligence of the people; and if they are a vital race, the people tend finally to destroy the dictator. The picture of a social order where general regimentation is attempted is visible in Russia, Germany, and Italy. Americans, as a rule, are not receptive to it as an ideal national picture.

Perfectly planned engineering societies are found among the ants and bees. There the communistic or technocratic ideal has been attained. The objective has become simple by omitting everything that makes life interesting; the technic is perfect for the same reason; and discipline is complete. Neatness and efficiency reign supreme. The king and queen have a minimum of connubial bliss and a maximum of progeny; everybody else is a psychotic maiden aunt with a bad

temper. Humanity is not likely to attain any such perfect state in our day; and even as an ideal it seems to lack something. We need national planning, but we need some kind of plan that will not make us give up the idea of enjoying ourselves, at least once in a while.

This does not mean, of course, that planning of the engineering variety must be wholly abandoned. Not only construction, but such projects as traffic control, sanitation, and quarantine are adapted to an engineering treatment, and they are in fact so treated. It means only that we must make a clear distinction between social planning and engineering planning. The social plan is the general type; engineering plans are on a lower and more special plane, often forming parts of some general social program.

The moral is that engineering and other forms of planning occur together, with considerable overlapping and some borderline cases, the requirements for success being two: the regimentation must come only at points where the people will tolerate discipline, and the results must be good enough to win the next election. Engineering technic is too limited in its scope to cover social and economic planning as a whole in a country like our own.

II

What, then, is social planning if it is not a matter of fact-finding, computation, blue prints, and regimentation? Social planning is just what we have been doing since the First Congress, only now we need to do it more and better. In the First Congress Alexander Hamilton proposed a plan to free the United States from industrial dependence on England. He did not propose to build factories, hire managers, and meet a prescribed production schedule in the Russian manner.

He proposed to set up influences that would cause factories to spring up during the succeeding century, to manufacture goods not yet invented in Hamilton's day and, therefore, quite unplanable. Hamilton's plan was to levy a protective tariff, and to pay off at par the depreciated bonds held by speculators. It was a plan to cause money imperceptibly to flow from the pockets of the poor to the hands of the rich, to encourage forced economy and the accumulation of capital, so badly needed in a new country. Quite apart from any opinion one may have of the morality of this procedure, it was an economic plan to cause factories to appear in America, and it worked.

Other national plans came along from time to time. The land settlement acts were plans for promoting the rapid occupation of our Western territory, for avoiding bonus demands by veterans, and for draining off the unemployed. In the light of present knowledge, the acts were not well conceived nor eminently successful, but they worked more or less and the West did get settled. The anti-trust laws were plans for protecting little business against big business. They failed to reach the controls of big business, and so they were not much of a success. The job now has to be tackled on a more fundamental plane, by putting brakes on high finance and by making the environment unhealthy for private monopolies. The immigration laws were a plan to control the quantity of cheap labor and the racial composition of our population. Taxation is usually a plan not only for raising money, but also for changing the distribution of income or effecting some other social purpose. Sales taxes are plans for soaking the poor, income taxes for soaking the well-to-do, and liquor taxes for soaking the soaks.

The United States has developed a whole series of national plans, some

quite successful, others either so-so or flat failures. Of those that failed, some were ill conceived, with perhaps an insufficient vision of the future of the country or with too little imagination as to secondary effects. Others failed because too much discipline was attempted on jobs that were not properly in the engineering field. The characteristic of a successful non-engineering plan is the application of suitable influences that will make the people naturally do the desired things with a minimum of telling them what to do. The tariff is actually enforced on only a small group of importers and travelers; the great bulk of the people pay over their money to the manufacturers without knowing anything about it. Income taxes are levied only once a year, but every day everybody's job and daily life are influenced by the economic effect of the tax laws.

Prohibition failed by too much nagging, and so did the NRA. The NRA failed also because it was an engineering plan with an objective that looked simple but wasn't, and a procedure that looked as if it could be scientific but turned out to be beyond human intelligence. In the beginning the NRA had too many parents. The Chamber of Commerce wanted to get rid of the anti-trust laws. Back of this desire was a more or less honest belief that price-fixing and production control would be a good thing. Apparently the tycoons had never learned that any large and effective abolition of the law of supply and demand would make the capitalist system unworkable. Also there may have been a few who recognized in advance that a system of Federal codes would open up chances for racketeering at the expense of the less influential members of the industry.

Another influence was the share-the-misery movement, a relic of the previous regime, by which the poor were to

be allowed to shoulder the burden of relief by dividing their jobs with the unemployed. The New Dealers aimed to take the curse off this magnanimous scheme by forcing a rise in wage rates. The objective was to raise the total income of the workers as a group, so that their greater purchasing power would support a larger volume of business, "and so go on from day to day, getting a little fatter." This theory derived mostly from the labor unions, long accustomed to fighting for shorter hours and higher wages for themselves, regardless of the effect on their fellow-workers or on the unemployed. Few persons recognized at the time that a forced rise in wage rates would cause either more unemployment or higher prices or both, with little or no increase in total buying power. The fact is that the only way to redistribute income is to take it from where it is and put it where it isn't, which means taking it not from employers as such but from all those persons who have more income than they will spend.

Finally, the American Federation of Labor hopped on the wagon with a clause for forcing the growth of labor unions, an irrelevant matter of great interest to themselves but only a source of confusion in the more vital struggle to rearrange the economic machinery so that it would not jam.

With this combination of incompatible objectives and lack of clear thought about procedure, in an atmosphere favorable to an extension of engineering planning beyond its proper field, the Blue Eagle was born.

When, in a complicated situation, human beings try to do something that the laws of nature will not allow they run into a typical set of troubles. Each immediate problem solved leads to two more problems worse than the first one. Men who worked in NRA called this phenomenon the "hydra."

It was a noticeable feature of the life of that unhappy institution, and indicated that something serious was wrong with its works. What was wrong with it was that in the attempt to cram the recovery problem inside the limits of mere engineering procedure, the factors were simplified by omitting thought and going in entirely for action. Social-economic planning is too big a problem for that kind of a framework. The United States is too large and complicated to be put down in lists and arranged in schedules.

III

Any American citizen is free to have his own ideas about what kind of a plan we ought to adopt now. The following outline is only a personal opinion, but it can at least be taken as an illustration of a reasonable method of hunting for plans that are possible and applicable to a democratic society.

The essential national objectives can be simply stated, although they are themselves highly complex. First of all, we want present relief from large-scale unemployment. We want everybody who is employable to have an income derived from a self-respecting job. This is our first and most vital need. It sounds as simple and obvious as wanting to build a bridge across the Hudson River, but it is not. Some rather intelligent people have been racking their brains about what they mean by a self-respecting job for everybody.

In the second place, we want some degree of personal security against the accidents of life—illness, unemployment, and especially old age. We used to think that each man ought to provide security by saving up for himself and his family; but that was in the good old days when everybody included only the people whom one could invite to the house. More re-

cently, however, we have been obliged to think about the fact that business cannot go on unless the people who never read HARPER's are also allowed to be secure. And that raises some pretty problems. If every person in the United States could have a modest little nest egg of ten thousand dollars invested in conservative bonds, the business world and the government would have to be in debt a total of one and a quarter trillion dollars, which seems quite a bit, even in these days. No, we want a modest degree of security without having to buy a lot of things that look like investments but turn out not to be.

In the third place, we want to get the benefits of this technology we hear so much about. If it is true—and it is—that we have the power to produce a lot of goods and services with a small amount of work, we should like to go ahead and do it. When one of the big stuffed shirts makes a speech about how we must look forward to a "subsistence" standard of living because we have built so much machinery it strikes us that somebody must be a bit off. We do not want to solve the problem of plenty by retreating from technology and avoiding plenty, but by having plenty and using it.

In the fourth place, we want all the freedom we can get. If we are potentially as rich as the engineers say we are, that ought to give us more scope, not less. Anyhow, we do not admire yes-men, even though we are forced to be yes-men ourselves. We crowd into the few occupations that seem to offer economic freedom—chicken farming, tea-room operating, and retail selling—even in face of terrific losses, or we submit to the regimentation of Big Business, longing for the day when we can tell the big cheese where to get off. The American people came here because they were sick of being bossed by the government or the old man or the

wife or the established church, and they still feel that way. The United States is not a particularly good field for a communist or a fascist experiment. The average American still thinks in laissez-faire terms so far as his daily life is concerned. Any kind of plan that he will accept must be capable of getting results without subjecting him to too many rules.

All these objectives are close to our hearts. If they conflict at some points, they will have to be adjusted somehow, because we shall never be satisfied to give up any one of them entirely.

So much for what we want. Now, what keeps us away from our hearts' desire? Most fundamental, though not most apparent, is the fact that in good times we build more machinery and more skyscrapers and more oil wells and above all, more debts, than we can use. So we lose our investments, business collapses, and then we lose our jobs, and business collapses still more. If we could save less and spend more, there would be less machinery and more market for the products of the machinery. Our investments would be good and our jobs likewise.

The sort of plan which I propose would attempt to promote a more practical allocation of the national income between spending and saving. It would accomplish this not by drawing up precise and infuriating rules as to what people should do with their money, but by using the going powers of the government to bring about the desired result with as little dictation and engineering planning as possible—by shifting the relative emphasis in our established system of taxation and appropriation. In order to cut down savings among the larger incomes we need income and inheritance taxes, or similar measures, that will draw off surplus income and surplus wealth, and convert the money to spending

through the Federal budget. A tax setup that would put a premium on "contributions" would accomplish the same thing. In order to cut down savings among the smaller incomes we need old-age pensions and similar security measures (on a more adequate scale than those proposed in the present bill), that will free the mass of people from the pathetic and hopeless struggle to save for a rainy day in a world where excessive saving causes rain.

The "redistribution of income" is an objective only in a subordinate sense. If money is taken from the rich by taxes and given to the poor by old-age pensions, the effect will be to reduce savings and increase spending; because the poor spend all of their incomes and the rich spend only part of theirs. But we must not fool ourselves with the idea that the poor can be made noticeably richer just by distributing the wealth of the rich. The rich are not as rich as that. The effect is more indirect. If the national income can be more evenly distributed, more money will be spent, more people will be employed, more wealth will be created by labor, and the total national income will be larger. The poor will be made richer mainly from the wealth created by avoiding forced idleness. Any man who had now what we have lost by not working in the last five years could buy the whole United States as it stands to-day. We should plan to redistribute income, therefore, not with the idea that the present national income of four hundred and fifty dollars per capita would make us all rich, but because a better-distributed income might easily be doubled or tripled.

Another obstacle to the fulfillment of our national desires is the extreme instability of the money system. The financial world has had the privilege of inflating and deflating our money

for private reasons and without any general control or plan, by manipulating stock prices and bank credit. This arrangement was called "sound money," and it had the unpleasant habit of getting into a runaway inflation every so often. We shall need a practical plan to control the volume of money, the first stage of which is the Federal Reserve System, and the second the Eccles banking bill in its original form. Other stages will have to come later. The conservatives who are worried about keeping Congress in order are only half enough worried. This country needs a plan for tying Congress to one mast and Wall Street to another while the sirens sing on every rock.

Another obstacle to national prosperity is the growth of price-fixing and production control. These devices, though enticing to the individual big business man, destroy the elasticity of the market and the self-adjusting power of the capitalist system. A system without a large free market cannot adjust itself and has to be run by the Government or it cannot run at all. Price-fixing and production control, in small quantities, are not fatal to capitalism, but in large quantities they are practicable only in the communist state. But the American people do not want a communist state and yet they want business to get to work. We need plans for cutting down the amount of price and production control to the proportion that a capitalist system can stand without getting out of gear. Some big businesses which are inevitably monopolies or near-monopolies by nature will probably have to be taken out of the system entirely and turned over to the Government. Others have no necessary technical reason for being big, but were consolidated by bankers and promoters merely for milking purposes. They will need to be gradually elimi-

nated, by the effect of income taxes and by measures such as graduated taxation in proportion to size, and their places taken by smaller concerns. Some, finally, cannot be split up and may not be conveniently taken over by the Government. They can be tolerated as they are if there are not too many of them. The idea that we could handle price-fixing merely by code-making turned out to be too simple. We need to go at it indirectly and in the fear of God, but with a more general recognition that the price of free initiative is free prices.

The technical reasons for the measures that I have mentioned are too complicated for discussion in a magazine article on a different subject. I have spoken of them only as possible illustrations of a specific form of political action. What I am trying to do is not to argue for the validity of these particular measures so much as to show the difference between social planning effected by measures of this type, and the crude "national planning" that was talked of in 1930, conceived as a General Staff solemnly deciding about one million bushels of turnips, three Mae West pictures, and one Ph.D. thesis on the distribution of Greek fibulæ. If the people have money to chink they will decide about such things as they go along. Plans of the type which I have mentioned are less definite in detail but more potent in effect. They call for a minimum of daily discipline. Most of them the ordinary citizen would never feel or know about; the effect upon him would be merely that he would have a job at good wages.

They are like hormones in the blood. The thyroid gland does not attempt to crawl around the body, poking and patting the cells into their places. It controls by a subtle chemical added to the fluid in which the cells are bathed. Influenced by this factor, the cells de-

velop in one way more freely than in another and the whole body is formed or deformed accordingly. The New Deal, after passing through its first emergency stages, is now struggling with the beginnings of the environmental or hormone type of plan. Several of this year's measures are of this type. The full development of a body of liberal national plans is a long job, with years of national discussion ahead of it.

IV

Planning in any organized activity occurs on a number of different levels. Engineering plans start with an agreed physical objective, such as damming the Colorado, and step down through surveys, computations, blueprints, schedules, and organization to the physical work on the job itself. Above the top level of such plans is the plane where policies are formed. On this higher plane are considered such abstractions as economic resources, general technology, population trends, economic desires, the distribution of economic power, and the state of political control. This is the level where argument goes on as to whether it will pay to build the Norris Dam, whether Manhattan is going to grow or shrink, and who ought to pay the taxes. On this level one takes a wide but somewhat vague view over the country as a whole, and attempts to understand how things are moving and how they are likely to move. The number of facts within the view exceeds the possible comprehension of any man, although the outline of certain groups of facts, such as the wheat surplus or soil erosion, may be quite clear. Since nobody is able to know all the important facts in so large a scene, there is room for difference of opinion. On this level of planning rage the storms of political and economic controversy. The idea that on the level of po-

litical planning there can be precise factual data and mathematical determination is an illusion. Research experts, especially in Washington, are often heard to say that after they shall have collected the facts then the Administration can decide upon a policy for action, growing out of the facts. But the experts overvalue their facts. The policies grow not from the facts discernible in research statistics but from the picture made by great groups of facts, their relations to other groups, the desire of the people, and the necessity for winning the next election. Most of the disappointments of Government, including those of Mr. Hoover and those of the New Deal, have been due to a hasty narrowing of the wide view, premature concern with small facts, and consequent failure of orientation and co-ordination. This phenomenon, sometimes called statistical narcosis, is a commonplace in Washington at all times. We need more large vague political argument, not less.

Other, and often more serious, errors of Government are due to failure to reach into the topmost plane of national planning, an ethereal stratosphere of high abstractions that are difficult and far-off but real. Above all our political and economic arguments, in each of our minds there floats our own conception of what is the national destiny. The American dream is better dealt with by poets than by engineers, and yet there is more affinity between poets and engineers than one might think. America was built of dreams, and engineers and similar hard-boiled persons built it. The dream, the national ideal, in all our minds determines what pictures we shall see as we look across our broad country and formulate our desires. Out of our desires grow little definite projects for roads and cities, and these projects the builders seize upon and

build. If we have no national dream, but only our own personal ends to pursue, then the vitality that built our country is dead and what happens to America is of no consequence. Where there is no vision, the will of the people has no meaning, and the people will surely perish, as other peoples have perished in the past.

On the highest level of planning are our feelings about the future, about class relationships, about our place among the nations, the idea of "plenty" and our cultural ideal. On this level we form our ideas of good and bad, of what is fit for America and what is not. Here are no statistics, no "facts," no measurements, but here are the springs of life. In the presence of these high abstractions the "practical" man is ill at ease; this is all very nice, but he must get back to the job. He scurries quickly down to the comfortable level where he can bury his head in statistics and forget these vague abstractions. That is the reason why so many political decisions turn out to have been foolish, and on a still lower level it is why so many well-executed public and private works turn out to be useless.

Those who are fascinated by the hope of a mechanically planned society are thinking only on the lower levels of social planning. Only on the lower levels are the pertinent facts and the relevant natural laws so few and simple that a rational plan can be made and an effective discipline enforced. The conservatives who hope to control industrial production from New York, and the radicals who hope to control it from Washington, are not unaware of the more abstract levels of thought; only they do not see any necessity for going there. "They have a book already." The conservative already knows all about supply and demand, technology, business cycles, and how to treat agitators. Why go and look it up all over again? The radical knows

all about it too—is it not all set forth in Karl Marx? If the world changes, neither the conservative nor the Marxian will ever find it out. Similarly, each knows the national destiny; why go into all that? Knowing it all, they can leave out any future observation or thinking on the higher levels and can view without qualms a disciplined order, plutocratic or communist, as the case may be.

But the real world is a changing world, and the modern world of high technology is changing faster than any life process previously seen on earth. The truth once for all delivered to Andrew Mellon or Karl Marx is only for a day. We need freedom round the edges of our little engineering plans, not only because it will save a lot of shooting, but because we need free thought and free discussion of the abstract preconceptions of our national life. We need prophets and poets, demagogues and fools; for among them will be found occasional men of vision, and by vision alone can we have any chance to be saved.

In a rapidly changing world the most vital—and most difficult—element of planning is to hold clearly an ideal sense of social destiny that will incarnate itself in history. Such a vision our fathers had when they crossed the ocean, and drove their covered wagons westward; and we now must have the vision of a country where the ample national wealth is used to promote the health and happiness of all our people. For that dream, like the dream of the pioneers, is within reach, and to dream of that which we can attain is the secret of national greatness.

Under our ideal of our national destiny, the great plans will be plans for arranging our institutions so that we, with our American temperament, our faults and virtues, living within those institutions, will go strongly forward toward our destiny. The great plans

are not plans for regimenting the people and making them brush their teeth and put on their rubbers. They are policy plans that will make it easier to work in ways that are good for the national prosperity. They are not plans for fencing us in but for making roads to where we want to go. On the great questions of national policy, argued and developed through the years, we shall express our national political genius, if we have any.

Only as the instruments and supplements of these plans of high policy come the great and small engineering projects for improving the condition of the country. Public works in all their details—the Tennessee Valley, soil-erosion control, the CCC, rural elec-

trification, the resettlement of stranded populations—all these are not the solution of our economic problem but small parts of a solution which happen to be capable of detailed administration with blueprints.

National planning has got a bad name because the conception has been too small to meet the need of the nation. But now we are approaching a larger kind of planning. We may hope that this country will fight out the great conflicts of interest that underlie the crisis, and will determine the broad lines of policy that will make our history. The twilight of peanut planning may prove to be the dawn of the great plans of a nation on the threshold of a great destiny.

EVENING PRAYER

BY JOSEPHINE JOHNSON

THE air was palpable with gold
 Too brimming for the sky to hold
 As burnished oak leaves, one by one,
 Held up a mirror to the sun.
 The birds above the fountain rim
 Were cherubim and seraphim
 Lifting translucent wings in flight
 Against the radiance of light.
 No smallest whisper seemed to stir
 The invisible threads of gossamer
 Laid on the lawn, yet rainbows ran
 Shimmering, from span to span.
 Midges and gnats with rise and fall
 Moved to an ancient ritual
 In gauzy dance. O King of Kings
 It was the hour of humble things!
 The small sweet clover, magnified,
 Beheld the Bridegroom, was the Bride,
 And every lowly plantain head
 Was haloed by the glory spread!

Then, lifting high each shining sword,
 The grass stood up and praised the Lord!



HIRAM STEVENS MAXIM: PARENT

BY HIRAM PERCY MAXIM

PART II.—MESMERIZING A CHICKEN—THE SEEDY ONE AND THE MUSIC BOX—
WHIPPING PERCY—BEAN-BLOWING AND THE BROOKLYN
POLICEMAN—BEAN-BLOWING IN LONDON

This is the second of two installments of recollections written by the inventor of the Maxim silencer, to suggest what sort of a parent was his father, Sir Hiram Stevens Maxim, the inventor of the Maxim gun.
—The Editors

WE MOVED to Fanwood, New Jersey, in the spring of 1875. My father came out from New York each Saturday afternoon and remained with us until Monday morning. It was very much "out in the country" for us. It seems to me as I look back upon it that our house was miles out from the railroad station; but my Uncle Frank and I walked the distance many times, so in reality I suppose it was half a mile or less. We had a horse and carriage, a barn, a pig, some chickens, a cow, a garden, a blackberry patch, and a hired man. My sixth birthday was on September 2, 1875, and my birthday present was to be taken to school for the first time. This enables me to establish the date of the incidents I am about to describe, and my own age.

One Sunday morning in Fanwood my father made the startling announcement that he was going to hypnotize a chicken. He had been reading about it in a scientific paper. I had not the remotest idea what hypnotize meant, and when I asked him what it meant he said, "You know—sort of mesmerize him." The trouble with this explanation was that I did not know what "mesmerize" meant. I was just as

much at sea as ever. However, I knew it would be interesting, whatever it was, and I determined to be on hand.

He said that he would need some chalk and a chicken, and that, considering Mamma's way of regarding matters of this sort, we had better perform the operation out in the barn. He asked me if I knew where we could find a piece of chalk. I remembered seeing a piece in a box containing some nails in the barn, and we both went out to get it. The box was not where I expected to find it but, looking round, I spied it on a beam. He reached up, brought it down and, sure enough, there was the chalk in it just as I had said it would be. He was immensely amused and gave me that funny little look which I had grown to know meant that he thought I was very smart. I used to treasure those little looks, for he was not easy to please.

Then we cleared away a place on the barn floor. I could see that the hypnotizing operation was going to require a lot of space. When the barn floor was cleared up to my father's satisfaction we went out to where the chickens were. He asked my opinion about which one we had better hypno-

tize. He was very apt to ask my advice on matters of this sort, consulting me at length as though I were his equal. I have no doubt that I was very earnest and that he extracted a lot of fun out of my seriousness and the naïve answers of a child not yet six.

I experienced difficulty in forming any idea at all about which chicken to pick out because I had no notion as to whether it involved killing the chicken, or petting it or feeding it or what. After much mental fumbling, he patiently awaiting my verdict, I told him that I did not know which chicken would be best because I did not know what he was going to do. Again he said, "Oh—you know—just mesmerize it."

This got us nowhere, and one of his favorite types of conversation then ensued.

"Well, what do you do to a chicken when you do that to him?" I asked, avoiding the word because I knew I should not be able to pronounce it.

"Do what to him?"

"That thing you said."

"What I said to the chicken?" This in a surprised tone.

"No, not that. That thing that you said you were going to do to the chicken. What do you do when you do it?"

"You mean, what does the chicken do?"

"No, not the chicken. You don't understand me, Papa." Getting up very close to him this time and doing everything in my power to impress the man, I said, "What do *you* do to the chicken?"

"Oh! You mean what do *I* do?"

"Yes, to the chicken."

"What chicken?"

"The chicken you were going to do that thing to."

"That's what I say. What chicken shall we do it to?"

"Now Papa. You don't understand.

I said, "*What-are-you-going-to-do-to-the-chicken?*" Can you understand that, Papa?"

"Oh, yes, indeed. I can understand that all right. But what I am trying to find out is, do you think we better do it to a hen or a rooster?"

This did not help any. I still did not know what it was he was contemplating doing, and until I knew, I could not decide between a hen and a rooster.

"What is it you have to do?" I ventured once more.

"Who? Me or the chicken?"

I said, "*What-is-it-you-have-to-do-to-the-chicken?*"

"I don't *have* to do anything to the chicken. Do you?"

At about this stage of one of these cross-purpose discussions I would be right up under his nose in my efforts to get him to understand; for not only was I an easy mark, but I was the personification of seriousness. Probably he would get where he no longer could contain himself, for he would break the combination by taking some entirely new slant. He selected a rooster without more ado and told me to chase him, to chase him slowly, not to catch him, but to keep running him until he told me to stop. This was nothing less than a gift from heaven, for I was strictly forbidden to chase the chickens and it was something I dearly loved to do. Here I was being sent to do it!

I selected the rooster which he had pointed out and started. This rooster was completely surprised. At first he was very spry as well as thoroughly astonished. After a few minutes his wind gave out. I kept steadily after him, in and out and around, and it was as plain as anything could be that he was utterly at a loss to understand what in the world had suddenly happened. I clearly recall how he waddled from side to side as he became more and more tired and winded.

When he began to show signs of becoming groggy and to droop his wings and waddle very badly indeed, my father called to me that that would be enough. He then caught the rooster; in the later's exhausted condition this was easy to do.

Carrying him into the barn, he sat him down on the barn floor, pushed his head down so that his beak was close to the floor and placed the chalk directly in front of his beak. Moving the white chalk back and forth a bit to attract the bird's attention, my father held the creature motionless a moment and then slowly drew a broad white mark on the barn floor straight out from the rooster's beak. When the mark was about a foot and a half long he stopped. Then he arose, walked around and waved his arms, as though to shoo the rooster away; but the creature never moved. He remained absolutely motionless, squatted down, staring at the chalk mark and completely mesmerized.

My father was delighted. He explained to me that the chicken was hypnotized or mesmerized and would remain in that condition for several minutes. He wanted to see how long the bird would remain mesmerized, so we sat down and watched it. I imagine we sat there something like three minutes, when the rooster seemed to awaken from a sleep. He raised his head, looked round, appeared to be surprised at his surroundings, gave a violent flap with his wings, and ran out of the barn. Once out of the barn he hurried indignantly away.

II

There came a time, probably in the fall of the year, when our pig must be slaughtered and dressed. It was a very important occasion, and I recall that it was the cause of much discussion. We were city people and, except

for my father, I suspect that we were a bit wanting when it came to farm technic. Looking back at it, I think the harrowing details of the slaughtering must have been kept from me. I seem to have no memory of anything connected with the passing of our pig until the poorer neighbors began coming for parts of him. It must have been the custom to give to the poorer people those parts of a pig which a family such as ours would not be expected to need. I remember that there were people coming every day and that my soft-hearted mother gave them the feet, the head, the hide, the liver, and all the other things which a pig provides and which a family such as ours was expected to give away.

One Sunday morning a very seedy and disreputable-looking man walked up to the front piazza on which my father and I were talking. The Seedy One asked my father if he had given his soul to God. My father, not understanding him, and thinking that he was another applicant for part of the pig, replied, "I don't know. I'll ask my wife."

This seemed to surprise the Seedy One, but my father arose, went into the house, and calling to my mother who was upstairs, said, "Oh Jane. There's a man down here asking for part of the pig."

My mother, probably very busy with the baby, replied that we had given everything that we had to give and had no more. My father returned to the man and told him he was sorry, but that we had nothing more left to give away; what we had left we should like to keep for ourselves.

This appeared to surprise the Seedy One more than ever. He did not seem to be able to comprehend, and the two men stared at each other, each wondering what was the matter with the other. I suspected trouble right away, for whenever a situation such as this arose

with my father there was always trouble. Finally the man, mumbling in a very stupid fashion, repeated his original query. His delivery was very bad indeed and my father missed it again. Stepping down a step on the piazza stoop in order to be nearer, and turning his head to one side so that one ear would be pointing directly at the Seedy One, he said very energetically, "What's that?"

This seemed to intimidate the Seedy One. He became tongue-tied for a moment during which the two men stared at each other in puzzlement. Finally the Seedy One found his voice and repeated, "Have you given your soul to God this beautiful Sabbath morning?"

My father got it right this time. Snapping his head round, he stared very hard at the Seedy One a moment, then casting his glance about as though seeking some one from whom he might ask advice, he returned his gaze to the Seedy One.

"You want to know if I have given my soul to God?" he repeated.

"Yes," answered the Seedy One, waving his arms to take in the smiling landscape, and continuing, "on this beautiful Sabbath morning."

All this had offered time for my father to gather his wits. He now proceeded in his characteristic manner. Turning abruptly to me he said, "Percy, this man wants to know if we have given our souls to God this beautiful Sabbath morning. Have you given yours?" I had no very clear idea as to what was meant by a soul, but since I was positive that I had not given anything away since I got up that morning, I shook my head in the negative. I knew my father's methods and I was becoming concerned and very self-conscious. Turning to the Seedy One, he said, "My son here says he has not given his." Turning again to me, he asked, "Do you happen to remember whether

your Mother gave her soul to God this morning?" This time I knew that I must speak, so I said, "I don't think she did, Papa."

Turning to the Seedy One as though disappointed, he said, "I don't think any of us have, Mister."

This liberal point of view on the part of my father threw the Seedy One into complete confusion. He was some sort of a poor miserable religious tramp looking for a dime or a quarter, probably dull-witted to begin with, and utterly incapable of carrying on with my nimble-witted father. I imagine that he suggested to my father that he come up on the piazza and pray. My father thought this a good idea, so he asked him up and offered him a chair. There was some conversation which I do not remember, after which the Seedy One started to get down on his knees.

"Hold on!" my father exclaimed. "Before you begin praying let's find out what the chances are that your prayers will be answered. Have you done much praying? Have you ever prayed before in your life?"

This shocked the Seedy One. It was as plain as the nose on his miserable face that he spent most of his waking hours praying. Even I guessed that had he spent a little less time praying and a little more time working he would not look so miserable and seedy.

"Well, are your prayers any good? Do they work? Have they any pulling power?"

This knocked the Seedy One speechless again for several moments. He probably never had met anyone like my father in all his life, and all he could do was to mumble.

"If your prayers will work, and if they will bring you anything you ask for, I am interested, because there are a lot of things I want," continued my father.

The Seedy One mumbled something

about the beautiful Sabbath morning, the value of prayer, and a lot more which my father could not hear. I wondered how this thing was going to end.

Returning to his point, my father asked him if he had ever tried praying for a new suit of clothes. But he did not seem to have thought to pray for a new suit of clothes, which led my father to rebuke him.

"Now see here, Mister. If your praying never gets you anything there must be something wrong with the way you pray. I've heard a lot lately about what prayers will do if they are the right kind of prayers. If I could find somebody who had some good, sure-fire prayers that would work I would like to get some of them. Now, I tell you what, if you will get down on your knees and pray good and hard and loud, and will show results, I can get you a good job. I have a music box in the parlor and it plays ten tunes if I wind it up tightly. Now, Mister, if you will pray to have the music box stopped, and it stops, then I shall know that you know how to pray and that your brand of prayers is a good brand. What do you say?"

The Seedy One did not know what to say. He was not mentally competent to do much more than mumble a lot of meaningless words; but he could do this mumbling. Any one could see that he had no idea of the proposition my father had made him. All he wanted to do was to get down on his knees and mumble with the hope that ultimately he would get a dime or a quarter out of it. After a moment of painful silence my father arose, motioned the Seedy One to follow, which he did like the poor miserable sheep that he was, and I joined in. My father led the way into the parlor where he wound up our music box, making quite sure that it really was wound up to the end. Then he

started it playing. Turning to the Seedy One, he said, "Now, Mister, Here's your chance. Get down on your knees and let me see you stop this music box by prayer."

The Seedy One did not know any better or else he ached so to start praying that he did not mind what else was involved; he got down on his knees, clasped his dirty hands under his chin, cast his bleary eyes to heaven, and in the most mournful voice I had ever heard, began praying. My father took up a position back of him, winked at me, and awaited results.

The music box went on and on, pausing between tunes. These pauses would have encouraged me had I been the Seedy One. The praying went on and on, the Seedy One rolling his eyes in a positively ghastly manner so that I did not like to look at him. I listened to what he was mumbling, and as far as I could make out he seemed to make no request to have the music box stopped. I recall that it seemed to me that had I been doing the praying I should have come out clearly and flatly and asked to have the music box stopped. But this poor specimen of a man was short on ideas. He used the same phrases over and over, appearing to depend more upon a mournful tone of voice than anything else. In the meantime the music box raced methodically on. Every time it came to the end of a tune and paused, my heart stopped beating, wondering if it were going to start the next tune. The strain was terrible to me. When it finished the ninth tune there seemed to be an especially long pause and I became very tense indeed. I think my father was going through the same experience, because he paid very close attention during the pauses between tunes. But the music box began the tenth and last tune and my father announced, "This is the tenth and last tune."

At this critical moment the unexpected happened. My mother walked into the room. A look of stark surprise immediately spread over her face. Neither my father nor I had expected this contingency. I knew that now there would be a crisis. The dear lady could make neither head nor tail of the picture which presented itself. A miserable tramp was kneeling in the center of her parlor, hands clasped, rolling his eyes to heaven and praying soulfully; our music box was galloping through a gay little tune; her husband was sitting in a chair grinning from ear to ear; her son was sitting in another chair, probably staring his eyes out.

Turning to my father, my mother mouthed the words, "What's he doing?" Such a situation could not be resisted by my father. Mouthing his answer in imitation of my mother, he replied, "*Praying.*" If anything was evident it was certainly that the man was praying. This got my mother nowhere at all, which was what my father intended.

"Who is he?" mouthed my mother.

Shrugging his shoulders and holding upward the palms of both hands, he mouthed back, "I don't know."

My mother was not getting ahead. Poor lady, she was utterly stuck, unable to think of what to do next. She was fast becoming desperate, I could see.

"What's he praying for?" she mouthed.

"To stop the music box," he mouthed back.

"*To stop the music box!*" repeated my astonished mother to herself, looking round, more puzzled than ever. Casting desperate glances at nothing in particular, my poor little mother presented a picture of complete bewilderment which was excruciatingly funny to my father.

Tiptoeing nearer to him, she mouthed, "Make him stop." To this my father frowned and purported to

be shocked, indicating that anything such as stopping a man while he was praying was unthinkable. I could see that he conveyed the thought, "Stop a prayer! Oh my dear! Such things are simply not done!" Meanwhile the music box played gaily along and the praying was proceeding. My mother was stumped. While she was cudgeling her brains, trying to think of what steps to take, the music box stopped. It had finished playing its ten tunes.

My father, quick to grasp that the Seedy One must not be allowed to think that he had stopped the music box, jumped to his feet; tapping the Seedy One on the shoulder, he said, "That's all, Mister. The music box has finished its ten tunes. It did not stop."

The Seedy One was for not stopping either. He seemed to be having a good time listening to his own voice. My father went over to the music box, shut down the lid, and indicated that the séance was over. Reluctantly the Seedy One arose. My father said to him, "Now Mister. I have given you a good chance but you have failed. Your prayers are no good. They don't work. You go along now and hunt up some better prayers. Here's twenty-five cents to buy some dinner. You look as though you had not had a good one in a long time."

Taking him by the arm, he led him out to the piazza, started him down the steps, and wished him a good morning. As might be expected, the twenty-five cents overcame all objections and made the transaction satisfactory. Without a word and without a glance back, the Seedy One walked down the path to the road and passed out of our lives forever.

III

As I grew older it was natural that I should become more and more of a problem to my mother. My besetting

sins were teasing my sisters and breaking things in the house. (We had meanwhile moved back to Brooklyn.) My poor mother experienced greater and greater difficulty with me. Finally a day came when I did a thing which she felt was beyond her. She had a full-length pier glass in her room which extended from the floor to the ceiling, with a white marble base which extended out into the room about a foot. My little sister Florence discovered that a large glass marble would bounce beautifully off this base. One day she was bouncing it and I edged up behind her to snatch the marble while it was in the air, but I miscalculated. Instead of closing my hand upon it, I struck it with my hand and knocked it against the pier glass—and the glass broke!

It was a terrible thing to do. I had never heard of such an unfortunate accident.

I told my mother, and when she came upstairs and beheld her broken mirror she sank into a chair and wept. I was desolated. She told me that I had got beyond her control and that she would have to turn me over to Father for a good whipping; that I paid no attention to her and, as things were going, there was no living with me.

Turning me over to my father for a good whipping was a brand new idea to me. I could not remember that Father ever laid a hand upon me, except possibly once when I was very young indeed, when he tapped me gently with the tongue of his draftsman's T-square. The latter was very light and very thin and stung for a moment. It would not bruise. It is an admirable instrument for administering a little corporal punishment.

That evening after my father had come home he was led up to the broken pier glass and shown my latest and worst offense. It appeared to pros-

trate him. He sank into a chair, held his head in his hands, rocked back and forth in exquisite agony and gave other indications of being completely undone by the spectacle. He made it an extremely painful scene for me and I certainly did feel low in my mind. My mother told him that I was getting entirely out of hand and that he must give me a good whipping or I should break everything in the house, besides making them all thoroughly miserable. Father said he was too prostrated to undertake the whipping then, but that he would attend to it after supper. Supper was a doleful meal. I was in the deepest disgrace and everybody, including little Florence, was sunk in woe. The gloom pervaded everything.

After supper my father announced that he would read his paper first and when he had finished he would take up the whipping matter. I had never had a whipping. My mother had spanked me a plenty, but I did not regard that as a whipping. I wondered what it would be like to be whipped. I waited patiently until Father had finished his evening paper, sitting in a deep gloom meanwhile, but with no fear or terror. My woe was born of having broken my mother's pier glass, which she treasured.

When my father had finished his paper he arose briskly, saying, "Well, now. Come along, Percy. Let's attend to this whipping business." He led the way out into the back yard where we visited my mother's shrubs and bushes, from which a suitable whip was to be cut. Father had his pocket knife open ready to cut when he found a stalk that met the requirements. He explained to me it was necessary to find one that had just the right length and thickness and straightness. If it were too short it would not have enough spring. If it were too long it would have too much spring

and would break. If it were too thin it would be weak, whereas, if it were too thick it would bruise, which of course would not do.

We searched and searched without finding anything that just suited. I became interested in the problem and pointed out several likely looking sticks which appeared as though they might answer the exacting specifications. He discussed my selections with me, examining each one with care. After spending quite a time at it, he finally decided that the best thing to do would be to cut several and try them. He cut a long thin one, a long thick one, a middle-length one, and several other compromises. This made five whips. I was very much impressed with his technic. I could see that among all of the whips it was more likely that one would be found which would suit than if a single one were selected by guessing. I did not recognize it at the time, but I had received my first lesson in engineering research.

After all had been prepared and whittled down smooth he said, "Now come along up to my room and we will try them." He led the way to the third floor front, which was his room. He took off his coat, his collar, and necktie, and rolled up his sleeves. I was a bit concerned at this for it suggested that a whipping must be something calling for considerable activity. He laid the five whips on the bed and, taking one at a time, he smote the coverlet. The savage whirl and the succeeding whack sounded all over the house. He put real muscle into it. Before long this whip broke. He explained that he expected that this would be the case, for the stick was too thin for its length. The thick one made a fearful whirl and whack when it hit the coverlet. We rejected this one because it was evident that it would bruise. Later on I heard my mother say that

she never suffered such horrible nervous strain in all her life, listening to the savage whirl of the whip and the awful whack as it struck. She imagined my little body might be receiving these blows; but as I did not cry out and as she could hear me talking calmly afterward, she assumed that I could not be suffering very acutely. I firmly believe that most of this bed-whacking business was for my mother's benefit, as she sat downstairs trying to read.

When we had whacked the bed coverlet for a long time, testing the whips and breaking most of them, Father was far from being satisfied. He set himself down on the edge of the bed and outlined in his clear way the problem as it confronted us. Said he, "What we need is something fairly long, very strong, and yet very light. It also must be very springy. Where can we find such a thing which we could use for a whip?"

We thought and thought. By this time I was as keenly interested in the solution of the problem as though it were someone else who was to receive the whipping. The fact that I was to be the one to receive the whipping seemed to be of small moment compared with the solution of the problem. I suggested a baseball bat, but in the same breath I pointed out that it was unsuitable, although I pointed out that it would hit awful hard.

"Oh, *much* too hard," he replied. "Why, you could break a man's back with a baseball bat, and kill him." He recoiled at the suggestion of a baseball bat.

"I suppose a broomstick would be too stiff too," I ventured.

"Altogether too stiff and too heavy. It would break bones and be very dangerous."

There was a long pause here while we both thought. Then an idea occurred to me. "Gosh, Pap! I know

the very thing. That thin cane of yours." Among his walking sticks was a very thin one which I used to admire.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed. "That's a good idea. Go and fetch it."

I remember hurrying downstairs to the clothes closet in the butler's pantry where the canes and umbrellas were kept. As I ran through the reception room, being in my usual hurry, I had to pass Mother. She seemed much surprised to see me hurrying to the clothes closet. She asked me what I was after. I answered, "We're trying to find a good whip. We're going to try the thin cane."

She asked something else, but I was much too busy to stop just then and explain. She afterward said that my being in such a hurry to find a cane with which to be whipped seemed to her extraordinary.

When I returned with the thin cane my father whacked the coverlet with it with all his might. It made a particularly savage noise. My mother must have winced when she heard it. After whacking the bed coverlet until my mother was ready to fly out of her skin, Father shook his head and handed the cane to me, asking me to try it and say what I thought. I had noticed him putting a lot of "beef" into his blows, so I decided to put in all I had. Getting the best grip I could, which was difficult on account of the curved handle, I whacked the bed coverlet for all that was in me. It only made a fair noise and Father, who was engaged in playing up to my mother downstairs, feared she might not hear it. He told me to put more "beef" into it. I wiped off my hands, took a fresh grip, took careful aim, and belabored the coverlet with all my might. When my father expressed disappointment over the weight of my blows, I explained that the curved handle got in my way and that no one could hit hard with the handle where

it was. My father was not satisfied and we went into executive session again. It was quite apparent to me what we required, but we should have to do a lot of searching to find just exactly the thing.

It must have appeared this way to my father, for he finally said, "Well, I guess we shall have to give up the whipping, Percy. We can't seem to find the right whip. But anyway, you understand that you must be more careful about the house and that you must not make so much trouble for Mamma, don't you; and you will begin to-morrow morning and try to be a better boy, won't you, Percy?"

I was very deeply impressed by the way he said it. He was asking me as a favor to him and to Mamma to do something. I realized that it would be very mean indeed of me were I to fail to do as he asked. And it would be yet meaner if I did not endeavor to make things more pleasant for Mamma. I resolved to make a serious effort, so I said, "Yes, Papa. I will." And then we went downstairs and explained to Mamma that the whipping matter had to be called off. I am glad to be able to say that I kept my promise in pretty fair shape, as time proved.

IV.

One Sunday when I was a very small boy my father called to me and asked if I had noticed that every Sunday morning the policeman on the beat spent an hour or so in the areaway of the house across the street. I had noticed it and I had also noticed that the housemaid of the people opposite was involved in these Sunday morning visits. My father asked me what I imagined could be the trouble over there that they had to call the police every Sunday morning. I was old enough at the time to sense that the policeman was not there to straighten

out any trouble or to protect anybody; he was there because the housemaid was there. I had on two or three occasions heard my father use the word "sparking," although he had not realized that I had noticed it; so I suggested that perhaps the policeman was sparking the housemaid. My father was amazed at my knowledge and he repeated the word after me. "Sparking?" Naturally, the frank statement of a little boy of five that the policeman was sparking the housemaid was a bit astonishing; but children pick up new words very quickly and it always fills their elders with surprise that they so quickly know how to use them.

My father purported to be concerned about the sparking business. We watched the policeman and the maid, and finally he said, "I tell you what we ought to do, Percy. We ought to make them stop that sparking every Sunday morning. If they spark on Sundays how do we know that they will not spark on other days; and we cannot have this policeman spending his time sparking when he should be watching for bad people."

There seemed a certain virtue in this point of view, and with the directness of the child I asked how we could stop them. This led up to what he probably was getting at from the beginning. He said, "Of course we can't go over there and tell them to stop sparking; but I tell you what we could do. We could get a bean blower and blow beans at them."

"Blow beans at them!" This struck me as a most unusual way of going about stopping a policeman from sparking a housemaid. I inquired what he meant by "blowing beans at them." "Well, I'll tell you," he said. "Between now and next Sunday I shall bring over from New York a long brass tube that will be nice and straight. It will be just big enough on the inside to accept a bean. Then we can get

some beans from Mamma and we can blow them over there and make him stop sparking the housemaid."

This seemed most irregular to me; but no matter if it was irregular or not, if he was going to do it it would be interesting. So I gave my whole-hearted support to the plan. I recall how funny he looked, even to me, when he cautioned me not to tell Mamma about it because she would not understand. He was absolutely right. I knew that Mamma would not understand.

When the next Sunday came round I had forgotten about the sparking business. But my father had not. When my mother had disappeared upstairs for the morning he laid aside a drawing he was working on and calling me, pointed across the street, remarking something to the effect that they were at it again. That reminded me and I hastened to ask him if he had remembered to bring the brass tube for the beans. He said he had the tube in the closet where we kept our umbrellas. There followed a pause, so I asked him why he did not get it out and blow some beans. He seemed to have been waiting for me to suggest this action, which struck me as very odd. I probably suggested that while he was getting the brass tube I would ask Mamma for some beans. He vetoed this idea instantly. He would get the beans. Mamma ought not be disturbed. And it needed a certain kind of bean which only he knew how to select. I saw the wisdom of this procedure, for I could see that to ask my mother for beans would raise the question as to what the beans were wanted for; and something told me that she would not give her whole-hearted support to using them to blow at a policeman.

After much shifting of things and adjusting of the window curtain we were ready to blow our first bean. I

was very much excited, for I had not the slightest notion in the world what the bean was supposed to do after it had been blown. To my surprise, my father pointed the tube at the top of the building across the street. Putting his mouth to the tube, he sent a little white bean across the street, where it struck the building about three storeys up, directly over the areaway where the policeman and the housemaid were sparking. The bean bounced off the wall of the building and fell vertically into the entrance into the areaway. Nothing appeared to happen, so my father blew another. It also fell into the areaway.

After half a dozen beans had been blown against the wall and had fallen into the areaway the policeman came out and looked very hard at the windows over his head. Then it was that I saw and appreciated by father's strategy. By blowing the beans against the wall and high up, he made them appear to the policeman to be coming from overhead. Probably the very last place he would have expected to find the beans coming from was across the street. He peered at all the windows, waiting for the unknown one upstairs to cast another bean, so he could catch him at it. But nothing came, my father being too clever to blow while the policeman was looking up. Presently he went down into the area again, which was the signal for a perfect fusillade of beans. Out the policeman popped again, walking out onto the sidewalk in order to gain a better view of the windows above. I suppose if some innocent person had selected this moment to raise a window and look out nothing on earth would have convinced the policeman this person was not the guilty one.

But nobody raised a window, so the mystified policeman had nothing else to do but to return to the areaway and the housemaid. He had no more than

entered than the beans rained down again. This time he dashed out, looking up, thinking to be so quick that he would catch the blower. But there was somebody quicker than he was. He had not a chance in the world. He walked around this time in a most determined manner, my father in the meantime rolling in gales of merriment. I remember that I thought it was a good joke, but that it was like all my father's jokes, not entirely above criticism. It seemed to me to be playing with fire, this making a policeman the butt of a joke.

The policeman finally had to give up and return to the housemaid. The instant his figure disappeared into the areaway another downfall of beans took place. He did not pop out so quickly this time. When he did come out he waved good-by to somebody in the areaway, doubtless the housemaid, and came directly over to our side of the street. I thought he had detected us and I became alarmed. I suspect my father had a bit of a turn, because he rushed to the umbrella closet with the tube and the beans, and when he returned pretended to be hard at work on his drawing. However, the policeman had come across the street in order to obtain a good view of all the windows in the house opposite. He stopped directly in front of our window, not fifteen feet from my father and me, and waited several minutes. Little did that policeman suspect that directly behind him was a man, a boy, a bean blower, and a supply of beans. We broke up that morning's sparking and we broke up several other sessions. Finally the policeman had to give up and do his sparking at other times. He never found out where the beans came from.

V

In later years my father became a British subject. In consideration of

the service his Maxim gun had been to British arms in the Soudan he was knighted by Queen Victoria, and became Sir Hiram Stevens Maxim. In the course of events his machine-gun business was absorbed by Vickers Sons & Company. The firm became Vickers Sons and Maxim. This was one of the largest firms in England, building battleships and all that went into one. He became an internationally known figure and occupied a position of great importance and dignity.

At one time, during the height of his glory, it was observed by some of his associates that he went out every evening about seven-thirty and did not return until about nine-thirty. His associates had come to know him and his characteristics, and it was agreed that this mysterious absence every evening had better be investigated, lest Sir Hiram be led into doing something foolish and get himself into difficulties. And so he was trailed one evening and seen to enter a building in the business districts of London. About nine o'clock he came out and returned home.

Investigation disclosed that he had hired a front room in the top of the building. When the room was searched the only things found were a chair, a long brass tube, and a bag of black beans. Had I been one of the investigators I could have solved the mystery the moment I saw the brass tube and the beans. It so happened that the Salvation Army paraded every evening in this part of London and held a meeting on the opposite side of

the street. For some time complaints had been made to the police that someone was disturbing the Salvation Army group by dropping beans upon them. The beans always came from directly overhead, and it was thought that some miscreant in the building in front of which the meetings were held was guilty of tossing out the beans. However, careful watch had failed to disclose anyone throwing beans, and a search of the building produced no evidence. Where the beans came from was an unsolved mystery.

Those who were trailing Sir Hiram kept a watch on the window of his room, and it was believed that he was seen at the window at times; but nothing was thought of this until someone picked up one of the beans which had been thrown at the Salvation Army and found it was the same kind of a bean that Sir Hiram had in the bag in his room. That was enough. Sir Hiram was the culprit. He was making use of the same trick he used when he was a young man and lived on Third Street in Brooklyn.

A session was held with Sir Hiram and it was explained that he had better give up this bean-blowing practice before he was discovered and caused embarrassment. Sir Hiram thereupon retired from his bean-blowing enterprise; but I know he enjoyed himself mystifying the Salvation Army people and having all the blame laid at the door of the occupants across the street. The use of black beans should be noted. It was impossible to trace their flight in the dark.



OUR DEBTOR-NATION COMPLEX

BY RAYMOND GRAM SWING

THERE is nothing new in saying that the United States is a creditor nation with a debtor-nation psychology, but it is a generality that means little to most people. One reason is that they do not see the analogy between a national and an individual creditor. But a creditor nation is not unlike an individual lender; if he lends his capital, other persons work for him, and must, in order to pay interest and repay principle. Most persons in a world of lending and borrowing realize that one is better off if others work for him than if he works for others. But when it comes to applying this standard to national life, people reverse their logic. They believe that a nation if it is to be prosperous must export more than it imports. That is, for them it is a privilege to work for foreigners and not a privilege that foreigners work for them. The hostility against imports is quick and genuine. A man who buys cheap Japanese merchandise may believe that poorly paid Japanese labor is threatening the security of higher-paid American workers. He probably does not think at all that cheap Japanese goods are underselling American goods because Japan is in debt to the United States and, therefore, must work at a sacrifice for its creditor. Germany was in debt to the United States and tried to repay its debt in cheap goods, but the legend: "Made in Germany" did not make shoppers feel a sense of benefit in belonging to a creditor country. In-

deed, as soon as Hitler came into power they began boycotting German goods in the belief it was hurting only Germany and not America. It did not give them a sense of superiority to have Hitler's Germany working at low wages for America. They forced Germany to repudiate the debt by refusing to accept payment. Indeed, if cheap German goods had been accepted in large quantities most Americans would have taken it as proof that Germany was enjoying prosperity. For that is the conception of prosperity which America gained through all the years when we ourselves were a debtor country. We think of prosperity in terms of debtors working for foreign creditors. We do not know what it means to enjoy the prosperity of having foreigners work for us.

If an individual has others working for him he needs to do less work for himself, and so has more leisure. He may use his leisure for work, say, of a kind he could not afford if he did not have capital, or he may simply loaf. So it is with a nation. If it lends capital abroad, and sets foreigners to work for it, it creates the possibility of leisure within the nation. It can use this leisure for work which otherwise might not be practicable, such as in highly skilled crafts and personal services, or it can use it in altogether unremunerative ways. Great Britain is the creditor country *par excellence*. By permitting other countries to work for it, its lending class gains leisure, much of

which is spent in the hunting fields and on the shooting moors of its large estates. Not all of the landed gentry and the newly rich who have adopted their sports are beneficiaries of Britain's creditor position. More of them, in fact, have leisure because they have Englishmen working for them in payment of debt, domestic investment being greater than foreign. Looking at this from a social point of view, all this kind of leisure may be "a bad thing" since it represents a faulty distribution of wealth. The English, at any rate, have gone in for a rigorously corrective program of social taxation. But whatever the distribution of leisure, there can be no gainsaying that, considered nationally, it is desirable. Its proper distribution is a secondary consideration.

II

In saying that there is well-being in having national leisure I am not denying that the prosperity of a debtor nation can be genuine. The United States prospered greatly while it was a debtor. It was a new, expanding country, hence ideal for investment from abroad, and the money which poured in created work for a rapidly growing population, part of which, it must be said, came from the very nations which were lending us their capital. We paid our debts with exports, chiefly in food and raw materials, like wheat, cotton, and tobacco. So long as Europe needed these products and could accept them without economic upset, it could make what arrangement it cared to about socializing the leisure of the lending classes, which was not our affair. We were well off while they took our exports, and we were paying our debts. So long as there was profitable use for capital in America we could continue to borrow cheaply abroad, and continue to enjoy

the debtor's prosperity. That is, the method would work so long as we were expanding. It can still work if, as many believe, we have a good many years of expansion during which we can use fresh capital.

But something happened during the War which put an end to this method. In that period we sold so much to European nations that we paid off all our debts to them; and then we continued to sell so much that we put the world into debt to us. After the War we went on lending. The total of the debt of the world to us, governmental and private, is \$25,000,000,000. This meant a profound change: suddenly we had come into a new kind of national life. We were at last in position to experience a different, and by materialistic standards, a better level of well-being; we could enjoy the leisure which comes from having foreigners work for us. We could use this leisure for special kinds of work or we might use it to free part of our population from production altogether.

It will go down as one of the strangest incidents in economic annals that we refused to accept our new status. We did not, as a nation, even recognize it. We simply maintained a national economic method which did not make sense for a creditor country, except temporarily. Up till 1928 we loaned to foreigners the interest due us, and so did not bring unfair pressure upon them. But when the depression set in we ceased lending. In one respect we actually intensified our debtors' troubles. Our tariffs, already too high to make it convenient for Europe to pay her new debts to us, were increased. Europe tried to pay in goods, and in so far as it failed to climb the tariff wall it paid in gold. We took the gold, locked it up in our vaults, and so crippled European countries which needed the gold as a base for credit while they worked for us. Another

help we had given our debtors was in sending an increased horde of tourists to Europe, and this was withdrawn with the depression. That is, we had been letting Europeans work for us in their own countries. But if our status meant anything, we had to let them work for us still more in America. Stranger even than our refusal to act like creditors, was our complaint that Europeans were not paying their debts. This phase of the story is fantastic. Congressmen even talked of collecting the debts by battleships at a time when the nation was barricaded against the entry of payments.

It is not my theme to emphasize the absurdity of this attitude. What I wish to suggest is that, though we were absurd, we also were making a decision. Secretary Wallace has familiarized the slogan: "America must choose," meaning that we must choose whether to accept more imports and decrease exports or to revert to our old debtor economy. My suggestion is that we already have chosen. Although we still are technically a creditor nation, we have in reality written off most of our foreign debt, and just as soon as we are able we shall begin importing European capital again. And then with a genuine sense of national bliss, we shall revert to our old habits of working for foreigners. We shall continue to be absurd while we adjust ourselves to our changed status. Congress and most laymen will go on bitterly denouncing foreigners who do not pay their debts. We shall not acknowledge, possibly not even know, that we and not our debtors have been at fault. The upshot will be the same: we shall give up the expectation of being paid. And if even a mild boom takes hold in Wall Street, foreign capital will flood in on us in torrents and buy our securities. Though we may be absurd in what we say and think during the transformation, we

shall cease being absurd in trying to increase our export trade and shut out imports. Already this process has begun. On balance we took in nearly a billion dollars of capital last year, of which a substantial portion was foreign. At the same time we went forward with the various methods by which a nation can work for other nations. A minor one was ship subsidies, which keep us from letting foreign shipping companies work for us. The Administration in Washington, though committed to a freer policy of trade, does not relent in this policy. It justifies subsidies in the name of national defense; but the real meaning is that we insist on carrying our own trade in our own bottoms lest foreigners should have to do it for us. We even began devising schemes to undersell competitors in foreign markets with our agricultural products. This is the standard method of the poor debtor country, which makes no bones about being ready to sell cheap to foreigners while selling the same produce to the domestic market at high prices. That is, the work for foreigners is done at sweatshop wages, and the practice is exalted by a mystic national meaning.

The change from a creditor to a debtor position entails the destruction of most of our foreign credit of twenty-five billion dollars. We have plowed under cotton, reduced our wheat and corn acreage, and have killed pigs, but we have never snuffed out so much wealth as this, or ever dreamed of it in our history. Some American owns every dollar of this credit. The assumption is that most of it is owned by bankers, and the public, if told the bankers will lose, are glad, because it dislikes international bankers. But the bankers do not own most, or even a substantial part of it. Bankers are too shrewd to retain ownership of credits which are likely to be lost.

They passed them on to the public. The greatest holder of foreign credits is neither banker nor private person; it is the people of the United States, who have a claim on the governments of Europe for more than \$10,000,000,000, the famous war debt. Every citizen of the United States is partner in this credit, and would benefit, according to his tax bill, if Europe were allowed to work for him. We probably shall never receive a tenth of this—the offer made to us two years ago by Great Britain which we rejected. It was a generous offer under the circumstances, for Britain was promising to do this work for us over our own tariff wall, in itself quite a feat. And as she could not have paid altogether in work, the offer would have cost Britain a loss of gold, and so would have weakened her economically. But this offer probably will not be renewed. We may never receive a twentieth of the war debt. I am not implying that war credits have the same status as commercial loans. To some extent they were contracted without freedom, since we supervised the way the money had to be spent, and we charged prices and interest rates to suit ourselves. We looked upon part of the loans as a service to a cause in which we were partners. But part of them went for commercial purposes, and a substantial part was taken after the Armistice. Whatever was genuinely commercial could be identified, and accepted in repayment in all scrupulousness.

As for our private credits, these too have been “plowed under,” though we stand to collect perhaps more than a tenth. It does not occur to us now that we can ill afford to lose the greater part of twenty-five billions, and that something must be wrong with our wits if we insist on doing so. It does not even occur to us that if our capitalists receive interest and sinking fund from abroad they will have money to

spend at home. True, a good many persons would be put out of work if we accept foreign goods in payment of debt. But most of them would find work in luxury industries supplying goods to our enriched foreign lenders or in performing services for them. Our capitalists would enjoy the leisure coming to us as a creditor country. If we took no steps to socialize that leisure—that is if we let the capitalists have it all—that would be our own fault, just as it is our own fault if we do not redistribute other wealth through social taxation.

We never have faced the problem of our creditor position and given it, nationally, a moment's thought. Our owners of foreign credits have not banded together to assert their rights. They have not sat down with the owners of those industries protected by tariffs who would be injured if we received foreign goods. We have never made a calculation of how much these industries would lose, how many American workers would become unemployed, and how many of the unemployed would be reemployed in luxury trades. No one has stated for us whether we could be better off as a creditor than as a debtor country. Instead, we have proceeded without thinking, pure behaviorists repeating our habits. Since we were happy when we were debtors, we have sought to recapture happiness by persisting in a debtor behavior. And the interesting outcome is that now we have become virtually debtors, and if we have a recovery we shall soon be occupying a full debtor status.

It is noteworthy that though we have a sensitive form of government, capable of responding to the pressure of special interests, it has not been capable of registering the conflict of this decision. The owners of twenty-five billions have gone down in disaster without making a protest or even win-

ning a word of sympathy. There has been only one victory, that of our protected industries; but they won it by default. No one has fought for our creditor status. There was a breath of a challenge from Secretary Hull, who, like Don Quixote, broke lances for freer trade, while the public snickered at him. President Roosevelt in his heart has known what a calamity our foreign trade policy really is. But Congress would not listen to him if he spoke, and he depends on Congress.

As a debtor country we shall face markedly different conditions to those prevailing when last we enjoyed the prosperity of working for others. We shall not simply revert to old times and we shall not escape the strain of making some difficult domestic readjustments. To begin with we cannot pay our debts chiefly with agricultural products. Europe is growing more of its own wheat, and can buy it from South America, Canada, and Australia as well as from us. We can sell some cotton, but nothing like as much as we did before the War, since Egypt, Brazil, and Turkestan are growing more. Tobacco will continue to be taken in payment of debts, but even this is now grown largely in countries that once depended on us. Something will have to supplant the old volume of agricultural exports if we are to export in any great volume. So we shall sell automobiles, machinery, typewriters, and other manufactures produced by our peculiar economy of high wages and mass production. This is a significant change, the consequences of which also have not been faced or thought about. Once we made our farmers as well as our protected industries happy in our prosperity of working for others. In the future our farmers will be pushed aside by our big industries. What will happen to the farmers? The outlook for them is not propitious. They may

have to lead a slave-wage life, dumping their exports abroad and trusting for salvation by way of taxes on a prosperous industry.

But it is no foregone conclusion that industry will be prosperous. For we shall find a changed world when we try to pay our debts by exporting manufactured goods. Here we shall face the bitterest of competition. Germany, Italy, and Japan, all of them debtor countries, will be vying with us in our chosen fields. American organization is not superior to that of Germany and Japan, and our machinery and technic can be reproduced elsewhere. If we are forced into competition with these countries it will become increasingly difficult to pay higher wages than they are paying. If countries have the same machinery and the same access to raw materials, wages will be decisive in the victory. If we reduce wages in export industries, the wage level of the nation will decline and our standard of life with it. This becomes all the more probable since world markets are not as free as before the War. We are in an age of nationalization, and we ourselves have set creditor countries a bad example, trying to shut out foreign goods while continuing to lend abroad. England, a natural market for foreign manufactured goods, now has a twenty per cent tariff wall. France has a rigid quota system, still more exclusive than tariffs. Holland and Switzerland, though creditor countries, have small markets. The position will be still more aggravated because the debtor countries will send funds here (if we have a boom) and then will not be able to accept full payment in our manufactures or agriculture. So our undeliberated decision to become a debtor country will not lead us back to any great prosperity. As the world looks now, the debtors are going to have hard sledding for many years.

III

I have spoken of the choice before America as being one of working for foreigners or having foreigners work for us. There is, however, a further possibility. We can remain a creditor country and maintain exports of a certain kind without contradiction. We can if we restrict our chief exports to new markets and lend them rather than sell them in payment of debt. We became a creditor nation by lending goods to Europe. We can lend goods to Russia and to Asiatic countries, and thus maintain a fair volume of export trade. We cannot pursue this policy indefinitely but we can prolong it for many years. We lent to Germany, for instance, and then lent her the wherewithal to repay us. In the same way we could lend to China and Russia and deliver our loans in exports. Russia is crying for just such help. China, if only Japan would let her, could accept a great volume of American goods, and we could enjoy a fairly long period of export prosperity in exploiting these markets. But such a course has to be pursued with open eyes. One day the policy of lending debtors the money to pay their debts must stop, and payment has to be accepted. If we refuse goods, we force the repudiation of these debts, and we impoverish the Americans who own the credits. If we undertake to exploit the markets of Russia and China we must not repeat the European blunder. Otherwise we again are throwing our money away.

It would be reasonable to work out a well-balanced national program of salvaging most of our European credits and satisfying our exporters at the same time. We could open our markets in a limited way to European countries, make the necessary readjustments in our now protected indus-

tries, and then employ those thrown out of work in supplying Asia and Russia with goods. That would put off the day of leisure—if we are frightened at facing it; and for some years we should be happy again, almost as happy as before the War, for we should be working hard for the Asiatics, and piling up our new capital wealth in doing so. Anyone who recommends this course must face one fact—it can hardly be followed unless we are willing to fight Japan. It is barely possible that we can gain access to the Chinese market, and that the Chinese will be allowed to borrow from us, without our coming actually to blows with Japan. But this appears most unlikely. Japan has marked out Asia for her own. The more successful we should be in exploiting Asia the more probable a conflict with Japan would become. If we were a strong force-loving nation, with a faith in expansion and in our destiny to master the world, this would be our natural aim. But we are not. It would be almost impossible to induce this country now to prepare consciously for a war with Japan, with the avowed intent of capturing the Asiatic market. And without this spirit of patriotic banditry we cannot undertake to prosper by piling up a vast credit in China.

We might satisfy our export psychosis without losing our creditor status by lending goods in vast quantities to Russia alone. But here our conditioned reflexes run us into a conflict. We like to export but we dislike helping a Communist dictatorship. Russia is an immediate market of almost unlimited scope, and we might be halfway out of the depression to-day if we had been ready to scuttle our prejudices against having truck with the Bolsheviks. But when Senator Johnson's bill was passed forbidding us to lend to governments which had not made debt settlements we lumped in

the Russians with the rest of our debtors and refused to prosper at their expense. So we have been too peace-loving to provoke a war for the potential markets of Asia and too prejudiced to save our creditor position by exploiting the state socialism of Moscow.

There still is a fourth choice, to withdraw from foreign trade and devote our capital and energies to our own market. Such materials and goods as we cannot supply ourselves we can have on an exchange basis, measuring our exports to essential imports. This is self-sufficiency, and it has allurements for many, especially those who believe that war is inevitable in the scramble for foreign markets. The trouble with this as with a creditor behavior, is that it cannot be adopted with conscious national choice. If we had a dictatorship we could achieve self-sufficiency. But only a dictator could do it quickly and well. How are we going to shut out foreign capital, and prevent foreigners from owning American securities? Normally we can discourage foreign capital only by reducing the opportunities for profit, in other words, by prolonging the depression. But suppose we have a boom in a year or two which it will be desirable to keep under control by raising interest rates; European capital will rush to this country, lured by the boom and lured by high interest rates. We cannot consciously decide against going into debt to foreigners unless we pass laws forbidding them to own our securities and ruthlessly punish any American agent who tries to circumvent the law for a foreign client. Also we cannot keep American exporters from sending goods abroad unless we apply export embargoes or impound their foreign exchange. These are restrictions not suited to our present administration of business and are easy only if we adopt

dictatorship. One thing can be said for dictatorships: they can do in the field of economics what they decide to do after thinking about it, whereas democracies think hardly at all, and even if they see where they are going they cannot overcome traditional habits.

But if we had a fascist dictatorship it would not inevitably be autarchic. It would be torn between the nationalist appeal of self-sufficiency and the lure of a generation of expansion in the markets of the East. Autarchy, after all, means contraction, and fascism, being a defense of a threatened capitalism, is anything but repugnant to expansion. An American fascism might arouse our latent martial spirit in short order, for we are a fighting nation despite our present dislike of our last war adventure. It might set out to "deliver" the Chinese at whatever cost, and the dictatorship could batten at home on the prejudice against the Japanese, as Hitler's power is fed by antisemitism.

No one can say that we shall escape fascism in America, but we are to be free from it at least for a while. And while we remain a democracy, we shall not consciously decide our economic course at all. We shall go on behaving like a debtor country until we become one. We are nearly one to-day, and when still more foreign capital comes to America we shall be back to the old relationship with the world. What appears inescapable is that the delights are going to be much scantier than they used to be, and we shall not find ourselves very prosperous as debtors. It won't be precisely because we threw away most of twenty-five billion dollars, but because we are living in a different world, in which creditors really are better off than debtors. And then we may look back and wonder how we managed to be so profligate.



THE PORTRAIT OF A LADY

A STORY

BY GRIFFITH BEEMS

She has a country place . . .

"Those damn thing," Pietro-angelo Cocozzello exclaimed to young Pozzi. "Ten thousand those thing around. Who she think she is? She no own the great big State for New York."

With his twelve-gauge shotgun, carried under his arm, he pointed at the frayed weathered cotton sign, tacked on the leafless tree beside the gap in the stone fence. The sign read:

WARNING. PRIVATE LANDS. HUNTING,
TRAPPING OR TRESPASSING FORBIDDEN
UNDER PENALTY OF THE LAW.
ADELAIDE M. DARBY, PROP.

"They make me crazy," Cocozzello grumbled. "'*Bandite di caccia.*' Every tree, she say, '*Bandite di caccia.*' I shoot next one."

Three bars had been laid across the gap in the fence. Leaving the frozen rutted road, Cocozzello handed young Pozzi his gun and climbed over the bars. Pozzi passed both guns, muzzles forward, and then climbed the loose wall. The stones of the wall were matted with sapless poison ivy vines.

"She's got it posted for miles up and down this road because that's the law," young Pozzi said, jumping into the Darby pasture.

They hunted down hill, several feet apart, guns ready. The sour abandoned field was grown over with birch shoots and fox grass. There were no rabbits, and they crossed Whippoor-

will Creek, the brittle ice edges splintering under their boots, and started up the opposite slope. The country was autumnal. Rolling half-cultivated valleys, geometrically parcelled by stone walls, lay between the wooded hills. The hills recurred one beyond another like the stumps of mountains. Underfoot in the grown-over field, occasional corn stubs, two or three years old and never plowed under, were rotting.

"Nobody care for land," Cocozzello grumbled, kicking at the hummocky corn roots. "Nobody make land to grow. Owner no care for this land."

"It's no good. I wouldn't take it for a gift."

"It grow," Cocozzello said. "In Italy she consider a good land. She grow lot. The land want to work. The land like a woman. Woman work good for the husband. She no work for strangers. She lazy for strangers."

"You Italians are all crazy for land," young Pozzi said. "What do you want land for? Not for me. I know when I'm well off. The hardest work I ever want to do on the land is to hunt rabbits."

"In my village, in Le Puglie, Don Sebastiano own all the land. He never come home. He go Naples and get rotten with Neapolitans woman. All poor people work for Don Sebastiano's *fattore*. *Fattore*, he cheat

Don Sebastiano. *Fattore*, he cheat everybody."

"Sure," young Pozzi said. "I know. So one day you up and shoot the *fattore*. I know you South Italians."

"I have to go to war."

"That's no excuse. They don't call that an excuse down in Le Puglie, do they?"

"You too fresh for young kid," Cocozzello said grinning. They crossed another stone fence and continued up the hill through the woods. "It day of Santa Cecilia or I shoot you."

"When you aren't gunning for landlords and their agents, what do you hunt in Le Puglie?"

"*Tordi*. You know *tordi*? He brown bird. He sing." Cocozzello imitated the bird call. "Very sweet. *Tordi* eat the olive. He get big sweet fat on the olive. He love olive. *Pizza de tordi*. That is one good dish."

"Thrushes," young Pozzi jeered. "*Tordi* are thrushes. That's nothing to shoot. What's the matter with you Italians? The old guineas around here go out and shoot sparrows even. Sparrow pie. *Pizza degl' ochellini*. Italy must be some place. Nothing to eat but polenta, twelve out of one dish, every man for himself with his fingers, and maybe a couple of sparrows or a thrush sometimes. When I go hunting I want to shoot something bigger than the end of my gun."

"You not know Italy," Cocozzello defended. "She better than you think. But what happen? Everybody go hunt. Everything is shoot quick."

They came out on the top of the high wooded ridge. There were huckleberry bushes and spaces of naked schist, and underfoot the frost-rotten earthy leaves. Except for the oaks, the trees were bare, and through the branches they could see far up and down the valley. On the far side of the valley was an old summer house, weathering black, fancy with gables

and veranda. The lower story was boarded up.

Suddenly Cocozzello threw his gun to his shoulder and fired. The snapping echo ran from hill to hill.

"What do you think you're doing?" young Pozzi shouted. "Those shells cost five cents apiece. We only got eighteen now."

Cocozzello calmly ejected the empty, caught it in midair, and placed it in his pocket. He had blasted the trespassing notice twenty feet ahead of them.

"What for she post," Cocozzello demanded, "if she no got rabbits? I no like her."

Young Pozzi was examining the tree. "The guy that stuck this notice way off up here sure had ambition," he said. "Say, give a look."

The shotgun charge, at close range, had torn the notice into bits. Across the bottom a single tag remained, fastened in the cedar by two tacks.

"Look at this."

Under the name, Adelaide M. Darby, they read in very fine print the address as required by law: "Palazzo D'Albro, Via Borgoguona, Florence, Italy."

. . . and an independent income

The day's tape from the stock and grain tickers overhung the baskets and tangled on the floor. It was a few minutes past four o'clock, E.S.T., and the New York Exchange was an hour closed, and Chicago closing. Mr. Chilton, his seven telephones pushed back on his desk out of the way, was going through Leiber's report. He looked at Leiber once, quickly and totally, like a snapshot, as Leiber entered the office, and then with a grimace of concentration, returned to the confidential balance sheet of Everett, Easton & Darby.

"Look like a good thing, Leiber?" he asked cursorily and ran a circle round the figures for Cash In Bank and Sur-

plus Account. Before Leiber could reply, "George," he shouted, "George," and bolting to the door of the outer office, shouted to his secretary, "Take all my calls," and shut the door. Mr. Preinreich, entering by an inner door, followed Mr. Chilton's example and closed the door.

"Yes, sir."

Mr. Chilton, settling back into place, opened his eyes amusedly at Leiber's too eager and ready opinion. He flipped the typewritten report across the desk to Preinreich with the remark, "Surplus might stand a fifty-cent extra—once," and returned to Leiber. "Come on. Get it out of your system. Let's hear."

"To begin at the beginning," Leiber said, "the company is old, incorporated in 1862, chartered by special statute in Connecticut, and the line is cutlery, silverware, meat choppers, skates, scales, vacuum bottles, household hardware. The plant at Webster, Connecticut, has three hundred thousand square feet of floor area, with rolling mill, power plant—"

Mr. Chilton interrupted brusquely. "Skip. I know all that. One of the war babies. Bayonets. Went to 147 in 1917."

"174, sir, on June 3, 1917."

"Never mind. What did Easton have to say?"

"He wants to get out. They've just lost the renewal of the Montgomery Ward business and he's down in the mouth generally. Thinks the company's future is poor. Easton's young, about thirty-five, the usual kind of papa's boy, charming, full of big ideas, not seasoned yet, and he's all hopped up about the future of pre-fabricated houses. Knives and forks are too slow for him. There are 80,000 shares in the Company. Easton has 40,000, about 7,000 scattered, and 33,000 tied up in a life trust. He wants you to unload the stock for him. It's on the

Curb but inactive ever since the War. He'll give you an option for the whole 40,000 shares at fifteen dollars a share."

"What do you say?"

"That's bottom. He'll peddle them somewhere else first."

"There might be something in it," Mr. Chilton said, slapping his knee and jumping to his feet. "The market's right." He crossed the room briskly and switched off the translux projection which had shone idly on the wall for an hour. "What do you think, Preinreich?"

Preinreich fingered the typewritten report and looked uncomfortable. "I haven't had an opportunity to go over the figures," he objected.

Mr. Chilton stopped his pacing. "Heavens, man," he burst out, "I know that. All you can give me is a horse-back opinion and that's all I'm asking for. What do you think?"

"How tightly are those 33,000 shares tied up in this life trust? If they came on the market during the move . . ."

"How about that, Leiber?"

"They'll stay where they are. Old man Darby was one of the founders and when he died he left the stock in trust for his son and daughter during their lives. Son's dead. Easton showed me a copy of the will, and the trustee is expressly restrained from disposing of the holding. Another thing, while I think of it—old man Easton and old man Darby had some kind of gentleman's agreement not to sell out on the other; but Easton says it was never in writing and he doesn't see any reason to consider himself bound by it."

Mr. Chilton nodded. "That part's all right," he said, resuming his pacing. "Forget it. What else? What about present conditions? What about labor?"

"The business is actually run by a salaried man who's very capable. He's pared his labor costs down about forty per cent since 1929. The organization

is down from about seven hundred fifty employees to four hundred today; they've taken four wage cuts, and Webster is one of those small towns—only two other factories there—and there hasn't been any labor trouble. Most of them are foreigners, Polacks, Wops, Canucks. The unions can't do anything with them. If the company had the business it could get two hundred men overnight. The men are there, hungry for the jobs. Women too. There's no serious risk of labor troubles under those conditions."

"I want to come back to this trust," Preinreich interjected stubbornly. "I'm not satisfied. This daughter you mentioned. When she dies the trust ends and the stock is free. Isn't that true? What if she should die?"

"I thought of that," Leiber grinned, satisfied with his own foresight, "and asked Easton. Her name is Adelaide M. Darby. She's an old maid, about fifty-five years old, in excellent health, lives abroad. She takes absolutely no interest in the business so long as she gets her dividends. She made a stink, I guess, several years back, in 1930, when they cut the dividend fifty cents; but they've maintained the dollar rate ever since and she's used to it now. Apparently she's exactly what you'd expect, fussy, getting eccentric, wears black, and all wrapped up in art, tea, titles—the usual line of crap. She hasn't been back to this country for five or six years."

"How do you know her health is good?"

"For Christ's sake, Preinreich," Mr. Chilton roared. "Leiber isn't a doctor and he didn't examine her; but when a woman gets past fifty and looks and acts healthy, and has plenty of money, and her old man lives into the eighties—longevity is inherited, you know—and she goes over to Europe and lives on the fat of the land, how long do you think she'll live?"

"I don't know," Preinreich said.

"Hell's buttons. The man's a fool when he gets away from statistics. Listen, Preinreich. Get this. We aren't going to worry our heads any more about the lady."

"All right," said Preinreich, shrugging. "If you say she's healthy, all right."

. . . dresses quietly and well

The three embroidery needles flew to the right, hands tugged at the thread momentarily, and the needles dipped, flying back, three thimbles charging after them.

"Do or don't," Estelle snapped, her needle flying faster than the others. "It's nothing to me. I should give a care what the elevator man says about me."

Rose nudged Maritza. "Mrs. High-hat-my-hat don't care. Oh, my no. She don't care what he says. We should just forget it."

"Okie-doke." Maritza's suffocated laughter whistled from her like escaping steam.

Ten women were at work in the crowded back room, smelly from the steam presser, and as the forewoman had gone into the stockroom for the moment, they were all talking without lifting up their heads from the work tables. The heads were all dark, except a peroxidized blond one, and bent, eyes close to the work, under the glass-shaded droplights. The three embroiderers had a table to themselves; as it was January and the off season, five seamstresses had been let go. At the sound of Mrs. Baumgarten's high heels on the uncarpeted hall floor the talk ceased. Mrs. Baumgarten returned with a bolt of unbleached muslin, put away the keys to the stockroom, and went to work cutting.

"Imagine worrying about the elevator man, what he says," whispered Rose against the hum of the sewing

machines. "Can you feature that."

"Gas about something else then for a change," snapped Estelle. "You give me a pain with your elevator man. That dope. Don't you dumbheads have nothing else on your mind?"

"Anything to oblige," Rose sang, biting off the thread and nudging Maritza. "We always do what she wants, don't we, Maritza?" and with a glance at Mrs. Baumgarten's back and a quick movement, she held up the white batiste corset cover on which she was embroidering. "How's this?" The corset cover was entirely hand-made and finished with a peplum, the seams hand-felled, the edges hand-scalloped, the beading hand-done, and down the front, in hand-worked buttonholes, six tiny pearl buttons. Against the white gathered fullness the embroidery hoop made a taut prominent circle on the left side. "Wait." She dropped her hands from her shoulders. "Let me know if Balmy looks. I'm going to show you something."

Snatching up another set of hoops, she fixed them in place and, watching Mrs. Baumgarten like a cat, she held up the corset cover again. The hoops, each five inches across, like two whirls of a charcoal crayon, presented the sudden caricature of a woman. Maritza gurgled aloud; when Mrs. Baumgarten straightened, Rose was threading her needle, the corset cover in her lap.

"Imagine anyone wearing corset covers in this day and age," Rose whispered, twisting the thread to a dampened point between her teeth. "Just feature the old girl climbing into the works."

"A fat old momma," chimed in Maritza.

"Stop it. Tell me what he said, if you don't want to feel these scissors in your focus."

"Hear that."

"Am I listening?"

"We got other things to talk about now," Rose said.

"Her initials are A. M. D.," Maritza said, examining nearsightedly the design in blue stencil on her own work. "You got to do a monogram when you finish the forget-me-nots."

Estelle leaned toward them, her eyes on Mrs. Baumgarten. "I know all about her," she asserted importantly and swayed back to her work. "I'll trade with you. Balmy told me when she handed me the work. It's good."

They looked at each other from the corners of their eyes.

"Why not tell?" said Maritza. "Why be foolish. I'll tell. The elevator man told Sema you were the only girl in the back room that acted like a lady."

"Wait a minute. Not so fast. Get it right. He said she was the only girl around here that carried herself like a lady."

"What's the difference?" said Maritza.

"Is that all?" said Estelle. "I thought it was going to be something. Mine is something."

"He probably means she looks like she wouldn't dance so good," Rose suggested. "I don't know what else. If the customers up front are ladies, to judge by the measurements, there're no ladies with flat stomachs and two shoulders the same heighth."

Maritza gurgled.

"He didn't mean that. He meant he didn't dare get fresh with me. Which is more than some people can say."

"Sure," said Rose. "We all know where you kicked him. Come on. What's yours?"

"I'm half a mind not to tell you."

"Don't," said Rose.

"Come on," pleaded Maritza.

"Mine is something," Estelle whispered. "Listen, I'll tell. It's funny,

This old girl has been coming to Madame's for her underthings for thirty years. Of course Madame has all her measurements and every year, without asking or saying anything to the old girl, they make the corset covers half an inch bigger. Every single year. Balmy says there's never been a complaint."

"These are 46's."

"That's right," said Estelle, wriggling with delight, "but the old girl still imagines she's wearing a 36 bust."

"That's a scream."

"She's awful rich and never married. Balmy says she can't bear the thought of ready-mades against her skin."

"Oh, boy. The skin no man has touched."

"Can it. Balmy's looking."

"Hotcha," said Maritza under her breath, bending to work.

. . . *is devoted to art*

Mr. Sachs, the proprietor of Sachs Gallery, having left his inconsiderable business in the hands of two capable women, in the course of his afternoon constitutional stopped before the Fifth Avenue windows of the Vandaman Gallery. Mr. Sachs narrowed his eyes, pursed forward his over-developed lower lip, and thought poorly of the oil painting in the window. The painting resembled a cassone panel. Against an Italianate background a procession of gothic hunters and hounds were chasing the Milk White Doe. A card in the window noticed the current exhibition of paintings by Walter Arden. Mr. Sachs had never heard of Walter Arden. He several times shook his garrulous old head—he always covered it with a black fedora—and entered the gallery.

The young woman in attendance, whom Mr. Sachs immediately classified to himself as worse than so-so in appearance and disregarded, recognized and spoke to him. He walked through

the gallery quickly, verifying that there was no one in Vandaman's either, merely two nondescript women of no age nor style such as are always visiting galleries without so much as inquiring the prices. He examined at the same time Walter Arden's paintings and his first impression hardened into an impregnable conviction. The attendant, who had slipped away for a moment, came back with Mr. Vandaman.

The two dealers shook hands. At Vandaman's question, back and forth commiseratingly went the garrulous old head; Mr. Sachs waved disparagingly at the walls. "The entire gallery too," he marveled.

Vandaman clasped his hands behind him and smiled briefly and precisely. "Decidedly interesting, I think," he said.

"Very," said Mr. Sachs acidly, resisting the suggestion that he withhold his opinion. "The boy's a fool. All this mystical, allegorical, romantical business." He waved again. "Doesn't he know that the pre-Raphaelites died out forty years ago through inanition? There is nothing harder in any art than to be a successful romantic. Tenyson and Botticelli. He shouldn't. He really shouldn't. The next stage will be cornucopias and the matrons of Industry and Agriculture."

Vandaman bridled. "You're too harsh," he remonstrated. "There's something to be said for the lad. At present he lacks vigor but he is only twenty-six and he'll develop. I'll confess that I wouldn't take the boy up myself, but speaking strictly in confidence, he met my price for exhibition space—or rather someone else did for him—and after all, in these times . . ."

Mr. Sachs repudiated such considerations by a formidable shake of the head. "I couldn't do it," he said. "He can't paint and he won't sell. What more is there to be said?"

"But he can paint—note: a sense of

wit, an over-valuation of composition, the veridical technic of a miniaturist—there you have it. His next stage is surrealism."

"Pfui," scoffed Mr. Sachs openly and immoderately. "Pfui. You defend him cleverly, my dear fellow, but there is simply nothing there to develop."

"I wanted you to say that," Vandaman declared, a premonition of triumph edging his voice. "Come with me. I have something to show you."

In the disorderly private rear office, Vandaman ransacked among the canvases, framed and unframed, which leaned untidily, one against another, on tables, chairs, and the floor. With an exclamation he lifted out the work for which he was searching and propped it facing the light. "One of the most recent Ardens," he announced, brushing the dust from his hands and clothes.

From a draped black coffin a shower of knives and forks was falling, accumulating in a pile, and in the pile, some nearly covered, others standing upright, were crutches. The background consisted of rubble heaps like barren brown mountains. A red tasselled lasso, alive in midair, hovered over the upright crutches and an arm in the puffed sleeve of an old-fashioned black-silk bathing suit held the end of the lasso. The arm projected from behind the coffin. Here and there bluebirds flew, which seemed to have nests in the draperies of the coffin.

"What are those mountains made of in the background?"

"Wooden nutmegs," Vandaman said gleefully. "The objects like croquet mallets are crutches."

"Very interesting. Another allegory, but this time the symbols are private. I fancy the complete interpretation would give me a headache. Who is the lady?"

"That is correct. The identity of the arm in the bathing suit is the key to the work. The crutches, of course, are the artists."

"Ha," derided Mr. Sachs. "Very lucid. But if you don't mind, my dear fellow, may I hang on to reality? Who is she really, if it is not a secret?"

"On the contrary, she insisted on having her name appear in the catalogue of the exhibition. Darby, Miss Adelaide Darby. She lives in Florence, owns a Tiepolo, I believe, and a few Guido Renis. She isn't wealthy enough really to go in for paintings. She has a fine collection of *certosina* work though, and has helped several young artists, none of whom as yet has amounted to anything. She's very particular. Only unimpeachable Anglo Saxons need apply. No Jews, Irish, Italians, et cetera. Arden is her present hope and the pre-Raphaelite influence is hers."

Mr. Sachs turned his back, stiffened with all the rigors of contempt, on the painting. "My dear fellow," he said, "do I understand you seriously to claim that because this boy has painted this thing behind her back, it proves there is a chance of his amounting to something?"

"More or less," Vandaman said, nettled. "This surrealist experiment indicates that he is only using her. When the time comes he will strike off for himself."

"Nonsense, my dear Vandaman. Don't you see? It is she who is using him. For a few dollars she buys a participation in the creative act. Then she imposes her own will. Doing work behind her back—is that the vitality of the artist? There is some sickly maternalism at work here. She domineers over his creativeness like a mother over the growing virility of her son. It is a secret female vice. Women have nourished artists but

they have never nourished art. Lovely creatures, Vandaman, lovely creatures—they have their uses—but they dilute an artist's force. No woman, no matter how asexual she may be seemingly—stoppered, corked, cob-webbed in her virtue—can play the patron to great art. The patron must be male."

"Possibly, possibly. But the point is, Arden realizes all that. He is awake. He calls this The Artist as Protégé. And he has shown the artist as a crutch."

Mr. Sachs put on his black fedora disdainfully.

"I do not believe it," he said, ringing with a conviction so fixed that Vandaman shrugged. "Arden imagines he is awake but unconsciously he is one of those buebirds. Old maids are not attracted to eaglets."

. . . and to her brother's family

"What does that young snip want?" grumbled Mr. Shipley, throwing down his work. He tore off a slip of scratch paper, marked his place in the record on appeal from the Surrogate's Court which he was studying, and scowled at his secretary. "He's old enough by this time to know he shouldn't drop in here without an appointment. Another one of these young lords of creation. Which one, did you say? What's his first name? Tell me his first name."

"Mr. Raglan Darby. He's in his second year at Yale."

"Have him in and let's get rid of him."

The senior partner of Shipley, Shelton, Faithful & Towbriner angrily pitched the record to the far end of his desk. "Raglan," he fumed. "Yale. Raglan. What kind of a name is that? That's his mother. His grandfather must squirm in his grave at the sound of it."

Mr. Raglan Darby was nineteen,

very casual and assured, but to Mr. Shipley's way of thinking, limp.

"How are you, Raglan. Glad to see you again. How's it going at Yale? Second year, isn't it? Unless I'm mistaken, this is the Easter vacation."

"Right," said Raglan, collapsing into the nearest chair. He flashed open his cigarette case, with deliberation tamped a cigarette on his wrist, and snapped the case shut dextrously. "Mother and I ran into town for today and to-night. We're going to the theater. I want very much to see Katharine Cornell. I'm a bit interested in the stage just now."

He gave his sentences an assertive inflection that induced pauses.

"I'm quite interested in it," he repeated. Mr. Shipley waited unresponsively.

"Mother wanted to come in and see you, but she never gets into town any more and she has a hundred matters to attend to, so she sent me."

Mr. Shipley nodded.

"It's about Aunt Addie," Raglan plunged, flipping ashes toward the carpet's edge. "You see, Mr. Shipley—I—Mother told me to be extremely tactful about this. I believe in tact of course, but considering everything—" he paused and considered everything for five seconds. "We're two men and I think I'll come straight out with it. For nearly a year now whenever Aunt Addie writes to Mother—they correspond regularly, you know—she refers to a Father Bentley. She mentions Father Bentley taking her to visit a church, or they meet at teas, or he discovers some knickknack that she wants—little things like that. The point is, who is this Father Bentley? Mother has some friends in Florence and she's written to them and they say he's an Englishman, an engaging sort of person, and like a Catholic father, only he isn't a Catholic; he's an Episcopalian—very High Church. I forget the

name of the order. Mother knows it. Mother wondered if you knew anything about him."

"I never heard of the man," said Mr. Shipley, shortly and emphatically, with the conclusion of the interview in mind.

"Then he can't have been mentioned in the codicil that Aunt Addie made in February," Raglan cried triumphantly. "You would certainly remember it if you had seen his name there."

Tilted back in his chair, Mr. Shipley gave himself up to the rumbling delighted laughter of a father who sees his infant's fist clenched and the blow aimed at him for the first time.

"I'll have to look out for you, Raglan," he said. "You're pumping me." Raglan stirred uneasily. "I'm sure your mother told you that, as your aunt's attorney, I'm not free to divulge the contents of a codicil without her consent."

"Mother said that you were the family lawyer."

"There are some confidences that even a family lawyer must respect. Let's get down to cases, Raglan. What is it that your mother wants to know?"

"Agreed," cried Raglan. "I'll be frank with you and you be frank with me," and ignoring Mr. Shipley's demurring face, "Aunt Adelaide is getting along—Mother says she's fifty-four now—and when a woman gets to that age, particularly if she's never married, her repressed sex life is apt to turn to religious channels—very strongly too. Everybody knows that," he said to Mr. Shipley's eyebrows. "It's called sublimation. One sees it working on every hand."

"So," said Mr. Shipley.

"Now if this Father Bentley is as clever as he is supposed to be he might get a very strong hold on my aunt, and when she dies we'd wake up and find that instead of leaving everything to

us, she's left it to the Church of England, or these Fathers, or who knows what."

"You're perspicacious, Raglan."

"Then what? What are we to do? We could break the will when the time comes but we can't sit by now and let this person ingratiate himself with my aunt in her old age. No. It isn't right. Mother and I have discussed this thoroughly and Mother wanted me to ask you this. Aunt Addie likes me, we know. She likes young men. There are all those artist boys that she throws her money away on. She likes me a great deal, Mother thinks. We had it in mind that I should go over and see Aunt Addie this summer, and if this Father Bentley isn't all that he should be—I mean if he's taking advantage of my aunt's religious emotions—then Mother thought I should persuade Aunt Addie to come back with me for six months, so as to break this man's hold over her. I'll tell you frankly, I'm very keen to go over, but mother is always looking at the practical side. Mother has a very good head on her. I guess you know that. She says we can't afford it unless it's absolutely necessary. There, I've told you everything. I want to go very much, but for Mother's sake I must put the question up to you fairly. What do you say?"

Mr. Shipley gathered together his forces. "That's hardly a question to put up to me."

"Come on now," teased Raglan. "Forget you're a lawyer. Mother said you were a very fine human being."

"You must thank her for me for that, Raglan."

"I think you're pretty swell myself."

"Thank you. Let's put the matter this way. Your aunt is a woman of strong New England principles and one of her principles has always been the importance of family ties. I hope that your aunt has many more years

before her"—Raglan nodded dutifully—"fifty-four isn't as old as you think, Raglan; but to her dying day I believe she will consider blood thicker than water. Mind you, I may be mistaken, Raglan. These are matters of opinion. But if I were your mother I should say to you, Raglan, you shall have a year in Europe when you graduate from—from—when you graduate, provided," Mr. Shipley arose and extended his hand across the desk, "always provided that you are in the first tenth of your class."

"I won't be." Raglan grasped Mr. Shipley's hand manfully. "No fear of that. Say, if I went over for a year Mother could come. And by the way, I hope I haven't said anything out of order. Mother says I don't always say the right word at the right time. If I've been indiscreet, don't tell her please. She wouldn't like it."

"Don't worry, Raglan. You've been very clever. And so has your mother. You might tell her it was a very clever stroke sending you."

"Have I been really?" said Raglan. "That's nice. Good-by. I'll tell her all right."

. . . is gracious and charming

Cap Walcott threw in his cards. "I'm cleaned," he said in a thick disgruntled voice, pushing away from the table. None of the remaining players paid any attention to him. Over the windows the green blinds were down full length and the springs broken. "How about another slug," he said, groping with his hand for the bottle on the floor, but Beef Fergusson was already dealing blackjack at a penny an ante. Cap stood up with the bottle in his hand and immediately sat down again, straddling his chair with his back to the players. "Hope I'm drinking luck," he remarked, tipping up the bottle.

"Keep quiet, Cap," one of the play-

ers said. "Come on, Beef. Hit me."

In the corner Perce Trenchard, proprietor of the cigar store up front, was reading the *Omaha Bee*, his feet in a chair. Cap Walcott placed the bottle carefully on the floor.

"Hey, Perce," he called. "Hey. Quit reading the paper. Listen to me, Perce."

"Don't get him started," said one of the players. "Keep quiet, Cap."

"Listen, Perce. Did I ever tell you about the run-in I had once with a society dame? Did I? A dame like you read about in the Sunday magazine supplement? Did I ever tell you? Hey, Perce, listen."

"Forget it, Cap," Perce said.

"Sure I did. Name was—" he swayed drunkenly back in his chair for emphasis—"name was Miss Adelaide Darby—never forget that name. Listen, Perce, you remember. War breaks out and they make me officer. Captain at twenty-four—shavetail, louie, captain—just like that," swinging his hand violently upward. "Remember? I don't have to go to college to be an officer. I don't have to know a congressman. No. They see I'm a good man. Ability—that's how I got my commission—ability and good looks, Perce. Don't forget the good looks. Very important for officer. By corks, Perce, you got to believe me. I was one sweet picture in that captain's uniform—the sweetest picture."

"Sure," Perce said behind his paper. "Forget it."

"That's right. I'll skip. Skip now. Now we're over in France—down in south of France training. Little French town. Don't ask me the name, Perce, 'cause I don't rightly remember the name. Don't matter. There's an American woman living there. We all heard of her. Every so often she invites two, three American officers to come over to her house and eat dinner. She's not supposed to be so hot but her

dinners are good. So one day invite comes for me and Captain Kerfoot. Will we come? Okay. Didn't think nothing about it. That was the one big mistake of my life, Perce. It was now, 'cause listen, when the time comes, last minute, this guy Kerfoot, he can't go. I'm in awful hole, Perce.

"I can't back out, can I? Wouldn't be polite of an officer. She lives in a big stone house out in the country a ways, so I dolled up and my orderly—hey, Perce. You listening? I'm sitting there in the parlor, waiting for this Darby dame, all in a muck of sweat, I'm that scared—and in she comes.

"I'm not going to exaggerate, Perce. In my honest opinion—this my honest opinion—she wasn't so much. Nothing to make you forget your company manners. No spring chicken either. Just a woman, Perce. She was about forty and getting on to stout, and you knew she hadn't ever looked sidewise or kicked up her heels—nothing gay about her, just respectable sort. Hey, Perce, I'll tell you who she reminds me of—that teacher's been here so long, teaches seventh grade—Breed, her name is. That'll give you an idea how she looked."

"Last time," one of the players remarked, "she looked like old Pussy Parsons."

"Quiet. Listen, Perce. At first it didn't go so good. I made excuses for Captain Kerfoot and we talked along. About the War mostly. She was strong for the War. Every now and then the conversation goes into awful tailspin. By and by dinner, wine, things loosen up a little. I remember she's set on licking the Huns. Pretty soon she gets to telling me how interested she is in people—how she learns about everything because the maid gives her the lowdown on her life and so does the cook, I guess, and the delivery boy and so on. It gives me an idea.

"I begin shooting off about my own life and she seems to eat it up. I begin with my ancestors, how they come out to this country in a covered wagon and scalped Indians—she seemed to swallow anything, so I made it good—and about my grandmother, how when she caught two ornery worthless dirty Sioux stealing a flitch of bacon out of the smokehouse she grabs the old man's rifle and puts the bead on them and makes them put it back. I told her that and about when I was coming in here to school and you guys used to chase me for a country kid, so I loaded up my dinner pail with stones and swiped Beef on the side of the head and laid him out cold—remember, Perce?"

"I got you for that," Beef muttered. "Remember that too?"

"And about the time I was doing guardmount at Fort Snelling and three regulars jumped me and I fought them off till they slugged me unconscious and stole my pistol. They used to do that and sell the gun. You could get about twenty bucks for those army Colts. And about—"

"Skip it, Cap," one of the players said. "Let's get down to where you scared the old biddy pea-green. Give me another, Beef."

"I never did. Listen, Perce, honest to God, I never scared her. I wasn't drunk neither. That wine don't make you drunk. I swear all that happened was this. Pretty soon the maid brings in a bottle of champagne in a fancy bucket with ice and a towel, just like you see in the movies. Exactly the same. Figure out what that did to me. I think this Miss Darby is the swellest article in the way of an old maid I've ever laid eyes on. I'm all for her. Strong. She only takes a little, but I have a glass, and is it good! First champagne I ever tasted. I saw plenty before I got back after the Armistice, but that was my first, and did it go

down smiling. I begin to feel glad I come after all. The maid pours me a second when I tells her to and I'm kidding away—perfectly proper, you understand—telling this dame how swell she is having me over and how I love champagne and how my old man won't drink anything else and bragging a little maybe about how I'm going to finish the bottle—it wastes if you don't drink it and Kerfoot couldn't come—I'm running on, the old tongue wagging like it was greased on both ends and hung in the middle, and the maid isn't handy, so I reached over and poured myself another glass.

"Do you think you should have another glass, Captain?" she says out of a clear sky. I just looked at her, too surprised to open my trap, because I was just going to say here's to you, ma'am, or something like that, and I had a good look at her face. By corks, her eyes look like two holes burned in a blanket—she's scared to death. I'm not exaggerating. It was an awful shock. I looked round, expecting to see the Heinies busting open the door, but there wasn't nobody, and she couldn't have been scared of the maid, so by Jesus, I think to myself, she must be scared of me. God knows why. It hurt me. Here I figured we were getting along. She was lapping up the yarns I'd been telling her and I was beginning to like the old girl—and all of a sudden she goes off this way.

"What are you scared of all of a sudden?" I says. "You don't need to be scared of me. I wouldn't touch you. I haven't never touched a woman yet that wasn't ready and willing or worse"—that was really true then—"and you don't think an American officer don't respect American womanhood," I says.

"Well, it didn't have no effect. She just looked more like she might pass out any minute.

"I didn't want to go home and leave things that way. So I had an idea. I

had an automatic—a little German Lueger—in my pocket. I pulled it out and pushed it across the table toward her, business end my way. The safety catch was on, and I figured she wouldn't know how to work it, and I says, 'There now, don't you be afraid. If I forget myself, you just plug me, lady. That's fair, isn't it?'

"You would have thought the gun was a snake the way she looked at it. She just moved farther away from the table.

"I really think you must excuse me," she says, hardly able to get the words out.

"I don't know what I've done," I says, "I apologize if I've done anything I shouldn't have."

"That's quite all right, Captain," she says, "but you must excuse me," and out she goes like a hen beating an auto across the road by an inch.

"What the hell!" I said. That was the first cuss word I used all evening and she was out of the room. There you have it, Perce. That was everything that happened. What got into her, Perce? I want to know, 'cause it's tragedy for me. She made me feel like a bum. I sat there, getting sorer and sorer, and I killed the bottle of champagne, and when my orderly comes at ten o'clock I went home without seeing hide nor hair of her.

"You'd think that was enough, wouldn't you, Perce? Wouldn't you now? Wouldn't you think that was enough? But a couple of days later the colonel calls me in. Here's a letter from this woman complaining about my foul and abusive language, drunkenness and conduct unbecoming an officer. What ails her anyway? The colonel is a square guy—besides the Argonne is coming—so he lectures me and lets it drop. It never caught up with me again over there, but when I come back I apply for a transfer to the regular army. I had two citations,

and if it had gone through I'd be sitting cushy in officers' quarters somewhere, soaking up a mint julep right this minute. What turns up but this god-damned letter. There's a lot of writing back and forth but she sticks to her story, says I'm no gentleman, that I give her the most terrible experience of her life and so on—why, Perce?"

Cap Walcott broke down drunkenly. "Why? Why does she tell all those lies about me? What did she do it for? Why is that the most terrible experience of her life? What's the matter with her? Why has she got it in for me? Her old man's a friend of the senator from Connecticut, and they'd been selling the government war supplies; so she's got the pull and I got the dirty end."

"Buck up, Cap," Perce said. "They'll make you a general in the next war."

"No, they won't," Cap blubbered. "They won't."

"Outside," said one of the players. "Out in the alley for you, Cap."

. . . and has a strong sense of spiritual values.

In the Cascine on the pleasant mornings, for half an hour, a lady is walking. She has left her balmoral cape with the chauffeur in the car and she walks vigorously pursuant to injunction and conviction, aroused and resolute in her vigor, arms swinging, the breath quick in her nostrils. Beside her, Father Bentley, with his grave lined face, strides like a grenadier. The gravel starts under their sensible English shoes.

". . . and Glastonbury. They lie so close to your heart, these venerable Christian legends, that at times I ask myself, should one believe—does he believe—that Glastonbury Thorn sprang in sober truth from the staff of Joseph of Arimathea, that it grew on and on, flowering miraculously at

Christmastide, until some wild fanatical Puritan forebear of mine cut it down? Do you, Anson? How charming of you."

The lady is respectably ample and brisk and hale. Her lace collar is fastened at the breast by an ancient Celtic brooch; the black satin tricorn and her graying hair were designed, each for the other, quietly, and as she walks in this soft air her Yankee vigor seems scarcely to exist even in the instant in which it is exerted; it exists, if it exists at all, anomalously and vanishes in the surrounding tranquillity.

"I dread it, even for a few months. The climate is outlandishly hot and then the hurly-burly of the country, Anson—I have always lived quietly to myself, asking nothing from anyone, quite withdrawn and contented, and now to go back—as you say, to a country in which Joseph of Arimathea's staff will never take root, even in legend—I dread it, Anson."

Among the myrtles a nightingale solecistically is singing and by the wall in the dense ilex shade, *tordo*, that brown bird, is running on his quick quick legs. The lady is not distracted by the myrtle groves, the occasional cyclist, the vista of pollarded trees along oltr' Arno, nor by the nightingale. She is rapt in conversation and her gentlewoman's face, its full flesh settled in the unassertive expectation of a world's obedience, is livened like a girl's.

"You don't want me to go, I can see. I really must, though, Anson. If it were only Raglan, having him here in two years on his graduation, as you say, would provide him an incentive to work at his studies and be time enough; but Walter is an immediate problem. I have had a letter from him, such a blue despondent letter. The critics behaved badly at his exhibition. One would think that it was enough to paint beautifully and

poetically, but no, not according to the critics. Their present fad is the native American scene, and Walter says flatly now that he won't return to Italy. It's surprising in a boy who sincerely wants to succeed as a painter, but there it is and will take arranging. I know you doubt him at times, Anson, but I believe in him and if I can only hold him and give him direction, he will succeed. You will see. We must make him succeed. Isn't that a substantial reason for returning to the States for a month or so? And Raglan too. You don't know the sweet devoted letters he writes to me, saying how he wishes he could see his Aunt Addie again. Both Raglan and his mother want me to visit them this summer. . . ."

Insensibly her arms have lost their resolute swing; she lays one hand across her ample breast as though in caution against these exertions.

"You will smile at this, but as a further instance, I must have my old family dressmaker in New York remeasure me. The last garments were too small. It is such minor things—last straws my father used to call them—that make up a woman's mind. Haven't you discovered that yet, Anson? And besides, my solicitor writes—taxes, trespassers, repairs, something about the company and the stock market—all very complicated and I don't rightly understand it, but I feel that I ought to be there. Ah, Anson, you don't really appreciate, enough that is, how fortunate you are not to have to concern yourself with money and business. No, you do not. If people

—why certainly you may read the solicitor's letter if you wish—if people generally would only be reasonable and fair, I can't believe there would be the concern the world over with everyone we know about money. But of course they aren't. I hardly dare open the newspapers these mornings. We live in a world of unreasonable people. Like that dreadful soldier, for instance. I always think of him as a sample of that world. What can you do with such people? However, I don't want to begin on him. He had a fine old New England name too. Look, Anson, we are lagging, it's my fault. Quicker now."

Her breath quickens with the renewal of her resolution and she foregoes speaking. The sensations of her exercise become a sufficient occupation. Now and then impatiently she notices her wrist watch. At last, before an alley of cypress, sloping to yellow Arno and the Bellosguardo hills, the fifteenth minute ticks, and quickly turning about, they go back the way they have come.

"How you keep me at it," she cries, laughing breathlessly. She has taken Father Bentley's arm. "Why do you bother with such a worthless person? I'd never have the character myself to keep at this every day." He catches his step to hers and they stride together. A breathless little smile is erect on her lips; she is confident that any response of his will not displease her. Free arm swinging, eyes shining, the lady is returning to the waiting car, to luncheon, the siesta, and the anticipation, already starting, of to-morrow's walk.



GILBERT AND SULLIVAN

PART III

BY HESKETH PEARSON

AT THE fall of the curtain on the last performance of the revival of "The Mikado," four days before the production of "The Yeomen of the Guard," there had been a great ovation for Rutland Barrington, whose long and continuous association with the Savoy Theatre was then brought to a close. There was no part for him in "The Yeomen" and he wished to start a season of his own in "straight" plays. As he had made his reputation in Gilbertian parts, he naturally asked Gilbert to provide him with another for the opening of his season. Gilbert obliged with "Brantingham Hall," a curious medley of melodrama and satire, in which the women-worshipped parson reappeared in a different setting.

It was Gilbert's opinion that no man created anything worthy of himself until the age of forty. Assuming that a man reaches the age of forty, this is probably true; though it must also be admitted that many men over forty create works unworthy of themselves. Gilbert was one of them, and "Brantingham Hall" was one of the works. It was produced at the St. James's Theatre on November 27th, 1888, and in Gilbert's own phrase, invented on this occasion, it "failed to attract." He seems to have been in a genial frame of mind during the rehearsals, probably because he did not take the play too seriously, and several of his

recorded witticisms date from this period.

"Actresses often paint, but they do not always draw," was one of them.

When reproved by Barrington for keeping the company waiting, he said: "I have lost more time through being punctual than through anything else."

Someone took him to task for using the word "coyful" in one of his operas. "How can anyone be full of coy?" he was asked.

"I don't know," he replied, "but for that matter how can anyone be full of bash?"

At that time a well-known manager, who was supposed to be living with a certain actress, had cast her for a leading part and was puffing her in the press. Gilbert's comment was: "The fellow is blowing his own strumpet."

Barrington's solid manner was of course an excellent foil to Gilbert's quips, and with less responsibility on his shoulders than usual, the producer amused himself at the expense of the actor.

"Where's Miss Blank?" inquired Gilbert at the conclusion of an act.

Barrington, who was sitting with him in the stalls, pointed to the door leading through to the stage and said: "She's round behind."

"I know," said Gilbert, "but where is she?"

While the players at the St. James's Theatre were being entertained by

Gilbert, matters of greater moment were engaging the mind of Sir Arthur Sullivan, who delivered an address on Music in the Town Hall, Birmingham, toward the end of 1888. One passage in it concerns us because it explains the popularity of his serious music among the Victorians and also his limitations:

"Herein lies one of the divine attributes of music, in that it is absolutely free from the power of suggesting anything immoral. Its countless moods and richly varied forms suit it to any organization, and it can convey every meaning except one—an impure one. Music can suggest no improper thought, and herein may be claimed its superiority over painting and sculpture, both of which may, and, indeed, do at times, depict and suggest impurity. This blemish, however, does not enter into music; sounds alone . . . must, from their indefinite nature, be innocent. Let us thank God that we have one elevating and ennobling influence in the world which can never, never lose its purity and beauty."

We could perhaps follow his meaning more closely if he had provided a definition of the word "impurity." But in any case his views might have been modified if he had talked over the subject with Wagner or Tolstoy. The truth is that Sullivan had by this time absorbed the Victorian belief that sex and art should be kept in separate moral-tight compartments. His favorite contemporary authors were Bret Harte, Conan Doyle, Stanley Weyman, and Anthony Hope. "In fiction," he confessed, "I must say that I do like what I call healthy work." In music too he liked what he called healthy

work. For the third of the famous Savoy partners, D'Oyly Carte, the year 1888 had been notable. He had married his secretary, Miss Lenoir, a terrific worker with exceptional business abil-

ity, and it was largely through her influence and energy that he was driven to attempt the conquest of another theatrical kingdom—that of Grand Opera—which in due time had its effect on the relationship between the three men.

Sullivan, as we know, had been pining for fresh fields and Queen Victoria's hint had resolved his ambition. Even his solemn counsellors had praised "The Yeomen," but simply with the object of furthering their plans for his future. It was a step in the right direction; now, surely, he must see for himself that it would be madness to stop short of grand opera. Sullivan agreed, especially as it would liberate him from Gilbert, whom he was beginning to regard as his evil genius, talking openly of his work at the Savoy as "this slavery." His resolution was formed and his plans were made by the New Year, and when, early in January '89, Gilbert called to discuss business, he commenced to outline his intentions before the other could get the lozenge off his chest. He expressed his determination to abandon light opera and undertake some serious dramatic work on a large scale in which the music should be all-important and the composer should have the final word. Knowing quite well that the feeling would not be reciprocated, he said that he would like Gilbert to do the work with him. Gilbert was so taken aback by his partner's purposeful manner that all he could do was to nod his head in seeming assent.

A few weeks later Sullivan defined his intentions more clearly in a letter and felt he was quite safe in hoping once more that Gilbert would collaborate. But during the interval Gilbert had been thinking things over. He had no desire whatever to write the libretto for a grand opera, still less to play second-fiddle to the composer. He was convinced that there was no

public for English grand opera. "The Yeomen," their most serious work, was not repeating the success of "Patience," "Iolanthe," or "Pinafore," to say nothing of "The Mikado." Also he did not fancy the site whereon Carte was building an opera house, and he thought that Sullivan would have great difficulty in getting together a cast of good singers who could act. Such were the opinions he put forward in a letter to his partner, adding that there was no reason why Sullivan's serious compositions should conflict with his work on light opera. Why could he not do both? For Gilbert professed to understand and sympathize with Sullivan's desire "to write what, for want of a better term, I suppose we must call Grand Opera."

Sullivan was at Monte Carlo when this letter arrived. He had recently been staying with the Prince and Princess of Wales at Sandringham, had then accompanied the Prince to the Continent, and was now enjoying princely festivities on the Riviera. His regular visits to the tables were reported in the papers, and he was extremely annoyed when certain English journals commented on his heavy gambling. What with dining among lords and counting his losses, he was in no mood to discuss grand opera with Gilbert. But he wrote again, recapitulating his main objections to Gilbertian comic opera: he was tired of it; his work was too good for it; he did not want to spend the rest of his life in clothing the same old types with music, e.g. "the middle-aged woman with fading charms"; he disliked the inhuman and impossible plots; in fact the whole business had become distasteful to him. To Gilbert's assertion that in serious opera the librettist would be sacrificed, he retorted that he had sacrificed himself in every single one of the comic operas they had written together. Having said which, he left

it to Gilbert to find a way out of the "impasse."

Gilbert's reply was brief and pointed: if Sullivan really imagined that he had been effacing himself during the last twelve years, and if he was seriously proposing that for the future Gilbert should efface himself, there was nothing more to be said. "If we meet, it must be as master and master."

When Sullivan read this letter all the pent-up irritation and resentment of twelve years burst forth, and there was something curiously womanish about the way in which his emotions, once released, got the better of him, turning the main issue into a series of disconnected accusations and personal grievances. It was also rather feminine of him to unbosom himself, not to Gilbert, whose fearful scowl and withering comment kept him in awe even at a distance, but to a sympathetic third party—the third party. In his letter to Carte he accused Gilbert of ignoring his suggestions, of wasting everybody's time at rehearsals, of ruining his music, of treating his opinions with contempt, of tiring the actors so that they sang out of tune, of rudeness, egotism, domineering, and bullying. Summarizing the situation in a phrase, he wrote: "I am a cipher in the theater."

Having relieved himself of the grievances he had nursed for more than a decade, his mood changed, and the letter he wrote to Gilbert the day after he had posted his bitter epistle to Carte was pitched in a different key. It was almost apologetic in tone, as if he were afraid that he had gone too far, as if he wished to break the force of the coming blow. Why should they quarrel, he asked, about a matter that could so easily be arranged? All that he desired was that he should have more to say in the purely musical part of their operas, that his judgment should weigh with Gilbert "in the laying out of the musical situation." That granted,

and it seemed a rational request, there was no reason why they should not continue their successful partnership.

Only a few weeks before he had talked soberly and definitely about his future in serious music and his abandonment of comic opera. Now he was almost begging for a continuance of their collaboration. Obviously he did not quite know what he wanted to do; but of one thing he was certain—his rash letter to Carte would infuriate Gilbert, and it suddenly dawned upon him that he could not face the future without Gilbert. Serious music was all very well, but one could not live on it; still less could one gamble on it; and Sullivan was not to reap what he had sown. Social life among the butterflies of Mayfair and Ascot had become second nature to him. To flutter in those exciting circles he had to compromise. He would write his grand opera; but his income was only secure at the Savoy; backing Gilbert he was on "a cert."

The next move came from Carte, who forwarded Sullivan's letter to Gilbert. It is a little difficult to divine Carte's motive for doing so, since he must have known that Gilbert was not the man to read it with the detachment of a Chesterfield and that it would probably result in the break-up of the partnership. Possibly he was too sanguine of the success of his new venture which he hoped to commence with a grand opera by Sullivan. Possibly he felt that the letter would terminate the constant friction between the partners and lead to an amicable understanding. But it is more probable, as we shall find later, that he believed Sullivan to be the real money-maker at the Savoy and that so long as Sir Arthur continued to write the music the box-office receipts would not vary. Such a belief satisfied him in a double sense, for he was devoted to Sullivan but disliked Gilbert's autocratic man-

ner and interfering ways. The fact remains that, whether actuated by policy or pique, he sent the letter to Gilbert.

Breakfast that morning in Harrington Gardens must have been a difficult meal to digest. Gilbert received the two letters by the same post. The one from Sullivan was written in a more friendly strain than he had expected; in fact he was merely being asked to do what he had always done; he had never failed to meet Sullivan's requirements. But the enclosure from Carte maddened him. What on earth did Sullivan mean? A more grotesque fabrication of baseless accusations he had never read. The letter was cruel, unjust, ungenerous, libellous, monstrous. Had he not always given in to Sullivan? Had not Sullivan's every whim been unhesitatingly gratified? Had he not deferred to Sullivan again and again? Had he not been the acme of reasonableness?

These reproaches were expanded and set forth in a long letter to Sullivan, which concluded with the statement that if a man of his unequalled position in the world of music really had submitted in silence for twelve years to the slights of which he complained, then it was not upon Gilbert that the charge reflected but upon himself.

The intensely masculine element in Gilbert's nature is shown in his immediate reaction to Sullivan's complaints. Their long collaboration had been the union of opposites; socially an ideal union if they had been man and woman, a perpetual discord since they were man and man. On the plane of art this discord ceased and the primary elements in their natures fused to a perfect concord. Their essential dissimilarity was never so clearly displayed as at this moment of their lives. We sympathize with Sullivan's sense of injury, for he had always given in to

his partner and was always angry with himself for having done so. We understand Gilbert's incredulous astonishment at the outburst, for he had always been most anxious to agree with Sullivan so long as Sullivan agreed with him.

Gilbert's letter followed Sullivan to Venice, whither he had gone after a period of utter boredom at Monte Carlo. "I am tired of the eternal gambling and the jargon connected with it," he had written to a friend, "and the people don't interest me." He was a man who quickly tired of doing anything for long, and his sudden impulse to visit Venice was merely an attempt to distract his mind from a different form of mental distraction. All through the month of April a flood of letters passed between the two. The burden of Gilbert's was that he had always considered Sullivan's interests, and the burden of Sullivan's was that his interests had never been considered. It did them a lot of good to get rid of their annoyance on paper, and after the first fortnight each of them began to climb down, since neither wished to shatter an alliance that had brought them fame and fortune. Inside a month they had reached the "Be this as it may" stage of their argument, and it was Sullivan who terminated the quarrel with the statement that he was willing to write another opera with Gilbert at once; though, with a sudden memory of the lozenge, he added in parenthesis that they should be in thorough agreement as to the subject.

Letters had also been passing between Carte and Sullivan, in which the manager, with an eye to a break in the partnership, had pressed the composer to write a serious opera ("Grand Opera is an offensive term," said Sullivan to placate Gilbert) for the opening production at the new theater. Sullivan was delighted at the prospect of

achieving the ambition of his life, especially as he could choose his subject and his collaborator, and agreed to have the opera ready by the following spring. This meant that he and Gilbert would have to start work immediately on the next piece for the Savoy.

Early in May they met in London, had a long frank discussion, and, in Sullivan's words, "shook hands and buried the hatchet." A month later Gilbert arrived with the story of "The Gondoliers," which Sullivan thought "funny and very pretty." For five months Gilbert worked on the libretto, sending the songs as each was completed to Sullivan. Both of them were out of town, Gilbert at Uxbridge, Sullivan at Grove House (now Bridge House), Weybridge, and their correspondence during this period was of the friendliest description, each trying to give more than he took. Indeed, the atmosphere following the late upheaval was so calm that it seemed to presage another storm.

George Grossmith left the Savoy during the run of "The Yeomen," and Rutland Barrington was returning for "The Gondoliers" after his disastrous season at the St. James's Theatre; but as Gilbert had experienced trouble with his leading artists, all of whom had asked for a rise in salary commensurate with their rise in fame, he decided to have no "star" parts in the new opera. Jessie Bond, however, declined to appear in the next piece unless her salary were raised from twenty pounds to thirty pounds a week. When Gilbert heard this he wrote to tell her that, in spite of his high appreciation of her merits and his personal affection for herself, he had to consider his partners, and under no circumstances would he consent to the extra ten pounds. Jessie persisted, Sullivan and Carte supported her, and Gilbert had to give way. Not, however, with a good grace, for he never

spoke to her at rehearsals, only acknowledging her presence as she came on the stage with a remark addressed to the other members of the company:

"Make way for the high-salaried Artistel"

Gilbert was not ungenerous but he hated being beaten, and on this occasion his partners, whose interests he was guarding as well as his own, sided against him. For a man of his temperament it was a bitter pill to swallow and it took him some time to recover. But he bore no malice against Jessie Bond, for after the dress-rehearsal he rushed up to her, kissed her in front of everyone and cried:

"Jessie, my dear! I had no idea that so much could be made of so small a part!"

Rehearsals began in the middle of October, and all through November Sullivan worked hard every night. He resembled Gilbert in one respect and one only. Neither could stand interruption when seriously at work and, therefore, both preferred to work at night-time. With their previous operas Gilbert had usually managed to send off the entire libretto ("Here goes what may be worth five pence or five figures," he would say as he posted it), but this time Sullivan received it in small portions, and the score gave him more trouble than any of its predecessors. He appears indeed to have plagiarized Molloy's "Love's Sweet Song" in his "When a Maiden Marries," but when taxed on the subject he replied: "I don't happen ever to have heard the song, but if I had you must remember that Molloy and I had only seven notes to work on between us."

Gilbert allowed his brain to run away with him in the original script and only five days before the production of the piece he agreed with Sullivan that some "dangerous dialogue" should be cut out. But nothing could

now save Gilbert in the eyes of officialdom. He had been too critical of the professional buttresses of the State, and his very irresponsibility, the fact that he did not represent Socialism or any other "ism" but mocked at every class and every creed, made him still more dangerous, because it meant surely that he was an anarchist disguised as a Tory. However, his impertinence was about to be punished. He had dared to flout Authority, and Authority was now going to show that it could ignore him. Authority, in fact, had decided that he did not exist, in the belief, presumably, that his non-existence would teach him a lesson; and when a Command Performance of "The Gondoliers" was given before Queen Victoria at Windsor Castle his name was omitted from the program, though the name of the wig-maker was printed in bold type.

The opening performance, on December 7, 1889, was the most brilliant of all their first-nights. At the close they received an ovation that could be heard outside, above the roar of the Strand. It was, with "The Mikado," the greatest success of their joint career, and on the whole it remains their most delightful work. The libretto was the wittiest Gilbert ever wrote and the music caught its spirit to perfection. It was written in a period of emotional tranquillity, of which they were keenly conscious because of its harsh prelude, and to which some foreboding of the coming strife may have lent an especial grace.

In writing to thank Sullivan for the splendid work he had done, Gilbert said: "It gives one the chance of shining right through the twentieth century with a reflected light."

"Don't talk of reflected light," Sullivan answered, "in such a perfect book as 'The Gondoliers' you shine with an individual brilliancy which no other writer can hope to attain."

II

Within a month of their triumph at the Savoy, Gilbert was enjoying a holiday in India and Sullivan was back at Monte Carlo. On his return home in March Gilbert received from Carte an account of the preliminary expenses in connection with "The Gondoliers" and saw to his amazement that the total was forty-five hundred pounds. He wrote for details and discovered that Carte had included the sum of five hundred pounds for new carpets for the auditorium.

Gilbert had already had a little trouble with Carte over carpets and he was annoyed that the manager should have calmly taken the matter into his own hands and charged the sum to production expenses. Besides, by their agreement with Carte, Gilbert and Sullivan were liable only for "repairs incidental to the performance," and if carpets for the lobbies and staircases came under that heading, then they were also responsible for repainting, decorating, reseating, lighting, and everything else that was done to the theater. Gilbert wrote to Carte drawing his attention to these facts and stating that he should have been consulted before the carpets were bought. Carte's reply was so extraordinary that we can only assume he meant to enrage Gilbert. He said that both Sullivan and he were tired of the perpetual interference of Gilbert in matters that did not concern him, and that if this kind of thing continued he (Carte) and Sullivan would have to look for another librettist.

This letter was a spark to the gunpowder in Gilbert and he exploded. His future actions must be judged in reference to its insulting terms. He had been the dynamic force behind the partnership; to his methods as a producer no less than to his ability as a writer the greatest success in stage history was due; he could claim that but

for him Carte would not be the wealthiest man in the theatrical world. And now he was plainly being told that his services could be dispensed with.

There was a stormy interview, in which the business argument was interspersed with volleys of expletives: "D'you think I'm going to pay for a confounded carpet for the stairs to an office where you do the dirty business of your blasted opera house, you blankety-blank?" Such undiplomatic language poured from Gilbert and it is hardly surprising that they failed to reach an understanding.

Sullivan was home again in April and Gilbert went to see him. They discussed the various points at issue, and as Sullivan did not entirely see eye-to-eye with Gilbert, he promised to arrange a meeting between themselves and Carte in order to go over the whole subject in dispute, Gilbert himself suggesting that no reference should be made to his recent angry scene with Carte. Next day Gilbert called again, read the headings of a new contract which he proposed all three should immediately sign, and agreed with Sullivan that the atmosphere would be less electric if the meeting of the trio were postponed for a week. A few days later Sullivan wrote to Gilbert that, though he thought they should have a fresh contract, there was no need to draw it up until a new piece was wanted for the Savoy. Gilbert felt that Sullivan was letting him down and at once despatched a letter to Carte, notifying him that he was not to produce or perform any of Gilbert's libretti after Christmas, 1890, and a note to Sullivan, stating that their collaboration was at an end and that "The Gondoliers" would be the last of their works to be heard in public.

This brought Sullivan and Carte to their senses. Carte wished to cripple but not kill the goose that laid the golden eggs. Sullivan, though tired

of Gilbert's fractiousness, was anxious for peace while writing his grand opera. They therefore proposed a meeting of the partners in Carte's office. Gilbert accepted their invitation, but the sight of Sullivan in the enemy's camp was too much for him and the meeting did not pass off according to plan. The arguments of the other two were wasted on him.

"The expenses are unwarrantable and excessive," he stormed at Carte, "and I demand a fresh agreement because you are making too much money out of my brains."

Carte continued to argue while Gilbert sat glowering. Suddenly Gilbert turned to Sullivan and demanded his opinion. Without hesitation Sullivan sided with Carte. Gilbert instantly saw red.

"You are no gentlemen," he shouted, "or you should answer to me. You are both blackguards!"

He then let loose a torrent of abuse that shocked Carte and hurt Sullivan, rushed at the door, wrenched it open, and bellowed a threat:

"I'll beat you yet—you bloody sheenies!"

The door banged, the atmosphere lifted, and the two remaining members of the firm breathed freely.

Many people who lose their sense of proportion in a fit of excitement are cautious enough to delay further action until they have slept on the subject that caused the fit. But one night's rest was not enough for Gilbert. He should have gone to bed for a month after every row. Though able to wake up and rub his eyes in a peaceful frame of mind, by the time he was fastening his collar the sense of injury had begun to operate and within an hour he had again reached boiling point. On the morning after his distressing scene with Sullivan and Carte he sat down and wrote to the former, demanding (1) an apology for his hos-

tile attitude the previous day and (2) a severance of his connection with Carte; failing both of which Gilbert insisted on dissolving their partnership. Sullivan refused to comply and said that Gilbert had not behaved like a gentleman.

Thus the dissolution of their union, which had lasted for thirteen years, resulted immediately from the fact that neither of them considered the other a gentleman. Without inquiring too closely into the meaning of the word "gentleman," on which point gentlemen never agree, we know now that the real cause of quarrel between these two had nothing whatever to do with conventional standards of behavior. People do not quarrel because they happen to disagree on certain matters, however serious—an atheist can live in perfect concord with a Christian—but because they are not in harmony with each other, because their characters clash. Enough has already been said about the basic division between the characters of Gilbert and Sullivan, which was the root cause of the trouble. Had they liked each other better, had they been capable of warming toward each other by virtue of a single common inclination, the Savoy partnership would have lasted until Sullivan's death.

The immediate, but superficial, cause of quarrel was due, first, to Carte's carpet. Carte was an extremely shrewd man of business, and there are very few shrewd men of business who would not take advantage of an ambiguous phrase in a contract. Even so it may be thought that, under the onslaught of Gilbert, he would have given way. But Carte fancied himself as a sort of Napoleon (his photograph shows a hand thrust imperially between the buttons of the coat), and Gilbert's dictatorial methods had got on his nerves. Success had gone to his head and he was suffering

from that last infirmity of business minds—a belief that he knew exactly what the public wanted. His Moscow lay ahead, in the form of grand opera at the superb new theater he was building; but when the carpet question was at issue he had a settled conviction that he and Sullivan could afford to laugh at Gilbert's libretti and, incidentally, make their author eat the pie of humility.

The reason for Gilbert's behavior is only too clear. Carte's contemptuous letter followed by Sullivan's treachery, as he thought it, would have goaded a much less sensitive man to an outburst of ungovernable fury; though here again, had he really cared for Sullivan, he would have sympathized with the composer's predicament. As it was, all that he could see was the defection of a fellow-artist, the betrayal of their common cause by a man who with himself had helped to fatten the financier, an artist deserting another artist and selling himself to an accountant. Add to the letter and the treachery a severe attack of gout, and we need seek no further reason for his contribution to the dispute.

But while Gilbert was trying to beat the business man at his own game, Sullivan was forced to join with the business man for the sake of his fame. The ambition of his life was about to be realized with the help of Carte. The words "Grand Opera" blazed across his spiritual horizon. He could not throw away this wonderful chance merely for the price of a carpet. And what a trifle to make a song about! He had lost sums like that in one evening at the Monte Carlo tables. Gilbert was being altogether too troublesome. He could not everlastingly be at war with Gilbert and fighting his kidney disease; it was too tiring. Had he felt the least affection for Gilbert he would have tried to see the situation from the other's angle, he would

have explained his own difficulty, he would have offered to pay the five hundred pounds himself, he would have aroused Gilbert's quickly touched sympathy. As it was, he decided that Gilbert was not a gentleman.

Gilbert was a born fighter. Firmly believing that in every dispute he was right and the other fellow wrong, he went to extreme limits to prove his rectitude. A century earlier he would have fought at least one duel a week, and it was only his contempt for lawyers that prevented him from taking legal action as often as he had a quarrel. In temper and in temperament he was like Hotspur, and in business dealings he would have echoed that choleric warrior:

But in the way of bargain, mark ye me,
I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.

To be beaten ("cheated" was his word) in a business deal was worse than the gout; he felt mentally crippled; and he would try any cure, even the law, in order to recover his self-esteem.

III

In August, with "The Gondoliers" running to packed houses, the general public were astonished to read in the papers that Gilbert had made an application for the appointment of a receiver at the Savoy Theatre and that he was bringing an action against Carte and Sullivan. The case was adjourned for a week, when it came before a vacation judge, and another adjournment was applied for on the ground that Gilbert was ill at Carlsbad. Counsel for defendants protested against "the cruel manner" in which the case was being allowed to stand over. However, the judge granted a further postponement and the case was finally heard in the first week of September. It appeared that Carte received £4000 per annum for

the rent of the theater and necessary expenses. After deducting this, the profits were divided equally between the partners, though each had to pay his share of the production expenses. It was Carte's duty to render an account and pay out the profits at the end of each quarter; but owing to the disagreement over the April account, Carte had not made the usual quarterly payment in July, his solicitors informing Gilbert that it would be better to settle the earlier account before any further sums were paid. Gilbert had promptly issued a writ for settlement of the July account. Carte's solicitors had then sent him a check for £2000, but Gilbert had claimed (on the strength of the nightly takings) that at least £3000 was due and had applied for the appointment of a receiver. For the defendants it was stated that Gilbert's share of the net profits of the eight operas that had been produced during the past eleven years had been £70,000 for London and £20,000 for America and the provinces, and that pending the action Carte ought not to be called upon to render any further account; also that the appointment of a receiver at the Savoy Theatre would be prejudicial to the interests of all concerned. The case having been fully argued, it was finally arranged that Carte should make Gilbert a further payment of £1000 on the following day and should deliver the July account within three weeks, paying any balance due to Gilbert for that quarter within four days of delivery.

Gilbert had triumphed and was so pleased about it that he wrote to Sullivan suggesting a truce with the Cartes. Sullivan replied that he was "still smarting" from Gilbert's treatment of him, that he was "physically and mentally ill over this wretched business," and that if confidence between them were to be restored Gilbert

would have to admit that he had been in the wrong. Gilbert took two months to accustom himself to the feeling that he might have been a little less precipitate, but in November he called on the Cartes, admitted that the gout had got the better of him and discussed the carpet in a spirit of compromise.

All this time Sullivan had been composing his grand opera, trying hard to keep his mind busy with romantic themes while violent letters from Gilbert were arriving at Weybridge with mortifying frequency. The subject he had chosen was *Ivanhoe* and his taste for "healthy" romantic literature was very evident in the choice. Ever since the production of "Princess Ida" he had longed for the opportunity of dealing with a grand historical theme, and *Ivanhoe* provided him with all the satisfactory ingredients: the novel was healthy, romantic, popular, moral, and clean. Yet the music did not come easily at first. He wrote and destroyed and rewrote, never retaining anything that he did not deem worthy of the subject. It was to be his greatest contribution to music and he put his life's blood into it. Fortunately he could not know that the only song in it that would achieve anything approaching the popularity of his Savoy numbers, "Ho Jolly Jenkin," was the one song in the work that might just as easily have appeared in any of his comic operas.

A double cast was engaged and no expense was spared in the production. Staged with every imaginable effect of scenic splendor, "Ivanhoe" was performed for the first time at the opening of the Royal English Opera House (now the Palace Theatre) on January 31, 1891, before an audience that included the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, sundry other royalties, and the pick of London society. Gilbert was

not present. "I decline your stalls," he wrote on the morning of the 31st, and followed up his refusal with two more letters on the same day. The opera was received with tremendous enthusiasm, the English language was ransacked for eulogistic adjectives by the critics, and Queen Victoria expressed "particular satisfaction . . . as she believes it is partly owing to her own instigation that you undertook this great work." Sullivan confessed that the opera had been directly inspired by Her Majesty and dedicated the music to her. A fortnight later Gilbert consented to sit through it, but in spite of the fact that he was not bored ("the highest compliment I ever paid a grand opera") "Ivanhoe" was performed only 160 times. Sullivan was deeply disappointed.

On hearing that Sullivan was dissatisfied with his diminishing royalties, Gilbert remarked:

"He's the sort of a man who will sit on a fire and then complain that his bottom is burning."

From which we may guess that Gilbert still harbored a grievance. He could not shake off "a dull leaden feeling" that Sullivan had treated him "with inexplicable unfairness," and early in October '91 Chappell, the music publisher, acted as ambassador between them. Gilbert believed that they would never be able to meet again if either of them had a grievance against the other, and he suggested that they should refer the whole dispute to a third party, whose decision would settle it finally and enforce an admission from one of the disputants that he had been in the wrong. Sullivan could not bear the thought of raking up the whole business; he wanted to forget it, and was ready to meet Gilbert in the most friendly spirit on condition that the quarrel was never referred to. On October 12th they met, talked for two hours, shook

hands heartily, and parted friends, or as near to friendship as they were ever likely to get.

Prior to this reconciliation Gilbert had been busy on a new comic opera. It is perhaps unnecessary to add that, with Sullivan safely out of the way, he had resuscitated the lozenge. Having chosen Alfred Cellier to write the music, he approached several of the Savoy company with tempting offers to leave Carte and Sullivan and act in his new piece. One of them accepted, but when Sullivan got to hear that Gilbert was trying to inveigle Jessie Bond from the Savoy he wrote and implored her not to leave. Carte's letter suggesting an increase in salary was more to the point, and she stayed with the old firm. It should be added that the company as a whole sided with Gilbert in the famous quarrel, not because they knew anything about it but because they liked him better than Sullivan.

A year after Sullivan had attained the ambition of his life with the production of "Ivanhoe," Gilbert's perseverance with the lozenge was rewarded by the production of "The Mountebanks" at the Lyric Theatre (January 4, 1892). The libretto was quite as good as any except the best of his Savoy pieces, and it was more successful than any opera composed by Sullivan apart from Gilbert; but with the passage of time the lozenge had somehow been diluted and Gilbert seemed to have lost his taste for it; at least the plot no longer hinged upon it.

While "The Mountebanks" was doing good business at the Lyric, Sullivan was at Monte Carlo trying to compose the music for a libretto by Sydney Grundy. A recurrence of his disease in the early part of '92 nearly killed him. For weeks he lay semi-conscious, his pain deadened by repeated injections of morphia. He thought he was dying and in the intervals of conscious-

ness made arrangements for that event. Sometimes he would snatch a few minutes free from morphia and pain and work feverishly on the new opera. Then a paroxysm of agony would seize him and for hours together he was under the influence of the drug. The news spread that he was sinking. The Queen sent a telegram, the Prince of Wales sent a surgeon. But it was doubtful whether he could survive an operation. One day his nephew, with the help of his valet, gave him a hot bath. It did him more good than the ministrations of the physicians, and from that moment he began to mend. He was brought back to London and gradually recovered in the June sunshine, driving about the parks, visiting Lords, and staying at Sandringham with the Prince and Princess of Wales. By August he was again composing, with the result that "Haddon Hall," the music for which had been written between spasms of agony or in the feebleness of convalescence, was produced at the Savoy on September 24, 1892. Gilbert was there, and the first performance seemed to promise success for the opera. But although the music achieved barrel-organ popularity, the promise was not fulfilled, and the piece was soon withdrawn.

Carte was now beginning to question his infallibility. His grandiose scheme for English Grand Opera had come to nothing. If Sullivan had failed it was unlikely that anyone else would succeed; so he sold his new theater to a music-hall syndicate. The failure of "Haddon Hall" was another blow. It meant that Sullivan without Gilbert was not the same as Gilbert and Sullivan; whereas the success of "The Mountebanks" proved that Gilbert without Sullivan was at least a paying proposition. Carte had already spent a lot of time in a vain attempt to find a worthy successor to Gilbert; he had discovered a young fellow named

James Barrie, but Barrie's libretto had not appealed to Sullivan; later Carte was to approach a critic named Bernard Shaw, but Shaw could not preach in libretti and nothing came of it. With "Haddon Hall" playing to half-full houses, Carte was in a fix; so he stopped looking for Gilbert's successor and tackled Gilbert himself. By the end of 1892 the three partners had thoroughly discussed the business side of a new alliance, and Gilbert and Sullivan had agreed to write their next opera together.

Sullivan was back on the Riviera for the winter months; Gilbert paid him a flying visit to discuss the plot and then set to work. Another severe attack of gout sent him limping to Homburg, but he stuck to his job and finished the piece in July. Sullivan spent the summer months composing the music at Weybridge. He was delighted to be at work on another of Gilbert's libretti. "After all, there's nobody like him," he said.

But there was a certain amount of friction. Carte informed them that the production expenses would come to seven thousand pounds, and this time it was Sullivan who fought for economy. Gilbert explained that the "Gents in arms . . . must be dressed *somehow*, they can't go naked (unless you insist on it)," but Sullivan was in favor of retrenchment in every direction. Again Sullivan objected to the comical treatment of a middle-aged lady in love. Gilbert protested that middle-aged ladies in love were essentially comical, but he was forced to climb down and give the part "pathetic interest." Finally the composer objected to the Finale of Act 2. Gilbert lost patience and told Sullivan to write the music, after which he would try to fit it with words. This was the only time in their experience that such a thing had happened and Gilbert was not too pleased about it. "Here it is,"

he wrote, enclosing the verses; "it is mere doggerel, but words written to an existing tune are nearly sure to be that," and he gave Sullivan carte blanche to chop the stuff about as much as he liked. It was a hot summer and Sullivan worked slowly, varying his labors with rides on a tricycle, rows on the river, and attendances at race-meetings.

The final dress-rehearsal of "Utopia Limited" was witnessed by critics and others. Gilbert said that the critics had attacked his previous work because they had not understood it, and he hoped that if they had an opportunity of seeing an opera twice running it would give their intelligences time to function before writing their criticisms. From his point of view he was right, for the press was almost unanimous in praise of the piece. It was produced on October 7, 1893, and, though one of the best efforts of the famous pair, it only ran for eight months. Perhaps its partial failure was due to Gilbert's criticism of English affairs: parliament, the army, the navy, commerce, the Court; this time he had given rein to his satire with a vengeance.

At the close of the first performance there was great excitement. Gilbert and Sullivan took a number of "calls" separately, but the audience were not content with that, and Sullivan was quick to take advantage of the situation. While Gilbert was on the stage bowing his acknowledgments, Sullivan suddenly appeared from the wings with outstretched hand. Gilbert played up to him; they shook hands; and the audience shouted themselves hoarse while the curtain went up and down on the reconciled couple.

But there was no suggestion on either side that they should write another opera together, and when at the end of '95 Gilbert sent Sullivan a new libretto it is doubtful which of the two was less enthusiastic about it. However, Sullivan did his duty to Carte, and "The Grand Duke" was performed a hundred and twenty-three times at the Savoy Theatre, commencing on March 7, 1896. It was the final flash in the pan; in fact it was only a spark; and the most famous association in theatrical history fizzled out like a damp squib.

(The End)



GETTING ALONG WITH WOMEN

ANONYMOUS

FEW men get along well with women. A man usually weakens at a woman's tears, cowers before her anger, softens to her flattery, yields to her blandishments—and the woman gets her way. The man, however, has not managed her; in fact, he has been taken in, and later he comes to realize it. Then, in company of other men, he confesses, "I can't understand women. Who can?" His friends echo the thought; and what they imply is that "women have the cunning of idiots, and who can understand idiots?" To think that way makes them feel like fine fellows, and so they go on repeating that women cannot be understood, and the myth becomes more deeply entrenched in masculine philosophy every day.

Now I am not one of these men. I neither believe in the myth nor do I have any difficulty in getting along with women. My claim at the least is supported by a background of environment and experience which, if I have any capacity for learning, should be capable of equipping me for understanding women and for getting along with them. It is a background which dates back to a slightly incredible childhood and youth.

I grew up, in fact, in the midst of an immediate family of women comprising mother, sisters, an aunt, a cousin, without another man or man-child in it besides myself. By some strange quirk of fate, moreover, I was the only male left in the clan. My

father was dead, both my grandfathers, and my uncles were men who had married some of my aunts. They were not blood relatives and, anyway, there wasn't one worth his salt for influence on a growing boy.

My life quite easily might have been ruined under such circumstances, yet to the credit of a fighting mother and a definite maleness I never became a sissy. On the contrary, my clothes were forever torn and my face and body scratched and bruised during the first dozen years of my life, because I insisted on fighting any and every contemporary who dared to call me "mamma's boy."

That mother is still alive—a grand old warrior. Left penniless in her middle thirties with a family of youngsters scarce out of babyhood and without occupation or any business knowledge, she went to the wars. And how she fought! She took in washing, she took in sewing, and made our own clothes. She fed us, made a home for us, counseled with us, helped us grow in understanding and character. There was no Relief then, and if there had been she would have scorned it. As I look back on her life in those days, I see that what she succeeded in doing would have been a major accomplishment in any period. It was much more so in those days when women still were unemancipated. For she saved a little here, hoarded and cut corners there, and at length got together a few dollars with which to make her first

venture in real estate. That launched her upon a career; by the time I arrived at my late teens, she already was a power in our staid and wealthy Atlantic seaboard city.

She was really a power. Among my most vivid recollections is that of the hot summer day when four respected citizens of the town arrived dressed in their Sunday best to counsel with my mother as to whether Jack McCloskey, the high-school principal, was the right man to run as Reform candidate for Mayor. They did run him. He was elected. And when I swung along High Street in the lead of the triumphal torchlight procession I was celebrating far more the work my mother had done (long before women had the vote) than the fact of my beloved principal's victory. The people whose lives she has influenced by her saltiness and courage must be legion.

I learned about women from her—among other truths, how combative women are and how timid men. I learned about women from my sisters and my cousins and my aunts. And then fate pitchforked me into a world of women; in newspaper city rooms, advertising agencies, movie studios, theatrical offices, it has been my fortune over a period of twenty-odd years not only to work with women but of late years to supervise and direct their steps. Indeed, as I look back upon it, I can see that I have been occupying all my life a very advanced outpost in the country of the Amazons.

II

Now here is a thing amazing to me from the beginning—namely, that all men, whether admitting it or not, have the strangest misconceptions about women and, indeed, quite often go in abject fear of them. I saw it first among companions of my own age in my late teens and early twenties.

Many were sounding-boards of braggadocio; they acted as if they believed women inferior to the strutting and accomplished male, creatures who should be honored if he took his pleasure upon them, animalculæ to be wooed and won and discarded, scalps to be lifted and strung at one's belt. Yet even underneath pæans of self-glorification was discernible the fear of a mystery they could not understand. As for the other poor goofs, the boys who stood open-mouthed before these braggarts and who were shy before girls, they quite definitely betrayed their fear of femininity.

Indeed, as I saw my fellows fall away one by one into marriage, I came to have less and less respect for that institution because of the way in which men regarded it. Take out to the old swimming hole a boy who is just learning to paddle and watch him screw up his courage for a clumsy dive, and you have something of the picture; for my friends went into marriage with eyes tight shut, prepared for a shock, glad to survive, and eager like a boy in the water to say to the youngster on the brink, "Come on in, the water's fine." All the time their teeth were chattering, but they had made their plunge, they had flaunted their courage. They went into marriage, moreover, like Sunday School children fed on the Elsie books which taught them to believe that when a boy reached his majority he must take a wife or be considered an abandoned character. Married, they grew mustaches and stomachs and children, because that was expected of them, and then, when physical procreative faculties failed, they turned to producing bank accounts and cars and radios and homes in the country with country-club memberships and bills and mortgages and cirrhosis of the liver, because that also was the normal thing to do.

How often I have marvelled at them

for mating; and yet I know the motives which impelled them, motives in which good sense had no part. Indeed, I have long since come to the conclusion that practically always men marry because they reach a time when their glands impel them to fall in love and at that very moment accident propels some woman into propinquity. Then, after the heat and the fury subside, habit usually takes hold of the married man and binds him as tight as any Egyptian undertaker ever wrapped a mummy—habit and the pattern of life each man visions for himself. He thinks, "Thank God, now I don't need to worry about women any more. I can proceed with the main business of life, the carving out of a career." More and more, his wife slides into the back of his consciousness. When she moves forward, as like as not, he becomes irritable and peevish, and he says to his friends, "What does she want anyhow? I give her a good home, I provide for the children, I turn over every cent I make." Of course, he doesn't mention his club dues, his tailor bills, his tab at Tony's, or the money he dropped in the poker game. Then his sympathetic friend says, "Wants to drag you out at night, hey? My wife's like that too. All women are alike. Can't leave a man alone when he comes home tired; always at him to do something. It's this restless age; they haven't got enough to do. No, no, John, this one's on me. You can buy the next one."

No wonder divorces grow in number. The marvel to me is that any woman of sense and sensibility continues to live with a purblind creature who, by refusing to try to understand her, throws away the opportunity for enriching both her life and his own. I know that economic reasons compel many women to stay put while others sacrifice themselves in the mistaken belief that it is for the children's good. As if children, all eyes and ears and

gulping intelligence, gain anything worth the possessing out of life with mismates!

There is a noble cause waiting here for some modern Lysistrata. Let her pull her followers out of bed and kitchen and nursery, and she might shock the husbands of America into realizing the need for understanding women, these creatures of another race with whom they share life while denying its fullness to them. It would be a good thing too; for woman is in a man's life from the cradle to the grave, and his fate with hers is inextricably entwined. She gives him physical birth and again, when he mates, she gives him spiritual birth. It is true the latter usually does not last for long, yet most men experience it once. And through all man's life activities woman wields an influence which may be imponderable to him but, nevertheless, is vast. Yet the amazing fact is that men continue to say to one another, "I can't understand women," while women are accustomed to hurl the same traditional saying at men.

The men believe it, but the women know better. They make use of this generality as a challenge and a defiance and a confirmation of their mystery; yet actually they know they can be understood and they yearn for the man who will bend himself to the effort. When a woman cries in anguish to her lover, "You don't understand anything about women or you wouldn't do that," she really is trying to tell him that in some particular instance which has set them apart from each other he could understand her if he only would try and that then he would be in sympathetic harmony with her. She is showing him how cruelly stricken she is by his stupid failure to see her hurt. But does he hear all this, see all this? Not he. His masculine vanity is pricked by her lament. So she thinks he can't understand women, does she?

Well, he understands her well enough! He's had enough of all this feminine superiority! Let her see what it's like to get along without him. He's through! Off he goes in a huff. It's a little-boy sulk. Then what happens?

His woman loses some measure of her respect for him because he has shown her not only that he doesn't understand her but also that she can hurt him. Perhaps she does not consciously desire to hurt him. Just the same she is only human; and her power has been revealed. She uses it, not from any deliberate wish to display her strength but automatically, as a reflex is used. Her ego has been outraged and it strikes back. Moreover, her bright image of the man she loved has been dimmed and she is punishing him for disappointing her, for robbing her of the strength and maleness upon which she had thought to lean—and that is an automatic reflex too.

III

One chief reason for the failure of a man in love to get along with his woman seems to him of course to be a tendency on her part to ask too much. He considers her possessing, placing demands upon his presence and his attentions and his very thoughts and loyalties which, were he to grant them all, would leave him no time to prosecute his career and, indeed, no will of his own. He grows resentful, they quarrel, and then what? He turns to some other woman for comfort, not because he is in love elsewhere but because it is in the nature of man to like being petted. I have seen it happen many times, and always with the same result. The other woman, surprisingly, proves to be a woman too, just as demanding as the first; and the last lot of the unhappy man is very sad. Now and then, however, I have encountered a man who acted reasonably

instead of emotionally. There was the case of Charley Calder.

Charley and I worked together in a Mid-Western city years ago. He was a slim, sensitive, indeterminate blond turning thirty when he married. His wife Nan, taut and tiny, a vivacious brunette, was some five years his junior. When I met them they already had been wed a number of years; I knew them several years thereafter. It was almost unbelievable, the easy way in which Charley managed his wife so that they got along with no apparent friction—unbelievable because he gave her so little of his time. Writing was his business, and outside of his long newspaper hours he was forever at the typewriter or else knocking about with friends with whom he loved to talk. I wondered, knowing Nan, and said as much.

"Well," said Charley, "getting along with Nan is my job and I practice it." Then he talked. "Remember I didn't marry until thirty. I had plenty of time to study the contrariness of the beast—both men and women." And, indeed, he had a good understanding both of himself as a man and of Nan as a woman. "Every woman wants to possess and absorb her man," he said. "That's feminine nature. And, similarly, every man balks against it. That's masculine nature. But the fellow who understands these things can get along very well and yet keep from being blotted up. He's got to be diplomatic and considerate, however, and he's got to have and use a sense of humor. As a matter of fact if you borrow one of woman's weapons and practice guile now and then, that's fine. And there are lots of times when it's advisable to lie, or at least to withhold the truth. It all comes down to this, that if you really are intent on getting along well with your woman anything you do to help things along is justifiable. Don't fly off the handle

because she wants to possess you; for she can't help it, and all women are alike in that respect. Don't let her throw you into a brain storm. Keep your head and let her see at all times that you love her, and you'll be able to manage her all right."

To a degree, I carry a similar point of view into my relations with women associates. The technic of getting along with the women you do not love is not much different from that of getting along with the woman you do love, except in kind. It is a less personal relationship, that's all. The trouble with numbers of men I have known through the years, however, is that they cannot stay on the less intimate side in their relationships with women.

Many who, like myself, find their careers largely among women hesitate more often than not to bring matters other than those which concern the common task into their relationships. They do not understand women, and so fear them. Still others consider women only from the glandular point of view, and no sooner find themselves at work by the side of attractive women than they attempt to conquer them. Incidentally, the clever women of to-day despise these would-be Don Juans, and how they work them!

It seems to me, however, that men and women are simply members of two different races traveling the same road and needing each other. I am proud to lean on my women friends on occasion or to have them lean upon me. I know about their aspirations, temptations, and love lives, their physical and emotional tumbles and hangovers. We talk things over and we gain from each other both knowledge and friendship.

It has always been so with me, and the best proof that this is the policy for establishing amicable relations with women generally is the fact that

to-day I am on the best of terms with all the women out of my past except two, and both were women whom I was compelled to discharge for cause. Each closed her eyes to the real reason and salved her wounded ego with a lie. That was all right with me; I understood that we all have to keep ourselves built up. One was merely a misfit, who has dropped completely out of my reckoning. The other, however, was a promising young writer at the time of her dismissal from the newspaper on which I was then employed, but lacked the experience to enable her to hold the first-rate position which she had obtained through a misunderstanding of her capacities on the part of my editor-in-chief.

I knew how it would wound her self-esteem to feel that she was being dismissed for cause, so told her I had orders to cut down the staff and that she was being sacrificed as the latest comer and the least experienced. That would have served, except for the fact that there was another girl writer on the staff who had been employed at the same time and possessed no more experience but who was not being dismissed. The latter, Mary, was a real beauty too, whereas my friend, Eleanor, was undistinguished in appearance. Mary, however, had a real flair for newspaper writing which Eleanor at that time did not possess. So Eleanor in a rage declared she was being discharged and Mary retained not on any basis of respective value to the paper but merely because the beauty had wound all us men round her little finger through the use of sex appeal.

My own little masculine vanity in being just—and also in being a man whom women could not sway from justice through flattery—prompted me to deny her charge and to tell her the truth as to why she was being dismissed. To do so, however, I realized,

would have meant tearing down her self-esteem; so I didn't do it. In fact, I let my attitude foster her self-deception. As a result, she was able to continue fronting the world, and even to extract satisfaction from the belief that she was above using the weapons of femininity to gain her ends; whereas, had I told her the truth about her work which at that time was very bad, she would have been beaten. To-day she is a novelist of penetrating perception who writes movingly about the downtrodden of this half-mad world. And I am wrong when I say we should not be on good terms were we to meet, for only recently I encountered a woman friend who had been living up in the country with Eleanor while the latter was at work on her latest novel, and she reported: "Eleanor speaks of you often. She loves you and she hates you—hates you only in a way of speaking though, because you were so right about her when you fired her; loves you because you understood."

It must be both a terrible and a beautiful thing to see inside a human soul, and I cannot believe that anyone can wholly do it. Yet some forever try, and I among them. It is an effort I would especially recommend to the man really determined upon trying to get along with women, for out of it he will win a compassionate understanding of woman's difficulties in a man-made world and of the valiant heart of her, and all this will make his object easier to achieve.

IV

For it is a man-made world, and man is mentally muscle-bound by masculine vanity. In the mass he thinks of the sexes not in terms of equals but of master and slave. Blinded by masculine tradition, he is unable to evaluate woman and so usually assigns her in his

not-too-secret thoughts a place in the scheme of things little more than that of mistress and minister to his well-being. Indeed, it seems to him that woman has been designed by Nature for one purpose and one alone; and any manifestation on her part of superiority to this purpose seems to him abnormal. Frequently he suspects her display of brains as a Machiavellian design for the purpose of cozening him into regarding her as somewhat greater than she really is and thereby causing him to relax his vigilance against her machinations, whereupon she will at once fling her coils about him and absorb him.

Much of this masculine point of view of course is due to the fact that man is given to vain (if sometimes glorious) imaginings, whereas woman is realistic. I utter nothing new or revolutionary in saying this. For confirmation of the truism that imagination is peculiarly masculine, one need only recall that all the fairy tales of the world have been, and continue to be, written by men. I give you Hans Christian Andersen, the Brothers Grimm, Andrew Lang, Homer, Virgil, the nameless spinner of Scheherazade's adventures, the Arab story teller in the market place, the Indian creator of mythology, the ancient Hebrews who accounted for the beginnings of life. At the same time, masculine imagination creates the Casper Milquetoasts of the world. They people life with terrors of their own devising, and then become frightened by their own creations; they defeat themselves before ever getting a start.

Women, on the other hand, while emotional and what they term psychic, are actually rock-bottom realists. They have been the subservient sex since the beginning of time, and so have been compelled to study realities in order to manipulate their masters. Their position has made them harder

than men in certain ways, and far more discerning. Almost any woman indeed knows how to manage men; the knowledge is instinctive.

The man who would get along with women will do well to secure a firm grip on this distinction between the sexes. Let him once understand fully that his man-made thought processes cannot possibly move with the lightning-like swiftness and surety of woman's instinct based upon a facing of realities since the dawn of time, and he will gain a respect for her which will ease their mutual relationships. Frequently a man will take home to dinner and confidently introduce to his wife another male with whom he plans to embark upon some joint venture, and what a surprised fellow he is later on when his wife says scornfully, "Whatever in the world is the matter with you, I don't know. People make such fools of you; you cannot judge them at all. Oh, yes, I know, he talked fair and so you believed him. The trouble is that you can't see below the surface. But I can; that man couldn't fool me for a minute. If you go into partnership with him it'll be over my dead body. He'd cut your throat in a minute."

She might of course show a better understanding of her man than to talk to him so undiplomatically; but the female sex, like our own, is somewhat short of perfection, and she is really eager to save him from his own stupidity. In her over-zealousness, however, she usurps her man's prerogative for making his own decisions; and it is this very quality in a woman which a man resents most of all. He doesn't like to be considered a fool, especially by his woman; but, more than that, when she betrays the lightning stab of her instinct and intuition, man gets a glimpse into the unknown. With his cursed imagination of course he is fearful of the unknown.

Then when he displays his resentment there frequently occurs another manifestation of woman which is hardest of all for a man to face and outlast. She turns upon him a jet of anger before which he feels lost; for his woman's anger is a thing of which most men go in dread, just as peasants living on the flank of an active volcano go in constant awful awareness of that eruptive force. The peasant, however, flees, only to return and make his home anew after the eruption passes. And the wise man, when his woman is angered will do the same. It is part of woman's kinship with Nature, to which as keeper of the life-tide she is far closer than man, that after the storm she can emerge as fresh and brilliant as a new-washed morn. But man cannot come up smiling. After a bout with his woman he is soured for hours and days. The row curdles his disposition, puts him off his feed, addles his brains. How often I have seen associates seedy and lacking in luster, only to hear the admission that, "Oh, hell, I had a fight with my wife!" Once let a man understand, however, this relationship between woman and Nature, and he will bow before her outbursts and condone them. In fact, his philosophy of living, being of his own devising, will lead him to think all the better of himself for doing so. Is he not showing her that he is the big, strong, understanding and forgiving man!

V

In the course of the last generation I, for one, have seen a material change occurring in the manner in which many women face life and man. The fundamentals of the female remain the same, it is true. Whether housewife or career woman, country lass or sophisticate, daughter of Old World peasants or of ultra-modern parents, the woman of to-day continues to be in-

stinctive rather than reasoning; she still reacts to her emotions as did Eve. Nevertheless, there is to-day a growing number of women who make their own way and ask no odds of any man. That in itself vastly complicates the problem of the man who would get along with women, for it calls upon him to discard the traditional and acquire a new technic. Yet the key to understanding is not so hard to discover; it is simply that a man continue to recognize the essential femaleness of any woman with whom he is trying to get along and at the same time pay a decent respect to her brains.

For the new woman is every bit as much a female as the old model. She may have discarded the arch glance, the furtive touch of the hand, the clinging-vine pose as lures with which to sway men. Yet the cleverer she is the more she reverts to her birthright of femaleness at every opportunity. And if you marry such a woman, as have several of my friends, you will be happy or miserable according to the measure of your understanding of her essential quality.

I have seen this very outcome in the case of a friend who was all mixed up in his thoughts about his wife. She was the new kind of woman, and she understood both herself and her man. She knew him for a creative writer of genuine gifts, but also for a man whose ideas about women were those of another generation. She believed she could overcome that defect, and so she married him. Alas, however, he gave only lip service to cleverness in women. Actually he believed they were only precocious children who must be humored and lied to for their own protection. When his affairs would go badly he would attempt to deceive his wife instead of sharing his troubles with her. Then she would become furious at being denied a mate's privilege of sharing a burden, and there

would be the devil to pay. Their physical happiness together was great at first, but it gradually died down simultaneously with the weakening of their spiritual happiness in each other; for the woman came to lose her respect for a man who would not treat her as an equal outside of the bedroom and so lost also her zest for physical surrender to him. To-day their life, which had started out so fair, is all blown apart.

Nor is it only in love and marriage that men betray their masculine unyieldingness toward acceptance of clever women on a basis of equality. I recall the case of a man who formerly was department editor on a great newspaper, supervising and directing the work of a number of excellent and discerning women writers and artists. Before reaching the big city, he had lived in a community and a part of the country where was no great flux and change and where women by tradition were clinging vines. His women associates and assistants, on the other hand, had lived and worked not only elsewhere in America but in European capitals and other far parts of the world. They were widely traveled, familiar with affairs, shrewd psychologists. Naturally they were capable of many timely and wise suggestions, but how he would resent them! He was the boss, the superior male! No woman could tell him how to run his business! Where he came from, women knew their places; and he was going to see to it that these women learned the same lesson! The result was continual friction.

Of course had the women flattered their editor, deferred to him, built him up as a great man, they could have twisted him about their fingers. His wife did that. She came from his same parochial environment; she had all the tricks of the cozen—and he ate out of her hand. But the other women had

a fierce and intolerant contempt for such tactics. They knew they had brains, experience, ability. They were not going to let any dumb man brow-beat them merely because they were women. It was an impasse, and the paper suffered because it was not getting from its high-priced writers the work it was legitimately entitled to expect. Finally some man higher-up saw the light, and Mr. Editor went back to his parish.

The trouble with him, as with so many of us, is that we remember the teaching of Gentlemen of the Old School who minted such coins of wisdom as "A woman, a dog, and a walnut tree, the more you beat them the better they be." It is a teaching under which all too many of us grew to manhood. I know a supervisor in Hollywood, for instance, who employs women to arrange stories for the screen because, he says, they are born housekeepers. "They have a better sense of detail than men," he declares. But let any woman attempt to overstep her circumscribed bounds and give him the benefit of an idea outside her work and he tells her patronizingly, "Don't bother your little head, my dear, about policy. Leave that to the men." He has had any number of mistresses, some of whom he married, and he has beaten them all. "A woman must be made to know who is boss," is one of his pet remarks. He is riding high now, but I fully expect to see the day when some smart woman will be his downfall.

VI

These invariably are the men who grossly flatter women but privately declare "Women are hell." They think of women primarily as bodies sent for man's gratification. Among themselves, their comments upon any woman up for discussion or noted in passing are baldly gross. Given a

pretty woman and a drink, and they become clumsily chivalrous; two drinks, and they seek to embrace her; three and they try to lure her to a rendezvous immediately or at some later date.

Such men enjoy a kind of success among women who sell their favors, but that is not getting along with women; and as this paper is not a discussion of commercialized vice, the matter needs no elaboration here. What is important, however, is the masculine attitude betrayed. It is the insane idea held by many that at heart all women are prostitutes. Yet the men who so believe are no more ridiculous than their numerous brethren who in thought and in attitude place women on pedestals. Both philosophies hold what seems to me only a warped little bit of the truth, just as does that third school of thought which believes that at heart all women are mothers. The truth as I have observed it is that women in love are generous, which is what makes the unthinking consider them prostitutes; and that they possess an infinite capacity for tenderness toward the hurt and the suffering, which is what makes us call them mothers. As for their being saints, however, nothing could be farther from the truth; and if there are only two choices of position open to a woman, I am pretty certain she will prefer the knee to the pedestal.

For woman is warmly human; she has no desire to be worshipped afar. She wants to be possessed and she wants to be enwrapped in the strong mantle of maleness. Within that protective fold, with its desired security, she can operate in her own peculiar way, giving her man the tenderness and the release from workaday strain which she knows he requires and which she as a woman can provide. But her man must open his heart to her, go all the way with her in spirit, if life is to be a

fine affair for both. It is a case in which he surrenders in order to win. Let him set his will against hers, be it ever so secretly, as with my friend who tried to delude his wife about his worries; let him be stubborn in his masculine pride, and she will become not that man's woman but a bitter antagonist with whom he is forever at war and at best maintains only an armed truce.

To get along with the women you do not love is another matter altogether, and yet different only in degree. For the clever man lets the same qualities in him be apparent to all women, whether sweetheart, friend, or business associate—his maleness, his consideration, his understanding. And toward all women alike, if he be wise, he exhibits a genuine appreciation, just as in their various relationships he displays a sense of humor: the former,

because most women can be managed with praise but criticism makes them difficult and rebellious; the latter because a man might as well try to get along with women without a sense of humor as to breathe in a vacuum.

Above all, let him cultivate a sympathetic appreciation of woman's apposite place to man in the scheme of life, a realization of the fact that men and women really are creatures who of themselves are incomplete and who must come together in order to make life full circle. Indeed, if a man be so endowed spiritually as to see in every woman something of the woman eternal, luring and desirable, that is best of all. But in that case he need not have read this far; he need not have read any of this at all. He already knows how to get along with women, for he was born with the answer.





HOW LITTLE IS LITTLE ENGLAND?

BY JACK FISCHER

THE notion that England is pulling out of the depression took root in America about a year ago and has been flourishing hardily ever since. It is, on the surface, a sturdy little theory. For two successive years His Majesty's Government has pulled budget surpluses and tax reductions out of the same silk hat. Industrial output jumped twelve per cent in 1934, and scores of firms paid dividends for the first time in a decade. The ultra-cautious Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Neville Chamberlain, is glad to announce that prosperity has been eighty per cent recovered, and that the missing twenty per cent is almost in sight. Luxurious town cars have come out of storage, Mayfair's night clubs are crowded, and London still swarms with prosperous celebrants of the King's Jubilee. Great Britain is showing in fact all the superficial symptoms of a growing boom.

Now to many a business man on both sides of the Atlantic the implication seems pleasantly obvious. Conservative finance and a patient let's-wait-out-the-blizzard policy have, they tell us, lured back recovery far more promptly than all the gaudy schemes of America's New Deal. Steady old England has whipped the worst of her troubles in the orthodox way, and now is ready to settle down to a prolonged era of good times.

These are heartening conclusions, and there is only one thing wrong with them: they are probably founded on a

complete mistake. According to the most reliable signs, England's flourish of industrial health reached its climax last Christmas, and has been faltering ever since. It was the result of an economic patent medicine, just as truly as the brief American boom in March, 1933. It hardly touched the real ulcer in Britain's economy, the army of unemployed which has stood somewhere near two million ever since the War. By some expedient—perhaps, for example, a diluted version of Mr. Lloyd George's public works schemes—the government may stave off a serious decline for several years. It may even shove business profits a little higher. There are excellent reasons, however, for believing that in the long run England will never recover, that she will never again enjoy her fabulous prosperity of the century before 1914. During that century Great Britain was the undisputed leader of the whole economic world. To-day the circumstances which gave her this leadership have simply disappeared, and the chances of their return are microscopically small.

To begin with, those circumstances were in their very nature temporary and almost accidental. Up until a bare two hundred years ago England was a third-rate nation, smaller than Sweden and hardly more important. Then that economic miracle, the Industrial Revolution, flung her into a career of modern capitalism a full fifty years ahead of all her neighbors.

Within one lifetime the tiny island was transformed into Europe's No. 1 industrial power, enjoying an all but complete monopoly in machine manufacturing.

The result was that by the beginning of the twentieth century Englishmen found themselves in a lucrative but highly precarious situation. Great Britain was supporting a population of thirty-five millions on a patch of land which ordinarily could not feed half that number. She did it only by turning the whole nation into a giant factory, spinning the textiles and smelting the iron for four continents. Never before had any nation been so little self-sufficient, so mortally dependent on markets and food supplies in other lands. It was improbable that this sudden monopoly of world trade could endure forever; and as a matter of fact it did not.

Long before 1900 other nations—Germany and America in particular—were building their own industrial plants and scrambling for their shares of the world's markets. England kept her lead only by continual expansion of her private hunting grounds, the Empire. All through the Victorian years she added to the White Man's Burden with almost indecent haste, snatching strips of the Soudan, South Africa, and Northwest Frontier as fast as she could move the troops in. Unfortunately the supply of virgin colonies was strictly limited; and when Germany entered the land-grabbing contest in the early 'eighties, there simply was not enough acreage to go round. The struggle for colonial markets inevitably led to one clash after another—at Agadir, in Samoa, in the Kamerons. Germany began to build a navy to protect her budding empire; and when George V took the throne it was already clear that this rivalry could have but one outcome. Few historians now deny that it was one of the

chief underlying causes of the World War.

Now the war set a period to England's industrial supremacy. Ever since 1914 other nations have been stealing large handfuls of her one-time markets, and Britain's protests have been increasingly feeble. Even before the depression, therefore, much of her vital foreign trade was gone for good. The story of the lost markets falls into three chapters, and the first might be titled "How England Cut Her Own Throat."

Quite naturally Armistice Day found Great Britain with an obsolete industrial plant. During the four years of hostilities every resource had been strained to equip her allies and keep her own armies in the field. Only the minimum replacements had been made in the peacetime factories, so that in 1918 Lancashire was still operating its 1914 spindles, and Birmingham was limping along with outmoded rolling mills and blast furnaces. A parliamentary committee inquiring into industrial efficiency shortly after the peace complained that "few British works, if any, are modern throughout in equipment and practice" and that "there has been generally an absence of totally new works with economic layout." The cotton industry was burdened with "substantially the same equipment of spindles and looms as it had immediately before the war," and productive capacity had been decreased as much as seventeen per cent because of shortened hours of labor. (Balfour Report, Parts III and IV.)

To make matters worse, England's cost structure had become frozen. On one hand, cartels and trusts had been built up in many important industries expressly to forestall price cutting. In the woolen trades, to cite one notorious example, an individual manufacturer dared not lower prices to a foreign buyer without the permission of the

Woolcombers' Federation; and such competitive straitjackets were not at all uncommon. On the other hand, the trade unions—greatly strengthened during the War—had become powerful enough to fight stubbornly against any drastic wage reductions. They were backed up, moreover, by a system of unemployment insurance which made it impossible to starve labor into submission. So long as British workmen were willing to live on the dole rather than accept jobs at less than standard pay not even a prolonged depression could break down the union wage scales.

The whole industrial machine, in other words, had lost that flexibility which is the very essence of a workable capitalism. Any attempt to reduce costs by the orthodox method of deflation was bound to fail; the result would be merely widespread unemployment, not the expected fall in prices. The upshot was that England was consistently undersold by her more adaptable rivals. British capitalism in its old age could no longer compete on fighting terms—it suffered from a sort of economic arthritis, stiffening all its joints.

One dangerous but effective remedy was at hand, if Britain had ventured to use it. Currency inflation was a double-edged tool, perhaps sharp enough to have sheared through England's economic tangle if it had been tried immediately after the War. In the first place, a devaluation of the pound would have offered British goods to every foreign buyer at bargain-counter rates. This, in effect, would have been a backhand method of hammering down the price structure which proved so unyielding to orthodox pressure. By raising the cost of imports it would have cut real wages quickly and evenly, and without risking a fight with the trade unions. At the same time, controlled inflation

would have meant easy credit for renovating the industrial machine; and it would have eased materially the burden of the staggering war debt. The pound, moreover, was already inflated by wartime financing. A little further cheapening of the currency, or even stabilization at, say, the 1919 level, seemed to be the obvious prescription. It was in fact just what the doctor ordered—the doctor in this case being John Maynard Keynes, one of the ablest economists in Europe.

His advice was bluntly ignored. Instead, by one of the classic mistakes in financial history, England chose to restore the pound to its pre-war gold standard parity. In taking what Keynes termed "this dangerous and unnecessary decision," the government doubtless was much influenced by The City, London's counterpart of Wall Street. To conservative financiers, including those in the Bank of England, the very thought of devaluation was heresy.

"Of course it might be good for business," they admitted, "but it would be a shameful smirch on Britain's prestige. Worse yet, it might shake confidence and drive some of our profitable financial business to New York. Far better for the nation to make a little sacrifice—we have to show the world that our currency is still as sound as Gibraltar, that the pound can still look the dollar in the face."

That was the argument which led to a rapid and coldblooded deflation, ending with the restoration of the old-fashioned gold standard in 1925. It led also to painful business contraction, a general strike, unemployment and stagnation at home, and impossibly high prices for buyers abroad. In short, England began the post-war era by carefully hamstringing her own industry.

The second part of the story could best be told by a temperature chart of

the nationalistic fever which has racked Europe ever since the peace. The inspired statesmen who wrote the Versailles Treaty splotted the map with a handful of brand new nations, all of which set out to become self-contained as soon as possible. The rise of Hitler to power, the failure of the disarmament conference, the conviction that another war is on the make have all inflamed national fears and ambitions still further. Military self-sufficiency and freedom from imports have become the goals of every frightened prime minister in Europe. To inflame the trouble, the 1931 collapse forced nation after nation to resort to high tariffs and exchange controls in a last effort to protect their currencies. These desperate expedients gave temporary relief, but only at the price of strangling world trade. In the last decade whole continents have been crisscrossed with tariff walls, shutting England out of markets she had enjoyed for three generations. And the disease is getting worse, not better.

If the epidemic of nationalism could have been quarantined in Europe, Britain might have recouped her losses elsewhere. What hurt most was the infection of her own family. As Canada, Australia, and South Africa have grown into full-fledged nations they have been pardonably eager to develop their own industries. Meanwhile trade relations with the mother country have become uncomfortably tense, and such moves as the Ottawa conference have not done much to ease the strain. Even now, for example, Australia is threatening a commercial vendetta in retaliation for Great Britain's restrictions on meat imports.

India, however, is the dependency where the virus of economic nationalism has bitten deepest. There, in England's most lucrative textile market, Gandhi and the local capitalists have combined to hammer home two

points: (1) India will never be free so long as England can milk a profit out of her; (2) It is foolish for India to raise cotton, ship it to Lancashire to be spun, and then buy the cloth back at something like five-fold cost. As a consequence, Indian cotton mills have been spreading like the banyan tree. In the five years since 1929, for instance, their annual consumption of cotton jumped from 1,997,000 bales to 2,636,000. Incidentally, China, once the most important cotton market outside the Empire, has learned the same lesson. Her home spindles increased their output 32 per cent in the same five years. These gains have been almost entirely at England's expense, and in both countries home manufacture promises to keep on growing for years to come.

Even those colonial markets which are still exploitable no longer belong exclusively to England. Her competitive weakness during the post-war years was of course a godsend to her rivals. Many nations had greatly expanded their industrial output during the conflict, and when peace came they were quick to trespass on a half-dozen of Britain's oldtime trade reserves. New York, for instance, began to share the world's financial leadership with London. America, France, Germany, and Italy threw subsidized fleets on the water to capture a share of the transatlantic traffic. They succeeded so well that England's vital shipping trade dwindled thirty per cent in volume and sixty per cent in value in the five years after 1929. The new treaty nations too have become serious industrial rivals. Cheap Polish coal has stolen away customers which once belonged to South Wales; and Czechoslovakia has steadily eaten into the metal, pottery, and leather-goods markets.

The most notorious rival, however, has been Japan. A combination of cheap labor, highly integrated indus-

trial organization, and modern technic have made her an unbeatable competitor. She can produce almost anything from bicycles to rubber boots at a lower cost than British factories. Japanese velvet, to take one instance, can be laid down on a London store counter for twenty-eight pence a yard, including freight costs and a five-pence duty; while the cheapest English stuff of comparable grade costs thirty-two.

It is hardly surprising then that Japan has been able to leap tariff walls and invade British markets all the way from India to the Argentine. The British colonies in East Africa offer one random example. There during 1934 "the feature of the trade position continued to be the domination of Japan. . . . Most of Japan's lines are good and attractive" and "in all the main categories of the piece-goods trade Japan has a strong leading position. Imports therefrom during the first nine months represented 50 million yards of material, against less than 10 million from the United Kingdom. Shops in Mombasa, the mining areas, and Uganda are stocked almost exclusively with Japanese goods." (*The Times*, Annual Commercial Review, February 12, 1935.)

For English business men the result has been nightmarish. While United Kingdom cotton piece goods exports were tumbling forty-six per cent between 1928 and 1932, Japan's climbed thirty per cent. Early in 1933 Japan's total piece goods exports passed those of the United Kingdom for the first time, an event which the British press reported with loud alarm. In other fields the story has been almost as doleful. No statistics can tell the full history of shrinking steel exports and coal shipments. The derelict areas of Durham and Rhondda and Clydeside, the pinched faces and weed-grown mill-yards are better evidence of what is happening to England's industry.

These, then, are the underlying facts of Great Britain's economic situation. The river of exports which has fed her for a century is finally drying up. The monetary stability and return of unhampered trade which might offer hope of permanent recovery seem hopelessly far distant. Supposing that these conditions eventually can be brought back, an insupportable sacrifice of living standards would then be necessary to put England's costs on a competitive level with Japan's. Even if some future fascist government should succeed in breaking the trade unions, lowering wages to a coolie level, and reorganizing industry, many of the oldtime markets could never be regained. England's reign as king of the industrial world seems to be definitely at an end.

II

Now the very real revival of the last year seems at first glance to be a flat contradiction of these facts. Surely a sixteen per cent increase in the profits of 1,945 firms hardly rhymes with a permanent economic decline. Yet the recent British boomlet is not quite so paradoxical as it sounds. It has been due to two dangerous economic stimulants, currency depreciation and tariffs. Both of these act like a shot of heroin: they start business on a pleasant jag, but in normal circumstances they leave a terrific hangover. The government which administers them is like a doctor trying a hazardous remedy: if the patient lives, he is a brilliant pioneer; if she dies, he is a reckless quack. In England's case, fortunately, the patient is still alive. Indeed the drugs promise to work like useful palliatives, relieving a malady which cannot be permanently cured; and if this proves true, there are obvious reasons for believing they should have been tried sooner.

At any rate, Britain took her first dose of pain-killer in 1931, when she went off the gold standard and began to depreciate the pound. True enough, she swallowed the pill only when it was rammed down her throat. The National government had specifically pledged itself to cling to gold, and it hung on until the continental banking crisis shoved it off. Even then the stimulus to British trade was not so great as might have been expected, because the Japanese yen depreciated in step with the pound, and a little later the dollar dived off gold. Yet the immediate effect was fairly good. British products were automatically marked down to all foreign customers, and the export industries began to show new life. Credit expansion, moreover, became possible on a large scale for the first time since 1921, and business men were encouraged to replace their obsolete plant. From one point of view the slump in the pound was not so much dangerous inflation as a belated reparation for the mistake of 1925. It was a tardy recognition that the pound had been over-valued after the War, that the necessary adjustments in wage and price structure had never been made, and that some devaluation ultimately had to come. The abandonment of gold thus removed one of England's post-war handicaps, although it could do nothing to check those more serious evils, economic nationalism and the growth of foreign competition.

The National government's other anodyne was even more effective. By putting up protective tariffs the Cabinet encouraged a whole range of neglected home industries. Simultaneously, Walter Elliott's farm marketing schemes began to revive England's long-moribund agriculture. The nation was forced to "Buy British" with a vengeance, and the so-called sheltered industries enjoyed a burst of sudden prosperity. To round off its recovery

drive, the government launched a program of tax-financed home building, which to American eyes would look scandalously socialistic. The building trades, as a consequence, showed a quick and substantial profit.

All of the results of course were not so happy. It is true that the tariffs and marketing schemes raised prices and, therefore, lowered the standard of living. It is equally true that in the long run they will clamp one more handcuff on world trade, thus indirectly hurting the export industries. Yet it is possible to argue that these measures are simply a reluctant recognition of underlying facts. At bottom they are merely a method of transferring resources from export to home-consumption industries. They are a tacit admission that England can no longer live on her overseas trade, that sooner or later she must become increasingly self-contained. Here is the beginning of a new "Little England" policy.

From the very first most informed Englishmen recognized that the National government's expedients were not a radical cure, and that the fillip they gave to business could not last indefinitely. In its last annual commercial review, the *Times* pointed out that "recovery continued to be mainly domestic. Very little was done toward removing those formidable obstacles that have blocked the path to international trade for the past four years." Unemployment, which reached its maximum figure in 1929, at no time declined more than 28 per cent. The depressed areas remained as stagnant as ever, and the chronically stricken trades—notably coal and cotton—showed few symptoms of revival. As early as last January Board of Trade officials were admitting that the tariff-created home markets were already being exploited close to the saturation point.

Then, in the opening weeks of 1935, unemployment suddenly increased by nearly a quarter of a million. An attempt to "readjust" dole payments was frustrated by widespread riots. The dust from this rumpus had hardly settled when the business community was shaken by a series of speculative disasters in the commodity markets, touched off by the collapse of the notorious Pepper Pool. By March it seemed clear that the upward surge of trade had come to at least a temporary halt.

There seems to be no reason to expect an immediate decline. The throngs of Jubilee visitors tided business safely through the summer, and employment figures showed a consolidating recovery. A further dose of tariffs and exchange depreciation might well stir up another short-lived boom. Furthermore, the country may experiment with a public works scheme on the Roosevelt model. The present government already has ventured on a tentative railway-electrification program, and Mr. Lloyd George is stumping the provinces with a proposal for a British New Deal, specifically designed to rescue the depressed areas of Durham and Wales. The Labor Party, if it comes to power, is pledged to go a good deal farther with public development projects. The one obstacle in the way of all such schemes is the towering national debt. Further large-scale borrowings would border on rashness, and the British public already is taxed close to the breaking point. It seems highly improbable that, short of socialism, England can finance any public works program large enough to put 2,000,000 men back to work.

III

Nevertheless, it should be by no means impossible for England to maintain her business activity at about the present level for some years to come—

that is, at a point midway between real prosperity and black depression. So long as another war is threatening to engulf Europe no long-term prophecy can be much more than a hazardous guess; but the one plausible prediction is that Great Britain will never again climb back to her old position, that the island will never again serve as the world's workshop.

Given fifty years of peace, however, England might be expected to approach a new and more modest equilibrium. Her exports, first of all, should become stabilized at a fraction of their former volume. The character of her exports also is likely to change. Already the more far-seeing manufacturers are leaving the rough mass-production field, where they have been consistently defeated by Japan. They are concentrating on the quality goods—the fine woollens and linens, the specialty steels and superbly tooled machinery which are the proudest products of British craftsmanship.

At the same time, the bulk of heavy industry should adjust itself primarily to serve the home market. Even now the change-over is under way; the government is encouraging local business men to turn out a dozen commodities once drawn from abroad. The most noteworthy example perhaps is gasoline. Without an oil well in the island, Great Britain last year produced fifty-two million gallons of gasoline, and she plans to double that output within two years. Nearly the whole supply came from hydrogenated coal, processed in huge new plants near Billingham, Manchester, and Seaham. By nursing the new industry with a generous preference scheme, the government hopes to kill two birds with one lump of bitumen; homemade gasoline may both rescue the derelict mining districts and make Britain independent of foreign petroleum.

Similarly, the Little England of to-

morrow will have to learn to feed herself. To-day approximately half of her food stuffs are bought from overseas, while much of her own land lies idle. During the Victorian era thousands of lush acres were turned from farmland into meadows, parks, and country estates for Birmingham steel masters. Some of that still under the plow is, according to American standards, hopelessly ill-farmed. Hedges split the countryside into tiny fields, shaggy horses turn one furrow at a time, and here and there a yeoman still swings his scythe. Very picturesque of course but not exactly efficient.

Little by little, however, Britain is beginning to grow her own victuals; since 1931 she has cut down agricultural imports by \$350,000,000 annually. The process has been both expensive and painful. Compared with the regimentation of the English farmer, America's AAA looks like Boy Scout stuff. No British dairyman can sell a pint of milk to anyone except the official Milk Board, which, incidentally, has increased output by one-fifth in a year's time. After doling out lavish subsidies to raise beet sugar production to half a million tons a year, the government now plans to regulate the sugar factories along public utility lines. In other fields paternalism is carried still farther; the new Bacon Development Board, for example, will have power to license packing plants, fix grades and prices, and supervise advertising and the industry's personnel.

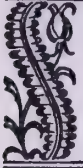
The result not improbably will be a major back-to-the-land movement, developing along two channels. Numbers of unemployed men may be settled on small tracts and co-operative holdings under careful government supervision, while at the other end of the scale private landlords build up modernized, large-unit farms. At best,

this may mean that the slums of London and the Black Country are gradually abandoned, and that the provinces will regain something of their robust eighteenth-century character.

As a minor development, England may turn into a tourist country. In the past the British have sniffed a little at tourists. Provincial inns have refused to pander to the American's weakness for central heating and hot water, and no one ever dreamed of a tourist aid service on the Spanish and Italian models. As the old streams of revenue dry up, however, the sightseer will become an asset. The day may not be distant when England will begin to exploit her unsurpassed attractions—the historic spots, the Christmas-card landscapes, the architectural heirlooms and, above all, a language at least kindred to American. A score of strategically placed modern hotels and a modest advertising budget might be a good investment.

In spite of all these adjustments, living standards for the great mass of people may fall somewhat as workmen shift over to the less lucrative home consumption trades. To meet the new equilibrium, population probably will shrink, both through migration to the colonies and through the already shrinking birth rate. The dominions, as they grow up, will become increasingly independent of the mother country, and the Empire may become little more than a diplomatic expression. England's voice in international affairs should become a little less commanding; her era of world domination will slowly recede into a noble memory.

Eventually Great Britain should become an urbane, cultured, and unimposing little kingdom—not much different perhaps from Denmark, Holland, and Sweden. Then, with her history behind her, England once more will be the Tight Little Isle.



The Lion's Mouth



ROADSIDE AMERICANS

BY CHARLES MORROW WILSON

ROADSIDE AMERICA is a reality considerably maligned and misunderstood. It is not a mere passing phase. Its itinerancy is as old as the nation.

It is true that the ranks of our informal and generally peaceful army of the open roads are now more than usually crowded with derelicts of depression—men, women, and youths, jobless, homeless, or otherwise unanchored—who take to the road rebelliously or apathetically as the case may be, and join the lackluster camp-following of drifting job seekers.

But an army must be judged in terms of its professional soldiery, rather than of its new and disconsolate recruits. These recruits have not yet learned the true stride of transiency. Probably most of them will never learn it. They wander in quest of a job or home establishment that will mean no more drifting; they wander to end wandering. Meanwhile, however, our confirmed and seasoned army of the open road moves on, sons and daughters of rain, sun, and dust, echelons numbering well into millions, ranks scattered over the millions of square miles that make up America. These proven roadside Americans, these permanent transients, tend to fall into three far-strewn divisions: those who

sell, those who labor, and those who merely ramble. (The latter group, at times the largest, includes a vast variety of ranks and grades—from bums of the jungle, rail-riders and habituated hitch-hikers, to the millions who set forth in various conveyances to enjoy an American's privilege of seeing his country.)

No bird's-eye view of roadside America can be complete, or even well started, without mention of peddlers. Thomas Jefferson once reflected, possibly with his tongue in his cheek, that one-third of the American population spent its time peddling goods to the remaining two-thirds. Some of us remember the old-fashioned peddlers with considerable affection, the vendors of household remedies, green groceries, Bibles and books, tea, coffee, extracts and spices; bringers of premiums, news, and gossip from worlds somewhat broader of horizon than our own.

In ratio to the total population, our modern tribes of peddlers have decreased. Yet the American peddler is by no means extinct. Hundreds of thousands still follow the great trade, and tens of thousands still follow it along open roads.

Near Sante Fe I met an open-road fruit peddler, lunched on his bananas, and listened to his story. His name is Bill. He concedes that he has another name, but can't see that it makes any particular difference. When he was about twelve, Bill and his father had a disagreement about the principles of corporal punishment, whereupon Bill left home with the clothes on his back, a setter pup, and a working capital of about twenty cents.

Bill had planned to be a prize fighter. His mother wanted him to be a preacher. So Bill compromised by becoming a peddler. That was forty-four years ago, and during these years Bill has sold about everything from spectacle soap and aluminum tooth-picks to automatic pancake-mixers mounted on rubber casters. He never claimed to be a traveling salesman—only a peddler. But he peddled well and traveled far, and the more he traveled, the better he liked it.

He always estimated that if he could ever save as much as a thousand dollars he would certainly retire. Once he brought his bank balance to that figure and, therefore, retired. His retirement lasted nine days. But it was April, the world was at spring, and after nine days without a sale or a change of scenery, Bill bought a second-hand truck, a cardboard suitcase, and three bunches of bananas, and went forth to peddle.

There was competition in the banana business. Bill admits that he ate most of the first three bunches, the greater part of them considerably over-ripe. But all the while he was heading for a bananaless country, and at last he found one in the desert Rockies. Among off-highway ranches, Indian pueblos, and arroyo farms he began to educate a public to eat bananas. Then he added other fruits to his line—oranges, lemons, apples, and plums. Beyond the mountains there is a vast fruit realm where culls are frequently dumped and fruit that is really ripe frequently goes to waste. So Bill bargains for the ripe fruit, picks it and packs it himself, patiently and persistently sells it, travels incessantly.

"I never was happier in all my life. I travel most of the time. I got good wares to sell to good people, food that keeps 'em healthy and content. Have another banana, friend. And whatever I can't sell I eat."

Floundering through far Colorado dust, I met Morris, the needle peddler. Morris was halted beside an occasional water hole, cranking futilely at a decrepit flivver, the sides of which said NEEDLES. The motor said nothing at all. Therefore Morris talked, pausing to wipe greasy hands upon the legs of faded blue overalls.

"Abso-lootly! I've sold needles all over the United States, Canada, and Mexico. For twelve years I've traveled the roads sellin' nothin' but needles. They keep the patches down and they keep me up. It's because they're a bargain, my friend, a true bargain in needles."

He spun the crank again with renewed zest. He repeated that he had sold needles all over North Ameriky, that he keeps on the road, heading for cooler places in summer, for warmer places in winter, eating, sleeping, and selling in the open.

"It's the life. Never bound down. Always with a stretch of open road before me. I get along on mighty little, never more than fifty dollars a month, sometimes as little as fifteen. And I can always sell needles." He noticed there was a button missing on my coat front. "I'll sell you the de luxe assorted kit. Regular price fifty cents, but two bits takes it."

There is also the roadside American who lives from more inventive trades and services. Far in the Arizona flat lands, thirty-one miles from a town or filling station, I ran out of gasoline. The situation was outrageous but true. The starter would not start. The wheels would not turn. I cranked and pushed, pulled the vacuum tank apart, pounded the gas tank, blew into the gas line. There was no gas. Ten miles in front and ten miles behind I could see the road, and not one automobile or burro or farm wagon was in sight. No sign of life except a jack-rabbit that waited in the shade of a

lone fence post, panting badly. Then finally one car appeared, a quivery vehicle, shiny black except for a sign that was lettered in white—"Here Goes Henry—We Hope!"

The car groaned to a halt, and from it climbed a slender, red-haired youth who smiled charmingly:

"Out of gas! Yeah? If you got a rope I'll pull you in."

I had a rope and he pulled, for a slow, well-measured twenty-eight miles. Then a sun-reddened hand flapped, and he signaled me to halt, which was easy.

"Seems like I'm out of gasoline too." He studied his speedometer. "That last five gallons I bought only took me a hundred and eighteen miles."

We had time to talk. He explained that he was from rural Illinois; that he was out whitewashing. He meant just that. He carried a specially designed pump-gun dedicated to the cause of spraying grease-smearred garage walls with cleansing whiteness. He showed me the gun, and by way of demonstration, whitened a front fender of his car.

"It's a good gun, and I know all I need to know about whitewash. I was raised on a dairy farm. We had to whitewash the milk sheds once a month. Then gradually I got the idea that these garage dumps along the highway would look better if they were whitewashed too. I fixed up an outfit and I've been whitewashing all the way up and down the West Coast from Canada to Tia Juana."

"How's business?"

He whittled a match into infinitesimal slivers.

"The selling end is terrible. Lots of these garage people don't see any sense to whitewash. They say that next week their walls will be just as dirty and greasy as ever. That's what I used to tell my dad when I was a kid back on the milk farm. But somehow I manage to keep limping along.

Sometimes it takes high-pressure selling. The other day I was out of gas and oil, and didn't have the price of a Wimpie hamburger. So I located a one-stop service station with gas tanks and lunch stand and a garage that needed whitewash the worst way.

"After I'd filled up on gas and oil and victuals, I went up to the boss and talked it over man and man. Well, he looked at my gas tank full up, and he looked at the three empty cans of oil that had gone into my crank case, then he looked at the restaurant check including three bowls of chilli and two pieces of apricot pie, and finally he said, 'All right, damn it, I guess I do need some whitewashing.' Generally, of course, I sell before I buy."

My benefactor abandoned his whit-tling.

"But just last night a new idea hit me all at once. Here I've been pounding the road a couple of thousand miles from home, when the best place for the whitewashing business is back among the dairy farms. They have to whitewash ever so often. Law makes 'em. So I decided maybe I haven't been thinking of business so much as just wanting to get out and gad. Anyway I'm going back to Illinois and do whitewashing like I used to when I was a kid. Only now I got the gun, and I'll be a whitewash contractor."

At El Paso, where West seems to merge rather confusedly into South, where leaves remain green and bands play noontime concerts on the public square and the through highway suddenly becomes the Jefferson Davis Memorial Drive, I met another roadside American.

His name is Sam Breck. He carried a small metal box that was hitched to a shoulder strap. The top of the box said SIGNS in blood-red letters. Sam paused at my running board and drank from my water jug. Then he fingered his solitary front tooth as if to steady

its hold, took off his hat to show a mop of hair the color of beer foam, and began to talk of times and signs.

First he explained that he is a tramp sign-painter, hoofing the dirt from Maine to Californy. He sighed as if from keen appreciation of the vastness of America and added that for almost half-a-century he has been traveling the roads in company with his paint box, bottles, and brushes.

Sam has watched the birth of much history. He has given a hand to rocking the cradle of American advertising. He has taken plenty of hard knocks, but he vows that in all his half-century of traveling he has never lost his paint brushes, his paint bottles, or his liking for the open road. And he has never yet run out of chewing tobacco.

"With paints a man has got to have chewing terbaccer. Work with a empty mouth, you breathe in fumes and paint lead. You take the belly-ache, lay awake at nights, and gradually you die off. Terbaccer keeps out the pizen."

He destroyed the remaining corner of a badly worn plug of chewing tobacco. We are in a mighty age of signs. New highways are barely born before they are lined with posters. Yet meanwhile the lot of the transient sign-painter becomes all the more humble.

Why? Sam spat with great accuracy at a solitary barb of cactus.

"Speed is the real answer. When I was a boy, signs was a trade that most boys coveted. I strolled around earnin' dimes and quarters for letterin' farmers' names on the front gables of their barns. Then gradually I commenced to paint name signs for farms—Grand View, Valley Breeze, El Rancho, and such as that. Then I went in for store signs for country merchants and from that to patent-medicine signs. I worked my way through the Midwest, earned my soup

and coffee and stew and occasionally a good beefsteak. I rode railroad trains—on the chairs. Thousands of other tramp sign-painters done the same.

"By the time I was thirty there commenced to be considerable talk of good roads. So I went in for road signs, little signs with lots of words and thought in 'em. Then we really painted signs—no stencils or paper-hangin' or monkey business.

"Then the autos came and it got harder to sell little signs. When a man rode a horse or drove a buggy, he had plenty of time to look and read. When he drove an auto around fifteen miles an hour, he still had a little time, but sign letters had to be bigger, words fewer, and pictures got popular. But nowadays on main highways, when a man's drivin' sixty or seventy miles an hour, all he's got time to see is a couple of short big-lettered words and a big bright picture."

Sam sighed again: "Highway signs don't need sign-painters no more. They need paper hangers, tall ladders, ten-ton trucks, and floodlights. They've crowded us old-timers off the main roads onto back roads and lanes. Now I'm back where I started—paintin' signs for farmers—'Pigs for Sale,' 'Buy Your Pepper Plants Here,' 'Milk Goats for Sale or Trade.' I tramp the plains and mesas. I do signs for Mexican and Indian farmers that ain't so good on their English. Sometimes I get paid in money, sometimes in chilli and beans and boiled mutton. Somehow I get along. I still find plenty of roads to walk. I still cherish the chance to go places."

Sam replaced his hat, re-tightened his bag-strap, and moved on.

Roadside America includes hundreds of thousands, sometimes millions, of harvest followers and fruit pickers, transient workers who keep step with the peak-season demands of our great and perishable crops. Of

our harvest armies, the largest echelon goes to oranges. Strawberries rank close second. Wheat, rhyming with heat, though increasingly mechanical of harvest, still requires transient recruitings of rush-season workers.

Truck crop, lettuce and spinach, and other "greens"; apples, lemons, pears, prunes, grapes, tomatoes, peaches, melons, cotton, and still other crops offer recurrent and wage-paying havens for roaming harvesters. During recent years picking and packing wages have returned to modesty and caution; yet the pickers and packers follow their established itineraries, traveling usually by automobile, carrying their families, carrying household equipment in rear-seat or rumble; picking for a few days, then driving hard to meet dawn at a new location.

Harvest following has its hazards: bad weather, delayed ripening, ravages by frost, collapsed markets. But there are the compensations of fate. If oranges wane, lemons may hold steady. If strawberries are rained out, maybe the cherries will survive. If in one section all crops fail, there still remain other sections. There are open roads, and the invincible poetry of changing fields. Therefore roadside America moves on.

In Rocky Vermont I met an amiable echo of these sentiments. His name is Em Cross. He peddles in winter, preaches in summer, and keeps going until he runs out.

It was snowing on the Green Mountains. Highways were bleak with frost and desertion. Farm roads lay buried waist-deep in snow. Nevertheless, I heard a subdued jingling of harness bells and saw, rounding a bend of snowdrift, a fat little horse that drew a

tiny black box of a sled. On the sled was a fat, pink-faced little man in ankle-length overcoat with three or four shorter coats pulled over it, giving the general effect of a shingle roof.

He drew to a stop and opened the box lid to show a tempting assortment of fat red beef. I bought a cut of steak, and when I paid for it Em Cross assured me that I was saving him miles. Then he faced the wind to light a curly clay pipe and explained further:

"In wintertime, over Friday and Saturday, I kill a fat steer. I leave it to chill over Sunday; and Monday morning I dress it over, load it in my sled, and start out to peddle. I keep going till I run out of meat. When night comes I stop at a farmhouse and pay for my supper and lodging with meat. Winter travel is good because you don't get your hair all tangled up with filling stations and tourists. Used to be I'd get tired and cold from driving. I don't any more. I guess it's because I'm wed to the open road.

"In summertime I travel in my old hay cart. Plain country meat ain't safe in warm weather. But I know something that is. That's plain country religion. So in summertime I sell that without charge. With preaching I'm the same as I am with beef. When I run out of anything to sell, I turn around and go home. Only I never really run out."

Only I never really run out! There, in six words, is the factual and spiritual essence of Roadside America.

Roadside America remains part of us. Never new, it can never be old. For it is own child of mobile fancy, which is at the same time ancient as mankind and modern as to-morrow's dawn.

MOVING THE BIBLE HOUSE

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

THERE is a good deal in the newspapers, recorded often in large headlines on front pages, that some people think is not news of real importance. First-class crime of course is interesting; murders are interesting both when the doers are unknown, which gives them mystery, and when they are enough known to give the cases celebrity. Yes, crime is interesting and there is a vast supply of it now, really quite extraordinary, not all of it due to Italians and negroes, but a larger proportion than should be. Washington news at this writing is not clear cut. It's hypothetical—that may happen as the result of *this* if *this* happens. Taxes may be thus and so. The rich may be bitten deep or not bitten. Dog-day Washington tastes of the silly season.

All these thoughts and their bases will have been superseded before these words reach readers; but to read the report that the Bible House is about to move up to the corner of Fifty-seventh Street and Park Avenue is to read a durable fact and see new evidence that the Great Best Seller is still worth attention and investment as a publication. The Bible House has been in Tenth Street for eighty-two years. The Bible is not restless, but it is up to the times, always up to the times, the most adjustable book in the world, not unlike the multiplication

table in that respect. Tenth Street was a more fashionable neighborhood when it built there, and it had for its neighbors the Cooper Union, Stewart's Dry Goods Store, the Astor Library, Sieghorner's, the colonnade of proud buildings in Lafayette Place, of which last there still remains one dwelling out of the row. There was a great deal of color about that locality, a lot of style in its day. It is not dead yet—Wanamaker's is there, Grace Church is nearby, Cooper Union is a great, flourishing institution; but one cannot say that the locality is as stylish as it used to be, and perhaps the Bible House missed that passing elegance. It was hardly a good place for a retail book store whereas Fifty-seventh Street and Park Avenue is the very heart of trade. Close by I bought the other day an Oxford Jubilee Bible, beautiful print, excellent paper, compact and handy, and not too costly in a simple binding. Our Bible Society has not the excuse of the Jubilee to break out into new type and paper and size but it may do something like that to commemorate its moving.

The Bible is still the most interesting book in our European and American world, but how about it as a commercial speculation—will it keep its hold on public attention? There are those who think the interest in it will abate a good deal, these times being so

new, other books being so plenty, knowledge being so rapid in its advances. So much news in so many books, oh, yes, but still the old Bible is an inexhaustible reservoir of news even to this day. Ruskin said "A knowledge of the English Bible is a liberal education," and that estimate needs little defense. In no other collection of books is there such a picture of human life as in the Bible, and it is probably safe to say that it has affected human life longer and deeper than any other book that ever got into print.

And of course its effect on human life has not always been beneficent; indeed, the Bible has raised its share of hob; but not all the product of a lead mine goes to make bullets and not all the results of Bible reading have contributed to human anguish. Far from it, far from it!

THERE are at least three classes of Bible readers: those who think that a lot of it is so; those who think that a good part of it is not so, and the Fundamentalists who insist that it is all inspired and guaranteed, including the punctuation. There have been times too long continuing when if you did not accept the interpretation put upon Bible writings by the masters of religion of the day you were likely to be burned at the stake. Great numbers of people were so burned; but now the exploration of the Great Book is a comparatively safe pilgrimage.

The Bible contains the oldest record of human experience that most people ever see. That is not much to say, for written records do not go back far in human history; but the Bible is far from being a record of primitive times when people did not know much. About some things, especially in mechanics, they did not know as much as we do; but there were other things about which some of them knew more. There have been ups and downs in

human life—peoples who have attained to a high cultivation and far-reaching knowledge, but have disappeared and most of their knowledge with them. The Great Pyramid seems to be a record of such people, who apparently had gone as far in astronomy, at least, as our contemporaries have reached until very recently.

From cover to cover the Bible is full of stories of communications with the invisible world, dealing with visitors therefrom and with what we are used to call miracles. Matter-of-fact observers in our day incline to reject these stories; but that may be because their own knowledge is defective. They are not earnest students of psychology in their own time, know little about the life to come and prefer to know less. Now and then somebody of that sort gets illuminated and sees a new point in the Bible stories and reads them with greatly increased interest. That is what happened to John Bigelow, who was quarantined in the West Indies and shut up in a hotel with various books of Swedenborg. He got new light on religion and in due time came out with a little book *The Bible That Was Lost and Is Found*. One reason why the Bible does not wear out is that the increase of common knowledge even in our time upsets conclusions and calls for new hypotheses about it. The same process works in individuals, not necessarily unbelievers; as they gain in knowledge, spiritual knowledge especially, they find new meanings, new suggestions in the Bible.

A pious lady who told her neighbor that he should read the Bible, received the answer "But I have read it, Mrs. Martin." No doubt he had, but there is always more news coming to a Bible reader as his own mind develops.

No book has been so great an influence as the Bible for better and sometimes for worse in our modern world, at least in Europe and all the countries

that derive from it. That fact is fit to stir students of history to know what the book is about anyhow and what is in it that has given it such astonishing influence. The King James' version in its literary form was the product of Shakespeare's time and of an unmatched development of the English language.

There is some talk about the Apocrypha, and regret is expressed that it was left out of the modern Bible. One is told that all the pulpit Bibles of the established Churches in England still contain it, and if the American Bible Society would care for a speculative innovation, an edition of the Bible with the Apocrypha in it might prove a good bet.

Merely as literature, what other book or collection of books is so important? Its language has gone into our own speech to an extent that few people realize.

EVERYONE has heard of the community whose members lived by taking in one another's washing. A good deal of that sort of employment exists at this time when the most prevalent attitude of mind is that of waiting for business to improve and wondering if and when it is going to be better. It has improved in some lines quite distinctly. The stock market, for example, is less feeble at this writing than it has been, and there has been increased activity in various manufactures. All the same, a considerable line of employment seems to be afforded by the writing of letters and addressing of appealing circulars asking for help for the jobless.

Henry Houdyce, who goes a good deal to the movies, says the news pictures are pretty good, some of the funny pictures are good, especially those in color, and that indeed the pictures in color are remarkably pretty. But he says when it comes to the stories,

they are too much like what is going on on the street outdoors—that you get about as good a show, and sometimes a better one, watching the people who pass on the Great White Way as you do if you pay and go in.

Strange world—oh remarkably so! And still there are those who continue to hope for better times and a general recuperation of the human race and that in spite of all we know and hear about armament, disarmament, Mussolini, Japan, Abyssinia, Franklin Roosevelt, taxation, floods, bugs, tornadoes, earthquakes, and whatever else makes for apprehension. There are those who think we shall live through all these pangs and possibilities and in the end come out better persons operating in a better world.

It has long been asserted, without successful denial except in details, that hope crushed to earth will rise again, and of course it has to and will, as long as food, drink, and digestion remain on earth. They are the physical bases of favorable expectations and the spiritual bases, though they may operate independently, do better as co-workers with them. There is no prospect of a dearth in most Western countries of food, drink, or digestion. Agriculture we are told can now by the help of chemistry produce unlimited food a good deal irrespective of the amount of land that is cultivated. So far as that goes all that is necessary is to provide distribution for what is produced and due motives to produce it. That can be done somehow, and perhaps the conviction that it will be done is at the bottom of such an optimistic expectation as came from Lord Lothian, expounded by him in London in a lecture of American history to a class of teachers taking a vacation course. Many were pessimistic, he said, about the prospects of recovery in the United States, but he considered that there was no community in the world which

has more natural vitality, energy, and practical capacity for things and more interest in what you might call the scientific aspect of economic development. We have faith in America, he said, but give her time! He had no doubt that "in her own characteristic way she will find a way to a redefinition of her place and function in the world as a whole." And he went on:

I venture to say that when the United States does make up its mind, and when that vital people does begin to feel it sees a way forward, it will move with speed and resolution which will be as staggering to humanity as some of its previous acts have been. At just about the time we have completely given up hope we shall find her rushing forward into the world with a solution of her own which we shall recognize as a tremendous contribution to a solution of world problems. I am convinced these problems cannot be solved either economically or politically without the active participation of the United States.

Well now, who is Lord Lothian? What does he know about the United States?

A good deal more than the majority of people who live in them. As Philip Kerr, he was and still is the agent for the Rhodes Scholarships, and that brought him here as a visitor to colleges and universities all over the country and brought him in touch with a great variety of people. As an editor of the Round Table, and as Marquess of Lothian with a seat in the House of Lords, he is an important influence in English politics and government. He was one of Lloyd George's secretaries in the War, a member of the greatest Roman Catholic family in England, that of the Dukes of Norfolk. He was brought up in that faith but eventually quit it, and later, through the mediation or influence of Lady Astor, hooked up with the Eddyites and Christian Science. He is a good man of a large experience and a great Liberal. So when he talks about the United States

it's not necessarily disorderly to listen to him.

IN THE movies the villain as a rule is finally thwarted. It's not extravagant to think it will happen that way with us. Immense changes in life have been going on, immense changes in the minds of men are in process of development. The power of the mind of man over material things has enormously increased and seems to be racing on to further development. Our understanding of religion, for instance, has changed enormously in details in a couple of generations. From the same records new deductions are made. The fundamentals do not necessarily alter but the kind of life that shall rest on them has changed almost beyond recognition. The girls—when was there anything like them? The young ladies of the French Revolution were gay; they could shed a good many clothes at a pinch as can our current girls; but ours are not gay in any sense of relaxed morals. Go to the bathing beaches, the women are two-thirds naked, the men rather more so. People of the older generation look on with some horror but they suppress it. Such things go by custom. This cult of the bare skin came to us from Europe, and so far as bathing goes, it is an improvement on what we had.

In our political affairs of the moment one asks oneself if he would rather be devoured by tigers or by ants, corporations in particular being held up as tigers, while the incessant application by committees and code officers for details of the fiscal lives of taxpayers is very like an incursion of devouring ants. Too many small people have power under one code or another to demand altogether too many details of acquisition and expenditure from bigger folks. No doubt that will pass away before the ants have eaten up the body of acquisition.



Harpers *Magazine*

CONVERSATION AT MIDNIGHT

FOURTEEN POEMS

BY EDNA St. VINCENT MILLAY

(*Note.* The following poems are selected from a sequence. As will be seen from the numbers which they bear, some of them are printed here in the order in which they appear in the sequence, while between certain others there are gaps of several poems. Since among the poems omitted are those which occur at the beginning of the group, the Editors have asked me to write this foreword, giving the reader some idea at the outset as to what "Conversation at Midnight" is about.

The time is the present; the place New York; the scene the drawing-room of Ricardo's house, an old house a few blocks north of Washington Square and just west of Fifth Avenue; it is the drawing-room of a wealthy bachelor of considerable culture, who has furnished his house to his own taste.

The men taking part in the "Conversation" have dined with Ricardo. Dinner is over; they are having their coffee and brandy, continuing discussions started at the dinner table, or bringing up new matters. Later they drink whisky and go on talking, with earnestness and enthusiasm, about all kinds of things; the conversation continues until morning.

The names of the characters have no meaning in themselves; they are just the names they happen to have; Pygmalion is a nickname. Ricardo is the son of an Italian petty nobleman and an American woman; his parents are dead, and he lives alone in the house which he has inherited from his mother. He is about forty. He was born in Italy, and in the same village lived Anselmo, an Italian boy somewhat older than he. Anselmo is now a priest. The two have been friends since they were children. Merton is an American, a stockbroker about sixty; he is very rich, very much interested in literature, and has a racing stable. John is a portrait-painter, financially not very successful. He envies Father Anselmo his faith and wishes he could share it; it is in answer to a troubled question from John that Anselmo has spoken about his religion somewhat earlier in the sequence, and speaks now again in the sonnet which opens the group printed here. Pygmalion is a successful short-story writer, gay and attractive, troubled about nothing. Carl

is a poet, and a Communist. He has written previously two volumes of poetry which both Ricardo and Merton consider very fine; Carl himself is no longer interested in them, and is impatient if they are talked about. Lucas is twenty-five and in the advertising business.

The "Conversation" does not end with the last poem printed here, but continues for some time. The party breaks up at about three in the morning and everybody goes home, nobody intoxicated, everybody in good temper. Nothing has happened, nothing has been established; they have had a stimulating evening discussing things which interest them and listening to discussion.—E. ST. V. M.)

CONVERSATION AT MIDNIGHT

XVI

ANSELMO said, and took in his brown hands
 Quietly the large ebony crucifix
 That hung between his knees, "Knowledge expands,
 And men grow canny; yet if they cannot mix
 Science and Jesus, they leave Jesus out—
 Though Science, like the ogre on the mat,
 Turns into fog, snake, demon, leaves in doubt
 His face forever; and Christ has not done that.

*Out of such peace as can be troubled only
 By your distress, I spoke; and I have erred.
 You heard me through with deference; I saw plainly
 You strove to get my drift—and got no word.
 I am chagrined, like one who has defined
 The colors of sunset to a friend born blind."*

XVII

*After a solemn pause, Anselmo said,
 "I think I'll play some Bach if you can stand
 My noise. Go right on talking, please"; and spread
 Over the pedals of the concert grand
 Ricardo could not play, but kept in tune
 Always, in hope someone might call who could,
 His broad black boots, twitched up his gown, and soon
 Built Peace—from felt, wire, ivory, and wood.*

*Nobody talked, although I knew that some
 Preferred to talk, were cowed into this hush;
 Ricardo not—he cared not whence might come
 This beauty, so it came; the mutinous flush
 Of John said, Jesus had a champion there
 Unjustly come by, tricky, not quite fair.*

XVIII

*"I want to talk," said Lucas, "about love!"
 And gripped his hands until his knuckles gleamed.
 He spoke in a loud voice, then did not move
 Or make a sound for a long time it seemed.
 Then suddenly he surged forward in his chair:
 "I want to ask you what it is you do
 When someone that you had just isn't there,
 And never will be, when you know it's through.*

*I know, of course, that you forget in time
 And feel the same as if you hadn't been
 Ever in love, or almost so; but I'm
 Asking you, what do you do all in between?
 Of course, I've got my job and all of that,"
 Said Lucas; "that's not what I'm getting at."*

XXI

*"Why, you never were alone in your life! You couldn't stand it
 To be alone for a minute!" John said. "You'd howl your head off till you heard
 Footsteps in the passage—Nurse coming with a light! Oh, I'll hand it
 To you, you're fond of reading—books about Solitude preferred;
 But you like to read them with your door wide open, and guest after guest
 Grinning in with a glass in his hand and saying, 'How 'bout it,
 Old Bookworm? What about being sociable and joining the rest
 Of the boys in a little poison?'—well, did you ever close that door? I doubt it."*

*Merton was angry. He flushed, and a pretty mean look
 Came into his eyes. He was a man who loved a story on himself, would worm it
 Out of you, and laugh the gayest of all, but he'd brook
 No levity on the subject of his being a lone-wolf and a hermit.
 Two other convictions he had, you mightn't take a crack at, which
 Were The Menace of the Jews, and The Over-Taxation of the Rich.*

XXII

*"This girl," said Lucas—"none of you know her name,
 So I can say this—she was engaged, you see,
 To another man when I first met her; she came
 To visit my sisters and she played around with me
 Of course, quite a lot; I was crazy about her right from the start,
 But I wouldn't let myself go, because I knew
 About this man, and I didn't want to get hurt
 If I could help it; well, that all fell through.*

*One day she kissed me. And then—well, after that day
 We were hardly apart for a minute, I couldn't bear her out of my sight;
 I was sure she meant to marry me—though she never did say
 She would, I remember now—well, the other night*

*She called me up; her family had made a fuss, she said,
And she was marrying this chap. I said, 'O.K., go ahead.' "*

XXIII

*"Lucas, Romantic Love is on the rocks,
Battered to kindling, flotsam on every shore,
Her sails as furled as are the Antioch's
Square sails," said Merton; "she will sail no more.
A gallant ship; but shipping in our day
Can't trust to winds to puff it where 'tis bid;
We can't go on rounding the Cape that way—
Where'd progress be, and coffee, if we did?"*

*No man can tell what treasure in the teak
Of that exotic hold, a Spaniard's prize,
Went bubbling down, was questioned for a week
By dense myopic fish with lampy eyes;
Thank heaven, though, the old oil-burner's there
When I've a deal on and no time to spare."*

XXIV

*"That's not the point," Carl said; "the point is not
Whether you get your contract or get the air;
We're about as through with this thing called Love as—what?—
Plumes in our helmets, powder on our hair.
Love's lazy, won't keep step, is all the time
Swooning into a dozen lilies, or under a yew,
Or looking backward, and bursting into tears and rhyme;
Holds everything up, just can't fit in, won't do."*

*I've been in love myself—oh, yes, I have,
Don't worry!—but after what I've read and seen
I've got to be in the current; I'd sooner not live
Than be a spumy stick in a back-wash, if you see what I mean.
And the man who travels by the Bremen and lies on her deck
Longing for the old square-rigger gives me a pain in the neck."*

XXVII

*"Not that the world is so much with us," Merton
Remarked, "but such a world! It seems to me
It's getting noisier every day; I'm certain
'Tis more uncivil; men of low degree
In high positions—is there any hope
For culture, think you, when the grocer's son
Rides in his car, with judges and the Pope
To entertain him through the microphone?"*

*Come, let us, like those gentlefolk of Florence
Who fled the pest in the Italian tale,
Absent us with some haste and much abhorrence
From these mephitic shores and, setting sail
For some green island, loll on delicate thrones
Till Doomsday, swapping yarns and skipping stones."*

XXVIII

*"Yes, pack your bags—I beg your pardon, let
Your valet pack your bags, and get the hell
Out of here, do! Work up a little sweat
Shaving yourself some day, you'll feel just swell.
Meantime there's Florence; and in a nasty state,
What with more plagues than one, what with the poor
Cleaning the privies of the rich—relate
That jest in your Decameron, be sure.*

*You don't like things the way they are; you'd like
A change. A change is coming; and it's near.
But not a change you'll relish; at least, you strike
Me so.—The trouble with all you people here
Is: two of you lie, two trifle, and the rest can't think.
Yes, I'll shut up. No, I don't want a drink."*

XXIX

*"Your masses," Merton said, "yes, yes, I know
It's not their fault; they've not been treated well—
Whatever the cause may be, their tastes are low,
Their conversation tedious, and they smell.
I hope they get their heaven, achieve their goal,
Have a good time, be free—but where's the hurt
If I, while loving a man's immortal soul,
Deplore his manners and dislike his dirt?"*

*Why should you hate my guts because my pants
Are pressed, my coat fits, and my nails are clean?
Is not the idea: all men should have the chance
To bathe, et cet—or just what do you mean?
You don't add up. Or is it possible
You honor the dirt, and not the man at all?"*

XXX

*"It's true I honor the dirt; that's perfectly true,"
Carl answered, hastily lighting a cigarette,
And rising to his feet; "and so would you
If you'd seen such men as I have, with their sweat
Running like tears and making their chests all muddy,*

*Men second to none, I tell you!—well, it just looks queer
To me, clean finger-nails on a hand as bloody
As hell—that's why when I look at you I sneer.*

*Why does Anselmo honor that ugly thing
He wears around his neck?—I'll tell you why:
That's where the man he loves hung suffering
Till he can't tell the man from the cross. Well, neither can I.
I honor the dirt, if you like," Carl spoke from the door,
"Because it is the dress my mother wore."*

XXXI

*Over the sound of flushing water, which,
For some strange reason, science having gone so far,
Even in the houses of the extremely rich
Still roars in a room, and everybody knows where you are,
Pygmalion said, "Well, Merton, what do you think?
Has Swatter any chance?" "Race didn't fill,"
Merton replied; "say, can I have a drink
For God's sake?—no, mine's Bourbon.—It's just as well;*

*A mile's too short for him. Cloud Sweeper's running." "Who's up?"
"Bobby Jones." "Any odds?" "Ought to be." "Do any hurt
To put a little something on her nose?" "Well, this is no tip;
You do what you like. I'm going to bet my shirt."
Carl came back. "Who did the etching on the right?"
Somebody said, "Benson." Carl said, "Who's got a light?"*

XXXII

*"If you do not believe in God it is a good thing
To believe in Communism. There is much comfort,
As I observe, when lowering into an oblong hole a much prized object,
In the reflection that it is either (a) safe in the arms of Jesus, or (b)
Only a cog in a wheel and that the wheel continues to revolve and that that
is the important thing.*

*If you do not believe in God and cannot bring yourself
To believe in Communism, then, I may say, you are in a singularly
Unprotected position.
You have not so much as a last year's mullein-stalk to set your back against; all
winds blow upon you.*

*As for myself," said Ricardo, "I do not believe in God and I do not care for
The society of people.
I am willing to give them my coat, but I am not willing
To lend them my coat and have them wear it and return it.
I am willing to give them my loaf, but I am not willing
To sit and share it with them.*

*I do not wish to die, but I would rather die
 Than have for my daily horizon year in year out—and sing Huzza! into the
 bargain—
 The hairs on the backs of the necks of other people.*

*And I would rather stand with my back against an icy, unintelligible void
 Than be steamed upon from behind by the honest breaths of many well-wishers."*

XXXVI

*In the Rotary Club and in the Communistic State there is no mourning
 When Doctor Cog dies.
 The place of Doctor Cog is immediately and automatically filled by Doctor Cog,
 and Doctor Cog and Doctor Cog
 Are as alike as two cogs.*

*John said, "A man is tired of being a town all by himself.
 He wants to be a grain of sand in a shovelful of sand in a cement-mixer
 That is mixing cement to cement together the bricks in one of the walls
 Of one of the buildings connected with one of the cement works
 On the outskirts of a town."*

*Ricardo said, "Man has never been the same since God died.
 He has taken it very hard. Why, you'd think it was only yesterday,
 The way he takes it.
 Not that he says much, but he laughs much louder than he used to,
 And he can't bear to be left alone even for a minute, and he can't
 Sit still.*

*You'd think he'd be glad to be able to decide things for himself
 Just for once, have a good look at things and have a go at things
 All by himself just for once, instead of never being able to turn around without
 asking for divine guidance, or take a step forward
 Without leaning upon divine aid.
 But it's not so. Man was ever so much happier before
 His Father died.*

*He gets along pretty well as long as it's daylight; he works very hard,
 And he amuses himself very hard with the many cunning amusements
 This clever age affords.
 But it's all no use; the moment it begins to get dark, as soon as it's night,
 He goes out and howls over the grave of God.*

*It comes down to this: he wants to die too, he wants to be nothing.
 And the next best thing to being nothing
 Is being nobody."*



YARDSTICKS AND BIRCH RODS

BY LELAND OLDS

Executive Secretary of the Power Authority of the State of New York

THE utility issue to-day is a phase of the major problem of government which this generation must solve. It reflects a crisis in which the supremacy of government over vested interests will be put to the test as surely as it was tested by the slave interests in the Civil War. And this issue is most clearly defined in terms of electric power.

The power issue has been precipitated upon the people of the country, not by the Roosevelt regime, nor even by the local prophets who pioneered in dealing with the problem of private power monopoly. It has been forced upon the country by the private power interests themselves who have gone to every length of open and secret manipulation of government to prevent the effective assertion of the public interest in power through the process of public service commission regulation.

The significance of this in terms of the authority of government is emphasized in a recent statement of Philip H. Gadsden, chief spokesman for the power industry in its fight against the Tennessee Valley Authority and the Holding Company Bill. In a debate with John T. Flynn, conducted in the pages of the *Forum*, Mr. Gadsden said, "A government which cannot regulate cannot govern." No political leader to-day can fail to meet that challenge, and the success of any leader will be judged in terms of his ability to reassert the supremacy of

government in the field of electric power.

The new governmental policy which has resulted from this challenge is broadly directed at supplementing public service commission regulation with the force of actual or potential public competition as a means of enforcing the public interest in electric service. This new policy involves the building, where necessary, of public "yardstick" or "birch rod" electric plants to establish and enforce modern standards of electrical use.

The Tennessee Valley Authority in its declaration of policy has emphasized the necessity of distinguishing clearly between the private and the public interest in electric power. It asserts "that private and public interests in power are of a different kind and quality, and should not be confused, and that *the interest of the public in the widest possible use of power is superior to any private interest, with the result that, in case of conflict, the public interest must prevail.*"

The Roosevelt program faces squarely the fact that the private and public interests in power are in direct conflict. Orthodox economic doctrine holds that private monopoly operates on the theory of maximum profits and that the points of maximum profits and maximum production rarely coincide. But the government, with a primary concern for the living standards of its people, must be able to enforce its in-

terest in maximum production, *i.e.*, service, even though this means a lower return on capital. The machinery of regulation has almost completely failed to enforce such an assertion of the government's interest.

The significance of the issue is belated by those who refer to the relative smallness of the average residential electric bill. The precise and damning criticism of the private power industry is the meager electrical service rendered in return for that bill. As will be shown subsequently, the average home in Ottawa, the capital of Canada, pays \$2.92 a month for electricity supplied by the municipality's unit in the great publicly owned Ontario Hydro-Electric Power System. This exceeds the average bill of \$2.79 paid by residential customers in the United States. But the Ottawa home uses an average of 326 kilowatt hours a month as contrasted with 53 kilowatt hours a month for the homes of this country.

The ascendancy of the private over the public interest in electric power, under the system of regulated private monopoly, has served as an effective brake on the people's use of power. An entirely valid conclusion to be drawn from the study of most regulatory proceedings would assume that the objective was the nurturing and preservation of the largest possible block of profit-hungry capital rather than assurance that the people in a given area should get the utmost out of their power resources. As a result, homes, farms, and small businesses throughout the country have been effectively debarred from entering into the full enjoyment of the age of electricity.

The average home in the United States could readily use 300 kilowatt hours a month, 3,600 kilowatt hours a year, without stretching the point. This would mean a definite raising of

living standards and sound economy in energy supply. It would provide adequate lighting, the use of all small convenience appliances, refrigeration, cooking, and a beginning in the direction of hot-water heating.

As there are roughly 25,000,000 homes in the United States, this would require 90 billion kilowatt hours annually, roughly eight times the present residential consumption and somewhat more than the country's entire present consumption of electricity for all purposes. But the resources are available to produce this power. The necessary increase in distribution facilities, except for the extension of rural lines, would be relatively slight. Existing operating personnel could provide the service. In short, this huge additional electric service could be provided for a monthly bill well within the range of the average family budget.

In the light of these facts, how can the tardy development of residential use of electricity be explained? The answer is implicit in the ability of private monopoly to write the rules which have been controlling in government regulation. The vast potential market for electricity in the home has been treated as a golden opportunity to extract the last dollar of profits by high-pressure merchandising. Analysis of a majority of the pre-TVA rate schedules, in relation to the costs of various classes of service, reveals a sales theory which creates a desire by displaying the product under the most enticing circumstances and then maintains the price at a point representing the maximum rate of profit. Such rates have presented an insuperable obstacle to mass consumption.

The recent movement to supplement public utility regulation with the force of public competition, the "yardstick" or "birch rod" method, is directed to the removing of this obstacle. And the results are already striking.

Vice-Chairman Manly of the Federal Power Commission announces rate reductions totaling \$47,000,000 in the twelve months ended June 30, 1935, and the total rises to \$60,000,000 if subsequent reductions are included. As will be later detailed, public competition as a Federal policy is changing the outlook of the private power companies themselves, and the Public Service Commissions are following behind, gleaning what crumbs of credit are to be derived from these "voluntary" rate cuts.

Many representatives of the private power interests are trying to make a virtue out of the new necessity and are antedating their present aspirations after mass consumption of power. But the record reveals that their earlier efforts at encouraging consumption accomplished little more than the inflation of new business expense in their efforts to overcome the sales resistance developed by their excessive rates.

The purpose of public competition then is to meet the challenge of the private power monopoly to the government's regulatory authority. In terms of Mr. Gadsden's definition, it represents a reassertion of governmental supremacy to whatever extent may be necessary to protect the general standard of living against the individualist interest in maximum profits. The government is seeking to establish a measure or standard of electrical consumption which the private monopolies will be expected to meet on pain of having their operations superseded by public enterprise. Lower rates are merely a means to mass consumption of electricity, which will be an essential element in the standard of living in the future.

II

The nation-wide movement to supplement commission regulation with

public competition, as the only effective means of counteracting the frustration of public purpose by private power monopoly, dates, in a very real sense, from the 1930 campaign of Franklin D. Roosevelt for re-election as Governor of the State of New York. A small leaflet circulated in tens of thousands during that campaign showed the people of the State graphically the electrical appliances which they could afford to use under public ownership in Ontario, as contrasted with the meager service provided for the same amount of money by the private companies serving New York State. In that leaflet he was offering the people of New York a "yardstick," and they voted overwhelmingly for his policy.

This campaign followed closely the investigation of the Commission on Revision of the Public Service Law which had been created by the New York Legislature in 1929 to diagnose the apparent breakdown of utility regulation and recommend remedies.

Testimony before this Commission revealed the ineffectiveness of public service commission regulation. Utility executives testified that their final reliance was upon the courts and that they could establish in the courts the right to charge rates higher than their business judgment would dictate. Public Service Commissioners testified that they were to all intents and purposes intimidated by the knowledge that any decision unacceptable to the companies would lead to long and futile litigation. Economists testified to extended valuation proceedings costing millions of dollars, in which the resulting conclusions could be little more than guesses as to the magnitude of a metaphysical quantity known as the fair value of the property.

Considered as a whole, the testimony warranted the conclusion of the three minority members appointed by Governor Roosevelt that regulation

had broken down because the companies themselves had succeeded in dictating its rules and procedure to suit their purposes. These rules were so plausibly and cleverly drawn that few commissioners and fewer judges called to pass upon rate cases realized that they represented a complete denial of the public interest.

The net result was that, in spite of regulation, the companies were still charging what they believed the traffic would bear. According to the testimony of Matthew S. Sloan, then President of the New York Edison Company, such reductions in rates as were made by that company between 1914 and 1929 were all made voluntarily, without compulsion or negotiation. In his own words: "We simply took the matter up with the Public Service Commission and advised them that we were going to make them."

This statement is particularly interesting in the light of the recent attempts of representatives of the private companies to convince the public of the effectiveness of regulation.

The scope of this article does not permit more than a few brief suggestions as to the weaknesses in theory and practice which have led to the virtual breakdown of regulation as an instrument of government control. In theory, a Public Service Commission is supposed to fix rates which will assure a fair return on the fair value of the utility property. In practice this leads into fields of capital and operating costs over which the Commissions can exercise no effective control. It projects all parties into speculations as to the reproduction cost or present replacement value of the property which can only be described as expensive guesswork. Finally, it rests on a static conception of the business, which permits little if any recognition of the effect of low rates as a stimulus to increased demand for the service.

The hopelessness of the whole procedure is perhaps best reflected in the minority opinion of Justice Stone of the United States Supreme Court in the *Chesapeake and Potomac Telephone Case*, decided June 3, 1935. With the concurrence of Justices Brandeis and Cardozo, he said:

In assuming the task of determining judicially the present fair replacement value of the vast properties of public utilities, courts have been projected into the most speculative undertaking imposed upon them in the entire history of English jurisprudence. . . . When we arrive at a theoretical value based upon such uncertain and fugitive data we gain at best only an illusory certainty.

The great resources which the companies can throw into rate cases and court proceedings render it certain that all the speculations and uncontrolled cost elements involved in such procedure tend to be resolved in terms which support the rate policies of the private power interest. The burden rests with exaggerated effect upon the rates charged to small consumers.

Company executives explain that the wide differential between rates to large power customers and retail rates to small consumers are due, in part, to the fact that sales to the former are on a competitive basis, while sales to the latter are on a monopolistic basis. By this they mean that the large customers can always install their own power plants if the company does not offer them rates which assure a power cost at least as low as that of carrying and operating such individual plants.

Retail customers have no such alternative. As a result, regulation, involving the rate of return on the entire property, may affect the levels of rates applying to but a small portion of the total power sales. In the case of the *Niagara Hudson Power Corporation* the percentage of sales on a competitive basis reaches the huge total of 85 per cent, while only 15 per cent of its

power is sold to small consumers on the basis of regulated monopoly.

Such a condition, alone, is sufficient to explain the impossibility of determining reasonable retail electric rates in accordance with regulatory procedure. So the government is stepping in with "yardstick" plants to place small consumers of electricity in the same competitive position in their dealings with the companies as has all along been held by large consumers.

III

The period since 1930 has been marked by a twofold trend, reflected in official investigations and reports. On the one hand, the statutory powers and resources of regulatory bodies were increased year after year, only to disclose more clearly their inherent limitations. On the other hand, the steady accumulation of evidence showing the effectiveness of public competition as a means of controlling rates and curbing manipulations of capital accounts has resulted in growing recognition of the value of yardstick plants.

The 1932 Census of the Electrical Industry showed that in the Pacific Coast States, where such outstanding public plants as those in Seattle, Tacoma, Los Angeles, and Pasadena have been rate yardsticks for many years, the average residential rate charged by private companies was 3.9 cents a kilowatt hour as contrasted with a national average of 5.6 cents a kilowatt hour. Excluding the Pacific Coast, the average residential rate was 5.9 cents, or approximately 2 cents a kilowatt hour above that charged by private companies on the Pacific Coast.

Pacific Coast residences served by private companies were using an average of more than 800 kilowatt hours annually as compared with a national

average, exclusive of the Pacific area, of less than 600 kilowatt hours.

The Electric Rate Survey of the Federal Power Commission shows fourteen cities in the United States which have availed themselves of public competition to secure lower electric rates, including Los Angeles, Cleveland, Seattle, Columbus, Ohio; Fort Wayne, Indiana; Lincoln, Nebraska; Springfield, Illinois; Kalamazoo, Michigan; Hamilton, Ohio; Bay City, Michigan; Sioux Falls, South Dakota; Norwich, Connecticut; Bloomington, Illinois; and Hagerstown, Maryland.

In addition to these cities which operate municipal electric plants in competition with privately owned power companies, there are many large cities which secure their entire electric service from municipally owned plants. These include Tacoma, Washington; Kansas City, Kansas; Jacksonville, Florida; Lakewood, Ohio; Lansing, Michigan; Pasadena and Glendale, California; Austin, Texas; and Holyoke, Massachusetts.

The Survey shows further the significant fact that among the cities of 50,000 or more population the lowest rates are enjoyed in those served either by public plants or by private operations lying within "the sphere of influence" exercised by low-rate publicly owned systems or affected by the force of potential public competition.

The clearest cut example of the effectiveness of a public yardstick plant in bringing about an extraordinary series of rate reductions for an entire area is unquestionably to be found in Montreal, Canada. This story has been reiterated so many times since it was first published by the New York Power Authority, nearly a year ago, that it will be briefly summarized here only because any discussion of the subject would be incomplete without it.

In 1907 the Montreal Light, Heat

and Power Company was supplying the entire area with electric service, the residential rate being $12\frac{3}{4}$ cents a kilowatt hour, or precisely the average residential charge in the United States during the same year. Then Westmount, a small separately incorporated residential area, set up a public plant and started service in competition with the big company. Its initial rate was 10 cents a kilowatt hour. There followed further rate cuts by the little public plant, with the big Montreal company forced to follow these reductions, step by step, until the company's latest schedule provides residential service for every level of consumption at rates lower than those proposed by the TVA for Knoxville, Tennessee.

The story is significant not only in showing the effective influence of a small yardstick plant, but also in showing that a private company under this kind of pressure is capable of increasing prosperity. To-day the condition of the company, as shown by its annual reports and the rating of its securities, is exceptionally sound. Clearly, the effect of public competition over a long period has been to curb any impulses to inflate either capital or operating costs.

The new Montreal residential rate schedule of 5 cents a kilowatt hour for the first 12 kilowatt hours, $21\frac{1}{2}$ cents per kilowatt hour for the next 68, 1.8 cents for the next 130, and 0.9 cents for all additional service gives the Montreal home approximately twice as much current for its dollar as the New York City home can purchase under the new rate schedule. In other words, the Montreal home gets 100 kilowatt hours a month for less than the cost of 50 kilowatt hours in New York City, and 400 kilowatt hours for approximately the bill for which the New York home would get only 200.

Any discussion of the effectiveness of the public-yardstick method would

likewise be incomplete without brief reference to the development of Mayor La Guardia's plan for New York City and the effects already produced by the initial steps of his program.

The story really begins back in 1933 when the New York Public Service Commission, following a grant of emergency powers from the Legislature, announced a temporary rate cut of 6 per cent, accompanied by a scathing opinion which pointed out that the electric companies of the Consolidated Gas System had continued to pay larger dividends and higher salaries through depression years. In initiating this rate proceeding, Chairman Milo R. Maltbie of the Commission had called attention to the failure of the companies to co-operate in making regulation effective and warned that unless they showed a different disposition "regulation will have failed and recourse will be had to some system more responsible to change of economic conditions and public need."

The companies, in complete disregard of this warning, promptly took this rate order into the courts, where it remained until the current year, when a decision adverse to the Commission was handed down. The 6 per cent rate cut was effectively blocked and the Judge went out of his way to criticize the Commission for attempted generosity "toward needy rate payers with the money and property belonging to the utility companies."

Meanwhile, in December, 1934, these same electrical utilities filed revised rate schedules with the Public Service Commission designed to increase rates by \$11,000,000, including an addition of \$700,000 proposed in the new bids for supplying current for street lighting and other municipal purposes.

The Commissioner of Water Supply, Gas & Electricity, Maurice P. Davidson, rejected the new street lighting and city power bids as excessive, and

the City Administration, led by Mayor La Guardia, proceeded with plans for a municipally owned system to provide this service. President Roosevelt promptly assured the Mayor of Federal assistance in the construction of a municipal power plant.

The effect was almost immediate. Within less than two weeks the Chairman of the private power system was talking rate reductions. In April, 1935, the companies voluntarily withdrew their December proposals to increase rates by \$11,000,000. On May 6, 1935, the companies submitted new bids for supplying the city's current which reduced the 1935 bill by \$1,726,000, in contrast with the original proposal to increase it by \$700,000.

Mayor La Guardia followed with the announcement on May 13, 1935, that he would submit a plan for a public-yardstick plant to secure equivalent reductions for general consumers throughout the city. On May 23rd, one day before the Mayor submitted his plan to the Board of Estimate, the Consolidated Gas companies filed a new rate schedule, offering rate reductions of \$7,141,600, in contrast with the December, 1934, proposal for an \$11,000,000 increase. This new schedule has since become effective.

Thus the mere determination of the Mayor to utilize the force of public competition to reduce rates has already caused the companies to reduce their demand for revenue from the people of New York City by more than \$18,000,000, which recalls the above quoted judicial remark about the Commission's generosity with other people's money. The reductions in rates to general consumers, however, are considered far from adequate. As a result, the coming New York City referendum on Mayor La Guardia's proposal to build a public-yardstick plant will center national attention on this issue.

IV

The Tennessee Valley is the scene of the Federal Administration's major yardstick experiment, and the Administration's recognition of the essential purpose of government in dealing with the power issue is best discovered in the activities of the TVA. Widespread understanding of that purpose alone will prevent the power interests from succeeding in their effort to force this great public yardstick into the mold of private monopoly through specious criticism of specific details of the program. If the country is to secure the full advantages which can be derived from a reassertion of the public interest in electric power it must beware of the efforts now being made by the power industry to write the rules of public competition. It should be remembered that by writing the rules of regulation the companies destroyed its effectiveness.

Let us pause for a moment to look at the picturesque advertising of the Electric Home and Farm Authority which has featured the TVA efforts in the Valley. Critics of the Administration have been caustic about the distribution of their illustrated booklets in franked envelopes. Power executives have boasted about what they could accomplish in building up business if their advertising matter were carried in the mails free.

In the first place, the United States Government, in a true sense, is advertising not refrigerators, ranges, washing machines, or electric irons, but a new and higher standard of life which cheap electricity makes possible. It is using the kilowatt hour as a symbol to lift the people of the Valley to a new level of comfort, convenience, and sound economy which they never had believed they could afford or had a right to expect.

A part, if not the main purpose, of

the government power yardstick is just this—to show the common homes and farms of the land that they are entitled to and, with proper organization of power supply, can afford much higher standards of electric utilization than they have realized. The government's advertising is as important as the advertising of the health department or the department of education. It is selling not for profit, but to raise living standards and general welfare to a higher level.

Under this influence the private companies are beginning to emulate the government in encouraging mass consumption of electricity. It is true that they still fall short of the ultimate goal, but the progress since the TVA was set up in 1933 has been noteworthy.

The Federal Power Commission's \$60,000,000 rate cut statement, already referred to, shows how existing consumption has been affected by new rate schedules announced by many companies throughout the country. There is the 1933 agreement between the Cincinnati municipal government and the company supplying it with electricity, by which a series of annual rate reductions will culminate in 1937 in a schedule closely approximating that planned for Knoxville under the TVA. There is the Commonwealth and Southern objective rate schedule, effective throughout the territory served by its subsidiaries in direct or indirect competition with the TVA. There is the New York Power and Light objective rate schedule. All these, to note only a few, reflect the impact of the government yardstick on private power enterprises, forcing them to accept the challenge of mass consumption.

Advertisements of the subsidiaries of Commonwealth and Southern appearing in the *Electrical World* of March 30, 1935, tell an interesting story. Be-

tween 1933, when the TVA program was initiated, and the following year, the Tennessee Electric Power Company increased average annual domestic consumption from 612 to 774 kilowatt hours, while the average rate fell from 5.8 cents to 4.1 cents per kilowatt hour. It would be hard to find a parallel in any previous year in the history of private industry. In the same interval Alabama Power Company increased its average residential sales from 793 to 872 kilowatt hours, with a corresponding drop in the average per kilowatt hour rate from 4.6 cents to 3.8 cents. By February, 1935, the average residential consumption of Georgia Power Company had reached 919 kilowatt hours a year and the average rate had fallen to 3.7 cents a kilowatt hour. Latest figures from this company show that for the year ended May 31, 1935, the average residential use amounted to 955 kilowatt hours as against a national average of 641.

Editor Morrow of the *Electrical World* in a recent issue tells the story of the effect of the government TVA yardstick in making the Commonwealth and Southern conscious of the possibilities of mass consumption. Starting with references to the "dark clouds" of rate cuts, the TVA yardstick, etc., which "hovered over the Georgia Power Company" in 1933, he continues:

There was only one answer. The same answer was arrived at by all the Commonwealth and Southern properties in the South. This was to take advantage of low rates, publicity for electrification, the EHFA and all possible assets and go out and sell, go out and build load. The entire organization turned sales-minded.

The results have been suggested above. Mr. Morrow shows that in the Georgia Power territory, appliance sales increased from 1933 to 1934 as follows: refrigerators from 8,280 to 21,000; ranges from 657 to 3,587; water

heaters from 119 to 1,900; electric washers from 1,737 to 3,411; and miscellaneous small appliances from 37,875 to 68,263.

Such results mean that the government's yardstick or birch rod policy is in process of realizing its objective. The effect already achieved is significant and could be shown to be nationwide. The whole picture would reveal uncontrolled monopoly aroused from its lethargy in the matter of rendering service when the government applied competitive pressure.

With private competition lacking, there was an obvious need for providing some corresponding stimulus to keep the companies alert to render the maximum service for the lowest possible price. Regulation had failed lamentably in providing such a stimulus. But if the private companies do not succeed in blocking the government's new program, the next ten years should see revolutionary progress toward mass consumption of electricity.

V

The concerted opposition of vested interests has constantly handicapped the TVA so that it has hardly had an opportunity to show what it can do for the country. It is being subjected to the same savage criticism which has characterized the propaganda of the private power interests against the Ontario Hydro Electric Power System. The object is to cast doubt on the economic soundness of any public project upon which Wall Street rules cannot be imposed. As already pointed out, the very purpose of the government will be frustrated if the power companies are allowed to write the specifications for the public yardstick.

The growing movement in the United States for public competition has led to a new outburst of venom against Ontario Hydro. For this rea-

son a few facts concerning the system will perhaps serve to clarify the objective of the public yardstick program. From the point of view of the public interest in power, Ontario Hydro is probably economically the soundest power system in the world. As such it may be considered the premier yardstick.

A recent editorial of the *Toronto Globe* commenting on this propaganda barrage against Hydro is interesting. It says in part:

The anti-Hydro propaganda will never influence Ontario people. Hydro policies and methods have been demonstrated to be sound, serviceable, and economical.

The more familiar our neighbors become with the municipally owned and operated electric service of this Province, the better they will understand why such desperate and costly efforts are made to discredit it. They will see how they have been paying "through the nose" to support corporations and super-corporations which fear the truth about Hydro may become known at last.

The yardstick which Ontario Hydro has been holding up to private power systems in both Canada and the United States is, in an important sense, a yardstick of residential power consumption. This is strikingly revealed by a comparison of the trends in average residential use, average bills, and average charges per kilowatt hour in two leading Ontario cities with corresponding trends in the United States. These trends, which can be traced year by year since 1913, can only be summarized here.

Prior to the setting up of the public plants in the Ontario cities, the figures show rates and consumption under private ownership closely approximating the 1912 average in the United States. Average residential consumption was about 20 kilowatt hours a month and the average rate 9 cents a kilowatt hour in both Toronto and the United States and 7½ cents in Ottawa.

In 1914 the Ontario cities had cut

the average rates to 4.4 cents in the case of Toronto and 5 cents in Ottawa. In the United States the residential average was 8.3 cents in that year. Continuing through the war period, the Ontario cities felt their way toward promotional rates. Their consumption responded, while in the United States the continuance of high rates tended to thwart the desire of the people to use electricity.

To make a long story short, by 1934 we have a complete picture of the relationship between low rates and high consumption, as shown in the following figures:

1934 RESIDENTIAL SERVICE AVERAGES

	<i>Monthly Use</i>	<i>Monthly Bill</i>	<i>Per Kilowatt Hour</i>
United States	53 kwh.	\$2.79	5.3¢
Toronto	154 kwh.	2.12	1.4¢
Ottawa	326 kwh.	2.92	0.9¢

Perhaps the most noteworthy feature of this table is the fact that the largest monthly bill is paid by the people of Ottawa who pay the lowest rates and that, in spite of the rate differences, the monthly bills all fall between \$2 and \$3, the actual spread being just 80 cents.

The United States average of 53 kilowatt hours a month means little more than lighting and the use of smaller appliances. Actually, it means that millions of consumers are stinting themselves even in the matter of light, while a relatively small number of prosperous consumers are bringing up the average by the large consumption which they alone can afford.

The Toronto average of 154 kilowatt hours a month means generous use of electric light and small appliances, electric refrigeration, and a very considerable use of electric ranges, while the 326 kilowatt-hour average in Ottawa means plenty of electricity for light, small appliances, refrigeration, cooking, and a considerable use

for hot-water heating. The consumption in Ottawa is approaching the recognized modern home standard which will utilize electricity for every household requirement.

To understand the sense in which Ontario Hydro affords the most important public yardstick for the power industry it must be recognized that its economics differs materially from that which private monopoly considers orthodox. Private criticism of this yardstick rests, therefore, on an effort to persuade the public that such orthodox economics has the universal applicability of divine revelation, that it is embedded in the very foundation of our national being. Public recognition of the fact that, for such an essential public service, private interest in profit must be subordinated to the public interest in the widest possible use will quickly reveal the speciousness of such reasoning.

The Ontario System does not require a revenue sufficient to provide a return of 7 per cent on some arbitrary "fair value" of its property. In fact, the only fixed charges which must be met are the actual interest and sinking fund requirements on bonds which are recognized by investors as involving no serious risk. The investment is not subject in any sense to the requirements of speculative returns.

The Ontario System, furthermore, is reducing capital charges per unit of service by providing for the eventual amortization of the debt burden and for expansion out of surplus profits. This applies especially to the separate municipal distribution systems.

The Ontario System, in addition, has followed a policy in years of business expansion of setting aside a special reserve to stabilize rates during periods of business depression. In much the same way that a private corporation provides for some degree of dividend stabilization by means of the accumu-

lation of undivided profits, so the Ontario system, normally operating on a strictly cost basis, assures its customers against an increase in rates during periods of depression when system revenues tend to decrease.

The results of such a setup, in terms of the interest of the Province in the widest availability of electric power, are summed up in Judson King's analysis of the history of the original fourteen municipalities in the Hydro Electric system. These range in population from 1,400 up to 600,000. Supported by statistical appendices, he shows that between 1913 and 1933 these municipalities experienced the following increases:

Population 60 per cent; domestic electric revenue 1,448 per cent; domestic consumption of electricity 4,990 per cent; number of domestic consumers 556 per cent; average domestic usage 672 per cent; average domestic monthly bill 118 per cent; total assets of the electrical departments 762 per cent; total liabilities 286 per cent; total reserves and operating surpluses 4,760 per cent; total annual revenue 770 per cent.

During this period the net cost per kilowatt hour for domestic electric service furnished by these fourteen municipal electric systems dropped 72 per cent and their ratio of indebtedness to total assets fell from 77.1 per cent to 20.4 per cent. Taken together, these decreases are evidence of economically sound operation in the public interest.

Such, in brief, are some of the economic characteristics of the premier public power yardstick on this continent. Its influence in reducing rate levels, in establishing the promotional form of rate schedules, in short, in making expansion in use of electricity by the people a realizable objective, has reached into every Province of Canada and has affected private power companies throughout the United States.

Compared with the record of Ontario Hydro, regulated private monopoly has fallen far short of meeting the requirements of so important a public service.

If more general use of electricity by homes, farms, and small business enterprises is recognized as a matter of deep governmental concern, then the critics of the Ontario system must prove it an unsatisfactory yardstick in terms of the broad public interest in power, rather than in terms of the claims of private financing. Private companies which, by superior technical achievement or managerial efficiency, can provide their customers with equivalent service and still earn their claimed return on a constantly increasing capital structure, should have nothing to fear from such public yardsticks. But those which cannot meet this test should not be allowed to stultify the effort of government by defining public competition in terms designed to justify the continuation of rates which prohibit the general use of electrical energy in abundance.

VI

In an industry as vital as the power industry, the sole interest of the people is in maximum use of the service. The purpose of public yardstick or birch rod plants is to show where this point of maximum use lies and to enforce its acceptance by the private companies on pain of having their operations superseded by public enterprise.

The whole power-yardstick program is not summed up in the TVA or in the encouragement which the Federal Administration is giving to municipalities in connection with the construction of competing public plants. The rural electrification program must be included because it is providing both a yardstick and a birch rod to the policy of the private companies, which has left nine out of every ten farms

without electrical service, keeping the charges so high as to discourage farm use of electricity. The holding company bill, which will establish a yardstick for power combinations, forcing them to demonstrate their economic justification in terms of service, must also be included.

Through all these yardstick efforts the government is aiming to make the public interest in the widest possible use of electric power dominant. Operations which fall short of this standard or pursue the ulterior objective of speculative private profits will feel the birch rod.

Since one of the questions raised by those opposed to this Federal program is that of constitutionality, let us glance for a moment at a single statement from the famous decision of Chief Justice Marshall in the case of *McCullough vs. Maryland*.

Discussing the latitude allowed Congress under the clause of the Constitution giving the Congress power "to make all laws which shall be *necessary* and *proper* for carrying into execution the foregoing powers, and all other powers vested by this Constitution in the government of the United States, or in any department or officer thereof," Marshall said that this clause

is found "*in a constitution intended to endure for ages to come, and, consequently, to be adapted to the various crises of human affairs. . . . To have declared that the best means shall not be used, but those alone without which the power given would be nugatory, would have been to deprive the legislature of the capacity to avail itself of experience, to exercise its reason, and to accommodate its legislation to circumstances.*"

We have been discussing the yardstick issue in terms of electric power. But, as the inevitable attempt to stabilize the economic order progresses, years to come may see the same questions arise in connection with the production and distribution of other essentials of life. It may be discovered that private initiative and operation in business can demonstrate the right to a place in the scheme of things only by willingness to accept maximum use of products rather than maximum profits as the primary aim of service to the community. This changed attitude would tend to reduce the excessive proportion of fixed charges to national income. Return on capital would be limited, at least in all essential industries, to that necessary to provide for replacement and growth.



THE HUNCH

A STORY

BY A. H. Z. CARR

NO ONE has ever called me superstitious or even tender-minded. In the past when people have told me at second hand about mysterious phenomena and occult forces ("I didn't see the spirit myself, exactly, but I know the fellow who did"), I have generally been a little bored. But since my experience with the man called Leg-'n'-half I have sometimes—well, wondered.

These are the facts. I was driving through suburban Westchester one warm Sunday afternoon with a girl. She was—is—a very pretty girl. Possibly I was less concerned with the car and the road than with her profile; we were not married then. At any rate, while we were going through Ryeneck, one of Westchester's wealthy towns—you know the type: wide streets, stone and stucco mansions for the upper middle-class, Tudor-style apartment houses for the middle middle-class, dingy wooden cottages for the lower middle-class, neat, red-brick, glass-fronted stores downtown—while we were in the commercial district I passed a traffic light—a red light.

I advance in excuse that the light was badly situated and partly obscured by some construction work, although the crosswise stream of traffic should have warned me. However, seeing no signal, I inferred that here was one of those every-man-for-himself lightless intersections that used to make motor-ing exciting. The prospect of wait-

ing indefinitely while New York-on-wheels returned home did not attract me; and at a propitious moment I charged across the road.

Blasts from horns, remarks reflecting on my parentage and intelligence, and requests for data on my eyesight and my destination rose all about us. The girl said, "Oh. I see the light now. You passed it." Simultaneously a large policeman advanced from nowhere and yelled, "Pull over to the curb, you!" I did.

This policeman was elderly, and life, no doubt, had thwarted him; he was bitter and vengeful. I have always believed that when dealing with Nemesis in a blue coat a candid admission of one's iniquities goes farther than a claim to know the chief of police, unless one happens actually to know him. But what I intended to be a disarming apology evoked in this instance only the little pad of summonses and a sarcastic, "Smart guy, hey?"

Stimulated by a deep-rooted aversion to the payment of fines, I pointed out that although I had been at fault, the violation had been (a) unimportant, (b) unintentional, and (c) due in part to the inconspicuous position of the traffic light. To this the policeman replied while examining my licenses, "Trying to lie your way out of it, hey?" and his tone was more than usually offensive.

Had I been alone it would never

have occurred to me to resent what a policeman said, lest worse befall. I suppose the girl's presence made my ego unduly sensitive. At any rate I replied something to the effect that I did not like his manner.

He said, "Oh, is 'at so? Tough guy, hey?"

Having committed myself thus far, I became reckless. I said, no, I was not tough. I said that I merely wanted him to be civil.

He said, "Shut up."

Up to this point I had been astonished and delighted at my own temerity; the summons seemed cheap at the price. But now, like so many inexperienced orators, I was carried away by my own eloquence. I pointed out that he was a public servant (a statement that does not ring cheerfully in the ears of an American policeman) paid by the community's taxes to exercise a little intelligence, although, I implied, the community should have known better. I proclaimed my determination to make an issue of this case. I told him that he would regret his insolence, his arrogance, his discourtesy, and so forth. These were, of course, empty mouthings.

The speech was very soothing to me, but not to him. His complexion was red to begin with; it became apoplectic now; and breathing hard, he made some notes in his notebook, which, he said, would do me no good in court.

While this was going on I was dimly aware that several men were watching us from a sleek black touring car parked at the curb some fifty feet away. I doubt whether they overheard the dialogue, but the pantomime was sufficiently clear. They grinned broadly; and one of them winked sympathetically at the amused girl next to me.

The policeman finally handed me the summons, and with an attempt at dignity, I drove away. When we came

abreast of the other car, a man who had been standing at its side detached himself and called, "Hey!"

I stopped. He was a heavy-set, powerful man, round-faced, small-featured, swarthy, with a greasy skin—a South-Italian, I should guess. His costume consisted of a pair of shapeless gray trousers, a dirty yellow "wind-breaker," and an old cap. When he moved out into the street limping, I instinctively glanced at his feet. One leg was perhaps three inches shorter than the other; and he wore on its foot a shoe with a grotesquely high heel to make up the difference.

He said, casually, "Get a ticket?"

I said, "Yes."

He said, "Aw, 'at's only ol' Scanlon. Let's have it, 'n' I'll fix it fuh yuh."

My first idea was that I had stumbled onto a new racket, in which a policeman gave out tickets which his associate down the street then "fixed" for a consideration. But there was an air about this man, a kind of placid confidence, that did not fit into this view. He was not sly or furtive. He stared at me steadily and waited for my answer.

I said, "What do you mean, you'll fix it? Why should you?"

He said, "Whut duh hell's 'uh difference s'long 's it's fixed?"

I said, "How do I know you can fix it?"

He looked surprised. "Sure I'll fix it. Jeez, I fix a dozen of 'em ev'ry week."

"How?" I asked.

"How yuh think?" he retorted with a trace of irritation. "I know all 'uh right guys. Christ, fella, I'm tryin' 'uh do yuh a favuh."

"Yes," I said doubtfully, "but suppose you didn't fix it. That'd leave me in a fine spot, wouldn't it?"

"But I'm gonna fix it," he repeated impatiently. "Hell, ev'ybody here knows me. Henry Milano, 'ey call

me Leg-'n'-half. I run all 'uh rackets roun' here. Ask anybody." He did not say this boastfully, but with a quiet authority, as a statement of fact.

I believed him. But I could not understand why he should go to any trouble on my behalf. While I was hesitating, he said, "You f'm Brooklyn, aintcha?"

I said, "No, I'm from Manhattan."

"Oh," he said, "I thought yuh was f'm Brooklyn, f'm yuh license plates."

I shook my head.

He continued, "I thought maybe you was one of Augie"—I think he said Geronimo—"Augie Geronimo's boys. Yuh know Augie?"

I had never heard of Augie. But while Leg-'n'-half—to give him the name by which I always think of him—was talking I became aware of several things. Scanlon, the policeman, had watched the scene for a moment and then moved away with a discomfited air too authentic to be simulated. The young men in the car were gesturing at the girl alongside as if to say, "Go ahead. Do it."

I no longer seriously doubted Leg-'n'-half's good intentions; but his motive remained incomprehensible. Then a theory occurred to me. I was wearing a new hat, an excessively jaunty affair into the purchase of which an unscrupulous salesman had intimidated me. It gave me, I felt, a rather sinister appearance. Could this fact, together with a sunburned skin, an unfortunate assemblage of features, an unpleasant attitude toward the police, and a presumptive Brooklyn license number have suggested that one of Augie's boys was taking his moll out for a drive? Was Leg-'n'-half extending the courtesies of the town to a fellow-racketeer? I could think of no less implausible explanation.

Obviously, I saw, a connection with this Augie should not be too quickly

disowned if I wanted to avoid the trouble which had visited me. Accordingly I said with what I hoped was the proper inflection, "Well, I don't know Augie personally, but one of my pals knows him very well."

I heard the girl in the car choke, but Leg-'n'-half seemed relieved. He said, as if everything was settled, "Deh y'are. Let's have it."

I handed him the ticket. Perhaps there was a trace of doubt still in my manner, because he said, "I'll give yuh my 'phone numbeh. Four-three-six. If yuh worried, just gimme a call so I won't f'get." With that, he crumpled the ticket, stuffed it into his pocket, and began to limp away.

A few flakes of gratitude were crystallizing out of my bewilderment. I said weakly, "Thanks very much." He looked round and said, "Okay." I got the impression that he was waiting for something, and an uncensored impulse made me ask, "Do I owe you anything?" He answered curtly, "Nah. What the hell." And this time with finality he turned his back.

We drove off while the men in the other car laughed. For a while the girl and I were amused and excited; but after a few hours the incident dropped out of our consciousness. I forgot to telephone Leg-'n'-half; a week elapsed, and I had not heard from the Ryeneck police, and the episode began to slip into the mists of the faintly unreal.

About ten days later I went to the public library to consult recent copies of the metropolitan newspapers for the purposes of an article on which I was engaged. Glancing down a page, my eye caught a brief item which read: "Ryeneck, July 8th. Late last night Henry Milano, reputed Westchester racketeer, was shot outside the Helicon Restaurant by two unknown men who effected their escape by automobile. Milano was wounded in the abdomen

and chest and was taken to the Ryeneck hospital. His assailants, with whom he exchanged several shots, escaped unrecognized, but the police believe that they are members of a Brooklyn gang who have lately been attempting to 'muscle in' on Milano's 'territory.' Milano's condition is grave."

My encounter with Leg-'n'-half had taken place on the sixth. He had been shot the next night. I was vaguely sorry; and I dismissed a faint uneasiness about my summons, with the reflection that time would tell.

But a new worry arose to plague me. Suppose this Brooklyn gang was that with which I claimed connection. My name and address were on the summons. Might not Leg-'n'-half's friends regard me with suspicion?

I remained unmolested, however, by gangsters or police, and my fears gradually wore thin, until a day about six months later, when while riding in the subway I became aware of another strap-hanger who was watching me intently. I turned and saw Leg-'n'-half.

As soon as our eyes met he forced his way through the crowd and took the strap next to mine.

"Yeah," he said without any preliminaries. "I thought it was you."

His manner struck me as being alarmingly enigmatic. "How are you?" I stammered.

"Okay," he said.

An embarrassing pause ensued. "I read in the newspapers that you got shot," I said, frantically wishing I could think of something else to talk about.

"Yeah," he said. "Right after you came along."

My imagination began to conjure up discouraging possibilities. If in Leg-'n'-half's mind I was in some way associated with the attack on him the immediate future was not inviting. I wanted to protest my innocence, but

I felt that anything I said might be interpreted as a consciousness of guilt. With desperate caution I began, "The papers said some fellows from Brooklyn did it."

He answered significantly, "Yeah. 'Ey got theirs las' month."

I was not troubled about the fate of the fellows from Brooklyn but I recall being a bit confused about the proper etiquette for the occasion. Did one offer congratulations? I mumbled something vague and hurried on. I said, "I've never thanked you enough for fixing that ticket."

He shrugged. "'At's okay."

I decided to clear the matter up once and for all. "You know," I said jocularly, "you asked me whether I was from Brooklyn—whether I knew some fellow—Augie something?"

His eyes flickered, and I plunged into awkward explanation. "I was kidding when I said I knew a friend of his. I really never heard of him, but I thought maybe you wouldn't fix the ticket if I said I didn't know him."

He smiled slightly, for the first time. "Sure, I knew yuh was lyin'," he said. "I jus' ast yuh tuh make sure yuh wasn't one o' Augie's guys. If you'd 'a' bin, you'd 'a' said yuh neveh hoid of him. Deh was a couple of 'em around just 'uh day b'fo', and I wasn't takin' no chances. I wasn't fixin' no tickets fuh none o' his guys."

This revelation of subtlety startled me, and all my former curiosity returned. "Look here," I said, "if you didn't fix the ticket for me on account of—well, why did you fix it anyway?"

His face became somber and he was silent for a moment. Then he said, "Well, I'll tell yuh. I play hunches, see? I was in kind of a spot wit' Augie, see, 'n' I was lookin' fuh a hunch. When I see you and yuh dame ahguin' wit' Scanlon, right away I get a hunch. I say to the boys, 'Dat guy's gonna gimme luck. I'll fix it fuh him, 'n'

I'll tell Augie tuh' "—he repeated what he had told the boys he would tell Augie to do. Then he added, rather bitterly, "Well, I fixed 'uh ticket okay, but a hell of a lot o' luck you was. A jinx."

"I hope not," I said, trying to smile.

"Not any mo'," he answered promptly, with an air of having considered the question. "'S soon as I see yuh just now I had a hunch it was okay. 'At's why I come over tuh talk tuh yuh. I got a deal on t'night, 'n' I need some luck. Well, I'm countin' on yuh to give it tuh me dis time."

There was a challenge in his voice.

"I'll do my best," I said idiotically.

"Okay," he said, as if satisfied. There was a long and difficult pause. Then he added, "Well, here's wher I get off," turned abruptly as the train pulled into a station, and limped onto the platform, where he stopped and looked at me with an expressionless face.

Without quite knowing why, I was perturbed, but my wife, to whom I related the incident, laughed, possibly at the thought of my bringing good luck to anybody. In an effort to create a little concern on my account, I pointed out that he was an avowed murderer, whose annoyance might easily carry a fatal connotation. But the detective stories and gangster movies to which my wife is addicted have made murderers too familiar to be very terrible.

"The least you can do," she said, "is give the poor man what he wants. Try concentrating."

The next morning at breakfast I turned a page of my newspaper to find a small headline staring at me: "Gangster Killed, Slayer Wounded In Gambling House." The story read: "Last night, a little after nine o'clock, Henry Milano, whom the police describe as a racketeer living in Ryeneck, New York, shot and killed Pasquale

Vincenti, of 1258 West End Avenue, who was discharged from Sing Sing only last month. The shooting occurred at Jack Maguire's Club at 10th Avenue and 57th Street, raided by the police as a gambling dive on several occasions. Milano was seriously wounded in the right shoulder, but whether by Vincenti or another is not known. At City Hospital he refused to give any information to the police."

The report went on at some length.

It was quite clear to me that Leg-'n'-half's superstition, derived from heaven knew what obscure Mediterranean origins, would hold me responsible for his casualty. And, actually, an absurd feeling of responsibility for what had happened to him did bother me. I could not get him out of my thoughts. A childish but nonetheless oppressive notion that I had been singled out to play a mysterious role in the life of this man defied every reference to common sense and seemed to adumbrate some impending calamity. Although my wife continued to dismiss my fears with regrettable lightness, I could not help hoping that Leg-'n'-half would go to jail for a long sentence. I watched the newspapers closely. In a month or so I read that he had proven to the district attorney's satisfaction that the killing had been in self-defense, and had pleaded guilty to a technical charge of manslaughter. Sentence had been deferred. After that I saw no reference to the case.

Under the pressure of my own affairs, the matter slowly slipped out of my mind. Then, one evening about eight months after the previous encounter, my wife and I stopped for dinner in a Westchester roadhouse. My first intimation of Leg-'n'-half's presence was a shuffle of feet behind me and a gasp from my wife. I turned and saw him standing back of my chair.

He was thinner and paler than the last time I had seen him. I looked for a clue to his feelings in his face, but it was as impassive as ever. When he spoke, however, his voice had an ominous undertone. For the first time I sensed the genuinely dangerous nature of the man.

"Listen," he said to me, "I wanna talk tuh yuh. Come on oveh to duh bah."

Before I could reply, my wife said, smiling pleasantly, "Why not talk here? I'm not in the way, am I?"

He looked at her for perhaps ten seconds, then said, "Naw, I guess not," and dropped into a chair at our table.

"Listen," he resumed, "You jinxed me."

My wife said to me reproachfully, "I do think you might introduce me."

I mumbled an introduction, which Leg-'n'-half acknowledged with a nod. "I remember your kindness very well, Mr. Milano," said my wife.

He cleared his throat, and turned to me again. "Listen," he said, "I jus' got sprung on parole yestiddy. Duh las' six mont's I bin thinkin' about you."

"I was mighty sorry," I said, "to hear about that business—you know, the time we met on the subway?"

He paid no attention to my words. "Funny," he said thoughtfully, "my hunches a'ways clicked up t' I met you. Twice yuh jinxed me. I thought for a while you was doin' it on poipus, but when I look atcha I dunno. I keep gettin' 'uh same hunch I had b'fo'."

He broke off, and there was a little silence. Then he looked at me from under his heavy lids and said, "Yuh know, if I thought you was jinxin' me" . . . and stopped again, with a glance at my wife. She was no longer smiling, and I did not like the situation in the least.

I said, "You know I'm not jinxing you. How could I?"

He merely looked at me, and I hastened to drop the rational argument.

"Well, then," I said, "why should I? You were decent to me up in Ryeneck. I wouldn't want to see you in trouble, would I? It's just a coincidence."

He passed his fingers slowly across his lips. "Yeah," he said. "Only how do I know?"

My wife started to speak, and he interrupted. "Listen," he said. "Yuh needn't be scared. If I was gonna do anything, I'd 'a' done it. It's like I say, when I look atcha, I dunno. I keep gettin' 'at hunch. When I saw yuh t'night, I says t' myself, 'Deh's duh jinx. I can't rub him out here, so I better beat it b'fo' he sees me.' Den I'm not so sure. I keep thinkin' maybe duh jinx is oveh. I keep feelin' you're luck if I can make it come."

I shook my head and then hastily reversed the motion to a nod.

He said, "Listen, guy. I don't have nothin' against yuh. But I don't stand for no more jinxes. Twice is enough. Three times is out. T'night I'm goin' back to Ryeneck to split wit' duh guys that's been lookin' after things while I bin away. Maybe dey'll split easy, and it'll be okay. Maybe it won't. It's up to you. Get it?"

I nodded again, vaguely.

"If you put the jinx on me again," he said simply, "it'll be duh last time. Yuh gotta be lucky. Get it? Lucky!"

With that he rose, in his usual abrupt fashion, and left us.

For the first time I saw my wife frankly alarmed. She wanted me to go to the police. I objected, however, that to do so would be a direct invitation to disaster; whereas if events were left to chance, Leg-'n'-half's luck might turn. Certainly the law of probabilities owed him—and me—something. Besides, what could I tell the police that would not sound like the timidi- ties of a neurotic; and what could they do?

But Leg-'n'-half had said, "Three times is out." I did not like the sound of that. The next morning my wife and I scanned every column of our newspaper. We found nothing. I was plunged into a state of unresolved suspense. Had I been confirmed as Leg-'n'-half's jinx? Or had the boys "split easy"? The incredible fact grew upon me that some night, any night, as I walked along the street, I might quite casually, quite abruptly, be shot to death.

This was not a pleasant thought to live with. And although for a while nothing happened, there can be a kind of terror in nothing happening. At first my wife and I buoyed up our spirits with wishful thinking. We told each other that Leg-'n'-half's affairs had probably prospered, failing reports of a shooting in Ryeneck; and that even if something had gone wrong the man could not be fool enough to hold me responsible. But neither of us had any faith in this theory. We had seen and heard Leg-'n'-half.

The truth is that the obvious insistence of circumstance on turning what should have been a joke into a tragedy had an air of predestination. My wife denies that she expected my murder hourly; but I know that I began to entertain a sort of resigned conviction that I was doomed. I found excuses for not leaving our apartment building; and I astounded a strange insurance solicitor, who called on me in a spirit of hopeless routine, by taking out a policy.

It was after three days of morbid tension that Leg-'n'-half reappeared. He came while my wife and I were at the dinner table. We had been trying to talk of inconsequentialities, when she rebelled, saying, "This Suicide Club atmosphere is getting on my nerves. Let's go away for a while. Let's go to the country."

I had been secretly toying with the

same notion, but naturally, I did not want to admit it. I said that I would not be forced out of my home by a gangster's threat; a man owed something to his self-respect; what were we coming to; and so on.

My wife is not easily deceived by heroics, especially mine. She said, "Nonsense. We can't go on like this, looking up and down the street every time we go out of doors, jumping at every noise. And we're so helpless."

With the nonchalance expected of me, I said, "Oh, if he intended to kill me he'd have done it by now."

At this point the doorbell rang. I answered; we had previously agreed that Leg-'n'-half would not dare to call at our apartment, under the eyes of doormen and elevator boys. I had imagined several versions of an encounter with him, in all of which I came off with credit and alive; but as I opened the door and saw him standing there with another man I could not speak or move or slam the door; I was paralyzed.

He said, "Hello, guy."

I muttered something that I did not understand myself.

He said, "I come to tell you it was okay."

"Okay?" I gasped, and he nodded. I remember that my knees literally trembled with relief as I caught the implications of his words. "That's great," I managed to say. The thought crossed my mind that it was extremely decent of him to have taken the trouble to call.

"Yeah," he said. "Duh boys come through okay."

My wife, with a look of panic, had joined me at the door, and I said hurriedly, "Mr. Milano just stopped by to say that everything went off all right the other night."

"Oh," she cried, beaming at him. "I'm so glad. How nice of you, Mr. Milano, to let us know."

He cleared his throat, and said, "'At's okay." And then, with sudden bravado, "My hunches a'ways bin good. 'At's how I got wher I am."

"I'm sure of it," my wife smiled.

He turned to the man with him, a big, tough bruiser, and said, "Beat it a minute, Pete. I wanna talk tuh dis guy alone"; and the man strolled down the corridor.

"Listen," Leg-'n'-half said to me, lowering his voice. "I knew my hunch couldn't be wrong if you was pullin' fuh me."

"No," I said, cheerfully making conversation. "Of course not. I'm no jinx."

He paused for a moment before replying, as if considering my remark, and I began to feel vaguely uneasy. Then he said, "Listen. I'm f'gettin' about 'ose uddeh times. My hunch is, you're duh guy I been waitin' fuh."

"Waiting for?" I repeated stupidly.

He said, "I bin lookin' fuh a good-luck guy. I used tuh have a lucky kid but he died on me. Now I know yuh okay I'm all set tuh make a couple o' deals I bin thinkin' about fuh a long time, see?"

I merely stared at him, and he went on. "I'm makin' a deal wit' a couple o' big shots downtown next Satiddy night, an' I ain't takin' no chances. I'll need plenny luck. So I'll be comin' in tuh see yuh on my way down. About eight o'clock, you be here."

This was not a question; it was an order, given by a leader to his henchman.

I said, bewildered, "But look here . . ."

He broke in impatiently. "I ain't got time now. If yuh know whut's good fuh yuh, guy, yuh won't try no funny stuff. You'll pull fuh me. You be here."

There was no mistaking his seriousness. He waited for an instant, but as I did not renew my objection, he

nodded, and said, "'At's right. You pull fuh me, guy, an' I'll take care o' yuh." With this he turned and started to limp away. But after a few steps, as if not wishing to fail in politeness, he glanced back, made a short jerky motion with his hand, and said, "G'night." I saw him join his man Pete at the elevator.

My wife closed the door, and we looked at each other. The bitter unfairness of it all was what I resented most, I think. I felt rather like Job. Why should I, among millions, have been chosen by Leg-'n'-half to bear the responsibility of his dangerous fortunes? And I wondered again, was there in truth some unfathomable human relations between us that he could sense, and I could not? Was I mascot, if not jinx? Could there be unrecognized forces of nature that might bind together two lives in an apparently magical pattern of luck or adversity?

My wife, however, is a realist. She wasted no time in idle reproaches to destiny, or in philosophical excursions. While I was dismally contemplating the agonies of uncertainty that would fill my brief future before its inevitable, violent end, she went to the telephone, where I heard her calling a real-estate dealer of our acquaintance.

The result was that after a few days of unbelievable effort, on the morning of the very Saturday when Leg-'n'-half was to call, we moved into a small house in the country, about a hundred miles from New York. The place is not entirely satisfactory; but one cannot expect too much when one rents on such short notice.

I do not know what has happened to Leg-'n'-half. We left no forwarding address, and I think I am safe from him. In my more optimistic moments I hope that he is dead. But every now and then I get the quite ridiculous feeling that if he is dead, I may somehow—I don't know how—be to blame.



ADVENTURES IN DIET

PART I

BY VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON

IN 1906 I went to the Arctic with the food tastes and beliefs of the average American. By 1918, after eleven years as an Eskimo among Eskimos, I had learned things which caused me to shed most of those beliefs. Ten years later I began to realize that what I had learned was going to influence materially the sciences of medicine and dietetics. However, what finally impressed the scientists, and converted many during the last two or three years, was a series of confirmatory experiments upon myself and a colleague performed at Bellevue Hospital, New York City, under the supervision of a committee representing several universities and other scientific organizations.

Not so long ago the following dietetic beliefs were common: To be healthy you need a varied diet, composed of elements from both the animal and vegetable kingdoms. You got tired of and eventually felt a revulsion against things if you had to eat them often. This latter belief was supported by stories of people who through force of circumstances had been compelled, for instance, to live for two weeks on sardines and crackers and who, according to the stories, had sworn that so long as they lived they never would touch sardines again. The Southerners had it that nobody can eat a quail a day for thirty days.

There were subsidiary dietetic views.

It was desirable to eat fruits and vegetables, including nuts and coarse grains. The less meat you ate the better for you. If you ate a good deal of it you would develop rheumatism, hardening of the arteries, and high blood pressure, with a tendency to breakdown of the kidneys—in short, premature old age. An extreme variant had it that you would live more healthily, happily, and longer if you became a vegetarian.

Specifically it was believed, when our field studies began, that without vegetables in your diet you would develop scurvy. It was a "known fact" that sailors, miners, and explorers frequently died of scurvy "because they did not have vegetables and fruits." This was long before Vitamin C was publicized.

The addition of salt to food was considered either to promote health or to be necessary for health. This was proved by various yarns, such as that African tribes make war on one another to get salt; that minor campaigns of the American Civil War were focussed on salt mines; and that all herbivorous animals are ravenous for salt. I do not remember seeing a critical appendix to any of these views, suggesting, for instance, that negro tribes also make war about things which no one ever said were biological essentials of life; that tobacco was a factor in Civil War campaigns without

being a dietetic essential; and that members of the deer family in Maine, which never have salt or show desire for it, are about as healthy as those of Montana which devour quantities of it and are forever seeking more.

A belief I was destined to find crucial in my Arctic work, making the difference between success and failure, life and death, was the view that man cannot live on meat alone. The few doctors and dietitians who thought you could were considered unorthodox, if not charlatans. The arguments ranged from metaphysics to chemistry: Man was not intended to be carnivorous—you knew that from examining his teeth, his stomach, and the account of him in the Bible. As mentioned, he would get scurvy if he had no vegetables, and there are no vegetables in meat. The kidneys would be ruined by overwork. There would be protein poisoning and, in general, hell to pay.

With these views in my head and, deplorably, a number of others like them, I resigned my position as assistant instructor in anthropology at Harvard to become anthropologist of a polar expedition. Through circumstances and accidents which are not a part of the story, I found myself that autumn the guest of the Mackenzie River Eskimos.

The Hudson's Bay Company, whose most northerly post was at Fort Macpherson two hundred miles to the south, had had little influence on the Eskimos during more than half a century; for it was only some of them who made annual visits to the trading post; and then they purchased no food but only tea, tobacco, ammunition, and things of that sort. But in 1889 the whaling fleet had begun to cultivate these waters and for fifteen years there had been close association with sometimes as many as a dozen ships and four to five hundred men wintering at

Herschel Island, just to the west of the delta. During this time a few of the Eskimos had learned some English, and perhaps one in ten of them had grown to a certain extent fond of white men's foods.

But now the whaling fleet was gone because the bottom had dropped out of the whalebone market, and the district faced an old-time winter of fish and water. The game, which might have supplemented the fish some years earlier, had been exterminated or driven away by the intensive hunting that supplied meat to the whaling fleet. There was a little tea, but not nearly enough to see the Eskimos through the winter—this was the only element of the white man's dietary of which they were really fond and the lack of which would worry them. So I was facing a winter of fish without tea, for the least I could do, an uninvited guest, was to pretend a dislike for it.

The issue of fish and water against fish and tea was, in any case, to me six against half a dozen. For I had had a prejudice against fish all my life. I had nibbled at it perhaps once or twice a year at course dinners, always deciding that it was as bad as I thought. This was pure psychology of course, but I did not realize it.

I was in a measure adopted into an Eskimo family the head of which knew English. He had grown up as a cabin boy on a whaling ship and was called Roxy, though his name was Memormanna. It was early September, we were living in tents, the days were hot, but it had begun to freeze during the nights, which were now dark for six or eight hours.

The community of three or four families, fifteen or twenty individuals, was engaged in fishing. With long poles, three or four nets were shoved out from the beach about one hundred yards apart. When the last net was

out the first would be pulled in, with anything from dozens to hundreds of fish, mostly ranging in weight from one to three pounds, and including some beautiful salmon trout. From knowledge of other white men, the Eskimos considered these to be most suitable for me and would cook them specially, roasting them against the fire. They themselves ate boiled fish.

Trying to develop an appetite, my habit was to get up soon after daylight, say four o'clock, shoulder my rifle, and go off breakfastless on a hunt south across the rolling prairie, though I scarcely expected to find any game. About the middle of the afternoon I would return to camp. Children at play usually saw me coming and reported to Roxy's wife, who would then put a fresh salmon trout to roast. When I got home I would nibble at it and write in my diary what a terrible time I was having.

Against my expectation, and almost against my will, I was beginning to like the baked salmon trout when one day of perhaps the second week I arrived home without the children having seen me coming. There was no baked fish ready but the camp was sitting round troughs of boiled fish. I joined them and, to my surprise, liked it better than the baked. Thereafter the special cooking ceased and I ate boiled fish with the Eskimos.

II

By midwinter I had left my cabin-boy host and, for the purposes of anthropological study, was living with a less sophisticated family at the eastern edge of the Mackenzie delta. Our dwelling was a house of wood and earth, heated and lighted with Eskimo-style lamps. They burned seal or whale oil, mostly white whale from a hunt of the previous spring when the

fat had been stored in bags and preserved, although the lean meat had been eaten. Our winter cooking, however, was not done over the lamps but on a sheet-iron stove which had been obtained from whalers. There were twenty-three of us living in one room, and there were sometimes as many as ten visitors. The floor was then so completely covered with sleepers that the stove had to be suspended from the ceiling. The temperature at night was round 60° F. The ventilation was excellent through cold air coming up slowly from below by way of a trap door that was never closed and the heated air going out by a ventilator in the roof.

Everyone slept completely naked—no pajamas or night shirts. We used cotton or woolen blankets which had been obtained from the whalers and from the Hudson's Bay Company.

In the morning, about seven o'clock, winter-caught fish, frozen so hard that they would break like glass, were brought in to lie on the floor till they began to soften a little. One of the women would pinch them every now and then until, when she found her finger indented them slightly, she would begin preparations for breakfast. First she cut off the heads and put them aside to be boiled for the children in the afternoon (Eskimos are fond of children, and heads are considered the best part of the fish). Next best are the tails, which are cut off and saved for the children also. The woman would then slit the skin along the back and also along the belly and, getting hold with her teeth, would strip the fish somewhat as we peel a banana, only sideways where we peel bananas endways.

Thus prepared, the fish were put on dishes and passed around. Each of us took one and gnawed it about as an American does corn on the cob. An American leaves the cob; similarly, we

ate the flesh from the outside of the fish, not touching the entrails. When we had eaten as much as we chose, we put the rest on a tray for dog feed.

After breakfast all the men and about half the women would go fishing, the rest of the women staying at home to keep house. About eleven o'clock we came back for a second meal of frozen fish just like the breakfast. At about four in the afternoon the working day was over and we came home to a meal of hot boiled fish.

Also we came home to a dwelling so heated by the cooking that the temperature would range from 85° to 100° F. or perhaps even higher—more like our idea of a Turkish bath than of a warm room. Streams of perspiration would run down our bodies, and the children were kept busy going back and forth with dippers of cold water, of which we naturally drank great quantities.

Just before going to sleep we would have a cold snack of fish that had been left over from dinner. Then we slept seven or eight hours and the routine of the day began once more.

After some three months as a guest of the Eskimos I had acquired most of their food tastes. I had come to agree that fish is better boiled than cooked any other way, and that the heads (which we occasionally shared with the children) were the best part of the fish. I no longer desired variety in the cooking, such as occasional baking—I preferred it always boiled if it was cooked. I had become as fond of raw fish as if I had been a Japanese. I liked fermented (therefore slightly acid) whale oil with my fish as well as ever I liked mixed vinegar and olive oil with a salad. But I still had two reservations against Eskimo practice: I did not eat rotten fish and I longed for salt with my meals.

There were several grades of decayed

fish. The August catch had been protected by logs from animals but not from the heat and was outright rotten. The September catch was mildly decayed. The October and later catches had been frozen immediately and were fresh. There was less of the August fish than of any other and, for that reason among the rest, it was a delicacy—eaten sometimes as a snack between meals, sometimes as a kind of dessert, and always frozen, raw.

In midwinter it occurred to me to philosophize that in our own and foreign lands taste for a mild cheese is somewhat plebeian; it is at least a semi-truth that connoisseurs like their cheeses progressively stronger. The grading applies to meats, as in England where it is common among nobility and gentry to like game and pheasant so high that the average Midwestern American, or even Englishman of a lower class, would call them rotten.

I knew of course that, while it is good form to eat decayed milk products and decayed game, it is very bad form to eat decayed fish. I knew also the view of our populace that there are likely to be "ptomaines" in decaying fish and in the plebeian meats; but it struck me as an improbable extension of class-consciousness that ptomaines would avoid the gentleman's food and attack that of the commoner.

These thoughts led to a summarizing query: If it is almost a mark of social distinction to be able to eat strong cheeses with a straight face and smelly birds with a relish, why is it necessarily a low taste to be fond of decaying fish? On that basis of philosophy, though with several qualms, I tried the rotten fish one day, and, if memory serves, liked it better than my first taste of Camembert. During the next weeks I became fond of rotten fish.

About the fourth month of my first Eskimo winter I was looking forward

to every meal (rotten or fresh), enjoying them, and feeling comfortable when they were over. Still I kept thinking the boiled fish would taste better if only I had salt. From the beginning of my Eskimo residence I had suffered from this lack. On one of the first few days, with the resourcefulness of a Boy Scout, I had decided to make myself some salt, and had boiled sea water until there was left only a scum of brown powder. If I had remembered as vividly my freshman chemistry as I did the books about shipwrecked adventurers, I should have known in advance that the sea contains a great many chemicals besides sodium chloride, among them iodine. The brown scum tasted bitter rather than salty. A better chemist could no doubt have refined the product. I gave it up, partly through the persuasion of my host, the English-speaking Roxy.

The Mackenzie Eskimos, Roxy told me, believe that what is good for grown people is good for children and enjoyed by them as soon as they get used to it. Accordingly they teach the use of tobacco when a child is very young. It then grows to maturity with the idea that you can't get along without tobacco. But, said Roxy, the whalers have told that many whites get along without it, and he had himself seen white men who never use it, while of the few white women, wives of captains, none used tobacco. (This, remember, was in 1906.)

Now Roxy had heard that white people believe salt is good for, and even necessary for, children; so they begin early to add salt to the child's food. That child then would grow up with the same attitude toward salt as an Eskimo has toward tobacco. However, said Roxy, since we Eskimos were mistaken in thinking tobacco so necessary, may it not be that the white men are mistaken about salt? Pursuing

the argument, he concluded that the reason why all Eskimos dislike salted food and all white men like it was not racial but due to custom. You could, then, break the salt habit as easily as the tobacco habit and you would suffer no ill result beyond the mental discomfort of the first few days or weeks.

Roxy did not know, but I did as an anthropologist, that in pre-Columbian times salt was unknown, or the taste of it disliked and the use of it avoided, through much of North and South America. It may possibly be true that the carnivorous Eskimos, in whose language the word salty, *mamaitok*, is synonymous with evil-tasting, disliked salt more intensely than those Indians who were partly herbivorous. Nevertheless, it is clear that the salt habit spread more slowly through the New World from the Europeans than the tobacco habit through Europe from the Indians. Even to-day there are considerable areas, for instance in the Amazon basin, where the natives still abhor salt. Not believing that the races differ in their basic natures, I felt inclined to agree with Roxy that the practice of salting food is with us a social inheritance and the belief in its merits a part of our folklore.

Through this philosophizing I was somewhat reconciled to going without salt, but I was, nevertheless, overjoyed when one day Ovayuak, my new host in the eastern delta, came indoors to say that a dog team was approaching which he believed to be that of Ilav-inirk, a man who had worked with whalers and who possessed a can of salt. Sure enough it was Ilav-inirk, and he was delighted to give me the salt, a half-pound baking-powder can about half full, which he said he had been carrying around for two or three years, hoping sometime to meet someone who would like it for a present. He seemed almost as pleased to find that I wanted the salt as I was to get it. I

sprinkled some on my boiled fish, enjoyed it tremendously, and wrote in my diary that it was the best meal I had had all winter. Then I put the can under my pillow, in the Eskimo way of keeping small and treasured things. But at the next meal I had almost finished eating before I remembered the salt. Apparently then my longing for it had been what you might call imaginary. I finished without salt, tried it at one or two meals during the next few days, and thereafter left it untouched. When we moved camp the salt remained behind.

After the return of the sun I made a journey of several hundred miles to the ship *Narwhal* which, contrary to our expectations of the late summer, had really come in and wintered at Herschel Island. The captain was George P. Leavitt, of Portland, Maine. For the few days of my visit I enjoyed the excellent New England cooking, but when I left Herschel Island I returned without reluctance to the Eskimo meals of fish and cold water. It seemed to me that, mentally and physically, I had never been in better health in my life.

III

During the first few months of my first year in the Arctic I acquired, though I did not at the time fully realize it, the munitions of fact and experience which have within my own mind defeated those views of dietetics reviewed at the beginning of this article. I could be healthy on a diet of fish and water. The longer I followed it the better I liked it, which meant, at least inferentially and provisionally, that you never become tired of your food if you have only one thing to eat. I did not get scurvy on the fish diet nor learn that any of my fish-eating friends ever had it. Nor was the freedom from scurvy due to the fish being eaten raw—we proved that later. (What it

was due to we shall deal with in the second article of this series.) There were certainly no signs of hardening of the arteries and high blood pressure, of breakdown of the kidneys or of rheumatism.

These months on fish were the beginning of several years during which I lived on an exclusive meat diet. For I count in fish when I speak of living on meat, using "meat" and "meat diet" more as a professor of anthropology than as the editor of a housekeeping magazine. The term in this article and in like scientific discussions refers to a diet from which all things of the vegetable kingdom are absent.

To the best of my estimate then, I have lived in the Arctic for more than five years exclusively on meat and water. (This was not, of course, one five-year stretch, but an aggregate of that much time during ten years.) One member of my expeditions, Storker Storkersen, lived on an exclusive meat diet for about the same length of time, while there are several who have lived on it from one to three years. These have been of many nationalities and of three races—ordinary European whites; natives of the Cape Verde Islands who had a high percentage of negro blood; and natives of the South Sea Islands. Neither from experience with my own men nor from what I have heard of similar cases do I find any racial difference. There are marked individual differences.

The typical method of breaking a party in to a meat diet is that three to five of us leave in midwinter a base camp which has nearly or quite the best type of European mixed diet that money and forethought can provide. The novices have been told that it is possible to live on meat alone. We warn them that it is hard to get used to for the first few weeks, but assure them that eventually they will grow to like it and that any difficulties in

changing diets will be due to their imagination.

These assertions the men will believe to a varying degree. I have a feeling that in the course of breaking in something like twenty individuals two or three young men believed me completely, and that this belief collaborated strongly with their youth and adaptability in making them take readily to the meat.

Usually, I think, the men believe that what I tell of myself is true for me personally, but that I am peculiar, a freak—that a normal person will not react similarly, and that they are going to be normal and have an awful time. Their past experience seems to tell them that if you eat one thing every day you are bound to tire of it. In the back of their minds there is also what they have read and heard about the necessity for a varied diet. They have specific fears of developing the ailments which they have heard of as being caused by meat or prevented by vegetables.

We secure our food in the Arctic by hunting and, in midwinter, there is not enough good hunting light. Accordingly we carry with us from the base camp provisions for several weeks, enough to take us into the long days. During this time, as we travel away from shore, we occasionally kill a seal or a polar bear and eat their meat along with our groceries. Our men like these as an element of a mixed diet as well as you do beef or mutton.

We are not on rations. We eat all we want and we feed the dogs what we think is good for them. When the traveling conditions are right we usually have two big meals a day, morning and evening, but when we are storm-bound or delayed by open water we eat several meals to pass the time away. At the end of four, six, or eight weeks at sea we have used up all our food. We do not try to save a few delicacies

to eat with the seal and bear, for experience has proved that such things are only tantalizing.

Suddenly, then, we are on nothing but seal. For while our food at sea averages ten per cent polar bear, there may be months in which we don't see a bear. The men go at the seal loyally; they are volunteers and, whatever the suffering, they have bargained for it and intend to grin and bear it. For a day or two they eat square meals. Then the appetite begins to flag and they discover, as they had more than half expected, that for them personally it is going to be a hard pull or a failure. Some own up that they can't eat, while others pretend to have good appetites, enlisting the surreptitious help of a dog to dispose of their share. In extreme cases, which are usually those of the middle-aged and conservative, they go two or three days practically or entirely without eating. We had no weighing apparatus; but I take it that some have lost anything from ten to twenty pounds, what with the hard work on empty stomachs. They become gloomy and grouchy and, as I once wrote, "They begin to say to each other, and sometimes to me, things about their judgment in joining a polar expedition that I cannot quote."

But after a few days even the conservatives begin to nibble at the seal meat; after a few more they are eating a good deal of it, rather under protest; and at the end of three or four weeks they are eating square meals, though still talking about their willingness to give a soul or a right arm for this or that. Amusingly, or perhaps instructively, they often long for ham and eggs or corned beef when, according to theory, they ought to be longing for vegetables and fruits. Some of them do hanker particularly for things like sauerkraut or orange juice; but more usually it is hot cakes and syrup or bread and butter.

There are two ways in which to look at an abrupt change of diet—how difficult it is to get used to what you have to eat; and how hard it is to be deprived of things you are used to and like. From the second angle, I take it to be physiologically significant that we have found our people, when deprived, to long equally for things which have been considered necessities of health, such as salt; for things where a drug addiction is considered to be involved, such as tobacco, and for items of that class of so-called staple foods, such as bread.

It has happened on several trips, and with an aggregate of perhaps twenty men, that they have had to break at one time their salt, tobacco, and bread habits. I have frequently tried the experiment of asking which they would prefer: salt for their meat, bread with it, or tobacco for an after-dinner smoke. In nearly every case the men have stopped to consider, nor do I recall that they were ever unanimous.

When we are returning to the ship, after several months on meat and water, I usually say that the steward will have orders to cook separately for each member of the party all he wants of whatever he wants. Especially during the last two or three days there is a great deal of talk among the novices in the party about what the choices are to be. One man wants a big dish of mashed potatoes and gravy; another a gallon of coffee and bread and butter; a third perhaps wants a stack of hot cakes with syrup and butter.

On reaching the ship each does get all he wants of what he wants. The food tastes good, although not quite so superlative as they had imagined. They have said they are going to eat a lot and they do. Then they get indigestion, headache, feel miserable, and within a week, in nine cases out of ten of those who have been on meat six months or over, they are willing to go back to meat again. If a man does not want to take part in a second sledge journey it is usually for a reason other than dislike of meat.

Still, as just implied, the verdict depends on how long you have been on the diet. If at the end of the first ten days our men could have been miraculously rescued from the seal and brought back to their varied foods, most of them would have sworn forever after that they were about to die when rescued, and they would have vowed never to taste seal again—vows which would have been easy to keep, for no doubt in such cases the thought of seal, even years later, would have been accompanied by a feeling of revulsion. If a man has been on meat exclusively for only three or four months he may or may not be reluctant to go back to it again. But if the period has been six months or over, I remember no one who was unwilling to go back to meat. Moreover, those who have gone without vegetables for an aggregate of several years usually thereafter eat a larger percentage of meat than your average citizen, if they can afford it.

Next month Mr. Stefansson will describe the now famous experiments conducted in New York City under the supervision of the Russell Sage Institute of Pathology and a committee of distinguished scientists when he and Karsten Andersen lived for more than a year under average city conditions on an exclusively meat diet.—*The Editors.*



THE DECLINE OF THE PROFESSIONS

BY HAROLD J. LASKI

THE lawyer and the doctor have been the professional men *par excellence* since the Industrial Revolution. With the clergy, they have almost by common consent been accorded a special social pre-eminence in our civilization. Few of them may have won great pecuniary rewards; but they have had in compensation a status which only statesmen, a few outstanding business men, and the survivors of an aristocracy could hope to rival. Even in the English cathedral town—the rampart of the feudal spirit in Western Europe—the lawyer and the doctor have dined with the bishop and the dean these sixty or seventy years. The law has been one of the acknowledged highroads to the peerage, and the successful physician has enjoyed distinguished social patronage at least since the reign of George II. In America, as Tocqueville noted, the lawyer has always had a place apart; and the American physician has outdistanced all other types as the embodiment of public virtues.

Inherent in this recognition has been the sense that they exist to perform a public service in a way not open to business men. They enter their professions upon the basis of approved standards of competence. They have a special code of ethical conduct. They have the obligation freely to make research regarding their problems to the common advantage. They are debarred from habits which the world accepts from business men be-

cause it assumes that personal gain is their primary objective. Tradition tells us that the law and medicine are vocations in which public service is more vital than private profit. Behind the status they have acquired is the belief that there is an essential idealism in these professions more honorable than the business world can evoke from its members.

It is impossible to draw up an indictment against a profession; and there is no doubt a subtle alchemy in historic tradition which communicates at least to some of those who inherit it a special sense of public obligation. Everyone can think of doctors, from the humblest rural practitioner to men like Osler and Koch, whose devoted service to mankind is part of the glory of our time. Everyone also can think, if more rarely, of great lawyers whose attitude to, and achievement in, their vocation has added to the stature of the human race. But we must not judge a profession by the achievement of its men of genius. Rather we must inquire into the predominant characteristic of the contribution it writes into our daily life. And we must seek to relate that characteristic to the end which a profession is supposed to serve. Our business is to assess in a given social environment the way in which it is organized for the purposes it needs to fulfil. It is only when this has been examined that we are really in a position to pronounce our verdict.

The thesis I desire to maintain in

this paper has at least the merit of simplicity. It is that the individualistic organization of these professions is now fatal to the fulfilment of their function. They cannot, I shall argue, give of their best to the civilization in which they play so large a part so long as their members offer their services for private hire and sale. In a world organized as our world is organized the result is that only the exceptional man can give his best to a community which needs his best. A world in which the lawyer's skill is bought in the market like any other commodity is one in which the lawyer becomes concerned not with justice but with the satisfaction of his client. A world in which, at least predominantly, the medical man competes with his fellows in the market for patients is one in which neither his skill nor his knowledge is the primary basis of success. Each of these professions, I shall urge, can serve the public in a full degree only as it is organized as a public profession. So long, that is, as the motive of personal gain is the primary basis of their activities the true end of a profession becomes subordinate to it. And in addition, in the present state of civilization the prospect of their fulfilling their end as a profession declines rather than grows. It has become an urgent matter, therefore, to consider the foundations of professionalism if we are to realize what it could contribute to the public good.

II

The most influential type of American lawyer to-day is the corporation lawyer. He may fairly be called the legal strategist of high finance, the annex of the millionaire class. His business is corporate reorganization, the legal handling of the issues of taxation, the manipulation of receiverships, the penetration, on behalf of his

clients, of those bulwarks erected by legislatures to safeguard the public from the depredations of high finance. His firms become household names. They are an organized regiment of officers and soldiers protecting the wealthy from the graver consequences of social legislation. All their interests are affiliated to those of the class they serve. In that service the good of the public largely shrinks from their horizon. They too become rich. Their habits of life become dependent upon their ability to preserve their clients. They play precisely the same part in the modern business world that the mercenary soldier plying his sword for hire played before the advent of national armies. Their reward is wholly a function of their success; and their success is incompatible with the public good.

The evidence to support this somber view has reached immense proportions in recent years. Some of it has been revealed in the legal habits displayed in histories like that in which Mr. Lowenthal has shown how the investor was robbed in the bankruptcy of a Western railroad. Other parts are recorded in the record of attempts to violate the Sherman Act. The public utility, the investment banks, the oil industry, all contribute their grim quota. Behind the Securities Act is nothing so much as an effort to protect the public from the labyrinthine ingenuities of the Wall Street lawyer; and the Federal Trade Commission is largely concerned with the same objective. It was this type of lawyer who invented for Mr. Mellon, and a thousand lesser men, ways and means of avoiding the income tax. He is not, of course, the crude type who breaks the law. He is the more elegant type of hireling who devotes all his skill and learning to finding ways round the law of which, to the public detriment, his clients can take advantage. He sees to it that the

law is bent to the service of those who control the financial power of society.

But the evil he can do does not end with the advice he gives as consultant. Not seldom he is promoted to the Bench; for the rich lawyer likes at the close of long years of work like this the independence and dignity which high judicial rank confers. Then, only too often, as we have learned from the private papers of Mr. Justice Miller, he merely acts for his clients on the Bench instead of advising them in chambers. It is not, of course, that he is avowedly dishonest. It is simply that his experience at the Bar has implanted in him what Mr. Justice Holmes has called "inarticulate major premises" in favor of property from which he cannot shake himself free simply because he does not know he is moved by them. Even the *New York Sun* could say of Mr. Justice Matthews that his appointment was equivalent to placing Jay Gould upon the Supreme Court of the United States. Blachford, Field, and Lamar were all the type of judge who, whatever his ability, reads into his decisions the habits of an advocacy limited by service to the interests of rich men. It is not without significance that in the early eighties of last century there were only two judges of the Supreme Court whose distinction had not been won by their devotion to railroad interests.

The judge, in fact, is rare whose outlook as a judge is not an expression of his habits as counsel and the prejudices which these shape. But the influence of high finance over the lawyer is more subtle than this. The lawyer must if he is to win clients of this caliber get the reputation of a thoroughly "sound" man. Radical beliefs, a constant service to some radical cause, are fatal in the majority of instances to a successful career at the Bar. The eminent lawyer who became Attorney-General to the Labor Government of 1924 almost

ruined his practice by so doing; it was notable that shortly after its close he announced his withdrawal from active politics. Everyone who knows the inner history of the Roosevelt Administration knows of the pressure brought to bear upon those of its members who previously were engaged in legal practice; and, even when they have been professors of law, influence has been brought to play by rich alumni on the presidents of their universities to prevent their services from being available to the President. The corporation lawyer is the head of his profession and he sets the tone and habits of his lesser brethren. But below him is a horde, almost infinite in number, of the semi-successful in whom also the standards of public service are largely devoid of meaning. The ambulance-chaser; the lawyer who specializes in protecting the professional criminal from the results of his crime; the lawyer who lives by professional lobbying in a State legislature, who may even get elected to its membership and live by a retainer from some powerful corporation; the type who preserves himself by service to the owner of small properties whom he saves, by what artifices he can, from full observance of the building and health laws; the type, again, who takes the kind of speculative case which arises out of motor accidents, workmen's compensation, or the patent laws—these are all instances of the prostitution of a profession. Partly no doubt, their existence is due to an overcrowded market which almost places a premium on undesirable practice; the average earnings of a lawyer may not be much over a thousand dollars a year. Partly also, the standards of the profession necessarily reflect the general social environment to which it belongs; in a society in which money is the unequivocal test of success most things will be pardoned to those who are successful.

But a profession in which these habits are widely prevalent cannot hope to give the public the service it requires. An inadequate Bar does not mean only an inadequate Bench; it means also inattention to overdue legal reform and to the research which is the essential basis of the reform. It is striking that the impulse to the first, both in Great Britain and in America, comes from outside the practitioners of the profession; and it is significant that legal research in both countries also is mainly sponsored either by law teachers or by social workers whose experience gives them insight into the clinical difficulties of the law. Taken as a whole, neither Bench nor Bar has shown any zeal in the past sixty or seventy years for equating law with justice. In Great Britain it is notable that the Bar Council has not throughout its history proposed a single law reform of public importance; while the council of the judges has been either hostile or indifferent to any major proposals that have been made.

The reason, I suggest, lies in the commercialization of the legal profession. Having been made a dependency of the business empire, it has had to adapt its habits to the standards of its protector. Its independence has gone; and, with its independence, there has gone also any profound social consciousness it may once have professed. It is, I think, significant that the great names in modern law are either those of judges like Holmes who came to the Bench via scholarship, or Brandeis, whose radical opinions earned him the hostility of the profession; while among those who remained at the Bar, the creative impulse has been almost wholly confined to the great names in the law schools. The fact seems to be that the requirements of modern practice largely stifle those qualities which go to earn for the lawyer recognition that the service of the public is an in-

tegral part of his vocation. He still insists no doubt that this is an essential part of his professional obligation. But the intensity of competition, on the one hand, and the requirements of big business, on the other, make this insistence no more than a formal piece of rhetoric in which no one takes any particular credence.

III

The problems of the medical profession are of a different kind. For the most part, from the angle of public interest, they are threefold in their nature. There is the intense fight of the average medical man to win, and to hold, a practice, especially when he lacks private means; there are the issues connected with the etiquette of the profession; and there are the related matters of the adjustment between medicine and disciplines like that of osteopathy which are still struggling for professional recognition.

Each of these as a problem is mostly a matter in which the public interest is seriously jeopardized by the competitive nature of the profession. The average doctor who becomes a general practitioner is largely a prisoner serving a life-sentence. His success depends only partially on his scientific skill. His bedside manner, his political outlook, his religious creed, the social graces of his wife, his ability to play golf or bridge, any one or all of these may be terms in the equation he has to solve. He may fail to make headway because he is inadequately attentive to some rich neurasthenic. He may suffer because he takes part in a campaign against the slums or in favor of birth control. He may find himself made because a rich and influential patient calls him in suddenly when his ordinary doctor is away. He may fail because his visits are too businesslike and brief. He lacks the one thing in

his ordinary work which is fundamental to the preservation of the scientific temper—security. Until that comes, if it comes, the things to which he has to pay attention are all of them extraneous to the technic he possesses and the service he has been trained to perform.

And that is not all. Unless he is well-established, he has little hope of keeping up with the development of medicine in any continuously profound way. He dare not take a long holiday for fear that his practice disappear to rivals. He cannot afford, for the same reason, the luxury of a period at some graduate school of medicine to refresh his knowledge. An occasional conference apart, he has little chance of rubbing shoulders with the heads of his profession. The chance of serious research hardly comes his way. Unless a tired man at the end of a long day's work can find inspiration in the medical journals he reads, the chances, especially for a rural practitioner, are strongly in favor of his technic remaining all through life much what it was when he began to practice. Experience, no doubt, will mature his judgment; but it will not give him a really profound awareness of progress in medicine unless he is an exceptional man.

Nor does the etiquette of the profession help the public. The relation of the general practitioner to the specialist is a labyrinth of complicated punctilio. The problem of access to the hospitals, the costs of a major operation, the connection, or the lack of it, with dental work and ophthalmology, are distressing. Some of this, no doubt, we have sought to meet in recent years by the development of the medical "firm"; but this as yet only touches the fringe of the population. And we have no medical attitude of any coherent and effective kind to some of the vital medical problems of

our time—abortion, for instance, and birth control. In relation to neither of these issues is the preparation provided by medical training even approximately adequate, even though knowledge of, and decision upon, the issues they raise are vital to the happiness and well-being of the public. Anyone who analyzes the profession from this angle will find it difficult not to conclude that its rules are significant less as a protection for the patient than as a safeguard for the economic interests of doctors. As a profession, medicine has not even begun to consider the social implications of its organization.

Nor is the profession enlightened about its relation to peripheral disciplines. That it has a case against the osteopath may well be true; that it has, especially in England, fought him less from the angle of the public than to safeguard its own monopoly of the right to practice will be obvious to anyone who seeks to scrutinize the evidence. There is nothing whatever to be said for the General Medical Council's savage persecution in England of Dr. Axham for his association with the famous bonesetter, Sir Herbert Barker. Hardly more satisfactory is the absence of any coherent relations with the dentist and the psychologist. The relation of the profession to proprietary products in drugs, especially of the patent medicine variety, is a curious example of a deficient public sense; in the recent fight in Congress for pure drugs there should have been an organized and irresistible medical opinion. Progress in this realm is hampered at every turn by the fact that the economic insecurity of the profession prevents it from offering that definite guidance to the public of which it stands in so great a need.

Nor must one forget the different treatment of rich and poor in medi-

cine. With noble and notable exceptions, it is largely true in Great Britain that a successful panel-doctor under the insurance system cannot hope to grapple adequately with his patients. In the hospitals as compared with the private nursing-homes the long hours of waiting, the early hours of waking, the frequent impossibility of effective convalescence, all point to an absence of a socially adequate attitude in the medical profession. It is notable that a rich man who fights a charge of being drunk when driving a car is almost invariably able to bring a private physician to counter police evidence brought against him; it is also notable that a poor man under a similar charge rarely appears able to secure such evidence on his behalf. Defective standards of housing, of wages, of hours of labor, with the toll they take of the health of the general population far too infrequently invoke any organized expression of medical protest. The doctor's social opinions indeed tend to be less an inference from the plain lessons of his medical experience than the expression of the middle- or upper-class environment to which he belongs. Either he regards these matters as outside his purview or he is afraid to jeopardize his standing by embracing unpopular opinions. In the field of public health the pressure for great social reforms has too often come from without the profession, even when the facts leading to that pressure have been gathered by doctors who, because they were in the service of State or city, could afford to make the revelations urgent to an advance of public well-being.

One does not read of fashionable physicians in Harley Street or Park Avenue leading an attack upon the slums. The medical man who fights for the right of the poor to that birth-control information he sells daily to the middle class is rare; in England

the author of the most popular handbook on this theme published it under a pseudonym lest he injure his standing in the profession by association with it. Our inability to make a serious impression upon the long unchanging statistics of maternal morbidity is in large part the outcome of the profession's silence upon their meaning. The diet of poor children in relation to the quality of their school-work, the absence of adequate recreational facilities in the great cities, the vast problem of sex-hygiene in schools, the standards of relief in relation to nutrition for the unemployed—upon all these things, to take only some of the outstanding issues of the time, what is notable about the medical profession as a whole is its absence of any coherent civic sense. The occasional doctor may care profoundly about these things. The profession as a profession lacks that sense of urgent obligation to the public which alone could effect the radical reforms that are essential.

Broadly speaking, the indictment brought against the medical profession by Graham Wallas half a generation ago remains as true as when he wrote it. It shrinks from the effort to think out afresh its foundations, and this, "combined with a narrow calculation of individual advantage, prevents the community from receiving the full benefit of that transformation." His economic uncertainties compel the average doctor to seek, so far as he can obtain it, a local monopoly enforced by as effective a boycott as he can impose upon the intruder. Within his area he can give any treatment he thinks fit with little need to keep up to date and little fear of expert criticism or legal action. When he retires he can sell his practice to the highest bidder as though he deals in soap or wine instead of human life. He needs at every point the help of the specialist,

the skill of the nurse, the microscope of the bacteriologist. But he knows also that, save in dramatic cases, he can recommend the use of these only to his richer patients. All his emphasis is on curative medicine; with the major aspect of prevention he has hardly any concern. In a fundamental way he is fighting a battle he cannot win because he is not organized to combat the forces against which he is fighting.

IV

A sane world surely would approach these issues from a different angle. These professions are integrally related to public well-being. Their purposes cannot be fulfilled so long as their members are dependent upon the hazards of a commercial market. It is notable that in each of them the best work is done, the highest public spirit displayed by those of their members from whom the virus of insecurity has been removed. The professor in the law school like Harvard or Yale, the medical man in the public health service, whether Gorgas in America or Sir David Bruce in England, the servant of a great medical institution, like Hughlings Jackson or Carrel or Alfred Cohn, represents an achievement of the kind which gives to the profession its essential meaning. They represent a continuous attention to standards, an independence of pressure from privilege, a power to contemplate only the highest ends, which are attainable only because their services are not bought and sold under competitive pressure. Until we can make their spirit permeate the professions as a whole, we cannot prevent them from declining in the way that they have done in recent times.

The way out, therefore, is to organize them as public services. The legal profession should be a great corporation under government control, the

members of which should work for the public on a fixed salary at fixed charges. Instead of plying for hire, they should act as public servants who undertake cases in terms of the public import they reveal. In this fashion we could end the corporation lawyer, the ambulance chaser, the defaulting attorney, the lawyer who devotes his energies to helping rich men to evade the income tax. Each area could have its contingent of lawyers, largely self-governing, disinterested, eager, because they were disinterested, to secure the continuous improvement of the law. We should not, as we do now, have, as so largely we have, one law for the rich and another for the poor. We should escape the danger of judges biassed by their existence to one side of the social equation. We could make the standards of legal education adequate. We could properly relate the academic to the practical side of the profession. We should not meet at every turn of the road to reform the vested interests of lawyers themselves hostile to change which might jeopardize their financial position. We could assure the poor client, not less than the rich, of an adequate attention to his problems.

It is of course an immense reform; but the experience of Soviet Russia shows that it is a practicable one. There the private lawyer has gone. He has been replaced by a body of public servants organized not to benefit themselves, but to serve the public merely. Under a control partly of themselves, partly of the Bench and the Ministry of Justice, they give the ordinary citizen a quality of service far more profound than anything he could even hope for in the days of the Tzar. They have no financial interest in either the content or the number of their cases. Their advancement in the profession is dependent solely upon the profession's own judgment

of the quality of the work they perform. They can freely devote themselves to research if they feel the call to do so. They can change from teaching to practice or practice to teaching whenever, under reasonable circumstances, they wish for the change. The result of the system in Russia is quite unquestionably one of the triumphs of the regime. It has shown that the legal profession, once it is freed from dependence on property, can become one of the most powerful instruments of social well-being which a community possesses; for it is notable that, whereas with ourselves, the lawyer is regarded, not unjustly, as the enemy of social progress, in Russia Bench and Bar alike are looked upon as among the most essential of its guardians.

It is of course true that in a society like ours the attainment of such an ideal would, for the law, be a long and arduous adventure; perhaps it is possible of achievement only in a socialist state. But of the medical profession this is emphatically not the case. Already its public side is a vast organization; already also the preventive and research sides of medicine are predominantly in public, or quasi-public hands. The change required to give a full public context to the whole is much smaller than in the case of the law. To make the whole profession a public one, even in a capitalist society, we require only to extend the idea of insurance for medical care to all members of the population. Upon that basis the cost of an adequate service for each section of the population could be assured without difficulty. The doctor would then be a public servant assigned, according to his preference and qualities, to the appropriate branch and area of the service. He could be promoted, as he is now promoted in the public health departments of English county and city, in

terms of proven achievement. He would work as a member of a team constantly in touch with the latest developments of research. He could from time to time be given leave for post-graduate training or research. He would be free from the need to win the support of his patients upon considerations independent of his professional skill. He would not need to vary the treatment he recommended in terms of his patients' means. He could develop a proper relation not only to other members of his profession, but also to the peripheral disciplines, without the fear that he was jeopardizing his practice. He would be free from that haunting fear of insecurity which to-day poisons the wellsprings of his effort.

To the layman a development such as this surely presents immense advantages. His insurance would afford him, as of right, access to adequate medical care. He need not fear, as he now has to fear, the cost of an operation, the possible expense of a specialist, the hazard of a diagnosis made by a man whose last serious contact with scientific medicine may be as much as a generation old. He could have the assurance that the profession was not, at every point, defending, at his cost, vested interests from invasion. He could feel confident that the public attitude in medicine was determined by the only consideration which should govern it—the standard of health in the community. For in matters like housing or birth control a great public profession organized in this way need not fear the economic pressure of privilege. It would have the power to make its objective findings upon them, and the disinterestedness to fight for their acceptance. The average doctor, on such a scheme, could become in the full sense a citizen; for the simple reason that his science could then become conscious

of its social obligations in a way that is not now open to him. That a profession will, given the opportunity, act in this way has been proved to demonstration by British experience of its public health services. For it is notable that when, after the crisis of 1931, the government sought to economize upon the health services of the nation, it was the pressure of medical officers of health and school doctors, and the objective testimony of their impartial reports which awakened public opinion to the significance of governmental opinion. The doctor who is free from the pressure of competition can combine the functions of scientist and citizen so that the lessons of the one permeate and control the obligations of the other. Our present system is a standing and organized denial of that opportunity.

V

What has here been said of lawyer and doctor is not confined to their professions. The sickness of an acquisitive society, above all in its present phase of contraction, poisons every vocation in which the principle of disinterestedness should be paramount. The indictment I have made of them could be brought, not less urgently, against the teacher and the journalist, the engineer and the architect. There are thousands of teachers in every society driven by the pressure of privilege to subordinate the truth that is in them to economic necessity. There are few journalists, not working for an endowed journal which does not need to consider profit, who have not at some time been compelled to sacrifice the truth in the news to a point of view demanded either because it paid or because it was exacted by the proprietor of the journal he served. It is well known that the mine-managers of Great Britain in 1919 were in favor of the socialization of the mines in the

national interest; but they did not dare to say so for fear that they might be adversely affected if the Royal Commission of that year did not result in the nationalization of the mines. There are architects and to spare—as our slums bear witness—who have lent themselves to building schemes which outrage every canon of decency their profession claims to uphold.

What, in fact, I have said of lawyers and doctors represents a general truth about our society from the consequences of which there is no escape within the confines of the present social system. So long as its predominant motive is the making of profit for private persons, the demand which will shape all its habits will be that which ministers to the successful operation of that motive. Its operation will create vested interests of privilege; and these will fight with all their resources against a communal well-being which seeks either to modify or to extinguish them.

From the operation of this rule there is no reason, on the evidence, to suppose that the professions can escape. And when, as now, a society based on the motive of private profit runs into heavy weather, its privileged class will fight more ardently than ever to preserve its privileges; and professions like the law and journalism, which have a special service to render to privilege, will find themselves more particularly degraded by reason of the demands made upon them. Nothing perhaps illustrates this better than the degradation of German scholarship under the Hitler regime. A body of learned professors, whose vocation was the disinterested service of truth, were there willing to prostitute their scholarship to ends which hundreds of them knew to be mean and false. They were willing to do so, with hardly an exception; and thereby they showed that when privilege in a decaying social system

arms itself for battle it demands from its dependents the sacrifice even of their last shred of self-respect.

A society accordingly which aims at the utilization of scientific learning has two principles upon which it must build its life. It must, in the first place, expunge from its habits the privilege that is built upon economic power; for this in the end shapes the use of science to its own preservation and, therefore, frustrates its objective. It must also, in the second place, so organize all professions which are important for the daily life of the society as to render them independent of the

profit-making motive. To fail in either of these is to leave the well-being of the community at the mercy of men who make learning the hired lackey of their zest for power. A society so founded has inherent in it the roots of inescapable conflict. It has placed its organized authority at the service of men whose interests are anti-thetic to its own. The conflict may be concealed when the society is in process of expansion. When, as with crisis, its presence is revealed, the result is to jeopardize that social heritage which gives life all its grace and dignity.

HEART

BY AUDREY WURDEMANN

OUT of silence sobs the slow
Drumming heart's dark dynamo.
Cased in layers, wall on wall,
The heart knows naught of merciful,
Of dutiful, of good, of wise;
It has no ears; it has no eyes;
Nor any breath that's passionate;
The heart can neither love nor hate.
Encased in fibers firmly wound,
It knows no sight; it knows no sound
And all that it can have or know
Is chained by pulses quick or slow,
Though out of silence sobs the low
Drum of that dark dynamo.



OSCAR WILDE IN DENVER

BY LLOYD LEWIS AND HENRY JUSTIN SMITH

IT WAS the twelfth of April, 1882, and Oscar Wilde lay back wearily upon the cushions of the Silver Palace Pullman which was bearing him from Salt Lake City to Cheyenne.

For more than three months he had been lecturing in America, preaching the new British gospel of æstheticism in the large cities of the North. For more than three months he had been enduring with calmness such a torrent of ridicule and abuse as American journalists had never before visited upon any celebrity, native or imported.

As the reputed original of "Bunthorne," the comic character in Gilbert and Sullivan's "Patience," which was being presented by a dozen companies across the United States and Canada, Wilde was fair game for sharp-tongued paragraphers. As a preacher of John Ruskin's doctrines of handicraft-art he was anathema to a public which had lately discarded the agrarian civilization for one of industry, electricity, factories, and corporations. As an apostle of beauty he was laughed at by a nation newly avid for financial success, for material progress, for opening up the world to exploitation.

East of the Mississippi he had been lampooned, caricatured, mocked for his shoulder-long hair, his British accent, and his lecture costume—a velvet coat, a low wide collar, knee breeches, "long, women's silk stockings," and "low water" shoes. Because he and his fellow æsthetes in London had

praised the decorative qualities of sunflowers and lilies, America was now suffering "a sunflower craze."

Oscar Wilde's lectures had been financially successful because of this very notoriety; and, to his surprise, they had been received with respect in the Far West, where manners were better than in the Middle West and the East.

What was wearying him now was travel. His manager, D'Oyly Carte, who also managed the original "Patience" company in its American travels, had kept him going: New York, Washington, Philadelphia, Boston, Brooklyn, Albany, Rochester, Chicago, Cleveland, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Rockford, St. Paul, Omaha, the Pacific slope, Salt Lake City—and next Denver.

Through it all Oscar had not lost his temper or missed an engagement, a meal, or a drink. Urbane in the face of ridicule, tirelessly obliging to endless reporters, calm yet fearlessly candid in expressing his low opinion of American journalism, he had won almost every person who had met him face to face, yet had bored if not disgusted three-fourths of all those who had attended his lectures. America had discovered that this twenty-eight-year-old British poet talked as well in private as he talked badly in public.

An enigma to those who studied him most closely, a poet with only one slender volume published, a playwright with one unproduced drama in his valise, a lecturer who had never

spoken in public before January, he was a national sensation when he reached America, a transcontinental joke for no other reason than that Gilbert and Sullivan, and the London weekly, *Punch*, had laughed him into fame. DuMaurier's drawings in *Punch* had for two years been celebrating Wilde, Whistler, and Swinburne as languid, "arty poseurs" who thought blue china "too too" or "too utterly utter," and who grew intense over art for art's sake.

Only two American authors had dared publicly to defend him: Julia Ward Howe, who still had some "Battle Hymn of the Republic" blood in her, and Joaquin Miller, the forty-one-year-old "poet of the Sierras." Henry Watterson down in Louisville had been judicious, wholly American, but fair to Wilde. "Gath" George Alfred Townsend, the Cincinnati newspaper commentator, had attacked Wilde's most savage critics. The California editors had been polite. But the wits, the comedians, the bright young men of American journalism had roasted Oscar Wilde to a turn; and in Denver there was high expectation indeed, for at the managing editor's desk in the office of the *Denver Tribune* sat the very man who ought to outdo the whole nation in lampooning Oscar Wilde. Everybody in Denver had heard of this managing editor and drama critic whose sharp little items through the paper were the talk of the town—a delicate managing editor of thirty-two whose thin hair was plastered close to his large head.

Eugene Field was known to Denver as an eccentric jokester, a hard-working managing editor who spent long hours, when off-duty, in convivial barrooms. Stories of his witticisms and practical jokes were common in Denver barrooms. Over his desk in the *Tribune* office hung a sign which he had invented, "This is my busy day." Po-

litical reporters told how Field had written a speech for a Negro politician to deliver in introducing a white orator—"although he has a white skin, his heart is as black as any of ours." Drunks in saloons told how sweetly Field could play the piano, how he made them cry when his deep voice sang Negro spirituals, how he made them laugh when he mimicked all sorts of characters, and how he could make them cry with pathetic tales. It was said that Field had once attended a Thanksgiving dinner given by "swells" in Colorado Springs and had inserted a cannon cracker in the roast turkey so that at an appropriate moment it blew dressing all over the frescoed walls.

His superior on the *Tribune*, Rothacker, knew Field's failings, and once asked him not to ridicule a play which was coming to Tabor's Grand. Field obeyed orders. His entire criticism of the drama consisted of two sentences: "The Rev. George W. Miln played 'Hamlet' at the Opera House last night. He played it until 11 o'clock." It was as devastating as the time he had said of an actor that "he played the king as though he expected somebody else to play the ace."

II

The Wyoming scenery did not enthrall Oscar Wilde, covering as it did the same ground over which he had passed, California-bound, a month earlier. Colorado would be better. Wilde was awaiting it with weary hope as Cheyenne was reached and cars were changed. As he went south toward Denver Wilde kept his eyes on the window. Colorado had now come, but where was the scenery? The plains, tawny in April, lay on either side, streaked and spotted with drifts of winter-worn snow. The sky was as leaden and monotonous as the plains. When the car door opened in

came a clammy wind that had swept down from the Arctic Circle. Cattle stood on the open range, their backs humped with cold, their heads drooping. The train was half an hour late. Damp evening was settling down. Looking at his watch, Wilde saw that he might well be late for his lecture that evening in Denver.

When the train was forty miles from the city, it was boarded by reporters from the *Daily News* and the *Republican*, who found Wilde, asked for an interview, and were invited to sit down. Being accustomed to the sunburned faces of outdoor men on Denver's wooden sidewalks, the *News*' man wrote that Wilde's "complexion is so clear and beautiful, that the maidens may well grow green with envy, for no balm or powder can give to their cheeks the peculiar beauty of the esthete's complexion." As Wilde's head rested on a pillow, the reporter noted large blue eyes as the most prominent feature of his face—and next a very red mouth, a woman's mouth. Acquaintances of Wilde's, back in England, were saying that he was carrying a make-up box with him on his tour.

When asked what he thought of the country, Wilde waved long, tapering fingers toward the window and said, "Everything looks so brown, bare, and disconsolate. You know I have just come from California, which is a garden of beauty. Oh, it is so lovely! The cities of the Atlantic coast look bare and dreary at this time of year."

A little wave of homesickness struck him. "You know, at home in England, it is always green. The green was such a rest to my weary eyes. It is the most restful of all colors. I disliked to leave San Francisco and I should love to visit it again."

The reporter, long familiar with the dullness of the route from Cheyenne to Denver, was not affronted when

Wilde turned and asked, "What is there beautiful in Colorado?" Blandly the *News*' man ignored the question, and, in turn, asked what American city had Wilde found to be most æsthetic. Wilde couldn't say. He added, however, that New York, being so near Europe, had many of the characteristics of a foreign city; Boston and Philadelphia were both considerably attentive to art; "but what especially pleased and interested me were the cities further removed from the Atlantic coast. Cincinnati has an art school and a good one, a school of wood-carving. Chicago people are very enthusiastic over art. I had large audiences in that city. I talked to three thousand people who listened with the closest attention. St. Louis too is full of people who are interested in art."

They talked of dress, and Wilde said English women were making progress in adopting bright colors. . . . "The milliner is being done away with, and the draper is taking her place. What is prettier than drapery, stately folds for the matron and becoming curves for the maiden?" He damned broadcloth for men, praised velvet and defended knee-breeches: "When a man is going to walk, or row, or perform feats which require a display of strength and muscle, the trousers are done away with and knee-breeches are worn."

To the question of how he stood newspaper criticism, he wearily answered, "When I read what they say about me, it gives me a peculiar sensation. I feel as if I were traveling about in a country of barbarians." He liked American people, however, and was grateful for their cordiality. How long would he stay in America? "If I survive, I shall remain until June."

Of American women he said: "In this country I see any quantity of beautiful young girls, girls whose faces are charming with the flush of youth,

whose eyes are radiant and whose forms are full of beauty. But there are few handsome matrons in this country." He was candid about the fact that America had damned his elocution as "monotonous" and "dreary." He said that except for "an occasional wine supper at Oxford" he had never made speeches before coming to the New World. It had been only after he first lectured in New York that he had found out what a difficult task he had undertaken. "Americans are natural orators. I never heard a spontaneous burst of oratory until I came to America and listened to an American."

Such talk was "copy" and the reporter took notes; but it was not the kind of news the city-editor had sent him out to get. Denver readers wanted humor in general, and, in particular, the prolonging of a very funny incident which all the papers had been featuring.

The *Republican's* reporter saw a chance when Wilde asked, "Do you take much interest in æsthetics in Denver?"

"Very much," replied the journalist. "We have just experienced a revival."

"Ah," said Wilde, brightening, "How is it?"

"In this way," began the reporter, and proceeded to tell his version of what had been happening.

III

For several weeks Denver had been preparing for Oscar's arrival. People in all walks of life had discussed him, and especially had there been excitement about him in the Street of Love. In the cribs and parlor houses of Holaday Street the girls had gabbled about sunflowers and knee-breeches to one another and to the booted cowboys and miners who came to their gaudy little parlors on errands more carnal than æsthetic. In the brothels of Mattie

Silk and Rosa Lovejoy the girls had copied all the exterior precepts of the Pre-Raphaelites. The craze had brought a deluge of Japanese fans and lanterns and gaudy wrappers to the austere brownstone-front of Jennie Rogers, and had distributed them through her elegant "seven parlors"—the mirror room, the bird's-eye maple room, and the Oriental room, where it was said her girls were so gay and so lively that they proverbially screamed like cockatoos in a birdcage.

In such resorts young miners, loafing and waiting for spring to let them go back up the mountains, learned the Oscar Wilde slang that so delighted the girls. Everybody in the tenderloin laughed and said everybody else was "too too" or "too utterly utter," and it was agreed over town that the sunflower had become the badge of the chippy.

"A couple of days ago," the reporter said, "two of the scarlet ladies had come out of a parlor house onto the public thoroughfare dressed in anticipation of the coming of Oscar Wilde." One of them, Miss Minnie Clifford, had, in the language of the *Denver Republican*, "placed upon her hat, between the port gangway and the rudder chains, an immense sunflower fully a foot in diameter." Beside her walked one of her girls, "Miss Emma Nelson, sporting an immense and a very intense lily."

Among the men whom they had passed on the street was Chief of Police James M. Lomery, who said to those about him, "I'll put a stop to that sort of thing. I'll decorate the inside of the jail with sunflowers and lilies." So he ordered Officer James Connor to arrest the girls and to conduct them to Judge Sopris for discipline.

But justice was whimsical in Denver. A month before, a gambler who had shot a man had been fined ten dollars, five of it for carrying a con-

cealed weapon, and five for disturbing the peace, while two weeks before, a youth caught standing in the opera house basement and peeping up under ladies' skirts as they ascended the steps, had been fined for "assault and battery." Judge Sopris had been known to take men accused of theft, find them not guilty, and then admonish them not to do it again.

So when Minnie and Emma had been brought before him on the charge of wearing sunflowers, Judge Sopris had been forced to confess that a search of the statutes revealed no solution of the problem. He announced that while the rage for æsthetics might be a growing evil, still it had not been prohibited by city ordinance, and the wicked women must be freed.

The *Denver Tribune* had observed that Minnie and Emma "promised, however, in the future to eschew the æsthetic sunflower and the seductive lily." Other Denver newspapers had taken up the joke when Chief Lomery, very angry by now, had ordered his men to arrest all notorious women "who were attired in a dress that would attract unusual attention or cause a meretricious display."

Eugene Field's *Tribune* promptly began appealing to Oscar Wilde "to hurry up and deliver his disciples from the oppression of the tyrant." The reporter told Wilde that for the past few days "sunflowers were plentiful on the streets, and Chief Lomery had kept severely secluded." The town had been plastered with advertisements capitalizing Wilde's approach. Dry-goods stores had advertised "Oscar Wilde patterns in French stamping"; crockery stores, "Oscar Wilde Majolica and Limoges." H. Ornauer, the artistic tailor, had urged Denver gentlemen to let him dress them properly for Wilde's lecture; Daniels & Fisher's store proclaimed that Oscar Wilde

would attend their fifteen-dollar suit sale this week; Parker & Killen, fresco artists at 252 Curtis Street, called attention to their new æsthetic delivery wagon which had upon one side a painting representing music, art, and literature, upon the other side a beautifully painted fruit piece, while on the back curtain was "a pretty landscape."

When the reporter was done with his merry description of Minnie, Emma, and the Chief of Police, he saw Wilde gasp. Then the conductor came up to announce that Denver was only five miles away, and Oscar went into the baggage car to dress for his lecture.

IV

Denver was different from any city Oscar Wilde had seen so far. Here was a town without a single man who had been born in it. Practically all of the inhabitants had lived in the town less than ten years. Yet the 1880 census had counted 34,629 of them.

Denver owed its miraculous growth to the discovery of mines in the mountains beyond the city—the heights where six to eight feet of snow covered the ground during most of the year. It was silver rather than gold that made Denver a great city. The mines at Leadville on top of the Rockies were nearly at the peak of their production, many of them turning out a hundred thousand dollars a month. But mines and miners were not the only source of revenue in the growing town. The past two years had been the most prosperous years the cattle business had ever known. Thousands and thousands of "long horns" grazed on the plains between Denver and the eastern horizon—and beyond. Picturesque cowboys in high-heeled boots clumped up and down the steps of the wooden sidewalks.

The streets were crowded with young

men looking for amusement, for something to laugh at. Practical jokers were applauded by idle thousands, and the coming of Oscar Wilde was something to look forward to.

Although Denver had an immense floating population, it had none of the mushroom appearance of a mining camp. Most of the residences were three- and four-room one-storey houses surrounded with small yards and shade trees. Water babbled through the gutters in the streets. In the downtown district the porch roofs of many stores covered the sidewalks. The new buildings were substantial, generally three storeys high and constructed of brick. The "Tabor Block" had six storeys built of stone shipped at great expense from Ohio. The St. James, the Alvord, and the Windsor Hotels were thoroughly modern with rococo luxuries.

Along Cherry Creek, on The Heights, and in the neighborhood which some people were preparing to name Capital Hill, magnificent mansions had been constructed; a sixty-thousand-dollar home had just been completed for H. A. W. Tabor, owner of the Tabor Block and the most spectacular of the Bonanza Kings. Social life was as splendid as in most Eastern cities. Gay blades spun along the dirt streets in shiny wheeled buggies. At night, music was heard in the illuminated residences along Cherry Creek. Hundreds of gas jets in cut-glass chandeliers shone across polished floors, where beaux led belles in polka, quadrilles, and the waltz. The Pitkin Cavalry was giving a series of "hops." A new dance, called the German, was all the rage. An "Exposition & World's Fair" was being constructed.

Nineteen journals and newspapers were being barked on Denver's streets. Competition for circulation was keen. Their attitude toward the approaching Oscar Wilde was diverse. The *News*

remarked, "If the old vigilance committee were only in existence now, the reign of the æsthetic pestilence would be very brief."

A poetic reporter wrote:

"We do not languish for thy high cut pants,
For from our snow-clad peaks there comes
A cutting breeze which is not tempered to
the trouserless."

But Eugene Field's *Denver Tribune* was more friendly:

"Oscar Wilde will be here next week and there is no reason why he should not be well received. Any development of the rudeness which is called smartness will be a disgrace to Denver. This sort of thing does well enough in the East, where they are somewhat lacking in the finer qualities, but it will not do in Colorado, where people are well bred. He may be in earnest or he may be a sham. These matters do not concern the public especially. He goes before it with something to say, and if it doesn't care to hear him, it can stay away."

Denver wore a puzzled frown. Wasn't Eugene Field going to cut loose on Oscar Wilde pretty soon? The joke was almost at hand. It was time for Field to begin wielding his scalpel.

Another Denverite, the great Bonanza King, Tabor himself, was showing interest in Wilde's approach. As his millions poured in, Tabor had built extravagant opera houses in Leadville and Denver, and had become a patron of the arts. An architect, ordered to make the Denver opera house the finest in the world, had topped off his efforts by placing a bust of Shakespeare at the key of the proscenium arch. Tabor, entering when the theater was done, surveyed everything with satisfaction until he had come to this bust.

"Who's that?" he had cried.

"William Shakespeare," the architect had replied.

"Shakespeare?" Tabor had repeated. "Shakespeare? What in hell did he ever do for Denver? Take him down and put me up there."

Since Oscar was to speak in his opera house and live in his hotel, the Windsor, Tabor was eager. He would have given the Britisher the bridal suite, the Windsor's best, but his own senatorial campaign headquarters filled it. Neither could he give Wilde the next best suite, the Ladies' Parlors, for a conclave of cattle barons had taken it for a protracted discussion of how to keep quiet their recent lynching of five cow rustlers out on the plains.

Tabor had finally told Bill Bush, his man Friday and nominally the manager of the Windsor, to leave no room unpapered that might offend Oscar. Bill Bush had been equal to many difficult occasions and he was not lacking now. On April 8th the *Tribune* reported the results of Bush's labors:

"A suite of rooms are being put in order for [Oscar Wilde] on the second floor. The parlor walls are covered with pink-tinted paper upon which lilies are traced in faint coloring. The dadoes are very wide and represent storks wading around among sunflowers. In the bedroom, there will be a ceiling fresco representing The Genius of Renaissance—a beautiful piece of work, designed by Mr. Edbrook, the architect of the Grand Opera House. The wallpaper will be of a bottle green color relieved by poppies. Mr. Bush has ordered an elegant bedstead from Chicago and a swansdown mattress. The bathroom will contain statuary and frescoes of cupids and Venuses."

Among the cowboys and miners who lined the sunny side of Denver's streets, waiting for something to laugh at, the rumor flew that this Oscar Wilde was some kind of an impostor who would take the coin away from the swells—something like a gambler but not quite.

V

The long looked-for night arrived. Wilde was due at the Union Station at 7:40 P.M. He would lecture at 8:10. The city of Denver was waiting for him: reporters for nineteen newspapers, hack drivers, carpenters, plasterers, real estate agents, insurance salesmen, cowboys, miners, gamblers, hundreds of young men waiting for spring and looking for something to laugh at. Gay belles in houses on Cherry Creek took a last look in their mirrors. Bawds on Holladay Street put a sunflower in the window and rearranged their seductive lilies.

It was a cold, snowy April night, not uncommon in Colorado. The railroad platform was a wharf in a lake of mud. The tops of the hacks waiting in the gloom were white with snow, the horses steamed with it. In the crowded waiting room at the station men shook their coats before the roaring stoves. Long skeins of tobacco smoke veiled the gas jets and the air smelled of wet clothes and horses.

A telegram announced that the train was half an hour late. Many of the waiting crowd, including Wilde's advance man, Charles E. Locke, who was in town preparing for the lecture, turned up their coat collars and splashed off to the more spacious waiting rooms in the saloons on Blake Street. While they were gone the train pulled in, ahead of time, and stopped at a distant platform. Wilde's secretary and press-agent, J. S. Vail, apprehensive for the lecture already past due, jumped off the train into the blizzard, prowled through the railroad yards, chasing waving lanterns, dodging headlights that loomed above him in the storm, stumbling over switches, shouting frantically for Mr. Locke.

Their charge was here!

As Oscar Wilde stepped from the train the crowd saw, amid the whirling

snowflakes, that he was a very large man wearing a black slouch hat of the kind peculiar to cowboys and miners, baggy brown trousers, and a fur-lined overcoat. Nobody could see the knee-breeches and velvet coat worn underneath. Oscar had dressed for his lecture in the baggage car.

The crowd blocked his way to the carriage, and when his assistants and a *Tribune* reporter, whom Field had sent to meet the train, had made a lane for him, it formed so densely in the street that the carriage could not move. While Locke, excited because his charge was late for the lecture, slowly cleared room for the horses to move, the reporter sat inside the carriage with Wilde listening to the crowd shout, "Hello, Oscar!" "Let us see you, Oscar old Boy!" and "Put your head out the window, Oscar." Noses were pressed against the glass of the carriage.

"I suppose this scene is familiar to you," said the reporter.

"Yes, it is so everywhere," Oscar answered smiling. "This is a simple curiosity, you know. It is the evidence of an unfinished civilization. In Europe the people are less curious about public characters and are not rude."

The horses were now trotting briskly toward the Opera House. Soon they stopped, and Wilde was hurried in at the stage door and to a dressing room where Vail had a small bottle of champagne waiting. Oscar drank half of it while smoothing his hair and adjusting his tie. Then he went on.

Long before eight o'clock the fashionable and cultured folk of Denver had been arriving at the Opera House, and until fifteen minutes after eight, closed carriages had been inching in an unbroken line to the door. Out of respect for Denver extravagance and its bonanza prices, Locke had raised the customary Wilde fee of one dollar to one dollar and a half.

Newspaper reporters noted a painful lack of æsthetic dress among the arrivals. Only one sunflower was to be seen. It was on the back of a lady's hat, and many observers wondered if Minnie Clifford had dared invade so respectable a gathering to flaunt her loyalty to æstheticism.

The curtain went up to the accompaniment of no music. What Denver regarded as a charming drawing-room was revealed. On its center table stood one lily blooming alone, and on a shelf below stood a huge basket of flowers. During the day, Stage Carpenter Alexander and his assistants had been working to give Wilde a setting unlike anything the Opera House had had before. "I can't quite catch on to what this æsthete business is," Alexander had told a *Times* reporter, "but I'm trying to get up something attractive and new." The audience eventually grew weary of admiring his work, took to sailing a few paper sunflowers about the house, then stopped as an usher strode upon the stage and poured out a glass of water. It was noted that he used a cut-glass decanter, and among those well posted on Wilde's lectures it was whispered that the lecturer hated cut-glass. The boy disappeared, and again the audience grew restless.

It was nearly nine o'clock when Oscar came with slow step through the red curtains at the back of the stage, and made his way to the center table with what the *Times* reporter thought was "a languid, dreamy sort of walk such as one would think a lovesick girl would have in wandering through a moonlit garden. His mouth is an Irish mouth and an Irish woman's mouth at that." A hundred lorgnettes were leveled at him and "a merry decorous laughter went up from the parquette."

The *News* reporter complained that Oscar began to talk without even ad-

dressing his audience as ladies and gentlemen. The *Tribune's* critic observed that "at times Wilde would smile in an ingenuous manner as if realizing something amusing had been said; and half modestly and half in embarrassment his hand would seek the flowing locks on the left side of his head and gently push them back from his face on which they had fallen through the excitement of the risibilities." Reporters noted that he lifted a handkerchief to his lips "with the delicacy that a lady puts the finishing touch upon a face cosmetic."

The audience sat to the end with the silence and courtesy that Wilde had learned to expect in the West, but it was obvious that the people were spectators, not listeners. As soon as he had floated off stage to the accompanying ripple of polite applause, he was joined by the *Tribune* reporter, who heard him say as he entered his dressing room, "Well, this is jolly; to travel in the close atmosphere of those coaches six hundred miles on a stretch and then give a lecture before resting." As he emptied the remaining half of the champagne bottle he talked to the reporter about art. He said "many pleasant things as chirrupy as though he had just awakened from a refreshing sleep upon a bed of posies."

The *Tribune* man followed Wilde as they evaded the crowd which had waited all evening in the Windsor lobby to see him. Up in the elevator they went and into the room where a supper awaited him on a table. Throwing off his overcoat, the *Æsthete* went promptly to the table crying, "Take away this tea and bring me a bottle of this wine." He pointed to the wine list and as the waiter looked to see what it was, Oscar added, "and two glasses."

The reporter saw Wilde look over the fish, potatoes, omelet, mutton chops, many relishes, and bread and

butter, and then, taking a taste of the fish, order it away. He drank a glass of wine and cut into a mutton chop. Then a knock came at the door. Wilde answered it himself. It was a citizen calling with congratulations. More of them came, and for what seemed hours the reporter watched the hungry Oscar give himself over to the duty of entertaining.

Dinner was indefinitely postponed when a certain huge and clumsy bulk of masculinity hove through the door, and a cloudy countenance, cut across by a huge longhorn mustache, faced Oscar. It was Tabor himself, come to invite the poet to visit the Matchless Mine up at Leadville. It was paying him two thousand dollars a day.

"I shall be delighted," said Wilde. "Of all things that which I most desire to see is a mine."

In time Tabor barged out, the parade of callers stopped, and Wilde returned to the cold food and the reporter's questions.

"When will your new book of poems appear?" asked the *Tribune* man.

"Not until after I return to Europe." He could not write in America. He could find neither the time nor the surroundings in America suitable to his themes. There were so many new experiences crowding upon him that he could only take notes.

"When I return to Venice I will begin to write, and whatever I have seen to impress me in America, whether of the beauties of nature or of men and women, I will write and give America credit for it."

The reporter asked about the play Wilde had written, and was told that it had been ready for two years and was soon to be produced.

"How were you impressed by your trip to California?"

"How can I tell you? I could talk to you all night about it. California is an Italy without its art. There are

subjects for the artist, but it is universally true that the only scenery which inspires utterance is that which man feels himself the master of. The mountains of California are so gigantic that they are not favorable to art or poetry. There are good poets in England but none in Switzerland. There the mountains are too high. Art cannot add to nature."

Having finished one mutton chop and the omelet, Wilde pushed back his plate and took another glass of wine. Warmed, he grew eloquent on art until the reporter abruptly asked him what he thought of the Mormons he had seen on his visit to Salt Lake City.

On polygamy Oscar grew epigrammatic, saying that while Salt Lake City's "execrable architecture" was bad enough, the place robbed life of romance—"for the romance of life is that one can love so many people and marry but one."

The reporter pressed Wilde to say how Americans compared with Europeans. "To us in Europe," came the answer, "America is looked upon as a nation, simple and grand, and I thought that the moment they heard what I had to say they would understand me and realize what I meant by life and art. I find that I am wrong." However, said he, Westerners had listened with more simplicity, more real interest and desire to know what he had to say, than had Easterners. The West had kept itself free and independent while the East had been caught and spoiled with many of the flirting follies of Europe.

For a time the reporter watched Wilde glance over "a great pile of letters" that awaited him, and saw him toss many away. The interview was done and the reporter admitted next day that the handshake and adieu he had given the gifted young gentleman were "affectionate." Not only was this mood the result of the fact that the

West understood original genius better than had the conventional East; it was also the result of Wilde's attempt to be like Westerners.

VI

The next morning Wilde left over the South Park railroad for Leadville, with the *Denver Times* saying that in his long hair and wide-brimmed hat he looked "not unlike a Texas ranger who had struck it rich." Notwithstanding his two days' journey from Salt Lake, a talk of an hour and a half on an empty stomach, and not a very long rest, "Mr. Wilde looked as fresh as though he did not know what it was to travel." Most of the newspaper critics described his lecture as that of a charlatan, and as being "disappointing" and "silly," but Eugene Field's hand was at last shown in the *Tribune's* summary:

"Mr. Wilde made an excellently good impression in Denver yesterday evening. The very smart people on newspapers who do not know much, have done their best to represent him as a guy, but their success has been small. He has himself been a sufficient answer to all their flippancies. He understands his subject, and he knows how to talk about it. He may seem absurd to some people, because everything outside of the common routine seems absurd to them, but he is not responsible for the density of their gray matter nor should he be compelled to shoulder the effects of their ignorance. Mr. Wilde is a quiet, unobtrusive, intelligent gentleman with something to say. He says this something in admirable and fitting English. He is worthy of the attention of intelligence and we are glad that he is receiving it. He is not a nobody to see but a somebody to listen to."

The *Denver Tribune's* readers were a little bothered. Eugene Field had been disappointing about the *Æsthete*, had befriended him in fact, and had

wholly failed to live up to either his or Oscar's reputation.

But Wilde had not left Denver permanently. After a two-day trip to Leadville and Colorado Springs he was to return to Denver for a second lecture. Perhaps Field would live up to his usual part on that occasion.

He did—but in an unforeseen way. What happened on the afternoon of April 15th, while Wilde, returning, approached from Colorado Springs, was disclosed two days later by the rival *Republican*:

"There was a little side issue to Oscar Wilde's visit to Denver in the shape of a practical joke which was very amusing. The practical joker was Eugene Field, the managing editor of the *Tribune*, and he played it pretty low-down on the people of Denver.

"Mr. Rothacker had arranged to entertain Mr. Wilde with a ride around the city, after which he had proposed a dinner with a very select party at the Denver Club, but Mr. Wilde was delayed at Colorado Springs until too late for the ride. Mr. Locke, the advance agent of the divine Oscar, Mr. Field and Mr. Kennicott were awaiting Mr. Wilde, with Mr. Rothacker holding the ribbons over an elegant team of blacks and an English drag, when the vexatious news reached them that their guest would not be on time. After discussing the question, Mr. Locke said, 'Let's fix up someone to represent Mr. Wilde.'

"The proposition was made in fun but Mr. Field jumped at the chance for a huge joke and said 'Done.'

"In a few minutes a fur-trimmed overcoat was obtained, and a long-haired wig placed upon the bogus Oscar's head. A few touches were added and the make-up was complete. The party climbed in and commenced to drive. Field posed in Oscar's lackadaisical style, his head hanging

limp to one side, resting on one hand, while he held a book in the other hand, at which he gazed with a pathetic and dreamy expression. Kennicott furnished a wide-brimmed dark hat to the make-up which was really fine. Everywhere the people gazed and caught on, to use a slang expression. The carriage drove slowly on, and not a smile was cracked, as the cry went up on every hand: 'Here he is; that's Oscar Wilde.'

"Windows were thrown up in residences and servants and mistresses, reduced to a common level by curiosity, craned their heads out and gazed with awe upon Mr. Wilde, or whatever one is a mind to call it.

"A newsboy yelled, 'Shoot Oscar,' but the party maintained its composure. Several driving parties were met, and they turned round and joined the procession. Finally the drive was completed and the carriage drew up in front of the *Tribune* office, where a crowd of several hundred collected and crowded around the carriage. Mr. Skiff, the business manager, came out to be introduced to the distinguished guest, but, as he put out his hand, he 'tumbled,' to use another slang expression, and shied a broom at the fraud. This paralyzed the crowd, so to speak, and ended the fun. The general opinion is that Field played it pretty low-down on the inhabitants."

By the time Wilde actually got back to Denver, it was late, and with Rothacker weary from waiting, Denver was never sure whether the dinner at the Denver Club ever came off as planned. According to Field's own report in the *Tribune*, Wilde left the city at half-past ten that night, after his lecture, "and the only night he made of it was out on the barren plains on the rickety Union Pacific track that runs between Winkopp and Kansas City."



IS RADIO CENSORED?

BY HENRY ADAMS BELLOWES

AN ENEMY of the Administration is on the air. Over a network of stations each of which exists only by virtue of a license from the Federal government, and free of charge if he happens to be a Senator or Congressman, he denounces the personnel and methods of that government, berates its leaders as cheats or fools, and even, if he so chooses, bespatters the President with invective. He and his kind have done this before, and will do it again; the substance of their speeches was familiar long before it was scheduled.

Is radio censored? A single broadcast of the sort which Huey Long, for example, frequently delivered would seem to postulate a convincing negative. Certainly in no country where an admitted censorship exists would anything of the sort have been tolerated. Nor do such men speak through any instigation of the broadcasters; as a rule they bring neither credit nor cash, neither audience nor business. And yet Senator Long, their most outstanding exemplar, was able to command the services of either national network as often, within reason, as he cared to ask for it, and to say whatever he liked without even complying with the supposedly fixed requirement of submitting a script in advance. "Hell, no," said the Senator to me on one occasion, "I don't write out my speeches. I make 'em up as I go along. I'll show you my notes, though"—and with that he produced a Bible.

Certainly no censorship there, within any ordinary acceptation of the term. Nor, despite all the loose talk about it, has there ever been authentic evidence of one single instance, under this or any previous Administration, wherein anyone connected with the Federal government has ever interfered to prevent any opposition speaker from being heard or to restrict him in whatever he has chosen to say.

A year ago, under a special provision of the law, the Broadcast Division of the new Federal Communications Commission held a widely publicized hearing, lasting more than five weeks, for the express purpose of determining whether or not minority groups were receiving fair treatment in the use of radio. In a record covering more than fourteen thousand pages, there is not a single line that even suggests the existence of censorship by or on behalf of the Administration. No Republican protested that he had in any way suffered from discrimination in the allocation of radio time or had ever received the slightest intimation from any source that criticism of the controlling party might be unwelcome. No Socialist or Communist came forward to complain; instead, representatives of nearly every significant political and social group testified that they had freely used the facilities of the radio stations and networks, and had been encouraged to say whatever they desired, even to the extent in some instances of attacking the commercial

practices of the very advertisers whose business was maintaining the facilities thus used.

The record before the Communications Commission conclusively supported that of the hearings held seven months earlier by a committee of the House of Representatives on a bill proposing to outlaw discrimination by radio stations. Here too, although denunciation of Administration propaganda was at the moment particularly rampant, no complaint of partisan censorship was even suggested. Since these two hearings received extensive advance publicity, since their importance was fully recognized by everyone concerned in radio operation, and since all the testimony is a matter of public record, it is fair to infer that the striking lack of all evidence of Administration censorship can mean only that no such evidence existed.

Here is a typical instance. When get abroad? Why does every "well-informed" Administration-hater still insist that nobody can discuss politics over the radio, or at any rate could do so until recently, without first securing an official "O.K." and presumably having his speech edited at the White House? Many of the stories which gave rise to this myth were in their origins merely absurd. For months it was part of my work to trace them down, and almost invariably their genesis turned out to have been wholly foreign to the one ascribed by gossip.

Here is a typical instance. When Congress assembled in January, 1934, the customary arrangements were made for broadcasting the opening session. I had charge of these arrangements on behalf of one of the broadcasting companies. In addition to the program from the floor of the House, we arranged to have Senators and Congressmen speak through microphones in rooms adjacent to the two chambers. We had punctiliously invited in ad-

vance equal delegations of Democrats and Republicans, with a couple of Farmer-Laborites to complete the picture. All went apparently without a hitch, and, listening to the entire broadcast over a receiving set, I felt that we had given a convincing demonstration of radio's impartiality.

One of the high points of the program was a speech by Senator David A. Reed, in which there was vigorous criticism of the Administration. When he had finished, the radio carried the announcer's query whether there was anything more he might like to say, to which he replied, "I don't believe so, thank you." Imagine, then, my bewilderment when, a few days later, a call from Senator Reed's office accused us of having deliberately cut the Senator off the air the moment he first mentioned President Roosevelt's name. Emphatic denial met the rebuttal that telegrams from the listeners were there to prove it. They were too—clear, indisputable, damning. All of them, however, came from one section of a single State, and a telephone call revealed the cause. The station taking the network service in that region, licensed, as are many, to operate only part time, had to shut down daily at one o'clock, giving way to a State educational institution sharing the same frequency. It was about two seconds before one when Senator Reed got to "President Roosevelt"—and off went that unhappy station. And yet for weeks the unexplained story was current in Washington as clear proof of radio's subservience.

Most, though not quite all, of the tales of cutting off anti-administration speakers, of editing their talks, or of refusing facilities for them, were equally apocryphal. In the first three or four months of the New Deal—I can vouch for this from experience—it was almost impossible to induce its opponents to speak at all. Of course there

was a deluge of Administration broadcasting—the President himself, Cabinet members, new leaders in Congress—but there was never any denial of network facilities to the opposition, or the slightest intimation from anyone in authority that such refusal would be approved. The general attitude was expressed by a minority Senator on my urgent invitation to discuss the banking measures. “No,” he said, “I’d rather wait till I can do it without being suspected of high treason.” If the Republicans were radio-mute in those early days, they had largely themselves to thank for it.

In a few instances, however, partly in the hope of currying favor, and partly misled by an excess of zeal based on the oft-repeated statement that we were in the midst of an emergency comparable to that of war, individual stations did in those first few months of the New Deal refuse facilities to its critics. For such action they had absolutely no warrant in any statement emanating, directly or indirectly, from the government; but anyone who will reconstruct the frame of mind prevalent in the spring and early summer of 1933 can readily understand how such errors of judgment occurred. The first excitement passed, and with it all tendency to withhold criticism from the air. As we shall presently note, however, certain conditions that encouraged these few blunders still exist, and must be carefully weighed in answering any general question as to the existence of radio censorship.

II

“Censorship,” after all, is among those convenient words that can mean about as much or as little as one chooses. Like “freedom of speech,” to which it is commonly antithetical, it is relative rather than absolute. There is no such thing as complete freedom of

speech. If I choose to go out on the street-corner and there shout blasphemous, indecent, or insulting remarks at the passers-by the police will very properly take charge of me, and it will need more than an eloquent plea of the right of free speech to get me off. If I proclaim that Mr. Blank is a crook and a thief I am likely to pay roundly for it. If I publicly advocate blowing up the Capitol, or massacring the Jews, or lynching a murderer, I shall promptly find that speech is free only in a *Pickwickian* sense. Society, for its own protection, and from a sense of general decency, actually does circumscribe speech or publication of any kind, and holds, furthermore, that whoever knowingly assists in any forbidden utterance, whether oral or in print, is jointly guilty with the originator thereof.

If we agree, as I think we must, that the operation of the ordinary laws covering such matters as defamation, obscenity, treason, and instigation to crime does not abrogate the right of free speech, we dispose at once of any argument that restrictions of this sort constitute censorship. Even these legal limitations are, in their applications, by no means clearly defined; what is damned as obscenity by one man is lauded as the purest art by another. But, by and large, we have a pretty fair idea of what society as a whole will and will not tolerate, at any rate for the moment, and within the limits thus established we can truthfully say that speech and the press remain free.

Is radio broadcasting free within the same limits, and to the same extent? Is there any form of control which applies to broadcasting but not to other forms of public utterance? If there is, then there exists a censorship of broadcasting.

Before answering this question we should note that censorship can deal

even more effectively with general conduct than with specific acts. When the Florentines burned Savonarola they did a complete job of censoring in advance all the things he might have said if he had been allowed to live. It is utterly preposterous to claim that it is censorship to strike out a sentence in an author's book but not to confiscate the entire edition on publication. Such *ex post facto* censorship is by all odds the most rigorous kind, for it permits the accomplishment of an act and then destroys its results. It does this, as a rule, because the act, work, or conduct thus dealt with is not provably in direct violation of specific laws. A person who breaks a law can be punished as that law provides; a person whose work or conduct is censored after the event is frequently not amenable to punishment through the ordinary legal channels.

The instant significance of this lies in the fact that ever since the passage of the Radio Act of 1927 there has been a ridiculous quibble over what does and what does not constitute censorship. The Federal Radio Commission, and its recent successor, the Federal Communications Commission, have clung to the position that as long as they do not in advance prohibit or edit specific broadcast material they are not violating the law, which expressly forbids all censorship of radio programs. Nobody contends that there has ever been any government radio censorship of this direct sort. The real question is this: is there as much freedom from restraint in the use of radio as in the use of the press, or of the human voice in public?

The answer is: No. Radio utterance is definitely restricted in ways that do not apply to other forms of publication, and to that extent radio is censored. To deny this, as the Communications Commission and the

broadcasters habitually do, is blindly to ignore manifest facts.

The restrictions which constitute the censorship of broadcasting fall into two quite different categories. The first comprises the impositions of the government through its regulatory agency, the Federal Communications Commission, which has lately assumed the duties of the defunct Federal Radio Commission; the second includes the limitations caused by conditions within the broadcasting industry itself. Both types revert to a single fact: the number of broadcasting stations which can operate simultaneously within an area as wide even as that of the United States is sharply limited by physical laws.

Aware of this natural limitation, the Federal Radio Commission, at its inception in 1927, was faced with the immediate problem of allocating the broadcasting facilities at its disposal. The law merely said that licenses should be issued "if public interest, convenience, or necessity will be served thereby." If the new Commission had been writing on a clean slate, if there had been no broadcasting stations in existence when the law was enacted, it would undoubtedly have taken this phrase to mean about what it signifies in various public utility regulatory acts—the requirement of physical facilities. It would have authorized the erection of radio transmitters much as the Interstate Commerce Commission permits the construction of a new railroad track, on a showing of public need.

Unfortunately, the Radio Commission was confronted with a fact, not a theory, the fact being the existence in full operation of over seven hundred stations—some two or three hundred more than the maximum number stipulated by the technical experts. Each of these stations had acquired a certain presumptive right to continue; it represented capital invested in good

faith, had a license from the Department of Commerce, and claimed an already established good-will value. Some of the best stations—the ones that had built the finest transmitters, installed the best studio equipment, and generally pioneered in the evolution of broadcasting—were in States or cities badly overcrowded with radio facilities. It was—or then seemed—impossible to wipe them all out and start fresh.

The members of the original Radio Commission—I was one of them—went through many searchings of heart in those first days. The formula we finally hit upon was, I now believe, a flagrant violation of the very law we were appointed to administer. We decided that in passing on all applications for renewal of license from existing stations we would take into account the type and quality of program service rendered. Thus, if two stations in one locality requested the same frequency, and it was shown in a hearing that one of them had rendered what seemed to us a consistently meritorious program service to the public as a whole, while the other had done little more than play phonograph records all day long, we would grant the first application and refuse the second.

This looked fairly reasonable—even now I do not know what else, under the circumstances, we could have done—and “public interest, convenience, or necessity” seemed elastic enough to cover it. I am quite sure that we were all sincere in believing that we were doing exactly what Congress intended, and, by one of those chances that cast doubt on the omniscience of the legal profession, none of the attorneys who appeared before us in those early days raised the issue. Instead, they all meekly produced the program records of their clients, and helped us in every possible way to do the very thing which the law forbade us to do—to exercise

an indirect but effective censorship over radio programs.

This method of dealing with applications for broadcasting licenses is still in effect; more than that, it has been upheld by the courts as a proper exercise of the Commission’s authority. In the relatively few cases where renewal of license has been refused primarily because of the Commission’s objection to the character and quality of the programs broadcast, the courts have sustained the Commission’s action. This is not surprising; the whole subject was practically without precedents, and the need for centralized regulation of radio was so obvious that the courts were eager to uphold it in every possible way. One such case, involving the notorious “Bob” Shuler of Los Angeles, looked as if it might reach the United States Supreme Court for a definitive ruling as to the limits, if any, of the Commission’s authority, but the Supreme Court refused to consider the appeal. As things now stand, the whole weight of custom and law is to the effect that the Commission, despite the express legal prohibition of censorship, may consider program quality and content in passing on applications for the renewal of broadcast licenses.

Now see what this means. Licenses are issued for a maximum of six months, at the end of which period they must be renewed if the station is to continue in existence. Failure to renew means ruin, for without the license the physical property is practically worthless. Licensees are periodically cited to appear before the Commission to show cause why their applications for renewal should not be rejected, and in many instances they are specifically notified in the citations that the Commission has received complaints as to their programs.

This is an entirely different matter from a charge of having broken the

law, or of having disregarded regulations formulated by the Commission itself. For such sins the law provides specific penalties in the form of fine or imprisonment following conviction in the courts. The Communications Act, except for the prohibition of government censorship, a clause forbidding the broadcast of profane, obscene, or indecent language, and a section dealing with the use of radio by political candidates, is mute as to programs, and the Commission's multifarious regulations are almost exclusively concerned with physical operation and the filing of forms. These things are relatively comprehensible. If a station uses unauthorized power, varies from its frequency, exceeds its allotted time, or does any other of the hundred and one things that have become *verboten*, the misdeed is a clear violation of the rules, and is punishable as such. With regard to programs, however, the Commission has naturally been unable to follow any such orderly procedure. Instead, it has relied wholly on the vast power placed in its hands by the maintenance of short-term licenses—a power not based on the law, which merely says that licenses shall be for not more than three years—and wherever it has disliked a station's programs it has threatened, not the penalties of the law, but the extra-legal pain of summary extinction. It has done this from the very beginning, and it is doing it to-day.

The grotesque thing is that while a station owner can be fined—relatively a minor penalty—only for proved violation of the law or of a regulation of the Commission, he can be put completely out of business, and his property virtually confiscated, without having been convicted of violating any law or regulation at all. It is immaterial to argue, as the Commission speciously does, that in the only cases where this has actually happened the licensees were

notorious "bad actors," devoting their broadcasts to defamation, obscenity, quackery—the well-known instance of Dr. Brinkley and his goat glands—that sort of thing. Admitting all this, admitting that the broadcasts complained of were manifestly not desirable, the fact remains that these broadcasters were punished by the equivalent of decapitation, not because they were convicted violators of the law, but because the Commission did not approve of their programs. And in no instance were their broadcasts more clearly antisocial than the activities of the publication which not so long ago achieved in the United States Supreme Court the overthrow of Minnesota's "gag" law.

I do not say that this is wrong. I do not say that broadcasting may not require some such form of special control. What I do say—what must be patent to anybody who honestly considers the facts—is that it constitutes censorship, and a very effective censorship at that. After all, the chief function of capital punishment is not to electrocute murderers, but to restrain people from committing murder by warning them of the results if they get caught at it. Just so with the Commission: it has actually refused to renew just enough licenses so that every time it sends out a notice that a station's renewal application is set for hearing, the presumed culprit has visions of a speedy and lamentable end to his radio career. The result—the only possible result—is that every broadcaster in the country lives in abject fear of what the Commission may do. Let him study the regulations ever so diligently; how on earth can he know whether the Commission is going to like his programs?

III

Let us consider a few specific instances. Shortly after the repeal of

prohibition, the Radio Commission sent out a press release—not an official order—to the effect that while the advertising of liquor was now legal in most States, the Commission would be inclined to look with disfavor on indiscriminate liquor advertising by radio, and would consider each station's record in this respect in passing on its application for license renewal. What did that mean? Substantially, that a station might be entirely within its legal rights in broadcasting liquor advertising, but that it might subsequently be put out of business for doing so. Possibly sound public policy—I am not prepared to argue that point—but certainly censorship.

The potency of mere suggestion, when the fact of censorship is once established, was vividly shown in the case of a certain quasi-religious organization which had contracts for the commercial broadcast of its programs over a large number of stations. One of these programs was highly offensive to the Roman Catholic Church, and complaint was made to the Radio Commission. The Commission thereupon sent form letters to the stations indicated as having participated in this particular program, merely asking whether in fact they had broadcast it. Not a word in the letter implied blame or criticism—and yet a considerable number of the stations involved promptly notified the sponsoring organization that they dared no longer accept its programs for fear of “getting in bad” with the Commission. The documents in this case are all a matter of public record. The Commission had done absolutely nothing for which it could justly be criticized; it had merely requested some routine information; and yet its power and practice of censorship were so obvious that the slightest hint was terrifying.

Within the past few weeks, and despite the fact that the Federal Trade

Commission has for more than a year been proceeding very effectively against the broadcasting of fraudulent advertising, the Communications Commission cited a considerable number of stations, including some very prominent ones, to appear and show cause why their renewal applications should not be rejected, on the ground that they were broadcasting certain medicinal advertisements of which the Commission did not approve. Soon thereafter the Commission announced in naïve glee that most of these citations had been withdrawn because the stations had “voluntarily” discontinued the objectionable advertisements. Of course they had. The Commission may have been entirely right from the standpoint of public policy; the sole point is that it was deliberately censoring radio programs by using its licensing power as a threat to obtain results which presumably could not have been secured, or at any rate so rapidly, by orderly legal procedure.

But we do not have to rely on outside evidence to prove the case. In July of this year the new chairman of the Communications Commission, former Congressman Anning S. Prall, in an address at the annual convention of the National Association of Broadcasters, completely let the cat out of the bag. Mr. Prall said in one breath that the Commission is expediting the work of eliminating programs “that seemed to be out of step with the requirements of law” and in the next that the Commission, “as you well know, can exercise no censorship whatever over programs.” No censorship—and yet Mr. Prall specified the broadcasting of certain melodramatic programs for children as peculiarly objectionable, and this in the paragraph immediately following his proud announcement that “there are still some one hundred station citations pending

involving programs." No censorship!

But Mr. Prall went still farther. Since the short-term license is the obvious point at which the pressure of censorship is directed, he concluded his speech thus:

"It is my hope that when you convene again, one year hence, you will report the broadcasting industry without an exception as having attained the goal of clean programming. Having accomplished that purpose, you should then take up for consideration and presentation to the Commission your claims for granting longer-term licenses."

Could the English language be clearer than that? What is the Commission's definition of "clean" programs? How is a station to know whether "Jack Armstrong" and "Little Orphan Annie" are in the good graces of Mr. Prall? Not only is this censorship, with a definite promise of reward for complete subservience attached thereto, but it is the most pernicious kind of censorship—a censorship based on personal tastes. Mr. Prall has set himself up as the Lord Chamberlain of American broadcasting. Many people—perhaps most—would agree that he is right in advocating a house-cleaning, but what he proposes is no remedy by specific regulation; it is purely and simply an attempt to do indirectly the very thing that Mr. Prall declares the Commission has no legal right to do at all.

Fancy such a suggestion delivered to the press! Fancy a newspaper being told that although it might operate in full accordance with the laws, the continued publication of matter which some government official disapproved of—possibly on the "funny page"—might result in its being put out of business. Imagine a public speaker being told that if certain Federal authorities did not happen to like his speech, even though it violated no law,

he might be denied the right ever to address an audience again.

It is absolutely beside the point to claim that up to now the Commission's powers of censorship have been used wholly in the public interest. Perhaps they have; so, according to his adherents, have Hitler's. The salient fact is that the Commission has those powers and uses them, and that the broadcasters are scared to death of them. It is true enough that the pressure has never been applied for political purposes, but plenty of broadcasters have thought, and with some reason, that it might be so used. Hence in part the attitude previously mentioned as characteristic of certain stations in the early days of the New Deal. It was never intimated, for instance, that every broadcaster should give the Alphabet Administrations all the time they wanted, but is it strange that many stations were afraid to turn down such requests—afraid that any refusal might turn up as a black mark in the Commission's judgment-book? Nor have their apprehensions been lightened by the fact that nearly all official communications from the Commission are signed by its secretary, the young man who was publicly designated by Postmaster General Farley as radio co-ordinator for the Democratic National Committee.

I have shown how this system of censorship began, and plead guilty to having been one of those who, in all good faith, started it eight years ago. I do not know that its general effect so far has not been salutary rather than the reverse. I do know that those who claim that there is no government censorship of broadcast programs are either quibbling over a definition or else distressingly wanting in frankness. I know, furthermore—and Mr. Prall's speech is proof of it—that the censorship is increasing rather than decreasing. Stations to-day are more subject

to extra-legal threats for alleged sins in programming, and far more alarmed about future possibilities, than they ever were in the past. That they so seldom openly complain is quite understandable; the Commission has all the good things of radio—power, frequencies, time—to give or to withhold. It is natural to fawn upon a Santa Claus who carries a formidable bludgeon in one hand.

The United States Supreme Court has yet to rule whether the censorship provision of the Communications Act, carried over intact from the Radio Law of 1927, means what it says. Some critics contend, as did Mr. David Lawrence in a recent editorial in the *United States News*, that the authority of the Commission is legally limited to physical and technical matters, and that any consideration whatsoever of programs, on no matter what pretense, lies outside its true powers. Such a strict definition of the law is the only possible way in which censorship can be eliminated. The moment the Commission goes beyond this—the moment it takes program quality and content into account in passing on applications for renewal of license—at that moment effective censorship begins. Longer licenses would do something toward mitigating its severity, but sooner or later the basic question will have to be answered. Then, if it is determined that radio is not entitled to that same measure of freedom which American tradition insists upon for other forms of public utterance, the law can be amended—as the Lord Chancellor solved the fairies' problem at the close of "Iolanthe"—by merely juggling one little negative. The clause, with the word "no" before "power" stricken out, will then read, "The Commission shall have power of censorship over programs"—which is exactly what it has, and uses, to-day.

IV

This, however, is not the only variety of censorship to which broadcast utterances are subject. Keep in mind our definition—that censorship is any limitation not applicable in like measure to those forms of publication which we regard as essentially free. Now let us consider the case of a person with some message the distribution of which he regards as important. Assuming that he has enough money or credit to cover the rent, he can hire a hall, perhaps not the one of his special choice, but one that will serve his purpose. In most communities he can make his speech free of charge in the open air. He can write out his message and send it to the newspapers—to any or all of several newspapers—and even if none of them will publish it, he can print it himself. There is, in other words, no inflexible limit to his chance of access to the public through speech or print. But even though he is willing and amply able to pay, he can by no means be sure that radio will be open to him.

Broadcasting, from its very nature, is a doubly limited monopoly. It is restricted, first, by the technical requirement that there shall be no more than a certain number of stations; second, by the hard fact that there are only so many hours in the day. Any community can enjoy as many newspapers as it is financially willing to support, and each one of them can print a theoretically unlimited number of pages in any edition. Nowhere, except in rare instances, is it now possible to secure a construction permit for a new radio transmitter, and no station can by taking thought add a single hour to its effective operating schedule. The moving finger of the Radio Commission has written and moved on, and, as repeated frustrations have demonstrated, not all the

piety or wit or bank balances of new applicants have sufficed to change one word of the allocations thus written. The "S. R. O." sign was hung out eight years ago, and now even the standing-room is gone.

This means, of course, that radio time is ardently sought after—though one would hardly think so when hearing how some of it is wasted—and that, in consequence, each station manager becomes in practice a local censor of the first magnitude. Not a blue-pencil censor—there is very little of that—but one who bangs the door in the faces of all applicants of whom he does not approve. He does this, not because he wants to, but because he must. He has only so many hours to deal out, and requests far in excess thereof. He has, furthermore, a definite responsibility to his station audience; he has to protect it so far as he can against the plague of bores, cranks, quacks, and self-exploiters generally who are the bane of his daily existence. When in doubt he plays safe; another dance band program may not add to his glory, but at least it will do him no immediate harm.

A couple of years ago, at a Congressional hearing, I was caught unawares by a sharp-tongued Representative who wanted to know all about "radio censorship." In self-defense I hastily coined the euphemism "editorial selection," which sounded well enough, and suggested a pretty parallel between radio and the press. But the analogy breaks down in this, that whereas the editor who rejects a contribution does not thereby prevent its appearance in print, the station manager who declines to broadcast a speech probably keeps it from ever getting on the air at all. Even where there are several competing stations, they are all in the same boat as to time, and there is nothing in radio to parallel the job printing press. My "editorial selection," there-

fore, as a disclaimer of managerial censorship was essentially just such a quibble as that of the Communications Commission when it says, "We can't censor your programs, but you'll be sorry if you broadcast anything we don't happen to like."

This type of censorship through exclusion seems to be inherent in the nature of broadcasting; it exists everywhere, under government even more than under private management. In the United States it is of necessity particularly marked in connection with national program delivery. There are only two companies operating radio networks which cover substantially the entire country, and, needless to say, their time is at a premium. Since it has repeatedly been held by the courts that broadcasting is not and cannot be a public utility, at least in any sense which would compel it to open its facilities on equal terms to all, a network or station is free to accept or reject programs as it chooses. Not even the President of the United States can legally command radio time, except in case of war or other proclaimed national emergency. So far as possible, both for their own protection and for the guidance of the public, both network companies have formulated and published statements of their general policy in the acceptance of programs, but inevitably there are numerous cases which conform to no set rule.

For example, both chains give time, free of charge, when it is requested by members of Congress or other high officials of the Federal government, except during election campaign periods, when all time used by or on behalf of parties or candidates is sold at advertising rates. But what happens when a Senator or Congressman wants to talk every week or two or insists that he cannot make his speech in less than an hour and a half? No possible rules

can cover all such cases, and they are not infrequent.

During the reign of General Johnson and the irrepressible Miss Robinson over N. R. A., both networks were made miserable by repeated requests—or, rather, demands—for time, often with scant notice. The worst of it was that one could never be sure when the voluble General got fairly started that he would ever stop; one of my stormiest days in Washington resulted from the literal execution of instructions that since a certain N. R. A. broadcast had been specifically requested for fifteen minutes only, the General was to be cut off at the end of that time, even if he was in the middle of a sentence. He was.

If Federal officials, always appreciative of a coast-to-coast audience, present problems for harassed broadcasters to solve, private organizations and individuals are still more perplexing. Learned societies, religious bodies, philanthropies, charities, industrial and labor groups, women's clubs, all the movements for the political and economic regeneration of the country, not to mention the countless individuals afflicted with messages to humanity at large, all want to get on the air, and are righteously indignant if they can't. Yet the most elementary mathematics proves that there would not be enough network time for half of them even if every entertainment program were eliminated. "Editorial selection" is the only possible answer, but those against whom it operates have some justification for calling it censorship, since by it they are virtually debarred from any use of radio on a national scale.

No matter what rules may be promulgated, the network executives of necessity wield an enormous discretionary power in their control of access to the national radio audience, and the rules themselves are little more

than codified expressions of this power. This applies alike to free and to sold time. It used, for example, to be a common practice to sell time to religious organizations, which, in connection with their broadcast services, more or less discreetly invited contributions. This is how Father Coughlin first attained national fame. It soon became apparent that broadcasts of this kind might be made thoroughly profitable to the sponsors, and applications from religious groups for network commercial time came in so fast as to threaten to turn radio into an ecclesiastical Babel. There was nothing for it but to adopt the policy that no further time would be sold for religious programs of any sort, and that no appeals for contributions would be permitted.

This effectually put an end to most of the large-scale commercialized radio religion, but the undaunted Father Coughlin found a way to beat the networks. Deprived of their facilities by the new ruling, he promptly made separate contracts with individual radio stations, leased the necessary connecting wires on his own responsibility, and thus created a once-a-week private network of his own. The cost has been tremendous, but nobody doubts that in one way or another Father Coughlin has found it worth while.

His exploit has had no parallels, although one quasi-religious group has accomplished a remotely similar result, chiefly through the wide distribution of its recorded programs. In general, however, any person or organization desirous of reaching the national radio audience can do so only by permission of one or other of the two major network companies. It is needless to add that most of the applications for network time are turned down, and that readiness to pay for a program by no means guarantees its acceptance.

Whenever network facilities are made available without charge there

is commonly little or no censorship of the ordinary kind, the policy of both companies being to select persons or groups of known discretion, and then to let them say pretty much whatever they choose. On this point the mass of evidence presented at the House and Commission hearings is conclusive; if there had been any considerable use of the blue pencil, it would certainly have been indicated by some of the scores of witnesses. As for sponsored programs, there has been a perennial battle between the advertisers, eager for more trade exploitation, and the broadcasters; but the adoption recently by the networks of more stringent rules regarding the character and quantity of advertising matter has been mutually beneficial.

If, in many ways, the broadcasters seem unduly timid—if they shy at the serious discussion of important controversial matters, particularly when they involve any of the popular taboos, while tolerating all sorts of cheap vulgarity in programs of alleged entertainment, it must be remembered that a network, and also each individual station associated with it, may be held liable by the courts for any defamatory utterance it sends out, even though it may show that it had no possible way of knowing that such defamation was contemplated. Likewise, it is liable in the court of public opinion for anything that may be regarded as offensive—and the radio audience is a very different matter from the more or less selected body of readers of any publication. This explains such an unfortunate episode as that of the scheduled broadcast last winter by Dr. Parran, Health Commissioner of New York, whose network speech was canceled at the last minute because he refused to delete several repetitions of the word "syphilis." Probably an error of judgment on the part of the network, and a clear case of censorship, but under-

standable to anyone familiar with the radio audience and its reactions.

The fact that broadcasting is inherently a limited monopoly—as the press, for example, is not—lays a heavy burden of social responsibility on the broadcasters, and particularly on the heads of the two major networks. The potential discretionary power today in the hands of Mr. Aylesworth and Mr. Paley, presidents of the two chain companies, is probably a good deal more than any two private individuals ought to have. That they have so far used it on the whole discreetly does not materially alter the case. The principal restraining influences are two: sensitiveness to public opinion, and, still more, the ever-present fear that the government may commandeer some or all of their facilities. But even with these restrictions, the opportunity for effective censorship through exclusion is very broad, and any such concentration of power in the hands of people who use it in connection with money-making has manifest dangers.

These dangers are certainly not lessened by the fact that the networks and stations alike, as commercial undertakings, are solely dependent on advertising revenues. That, up to now, there has been singularly little complaint, or ground for it, of influence by the advertisers over the non-commercial policies of the broadcasters is thoroughly creditable to both; but the fact remains that every cent that goes to defray the cost of radio programs and facilities comes out of some advertiser's pocket. The reader of a newspaper at least pays his two or three cents for it, and the newspaper publisher with a large paid circulation is emboldened thereby in an emergency to look his advertisers squarely in the eye. A radio station, despite repeated efforts to prove the contrary, has no such dependable measure of its acceptance by

the public, nor do its listeners directly contribute a single penny toward its maintenance. So far the advertisers have commendably kept hands off, but their control of the pursestrings puts yet another load of social responsibility on the broadcaster's shoulders.

V

Enough has been said—and the incidents could be multiplied indefinitely—to demonstrate that the only possible answer to the question "Is radio censored?" is an unqualified "Yes." It is censored by the Federal Communications Commission, despite the law, through interference with program quality and content, made possible by the threat of refusal to renew licenses; it is censored by the broadcasters themselves because, owing to the limitation of facilities, they cannot do otherwise.

The first type of censorship may or may not be publicly beneficial, but certainly it is not unavoidable. In view of the manifold abuses which may grow out of any extra-legal government activity of this sort, it would seem wiser, in the long run, for the Commission to stick to what is clearly its business—the promulgation and enforcement of adequate radio traffic regulations—and leave program censorship strictly alone. Violations of the laws governing public utterance can then adequately be dealt with in the case of radio exactly as in that of the newspapers or of ordinary addresses. A Commission which to-day openly disapproves of certain types of entertainment for children may to-morrow place its ban on expressions of minority opinion for their elders.

As for the other kind of censorship, the kind exercised by the broadcasters themselves, there seems to be absolutely no way of avoiding it. There cannot possibly be either stations or time enough to accommodate every-

body who wants to use them. Government operation, as in most foreign countries, is simply an exchange of King Log for King Stork, a last resort, to be considered only in the event of failure of the private companies to render acceptable service, and gross misuse of their powers of censorship by exclusion. The only answer is in a fuller recognition by the broadcasters and the public of the vast responsibility which the possession of such arbitrary power entails, and the replacement of such executives as see in radio simply a means for making money by persons with a truer sense of their obligations to society. Broadcasters have more authority than newspaper editors; but no one familiar with the two groups would argue that in breadth of vision, in education, or in courageous adherence to ideals the two groups are as yet on a par.

The American press has fought long and victoriously for freedom from censorship. It believes, and rightly, that a government-controlled press is a sure precursor of dictatorship. Broadcasting is in some respects more potent even than the press as a molder of public opinion. In most countries it has already lost even the simulacrum of liberty, and has become wholly subservient to whatever administration for the moment controls the machinery of government. In America such a possibility seems remote, but there are danger signals flying. And because the initial progress of any censorship is devious and furtive, concealing itself until it feels strong enough to emerge in the open, the worst feature of the present censorship is the denial that it exists. If we recognize it and call it by its true name, whether it is exercised by the government or by private individuals, we shall be better prepared to deal with it when, as will one day surely happen, it stands between the American people and freedom.



NIGHT WATCH

A STORY

BY OLIVER LA FARGE

GOOSE ISLAND, flat, sandy, and gray in the stormy dusk, broke the wind. The catboat slid into quiet waters of its harbor as though the little vessel sighed and relaxed gratefully. The tightness in the pit of Arthur's stomach let go; he was sure of himself again, relieved of a too great strain as he picked a spot clear of rocks, luffed, and beached her gently. There was the strange, complete cessation of motion and the cold wind whistling as he made all snug.

"We may have to stay here over-night," he said, fearful of the protests Sally would make. "Old Eben Waterman's shack's just behind the trees."

She nodded. "All right. I suppose it can't be helped. Mother will worry."

Evidently the pounding they had come through had impressed her, little though she knew of boats. That was some comfort.

"I guess mine will worry too, but she's used to the sea. It ought to blow out by morning. We couldn't do anything else."

"No. And really, Arthur, you handled her very well."

He made no answer. Her praise was not valid, and also inadequate. For a solid hour he had been contemplating imminent death, knowing that the storm was beyond the boat's capacity, his physical strength stretched to the utmost. He couldn't explain that,

any more than he could tell her that Waterman was a disreputable old poacher or make clear his humiliation at having let an older girl talk him into putting forth when he really knew better. The shelter which awaited them was dingy, no place for a girl. He was at odds with himself and the situation, tired, cold, lonely, oppressed by continuing responsibility beyond his years of having a girl on his hands, when his condition made him wish to sink back toward the little boy he so recently had been.

Finishing the last coil of rope, he said, "Well, I guess we might as well go."

They climbed out. He carried the grapnel inland and hooked it against a rock, with the line taut. There were two other boats in the cove, Waterman's old sloop at anchor and a dirty, heavy power-dory beached near their own vessel. Arthur did not recognize her.

They followed a path through beach-grass, over low dunes to a scattered growth of bay, thorn-apple, and wild cherry, stunted, twisted, and looking cold in the little remaining daylight. Now the storm reached them again, nearly full force. They could hear the seas pound on the windward side of the little island. Waterman's shanty showed two orange lighted windows ahead of them, a jumble of irregular, tar-paper extensions on a

shingled center, a round pipe chimney, and at one side a pile of lobster-pots almost as big as the house.

"Goodness, it looks like a smuggler's den." Sally shivered. "But I'll be glad to get in where it's warm. I'm soaked. We're almost castaways, aren't we?"

The romanticism seemed ill-timed. "He's an old poacher, shiftless you know," Arthur said.

Waterman might be drunk; there was no telling. Arthur knew him only as a man who had endless time for boys—little boys of ten and twelve—when he came to town, kindly and wise in many things, especially the sea. When one was older, recognizing his raggedness, his reputation, one saw less of him. Drunks were vague figures to Arthur's mind, seen on streets or in trolley cars, an evil terror about them. They said Waterman got drunk often. Then what to do? He braced himself.

The wind hummed around the shanty, making it tremble. Arthur knocked, was shamed by the betraying weakness of his first blow, then struck the door hard. He knew he was afraid of what had not yet happened, what might not happen. He seemed cowardly to himself. This was a situation in which one behaved like a man.

The door opened, the rich light within showing the old fisherman as he peered at them, a large man, stooped, unshaven, in dirty, heavy trousers and checked shirt. They noticed his wide, hard hands, hooked permanently ready for ropes.

"By gracious," he said, "it's Arthur. Come in, boy, and you, young lady. Stormbaound, I reckon?"

He stood aside to let them step into the thick, warm air within—a room with a table and chairs, a stove, a lamp, odd bits of gear, old sails, nets, unwashed dishes, oilskins, an oar, a barrel—a room too small for all it contained, so that even when one moved in the

clear space in the center one felt the need to dodge and step high.

Another big man, slouched in a chair tipped against the wall, looked at them with dull curiosity. He had fair hair, a heavy, stupid, vacuous, rather handsome face with a hard mouth, a big throat and red neck rising from his open shirt-collar. At the sight of Sally he rose slowly to his feet, his expression faintly livened.

Waterman looked about him with a smile. "Quite a party for this old island. This here's John Whitin'."

Arthur said, "This is Miss Lane, Mr. Waterman."

The old man bowed slightly. "Pleased to know ye. Set daown and make yourselves to home. We're fixin' a chaowder, I reckon there's a plenty for us all."

They found seats. Waterman took a place near the stove, where he could watch the brew preparing there. His eyes were lively, humorous in their deep, wrinkled setting.

"Ye put int' the cove?" he asked.

"Yes. We had to run for it."

"In the *Spindrif*?"

"Yes."

"Ye'd ought to 've known better, day like this and so late in the year."

Arthur made no answer. He couldn't say that the girl had put him up to it, that he'd let his judgment go because it flattered him when she addressed him as she did the older boys.

"Reckon ye'll have to spend the night here at Eben's hotel," Whiting said in a deep voice. "I will too, I guess. It's narsty aout and makin' up thick."

Arthur disliked this man on sight. Something jarring, aggressive about him. He merely nodded in answer.

"Ought to moderate by mornin'," Eben Waterman said.

"Aiyes, some. What kind o' vessel ye got, boy?"

"A catboat."

"One o' them little matchboxes I see in Quonochaug harbor?"

"She's small, but she's sturdy." Arthur bristled.

Whiting nodded and smiled tolerantly. "I know 'em. I'll give ye a tow home in the mornin'. The young lady can ride with me. Be more amusin' for her. Was ye ever on a real fisherman, Miss?"

Arthur squirmed inwardly while he waited for Sally's answer.

"I think I'll go with Arthur, thank you. He's a good sailor."

Whiting smiled, showing big uneven white teeth. "Spunky," he said. "Jest fine. Lady like you'd ought to take up with a real sailor."

Eben rose. "John, wash up some o' them dishes. Arthur, you and Miss Lane mought set the table with sech as ye can find. Chaowder's most ready."

The situation dissolved, but while they cleared the table and arranged the dishes, Arthur thought hard. Whiting was bad, mean. He'd like to make trouble. The kind of men who cat-called after girls and sometimes, while they loafed about the docks, said nasty things to boys to see if they understood them. He was unusually aggressive for a countryman. And Waterman would be little or no help. He was responsible, he wanted to do his duty. He had to take care of Sally, as if he were grown. How? That big man. He felt baffled, useless, disgracefully childish.

Sally talked to Waterman as though nothing were amiss—more, she was acting toward the ragged old man just as she did toward college boys, with that smiling attention, all those girl's tricks. He knew them, saw them with new completeness. When I grow up I'll never fall for *that*. Now, of all times! Eben was eating it up too, wise though the fisherman had always seemed.

The chowder, served with pilot biscuit, was very good. At first everyone was absorbed in eating, then Whiting, the edge off his first hunger, became over-solicitous in passing Sally biscuits, coffee, sugar, salt. Almost immediately she reopened her play with Waterman. Arthur began to suspect that there was reason in her behavior. A girl couldn't know what he did about rough men, but she would probably have an instinct. The old man responded with friendly, drawling talk of fishing, hunting—how one brings down ducks by lantern-light, "they come in so's ye could kill 'em with a hat-pin"—and by that route, to storms.

Arthur felt he should help keep the ball rolling—Sally included him and so did Waterman—but he couldn't. Fatigue and inner discomfort froze his thoughts, he was sunk fathoms deep in wordlessness, nervous and ill at ease. He glanced sidelong at the big man across from him with his bold eyes and loutish look. He wished they were well out of this.

Whiting laughed with talk-drowning boisterousness at one of Eben's remarks. "Yessir, that's true by Gard. Reminds me of a time I was to Montevideo."

He seized the conversation by main force. He was a blue-water sailor, he said; fishing just now as a makeshift.

"I ain't a-stayin' raound Rhode Island, not when I know them foreign parts. No sir. The girls here is too dull for a man like me; they don't know a good time when you show it to 'em. And it's too close here. I've traveled, I have, and seen plenty. I ain't a man to be cooped up. Naow in Noo Orleans one time . . ."

Arthur thought the tale which followed scandalous, doubly so since it was levelled right at Sally, a grotesque form of showing off. He could see the girl turn cold, her eyes downcast. Eben cut a plug of tobacco, pulled an

empty box near him with his foot, spat into it, and sat back as though he were enjoying the show. Whiting ran on, delighted in himself.

The storms he'd been through—he'd seen hurricanes, he had, he knew the sea. He detailed, boastful, improbable; aiming obvious, crude side-blows at college-boy summer sailors. Arthur sat with clenched hands, eyes on plate, despairing. What could he do?

Eben cleared his throat tremendously, spat, coughed, and said, "Wall, wall, wall" in mild tones at the end of the third saga.

"Too bad ye was never in sail, John."

"Haow?" Whiting flushed deeply.

"Too bad ye was never in sail. Them steamers is awful cranky in a blow."

"Why—uh—hell, sure I ben in sail."

"Have ye? I hadn't realized."

Eben's tone was still mild, with gentle surprise. "Sail makes a difference. In my time, I *sailed* clear to Chiny, more'n oncet, the Horn and the Cape o' Good Hope and the North Atlantic and all, but if ye want danger at sea, gimme a small boat right in these here waters. I mind me one time I had a little sloop, the *Lizzie H.*, and was headin' for P'int Judy. Wall, it come on to blow about the no'theast, and to blow, and then to blow. Thick too. I had to run under the bare pole finally; had to go right before it. Couldn't fetch the breakwater at all. I was alone, but young then and handy. It got dark and wet, and I could look daown int' the cabin to a pot o' stew on my stove, and I didn't dast leave the stick long enough to go daown and git it. A beamy little boat she was, but sweet to handle. Newport-built. She's ben bruk up these twenty years.

"Wall, by-and-by the marst alone was too much for her to carry, and she commenced laborin' somethin' awful. So I took th'axe and cut the shraouds and the pole went over, bruk off right

flush with the deck. Left her stripped clean, ye see; so then I lost steerage way and she broached to. So I druv a marlin spike into whar the marst had ben, stickin' up abaout a foot. She sailed nice with that, and when the tempest got worse I'd jest fetch the spike a tap with th'axe, drive it in another inch, and take a reef. Fetched Block Island jest at dawn, and beat into the harbor to windward under the label tore off the inside o' my oilskin breeches."

"Wall, let's tidy up."

Whiting had been nicely deflated. Arthur could see that he was angry without being able to take open offense.

"Ye got any rum?" the young man asked.

"I don't guess I have. Jug's empty," Eben answered.

"Bet ye have. Ye most generally do."

Whiting opened a locker, then another, and brought out a jug. "Here ye be, Eben. Jest the thing for a stormy evenin'."

"Wall, by gracious, didn't know there was any left."

Whiting rinsed mugs and set them on the table.

"Have a drink, Miss Lane?"

"No, thank you."

"Ye'd ought to try some, it'd do ye good. You're a grown lady, ye should commence to live. We'll have a real pleasant party."

"Thanks, I don't like it."

"Boy, have ye larned to drink yet? Big little man, hey?"

"No thanks."

"Eben, I don't need ask ye."

"That's right."

Sally and Arthur took chairs against the wall, close together. The boy could hardly look at her. He saw that she was glad to have him near-by, but what did it prove? This was what he had feared. He thrust his clenched

hands into his pockets, wondering whether, in a pinch, he could brain Whiting with a chair or find a knife to use. He could throw one pretty well, his elder brother had taught him.

The two men poured drinks—Whiting took a brimming mug—said, “here’s haow,” and drank. Whiting emptied his at a gulp; shortly he began to talk more rapidly, addressing Eben but eyeing Sally. After the second round his voice was louder and he seemed to be challenging the room. Eben remained placid, but his voice thickened, blurred.

“It ain’t goin’ to your head already?” Whiting asked.

“Seems so. I’m gittin’ old, I guess. Head’s feeble, and this here’s strong rum.”

Whiting laughed. “I’ve drunk a quart right daown and only jest ben started. In Havany one time . . .”

Eben rose, lurching, to get his plug. The boy visualized clearly drunkenness and riot. Fragments of things heard, books, Stevenson—the messy little cabin with its oil light, the many sea-goods piled round, was an indicated setting for murder, assault. Rape, the word forced itself at him, an appalling concept. His mouth was dry and his palms sweated. There was a big knife by the sink. If I can get to that. I’ll say I want water . . .

Returning, Eben stumbled, hit the table, and his outstretched arm sent the jug crashing down onto an anchor just beneath. The odor of rum filled the already smell-filled room.

Whiting leaped up, shouting, “Jesus, ye damn fool!”

“Oh my goodness,” Eben lamented, “oh my goodness, it’s all gone. Landed right on that mud-hook. Oh my goodness.” He sat down heavily. “Clumsy old fool.”

Stooping, Whiting retrieved a curved shard from which he poured a last mugful of the liquor.

“Here’s somethin’.” He drank it down. “Your head’s weak all right.”

The old man, clumsy and stumbling, picked up the pieces and mopped the floor.

“Reckon we’d all better turn in,” he said. “Party’s plumb spiled.”

Whiting seemed about to object, then he thought of something. His eyes darted quickly toward the boy and Sally. “Might’s well.”

“Miss Lane, there’s the bedroom in there. John, you can have the store-room yander; plenty sails, I reckon. Arthur, you and me’ll bunk here.”

“I’m not sleepy yet, Mr. Waterman,” Sally said.

Arthur nodded, and their eyes met. He too felt it was best to stay on watch.

“That’s right,” Whiting said. “Let the old man and the boy turn in. You and me’ll set up a spell.”

Arthur waited. The girl seemed to have no answer.

“Ought to be calm shortly after sunrise,” Eben announced, “and ye’ll be wantin’ to start early. Best turn in.”

“That’s right,” the girl replied, “I think I will go to bed. Good-night.”

Eben and Arthur said, “Good-night.” Whiting grinned unpleasantly. Through the thin wall they could hear the girl shoot the bolt in her outside door, then drag something heavy against the one into the kitchen. Whiting looked over at the two others as though making a calculation.

“Wall, good-night,” he said and went into the storeroom.

Eben indicated one of the two chairs which had arms. “Set easy, Arthur.” The drunken sound had left his voice.

The boy said, “I’m thirsty,” and crossed to the sink.

He took a long drink and sighed. Eben, still standing, watched him.

“Nice knife you’ve got.” He picked it up.

“Aiyes. Put it back.”

Arthur hesitated, obeyed. Eben

was against them then; the jug had been an accident. The old man smiled.

"D'ye know haow to clean a gun?"

"Yes." The question was surprising. What now?

"Ye might lend me a hand. Duck season's started, and I'm plannin' to git me some."

Eben took two shotguns and a box of materials from a locker. Handing Arthur one, he seated himself in the second comfortable chair, on the opposite side of the table, cradling the other.

"Ye'll find rags and all there, and the rod's in the corner."

Pulling up to the table, Arthur started. He would like to have loaded it and regretted the necessity of taking the weapon apart. Eben seemed to be acting according to a plan.

"That's right; my fingers is kind o' stiff for sech work. This here now," he patted the worn hammerlock in his hands, "my daddy give it to me when I was a boy. She's still good. I keep her loaded." He opened the breech, showed the shells, and snapped it shut with a resonant click which must have been audible throughout the house, for all the continued tearing of wind outside. "Many a goose I bagged with her before they had all these dumb laws. Still do, times when my luck's in. Too many laws we got. Now they talk abaout forbiddin' rum, but the country won't never stand for it."

His talk ran on, amiable, easy, garrulous, and interesting. Since he was quite little Arthur had liked to listen to him; he knew that half the hunting tales recorded illegal sport; he thought that some of the sea stories were lies, but he listened, and his tenseness slackened.

When he had done a good job removing the last of the few rust spots, he said, "There!" and put the gun together.

"Stick it in the closet, boy."

Arthur hesitated.

Eben said very quietly, in a different voice, "Guns can be serious. Serious things is what we're aimin' to avoid right naow. You're all right, boy, but put it away."

Arthur obeyed and sat down again. He felt drowsy. There was the orange lamp flame, the heat of the stove, the old man slouched in his chair with his over-long, old cannon across the arms of it, the nasal, easy voice with its thick accent continuing:

". . . blowin' so cold I up-ended my skiff to make a windbreak, and the birds comin' drivin' past in the flyin' snow. I'd have to stop to beat my hands together while big bunches, geese and duck and teal, went by, and then I'd shoot again. I warn't more'n your age, and in them days things was plentiful . . ."

Arthur's attention wandered. Conservation, his father's opinions.

". . . under six inches we put 'em on the fields for fertilizer. I seen the skip-jack crowdin' into Narrow River so's they jammed at the bridge and had to mill and jump over one another to git on upstream. One time me and Eliphalet Calhoun . . ."

A very bad thing had been held off for a long time, but he'd thrown away his talisman, and now terror had caught up with him. He opened his eyes suddenly. Eben slept in his chair, still holding the gun. The lamp burned the same, with a tiny humming noise, the storm pounded outside. The place was changed, lonely, secret. Whiting's door was slowly opening; the man showed behind it, he came into the room, barefoot, moving slowly, enormous. He stopped, his head turned cautiously about, the pale-blue eyes met Arthur's. Without hesitation a big arm shot out to clamp rough fingers about the boy's throat.

"One yip aout o' ye, ye little bastard . . ."

Arthur felt his insides melt and fall away as he stared at Whiting's face, receiving the hot, liquor-heavy breath. The man removed his hand, eyed the boy, grinned, and straightening, tiptoed with painful caution round the table, toward Eben.

I've got to wake him. I can't. I must. He'll kill me. I must. He'll get the gun, that's ruin. Must. Must. Agonizingly nerving himself, he tried to shout, producing a mouselike, futile murmur:

"Eben."

Whiting whirled round.

"Eben!" he called shrilly.

Whiting stepped toward him; he cowered. Eben snorted, moved. The big man looked over his shoulder, muttered something at the boy, and slipped back into the storeroom with a quick, silent stride, shutting the door softly.

Waterman looked about him. "What—I must ha' snoozed. D'ye call?"

Arthur still felt limp, his mouth dry. He jerked his head toward Whiting's door.

"D'he come in?" Eben asked softly.

Arthur nodded.

"I vow!" Well awake now, the fisherman studied the boy. "Ye look upset. He threatened ye?"

Arthur nodded again.

"Move your chair over here. We might talk a bit. See if there's any coffee left; a spot would set well."

Arthur hefted the pot, and poured them each a half-cupful. "That's all."

"It'll do. Hark at that wind aout-side; notice it's kind o' puffy naow? Lets up times? It's beginnin' to blow itself aout." He cut himself a chew. "Puts me in mind o' one time I visited with Jack Palmer, when he was tendin' Whale Rock Light. Gard save me from bein' a lighthaouse-keeper. Every time one o' them big waves bruk over the rock, she fair danced, and

everything below decks rattled. I arsked him, didn't he mind it, and he says no, it was the quiet nights bothered him worse. Lighthaouse-keepers gits funny sometimes, if they're too much alone. They was a Dutchman in the Malay Straits one time . . ."

Eben was reaching back into the wide seas of his youth, fishing up matter certain to hold a boy's attention in spite of himself, to occupy his mind. The drag of recent fright let go as Arthur listened, fascinated and wakeful. The Malay Straits, the Yellow Sea, the Far North—Russian revenue cutters and the sealing trade. The old man paused and sighed.

"I seen plenty, I done plenty, some good, some bad. I was pretty bad as a youth, I guess. Got a good bit o' meanness in my system still. As I was, so I acted; as I be, so I act. I didn't fool myself none, and I was smart enough to be thorough and able at whatever foolishness I started. But him, naow," he jerked his head toward the storeroom, "his trouble is he's tryin' to be bad. He never did have narthin' under his thatch anyway. Even if he's ben to all the places he's laid tongue to, he ain't never ben nowhere. Nor never will. The little life he's seen in ports has given him one-eighth of an idee abaout himself; and bein' as he's narthin' but a bull in human form anyway, he jest keeps on a buttin' along that way. A deck-hand, that's all—ye look at a man like that and figger if he stays aout o' jail he'll wind up in a squatter's shanty. Not like me, because I like to make my own haours and my own rules and I love my own company, but because there jest ain't narthin' on earth for him to be.

"He's half-seas-over naow and spoilin' for a fight, but I guess one way or another we'll aoutsmart him."

Arthur listened without comment, feeling new trust in his companion, re-

assured of his capacity and awareness. He could see that what he said was true. But a bull can be dangerous; this man was so big.

"When I was boatswain on the barque *Pleiades*, there was an Irish feller before the mast, I remember . . ."

Eben's voice was pitched low, almost whispering, giving his talk a confidential, intimate quality. No other sound competed against the storm—he owned no clock. The night glided by.

Sharp and clear, startling, Sally's voice cried, "Who's that?"

They heard her outside door rattle as it was shaken hard, and stiffening to attention, heard Whiting's answer from beyond it.

"It's me, John. I want to talk with ye." The door rattled again.

"Go away."

"Aw, listen, Miss Lane, give me a chance. I'm thinkin' and thinkin' of ye, and I got to talk with ye. Don't be scairt of me. All ye know is them college boys, and maybe I seem rough, but I'm all right. I'm real . . ."

A hard puff of wind drowned out his voice. Eben nodded.

"Ye see? He believes in stories. He reads them cheap magazines with the showy colors, and he listens to lies in the forecastle, and by gum, he thinks it's life. Pathetic."

They heard him again, in snatches, and again Sally's clear, frightened, "Go away. It's too late at night to talk now."

"Naow's jest the time. Don't ye be frightened. Ye ain't never lived, that's what's ailin' ye. Leave me show ye. Let yourself be bad, girl, and commence to live. It ain't often ye'll . . ."

Eben half chuckled. Arthur squirmed in his chair.

"Mr. Waterman—" he began, and choked. He felt himself tremble, was sure that he was white.

"Right ye are, boy, it's too hard on

the lady, though she ain't a-goin' to take no harm from it. We'll fix it in a minute."

Reaching for an oily rag, he dabbed at an invisible rust spot on his gun. He seemed to meditate, then he grinned and raised his head, speaking in a loud voice.

"Sets me in mind of a Cape Cod man called Tewitt was courtin' a Spanish lady in Callao." His voice was that of a man giving orders aboard ship, not shouting, but every word clearly carrying through the thin shanty walls. Whiting's appeal ceased. "Tewitt was aoutside one o' them barred, Spanish windows, ye know, and the lady inside was tryin' to git some sleep. Wall, he went on and on, a-pleadin' and a-boastin', and finally the lady, she up and called aout:

"'Papa,' she yells, 'papa, there's somethin' aout here smells like a lobster-crate and talks like an ape, what'll I do abaout it?'

"And her pa, he answers, 'Likely it's some durned net-robber got adrift in deep water. Put a cake o' soap on the window-sill and he'll run a mile.'"

Eben laughed deeply, then they sat silent. Soon enough they heard Whiting return to the storeroom. Sally's door opened, and she came in, a trifle pale but with a spark of amusement in her eyes.

"Come right in, Miss Lane, and set with us. We was wakeful, sort of, and I ben tryin' to git the rust off'n this old gun o' mine." He scrubbed with the rag as he spoke. "That's right, make yourself easy."

"I don't feel sleepy either." She smiled at him and then at Arthur.

"I was jest tellin' the boy 'baout the big storm of '86. I had a schooner then, tradin' garden-truck and sech, and I was comin' up from Block Island . . ."

Arthur listened at first, then he

meditated. The whole situation became clear to him, he took its pattern into himself, gravely adding to his structure, his growth—the precarious balance which an old man maintained between humor, absurdity, and a loaded shotgun, the trouble eased aside each time. Not at all like the books, but there was something of Jim Hawkins in his own part. Perhaps a boy cannot be a man, but he can be the best of what there is in boys. He had had a part, and no slight one. Eben had used him, from their first arrival when he felt so alone and helpless. Eben had been using him right along for this end, wisely planning and fore-

seeing. That was something to remember.

Waterman rose and opened the door onto freshness and a truly blue quality in the night. "Dawn comin'," he said, "and not more than a reef breeze naow." He cocked his head, listening. "John's pullin' aout; there's his motor startin'. Seems so he couldn't wait for breakfast. We'll fix a mess o' fish, and pretty soon it'll be light, and with the wind droppin' so, jest fine for yachtin'. Will ye rinse the coffee pot, Miss Lane?"

As he walked to the storeroom for supplies he paused by Arthur. "You're all right, boy, ye'll do fine."

OCTOBER FANTASY

BY DAVID MORTON

*SO GOLDENLY for days has autumn gone,
Day flowing into golden day, and night—
Even the night—no longer black but wan
Of something more than darkness, less than light,
Till all the shining hills are strangely seen
Familiars altered in the eyes of men,
And trees no more will learn the way of green
From any spring—if spring should come again.*

*These golden airs to-day where birds are going,
Seeking the south, will leave no bird the same;
There men will see a thing beyond their knowing,
In alien birds no man of them could name—
From countries to the north, so strange of weather
That all the birds are golden, beak and feather.*



STRIKEBREAKING INCORPORATED

THE STORY OF A LUCRATIVE AMERICAN INDUSTRY

BY EDWARD LEVINSON

STRIKEBREAKING is a profitable business. It is a singular thing that in all the literature devoted to the various ways of making money, all the volumes about the romance of American industry, no space has been devoted to what has been for years, and still is, a unique money-making business. That is the business of organized strikebreaking. If differences between a manufacturer and his employees reach a point where a strike is declared the manufacturer has three choices. He may capitulate to the strikers; he may negotiate with them and attempt to compromise; or he may determine to break the strike. If he chooses the last course, as he often does, he does not simply hang out a "Men Wanted" sign and proceed to hire new men who are willing to work on the terms rejected by the strikers. On the contrary, he telegraphs at once to a strikebreaking agency—if, indeed, salesmen for these firms have not been on his doorstep for many days—and proceeds to talk business. Once the terms of the deal are fixed, Strikebreaking Incorporated begins its work. It is not an attractive business; it is often bloody and murderous, and it is manned by as choice an army of thugs and mercenaries as you would care to meet; but it is highly profitable. It is a curious fact that this industry which thrives on industrial warfare exists in no other country in the world except the United States,

and it is high time that the business be opened up for analysis and discussion.

To-day the best known, though no longer the most extensive, of the strikebreaking agencies is that operated by a gentleman named Pearl L. Bergoff, whose bare offices and waiting room full of eager strikebreakers are located behind the ornate façade of a Fifth Avenue building in New York. In the past twelve months Mr. Bergoff has managed in one way or another to get himself into the public eye, and any survey of the industry may well begin with this man. As one of the outstanding strikebreakers (he lays claim to being the third and reigning Strikebreaker King) his methods richly illustrate the technic of the profession. His direct and thorough manner with strikers somewhat justifies the title of "Red Demon" which the newspapers bestowed upon him twenty-five years ago.

Young Bergoff came out of the West in 1895 to make his way in New York. He worked as a "spotter" on the street railways, and as a tracer of delinquent debtors for installment houses. After this he became a detective, and worked frequently for Abe Hummell, "vermin of the New York Bar," whom William Travers Jerome sent to jail. Hummell retained Bergoff as bodyguard for Stanford White. Soon after this the

great architect was killed by Harry K. Thaw. Bergoff had been resourceful enough to place some of his operatives in the employ of Thaw as well as of White. This made him a detective of unusual value in the case, and District Attorney Jerome hired him to aid in the prosecution of the erratic Pittsburgh millionaire. There followed sharp differences over Bergoff's expense accounts. Soon after this, Bergoff left the detective field for industrial service.

When Bergoff first entered strike-breaking in 1907 the general pattern and methods of the profession had already been set, though not so firmly as to preclude innovations by an alert practitioner. Allan Pinkerton and his sons in the 70's became the first extensive strikebreakers, though they never cared for the titles of king and royal family. The Pinkertons supplied "guards for life and property," not men to take the place of strikers. They considered the distinction important. Jack Whitehead, with his "Forty Thieves," was the first to mobilize armies for shipment over the nation wherever men quit for better pay or shorter hours of work. He operated in the decade-and-a-half that preceded the turn of the century. Jim Farley (not to be confused with the present Postmaster General) was his successor. Farley has given the profession a tradition and a set of myths which have since been the scant solace of several generations of scorned strikebreakers. Farley was said to have been a brave man and a generous one, and to have insisted that his men were all trained mechanics, each an expert in the strike-breaking job he undertook. There is a fable that Farley never broke a strike in which the strikers were paid less than two dollars a day. By the development of these myths, strikebreakers since Farley's day have endeavored to destroy the common belief that

strikebreakers are a crew of treacherous, incompetent, and mercenary men.

Farley's last great strikebreaking crusade was in San Francisco in 1907, when the "unwhipped mob" which so enraged General Funston staged a campaign of strikebreaker annihilation. Twelve men were killed in the strike battles and two hundred and fifty-two were wounded. Henceforth the Farley men fought under the Red Demon's command, and for eighteen years Bergoff's name was the most influential in the strikebreaking field. Burns and Pinkerton men excelled in industrial espionage; Baldwin-Felts men worked more intensively in their special fields, the coal mines of West Virginia and Colorado; but when it came to recruiting large armies of strikebreakers, as distinguished from guards, first call usually went to Bergoff.

The Red Demon has divided his men into three principal departments, in reality selling points rather than actual divisions of his organization. These have been the "Undercover Department—male and female mechanics and workpeople . . . to furnish accurate information of the movements and contemplated actions of their fellow employees; Openshop Department—to keep the wheels of industry moving during a strike; Protection Department—composed of big disciplined men . . . for the protection of life and property."

Within the profession less formal descriptions are used. The men hired by a strikebreaking organization to keep the wheels of industry moving are "finks"; the guards are "nobles," while the spies are "boots." It was imaginative members of the I.W.W. who first called strikebreakers "finks." They borrowed this underworld term used to designate "a criminal who is dissatisfied with his loot" and gave it a new significance: one who betrays his

fellow-workers for money. The professional strikebreakers have accepted the designation with complete unconcern as to its implications.

The nobles, most of whom are gangsters, act as overseers as well as guards. Finks are frequently unreliable. Some will enlist as strikebreakers for the sake of free transportation and then try to desert. Others will flee at the first sign of violence, while still others will discover, belatedly, that the jobs for which they signed up are strikebreaking affairs. In these cases the guards have the additional duty of keeping the finks in line. During the strike of New York's hotel waiters and cooks in 1912 Bergoff signed a contract with the Holland House which illustrates this function. "We also agree," said the pact, "to furnish guards, these men to be thoroughly experienced with strike work *and to do all in their power to prevent all help from deserting their posts* and to conduct this strike on a businesslike basis."

Within the ranks of the nobles and finks there are castes. From the nobles are drawn the captains and lieutenants—"captains of the guard" Bergoff calls the former. The finks are divided into two large classes. About half of them are "the hunger scabs"—men who take the work in desperation. To the profession they are the "one-time finks" who sign up for one strike and, for one reason or another, are never seen again. Most of these come from the ranks of the unemployed. Others are too incompetent to hold regular jobs or too old to keep up with the machines to which they once gave their strength. Some are men barred from unions because of high dues or the closing of unions to newcomers. The other half of the finks are shiftless men who do not care to work longer than a week or two at a stretch; adventurers eager for the freebooting of the strikebreaker

armies; or criminal types—from petty thieves to larcenists and murderers—to whom the confusion of a strike offers easy opportunities for looting.

The experienced finks are clannish. Among themselves they talk freely, and most frequently their topic of conversation deals with some "shake-down" or prospective piece of thievery. The prospects of loot are uppermost in their minds, though they know that the company which retains them makes every effort to remove, nail down, or padlock anything of value that may be movable. The highest ambition of most finks is to become stool-pigeons, but more immediately the fink is concerned with what he can get out of a strike in addition to his wage stipend of \$2.50 or \$3.00 a day.

Finks have stolen everything from plumbing fixtures to \$50,000 worth of furs. In a teamsters' strike of 1910 four of them made off with the furs; at McKee's Rocks they stole one another's old clothes; during the New York transit strike of 1916 some of the nobles placed the finks on half-rations, took their food from the commissaries, and peddled it to the neighborhood grocers; in the Brooklyn Rapid Transit strike of 1920 the finks pilfered cheap army blankets. On one occasion when they were sent to sea in some coastwise steamers they pocketed every piece of tin dining utensil; during the elevator operators' strike of 1934 they stole the piping from the abandoned Babies' Hospital, where Bergoff had quartered them, pending a call to actual duty.

The dishonesty of the fink never has such free play as in trolley strikes. A strike on the street car lines is, in the language of the fink, "A Christmas Dinner." There is never much chance of a "one-time fink" getting a job on the street cars. The regulars fill the rolls at once. Trolley strikes mean loot with the approval of the owners. A trolley car to a fink crew is a letter

of marque to steal the fares, short-change the passengers, and operate the car on whichever street pays best. When a strike becomes less effective and the company makes efforts to collect its fares, the finks will desert in droves. During the strike which Bergoff broke for the B.R.T. in 1920 the company conceived the novel idea of selling tickets for rides before one boarded the car, thus leaving the finks with nothing to collect but pieces of paper. Immediately the finks went on strike themselves, and for an hour on a hot Sunday afternoon no cars were moved from the Coney Island depot. The finks won their strike.

The loot does not belong to the finks alone. The captains and lieutenants are not sentimental men, nor are they in the business because of their devotion to law and order or to the principles of the open shop. Their wage in the old days was usually the same as that of the finks. But they had other sources of income during a strike—and the chief source was the lowly fink. A fink's \$2.50 a day is not his own, nor his extra pickings on street cars or other spoils, unless he can bury them somewhere until the strike is over. During every hour of a strike the captains demand and collect their tribute. Bergoff calls his captains the "muscle-men." For the dignity of the profession he terms them outsiders. Actually, the opportunity to fleece the finks is part of the price an agency has to pay for the services of gangsters to whom the paltry pay of a noble would be as nothing compared to the rewards of their normal vocation.

The finks are herded together, virtual prisoners in their barracks. They may not venture out for cigarettes, drinks, or amusements of any kind, lest they fall into the hands of the strikers. To fill their needs the captains step forward. For a pastime they provide gambling. Bring ten finks together

and automatically a pair of dice will begin to roll. The dice are provided by one of the nobles acting as a "stooge" for the captain. They are usually loaded. When they are not phony an agent of the captain who is an adept at substituting loaded dice for good ones will take part in the game. When the finks number five or six hundred in a car barn or factory loft, three or four games will flourish at once and continue through the night. A car barn with five hundred finks in it is worth from \$500 to \$1,000 a day, Bergoff has estimated.

Next to the crap game, the most lucrative of the concessions is that which goes to the "crumb-boss." The crumb-boss decides that the fink needs somebody to look after his cot, blanket, and pillow—when pillows are provided. He will guarantee the hard-pressed fink a place to rest his head upon payment of twenty-five or fifty cents a day. He will always manage to have ten or fifteen cots fewer than are needed, so that the danger of sleeping on the ground is made a real one. Ostensibly the crumb-boss has another function, from which, incidentally, his title derives. His assistants will see to it that no vermin are permitted to nestle in the bed. This is a promise he is rarely able to keep. Among the lordly nobles, finks are also known as "louse-catchers."

A fink may sometimes avoid the crap game, but he cannot escape the crumb-boss. Nor can he escape the nobles who have been assigned the overlordship of the mess room and the sphere of influence centering about the kitchen. Each takes his fee. Another potentate sets up a cigarette-and-cigar-stand on the premises and by virtue of his monopoly charges twice the normal price of his commodity. The concession to sell liquor always goes to the noble whom the captain has designated to run the cigar-counter for him. In

all this the "one-time fink" is of course the easiest prey for the captains and their lieutenants among the nobles. But, on the whole, the experienced finks too bow before their fate.

During the Wilkes-Barre car strike of 1915 and 1916, one of the longest and most profitable of the many Bergoff campaigns, someone among the overseers hired a prostitute by the day and then retailed her to the finks. The Wilkes-Barre strike illustrated one of the difficulties that accompany the concession system. When a strike did not require too great a number of strikebreakers Bergoff could draw his captains, lieutenants, and nobles from among the forces of a single gang. With the necessity for hiring several hundred men, two or three gangs from New York and still others from Chicago would be called in. Then the competition for the right to despoil the finks became keen. Fights and brawls were frequent, dividing the barracks into constantly warring groups. Guns and knives would be brought into play, and nobles would slash one another in a manner they usually reserved for strikers.

The functions of strikebreakers do not include the operation of factories or traction systems left idle by the strikers. Strikebreaking is rather, in the case of finks, a matter of putting up a show of activity and thus destroying the morale of the strikers. Meanwhile it can be expected that the activities of the nobles will strike terror into the hearts of the strikers or precipitate violence which will bring public opinion, and perhaps the police or military, behind a move to end the walkout. Companies who hire strikebreakers do not, except in rare exceptions, keep them on when the strike is ended. Strikebreakers are what the word implies, not "replacements" or new workers filling the place of the old.

II

Bergoff has sent his army against workers in more than 300 strikes since 1907. Over a period of ten years, from 1914 to 1924, the Red Demon and his partners divided \$10,000,000 in income. In 1909 the Pressed Steel Car Company at McKee's Rocks, Pennsylvania, called the Bergoff bureau to its aid. The determined strikers staged a fifty-day siege of the fink barracks, while inside, the nobles ruled a panic-stricken army with club and fist. Rebellion broke out within the stockade, while eleven strikers and guards were killed outside. The Federal Department of Justice came on the scene and caused the arrest of Bergoff and his aides for peonage. Only the speedy settlement of the strike, in victory for the workers, halted the prosecution. In Philadelphia a year later, Bergoff under-cover men prepared a blacklist of 612 union men, of whom 125 were promptly discharged. A strike with more than the usual amount of rioting and bloodshed followed. As a result of the disruptive work of Bergoff under-cover men within the union, the walkout ended in defeat for the strikers. The agency reaped its gains for years after. Bergoff sent his spies from city to city, ferreting out blacklisted Philadelphia strikers. When one of them was discovered, the agency immediately despatched letters of warning to the traction managers. The former strikers lost their new jobs, and with their families moved once more in search of new employment. This service the Bergoff agency performed gratis as an indication of its efficiency and a sample of the type of work it was prepared to offer.

At Perth Amboy in 1912, nobles killed four strikers in wanton manner, according to the local authorities. Six months later there was a measure of revenge for labor when two strike-

breakers went down before shots in an attack by strikers at the coal docks in Edgewater, New Jersey. Bergoff sent his hosts to Bayonne in 1915, and, according to the U. S. Commission on Industrial Relations (1915), "they shot without provocation at anyone and everyone who came within sight and the killing of at least three strikers and the wounding of several more is directly chargeable to these guards." The Commission's investigators interviewed Bergoff's partner, James B. Waddell, who "admitted that he has no prejudice against ex-convicts, but, on the contrary, finds many of them particularly valuable for the work at hand." Soon after, New York State revoked Bergoff's detective license for withholding wages of his men, but his business suffered not at all. The license was merely window-dressing.

The Red Demon has a facial tic which is said to date from Kansas City in 1918, when the populace of the city joined the labor unions in deporting 800 of his finks and nobles. A lynching party searched for the Demon's brother, Leo Bergoff, but Leo saved his life by joining the mob and shouting as lustily as the next would-be lyncher for his own neck. The year 1920 was the Red Demon's banner year—\$700,000 from the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company and \$1,225,000 from the Erie Railroad to combat the "outlaw" railroad strike. Bergoff retired from the fray temporarily in 1927, only to return two years later to recapture his crown. The Standard Oil Company of New York in 1929 gave him lucrative employment—\$175,000 gross for two weeks—and he was on the road to success again. In 1934 Bergoff sent his army, or part of it, to Milwaukee; but the Socialist Mayor, Daniel W. Hoan, immediately arrested all he could lay his hands on. A few months later the Bibb Manufacturing Company hired 150 nobles to police the town

of Porterdale, Georgia. The heavily armed guards included fifteen criminals, among them three who had been convicted of manslaughter, one of whom was made a captain of the guard; a drug addict who had recently completed a jail term for corrupting the morals of a minor; a convicted larcenist; and a felonious assault artist who had served a term in Sing Sing for shooting a woman. Their second day in the textile town brought a reign of terror and appeals to Governor Tammidge, who deported the nobles and replaced them with national guardsmen.

Bergoff has given freely of his men in service to American industry, yet the score is altogether in their favor. If the record of fatalities in nine major strikes which Bergoff tried to break were reduced to box-score simplicity, the table would show:

Strikers killed by strikebreakers, 17; strikebreakers killed by strikers, 6; men, women and children killed by strikebreaker-driven trolley cars, 21; bystander killed by strikebreaker, 1; strikebreakers killed at work, 3 (two of them on trolleys); strikebreakers killed by strikebreakers in barracks, 4; strikebreakers killed in Bergoff's New York office, 2. Total killed: 54.

III

Though the field for professional strikebreaking is to-day narrowed by company unions, by racketeers (themselves introduced into industry as gangster nobles), and by private espionage systems such as those maintained by the automobile industry and the United States Steel Corporation, there is not a large city in the country where private detective agencies will not be glad to furnish informers, finks, and nobles. Of the 187 licensed detective agencies in New York, fifty-five make urgent solicitation for strikebreaking work. Their technic differs only in degree from that of the Red Demon,

while half-a-dozen have had careers fully as violent as that of the Bergoff Service Bureau.

John F. Sherman passed on to his reward in March, 1933, but the system he built continues. From the central office of the Sherman Corporation, Engineers, at 22 East 40th Street, New York City, there are threads of espionage that cover the nation, and in one year brought Sherman enough of an income to warrant his paying a tax to the Federal government of \$258,000. The Thomas A. Edison Laboratories have used Sherman spies, as have the American Woolen Company, Bell Telephone, American Sugar Refinery, Sperry Gyroscope, Illinois Steel, and Standard Roller Bearing companies. The Sherman Corporation exploits the newest specialty of the strike-breaker. It is called "Strike Prevention." As Thomas P. McGuire, vice-president of the organization, explains it:

We send representatives into the plant where there is trouble and through us they endeavor to instruct the workers along constructive instead of destructive lines. They try to point out to them what the teaching of the radical agitator, bolshevik, socialist, or whatever you want to call them will bring them to.

The Pinkertons' National Detective Agency, Inc., has offices in every large city, and yields to none its claim to be the most effective spy bureau in the land.

We have (it says) unequalled facilities through special service in plants, factories and business houses to expose and correct existing faults and abuses such as radicalism, discontent, dishonesty, inefficiency.

This is what is known as "preventive work." Should a strike break out, nonetheless, the Pinkertons have means to correct that situation too. Thus T. J. Ryan, assistant superintendent of the agency in New York, explains a special strike service:

We specialize in "ropers." The "ropers" are a higher grade of men than the ordinary strikebreakers. They dress like strikers and mingle with them. They find out the men who are weakening, who might be argued into returning to work. They work on them, sometimes visit their homes. They send their names to their employer so that he can get in touch with them.

William J. Burns completed his earthly detective work in 1932, but his sons carry on the William J. Burns International Detective Agency, with special industrial and radical departments, in thirty-two cities. The Thiels, from their central office in St. Louis, and the Baldwin-Felts men from their West Virginia base, are in as great demand as ever, though little has been heard of them publicly of late. Most of their work is the less spectacular spying. St. Louis also has the Pattee Service which supplies spies, strikebreakers, and guards, and the Carl Swinburne Agency which offers similar services. Chicago has a nest of ready strikebreaking agencies, numbering between seventy and eighty. In Pittsburgh there is the agency headed by Teddy Roberts, who was trained by the Railway Audit and Inspection Company. Coal and steel strikes in West Virginia and Pennsylvania have been his special fields of operation. Philadelphia has the main office of the Railway Audit and Inspection Bureau. Cleveland harbors the American Plan, which hopes to become a central clearing house for all information gathered by spy agencies and strikebreakers. Already a considerable amount of data has been exchanged, though most agencies oppose this centralization as a menace to their own rich sources of income. The American Plan specializes in education to convince the laborer that unions are rackets. The West Coast has Black Jack Jerome. Boston has the Frank L. Scott Detective Agency which considers the textile

industry its special sphere. Newark, New Jersey, and nearby cities have the Coberly agency, the Cosgrove agency, Tim Manning, who gives most of his time to the silk weavers and dyers, and the New Jersey National Detective Agency.

Harry S. Mousley, "principal" of the Aetna Judicial Service, of New York, is nothing if not specific and his offer of services is instructive as well as confident. He writes:

Permit us to suggest that labor troubles can never develop where employers are forewarned and know the cause. We have facilities to collect various data for you through circuitous methods of operation. In simple terms, we secretly install undercover operatives in the factory, mill, office or shop. These operatives are selected for their past experience, ability, and certain knowledge that enables them to work unobserved while gathering the data required. Ostensibly they are fellow workmen to those under observation; mechanics, laborers, doing whatever work will give them the best opportunities to gather facts.

The American Confidential Bureau, headed by Charles W. Hansen, has the germ of a great idea in labor espionage. Hansen tells of his plan in a red-covered pamphlet, *The Hand of Crime*. The idea, in a nutshell, is to fingerprint all workers and thus build up an all-inclusive blacklist. Hansen envisages a nation of workers properly fingerprinted, photographed, and minutely described, and labeled in his files as thief or agitator. "The employer is guided too much by exterior appearance," Hansen warns. The Protective Department of the American Confidential Bureau corrects this mistake. Fingerprints are taken and compared with those in existing files. Once an employee is fired and his prints are on file he can "never again find employment with other companies using the same service. *A man can change his name but never his fingerprint.*" (The italics are Hansen's.)

Enumerating the advantages of his system, Hansen says:

Members are protected against undesirables, such as petty thieves, criminals, labor agitators, etc., thus ridding each member of the hazard of employing anyone who has been discharged for cause by other members.

H. S. Boulin supplies Negro spies to mingle with black-skinned workers. He deals in Negro finks and nobles too, and his list of clients is long and impressive. The Braun International Detective Bureau is "ready at a minute's notice to supply any number of men or women to replace strikers and also to supply guards on such occasions." The Cities Service Detective Bureau does not promise quite such great speed, but is "able to supply within a few hours any number of men to act as guards, laborers, or skilled mechanics for strikes or labor disorders."

Captain Robert K. Foster and his agency are given to the National Erectors Association and other construction and steel interests. Before the Lockwood Committee, investigating housing in New York, Captain Foster admitted his creation of a network of spies in building and steel unions. He was a recalcitrant witness and defied the committee to obtain details from him. In his letters of solicitation of business, Foster has been less backward. He makes two promises:

FIRST:—I will say that if we are employed before any union or organization is formed by the employers, there will be no strike and no disturbance. This does not say that there will be no unions formed, but it does say that we will control the activity of the unions and direct their policies provided we are allowed a free hand by the client.

SECOND:—If a union is already formed and no strike is on or expected to be declared within thirty or sixty days, although we are not in the same position as we would be in the above case, we could—and I believe with success—carry on an intrigue which would result in factions, disagreement, resignation of officers and a general

decrease in membership; and, if a strike were called, we would be in a position to furnish information, etc., of contemplated assaults.

IV

Despite such formidable competition, the future of strikebreaking belongs to the Railway Audit and Inspection Company—the “R. A. and I.,” as it is known to finks and nobles throughout the land.

Strikebreakers speak of the R. A. and I. with awe—which is proper. This company, specializing in “Auditing—Engineering—Inspection,” is of and by Wall Street, and far more extensive and varied in its endeavors than either the Burnses or Pinkertons. For all its twenty-six years of existence, the R. A. and I. remains something of a mystery. The names of its affiliates run almost to the score, making identification difficult. The R. A. and I. started by specializing in checking and auditing for transportation companies, offering a glorified and super-efficient “spotter” service. Soon after its incorporation in Virginia in 1906, it branched into espionage and strikebreaking. It operates, or has operated, as the Pennsylvania Industrial Service, Central Industrial Service, International Library Service, Forest C. Pendleton, Inc., International Labor Bureau, New Jersey Engineering Corporation, and the Eastern Engineering Company. It appears also to have been the directing hand behind the International Auxiliary Company and the Corporations Auxiliary Company, which once had the president of the Wheeling, West Virginia, Central Labor Union and two dozen other union men of that city on its payroll. In 1920 ten union leaders of the Akron unions were shown to be Corporations Auxiliary spies. The R. A. and I., under its own colors, once had Robert Beattie, secretary of the Pittsburgh Central Labor Union, on its payroll.

The R. A. and I. provides the most thorough strikebreaking system in the country, from spies to strikebreakers to tear gas bombs and Thompson sub-machine guns. It covers its espionage work with the labels “human engineering” and “educational work.” It employs the device of recruiting spies from among workers on the job. Most of the Bergoff finks and nobles have been at various times employed by the R. A. and I.

The R. A. and I., both in its strike and under-cover work, specializes in public utilities. It has served the New Orleans, Dayton, Buffalo, and Olean, N. Y., street car interests; Firestone Tire and Rubber, Brooklyn Edison, Pennsylvania Coal and Iron, Bush Terminal, General Motors, U. S. Steel, and H. C. Frick companies.

The R. A. and I., as the reigning family in the galaxy of strikebreaking nobility, is believed to have sprung from the loins of Brown Brothers, bankers. The Philadelphia offices of Brown Brothers at 109 Chestnut Street housed also the first offices of the R. A. and I. Brown Brothers, it is said, held mortgages and notes on many utilities, and found their strikebreaking and espionage bills from the agencies running rather high. Formation of their own agency followed. There was no reason why it should not, for compensation, extend its superior services to other corporations, and before long it was involved in a general strikebreaking business for any concerns that needed it. It established a cost-plus system which soon gave it an advantage over Bergoff and the other agencies. The R. A. and I. was the first to rent out finks and nobles, placing them on the payrolls of strike-ridden companies and taking only a percentage of the strike payroll for itself. Thus, the R. A. and I. eliminated the usual enormous graft of payroll padding and inflated recruiting charges and made

strikebreaking more economical and efficient.

The outstanding R. A. and I. affiliate, through an interlocking directorate, is the Federal Laboratories, Inc., munition sellers, whose activities in Cuban and South American politics and revolutions so engrossed the attention of the Senate committee which probed the munitions trade in 1934. Corporations in several cities may hire strikebreakers and buy ammunition from the same agent acting for the R. A. and I. and the Federal Laboratories, Inc. About sixty per cent of the business of the Federal Laboratories, Inc. is in domestic trade. Most of this business is with private detective agencies, police heads, sheriffs, state militia, and industrial corporations. The Laboratories sold \$30,000 worth of tear gas in San Francisco during the 1934 strike, and \$10,000 worth to Toledo during the Autolite strike. Threatening labor disturbances in Pittsburgh in 1934 gave the company \$75,000 worth of business, while Youngstown, Ohio, bought \$25,000 for use against its labor movement. During the 1934 textile strike the company's business jumped at least five per cent. Mostly, it sells tear-gas hand grenades, "jumbo" or standard size, which can also be loaded with vomiting gas, and Thompson submachine guns. Its ordnance department supplies also airplane bombs of a variety of effectiveness. Some of the airplane bombs can be filled with tear gas; others are demolition bombs "for explosive purposes"; still others are "fragmentation bombs."

V

Despite the nurturing of professional strikebreaking to the proportions of a major industry, it is doubtful whether American industry has ever made a more questionable investment

in terms either of social policy or the short-time gains which are the boast of the strikebreaking agencies. The returns to the agencies cannot be doubted; but it is an axiom of the profession that no matter which side loses a strike, the strikebreaking agency always wins. Nothing so infuriates an agency as the sudden termination of a strike or adjustment of difficulties before a walkout has really got under way. Reasonable employers who are prone to compromise with unions, and unions too conservative to strike both enjoy the fullest contempt of the strikebreaking organizations. The industry grows rich on mistrust and conflict. It is characteristic of the agencies' reports to employers always to expect the worst, thus indicating the necessity of employing spies, or more spies, or of recruiting and employing an army of strikebreakers.

It is an amazing thing that sober, hard-headed American business men will pay good money for the reports of spies and, more unbelievable, that they place credence in them. Men who are willing to act as informers are usually of low moral types. The continuance of their jobs depends on their furnishing important information. When such information is not forthcoming they will invent it. Agencies have been known to tell their operatives to "make the reports rawer." In many cases the reports of the under-cover men receive the treatment of imaginative re-writers in the offices of the agencies. The most recent of hundreds of cases of lying spies which have come to light is that of an under-cover operative who worked for New York City's Interborough Rapid Transit Company. This man, posing as a militant organizer of the Transport Workers Union, had for a year been sending confidential reports on union affairs to the legal department of the Interborough. The union finally

trapped him, whereupon he confessed to filing with the company a totally false report which quoted union leaders as plotting to place emery dust in vital parts of the railroad's machinery.

There is nothing in the report of a labor spy which an employer could not learn from a frank and above-board discussion with representatives of his employees. The continued use of paid informers is a tribute to the effective sales talk of the agencies, but a large question mark on both the intelligence and social ideals of those who employ them.

The reliability of the strikebreakers, as distinguished from informers, is even more questionable. The president of a large Eastern transit company declares that "the strikebreakers are not to be trusted. They would do nothing to prevent a threatening strike, nor to help end one once it has started." Yet the company and thousands of others find this prospect preferable to dealing with a labor union. The most certain result of the employment of strikebreakers, next to its inevitable profit to the agencies, is that strikebreakers will, before long, be called in again. The Interborough has found it necessary to break a strike every ten years of its existence. The steel industry faces an almost continuous threat of strikes, and its half-century of spying and strikebreaking has not lessened the potency of the threats. The profits of spy agencies from the automobile industry have been continuous over a long period, and the chief return to the companies is that they now face the necessity at the start of each production season of warding off or in some cases actually breaking strikes.

It would be a mistake to conclude from all this, as Hollywood suggested in Paul Muni's picture, "Black Fury," that the strikebreaking agencies are

responsible for strikes, or for any large number of them. The basic cause of strikes is still labor's demand for a fuller share of its product. But it seems beyond dispute that in the adjustment of these demands no sorrier and more futile method than the use of spies and strikebreakers can be imagined.

Nevertheless, Strikebreaking Incorporated faces the future with every prospect of business as usual. During 1934 forty-two men and women were killed in strikes. Thirty-three of them were strikers, eight strikebreakers, and one a non-combatant. From January to July, 1935, thirteen strikers died at the hands of strikebreakers. The introduction of professional strikebreakers brought three deaths and martial law to Omaha and a general strike and martial law to Terre Haute.

Strikebreaking Incorporated feels secure, not only because of the continuous demand for its services, but also because of the extent to which it enjoys freedom at the hands of the law. No factor in industrial life has been so completely denounced by official investigating bodies and so completely untouched by restricting legislation. Senator James F. Byrnes of North Carolina has caused the United States Senate to pass a bill (it is now lodged in the House of Representatives) which would impose penalties where it can be shown that guards have been shipped across State lines with intent to interfere with legal picketing. With the best efforts to enforce such a vague law, the problem would not be solved. Each State has its own reservoir of prospective guards who could be recruited for immediate service. Eight States now have laws against importation of private guards from other States, yet in most of them there are flourishing strikebreaking agencies.

Only one State, Wisconsin, has made

an effort to make more difficult the use of industrial spies, though considering the fact that the work is by nature confidential and underground, it is to be doubted that any legislation could completely eradicate it. Wisconsin requires that the names of industrial spies be registered with the public authorities and that the registration files shall be open for public inspection. Three States have laws against the compilation and circulation of blacklists, but the laws have loopholes large enough for the dullest spy agency or employer to see.

There has been no thought to curtail the employment of finks. Such a step would interfere with the rock-rooted right of a man to seek employment wherever and whenever he

pleases, and with the equally coveted right of business to function where and when it pleases, no matter how much violence and annoyance to the community operation might entail. The courts have upheld these rights and ruled that strikebreakers and strike-ridden firms must have the fullest protection the police power and the military can give them. Yet as long as men will step forward to take the jobs of others and break strikes there will be disorder and frequently violence. The problem of effective legal correctives belongs to those who believe that capitalism with its recurring conflicts between the interests of wage workers and owners can be resolved into an orderly system for producing the nation's needs.

BEAUTY IS DEAD

BY HESPER LE GALLIENNE

"BEAUTY is dead!" they cried, then on the ground
 Trampled the garments we had thought so fair,
 Scattering mud upon her scented hair
 In which the flowers of love were lately bound.
 With hideous mirth, cacophony of sound,
 They flung mad music to the patient air
 Mouthing, grotesque, like witches in their lair,
 Rending apart such trophies as they found.
 "Beauty is dead!" they cried and went their way,
 Dancing with crazy steps upon Time's sands.
 But Beauty only slept and when the day
 Rose once again she, with her gracious hands,
 Drew back the corners of the pall which lay
 Upon the face of her so stricken lands.



MONSTERS OF THE SWAMP

BY ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE

IF I had set out to discover a living prehistoric monster, a dragon of the prime such as the brontosaurus, I would just as soon take my chances on finding him fifteen miles from my plantation home as in the green hell of the Amazon jungle, the gross papyrus morasses of unexplored Rhodesia, or the dim and fetid wilderness of the great Lorian Swamp. Many people suppose that the farther one goes from home, the wilder, more strange, and more fearsome the creatures of nature will become. But often those that should be most impressive because of their size, their sinister nature, and their death-dealing power are our neighbors, though we know it not.

For example, the very worst place in the world for venomous serpents, as far as their numbers are concerned, is not India, or Malay, or Borneo, Australia, or Africa; it is the State of Pennsylvania, in the mountains of which highly industrialized commonwealth I have seen more than two hundred deadly rattlesnakes and copperheads killed at the mouth of a single den, in an area not larger than an ordinary sized room. And in the great Santee Swamp, which lies just north of my South Carolina plantation, I have encountered monsters of the wild, whose very presence would set tingling the nerves of the most seasoned naturalist.

The hundreds of thousands of Americans who go south in the winter, speeding by motor and by train from one civilization to another, may have

idly wondered what things inhabit the monstrous and mouldering swamps by which, in the deep South, the highways run. As a natural lover of the wilds, and as a man whose stock sometimes strays pretty far from home, I have repeatedly visited the great Santee Swamp, a region so primevally wild that one there comes to a feeling that here little has changed since the ocean receded, ages ago. Sometimes my visits to the swamp have been to inspect timber; and there I have seen cypresses nine feet through at the butt, hollies that tower like shimmering green cones for a hundred feet, and giant red cedars that tell of an incalculable past. There palely gleam the suffocating brakes of cane; there rise long sunny ridges, cheerful and inviting; there soar momentous yellow pines, fit for masts of heroic size, and full of æolian music in their dusky crowns.

But the animals of the swamp have always chiefly engaged my interest. Practically untouched by man, this realm illustrates admirably the tremulous nicety of balance of life that nature almost always maintains when she is undisturbed. Nor birds nor reptiles nor animals are very numerous. Ancient, implacable, and perhaps wise feuds exist, which prevent the predominance of any one species. In a different way here members of the same community prey on one another, as they do in all communities, natural or human. The deer and wild boars kill the venomous snakes; the venomous

snakes devour the birds, frogs, rodents, and other snakes; the birds live on the insects; the insects on inferior members of their own tribes. The stronger live on the weaker or the more defenseless, all the way down the scale. But in the end the fittest (or the most lucky) members of each species survive, so that whole races may not utterly perish.

To get into the heart of the swamp, I always paddle up the yellow Santee in a canoe: a dugout cypress log, made for me by an old negro.

One June day, paddling this tiny craft along the south shore of the river, where it is bordered by the abysmal immensity of the swamp, I came to a rather curious rise in the bank—a considerable bluff, the top of which was about twelve feet above the level of the water. When abroad in a boat in the Santee country when the brief period of the hibernation of reptiles is not on, I am always wary about paddling under bushes or trees, or too close beside overhanging banks. When it comes to coronets and necklaces, I prefer that they should not be cotton-mouth moccasins—snakes that literally festoon most of the bushes that overhang the waters of that region. Looking up at the top of the bluff, I saw what at first I took to be the end of a log slightly projecting; but there was a glisten about it that seemed unnatural. Taking my gun in one hand, with the other I rapped on the gunwale of the canoe with the paddle.

What followed happened so quickly that of only a few details of the performance am I certain. I know that a giant sleeper awoke, and in what seemed half a monstrous waddle and half a convulsive leap, a huge bull alligator suddenly appeared in the air over me. I have never seen a flying dragon, and never hope to see one; but here was his semblance. With huge iron jaws grimly clamped, with clawed

feet distended wide, with his immense bulk almost rigid, the giant reptile leaped high off the bank toward his native element. There is always something tragic or pathetic about the complete exposure of a creature intensely wild. A dealer in shadowy subterfuge, a lurker of the dimness that shields, it is almost indecent for him fully to display himself. For that reason I am always half-ashamed to look in at captives in a zoo. Robbed of their secrecy, and therefore of the natural dread attaching to them, they become helplessly inane; and their obviousness and tameness are shocking.

While this sailing monster was almost over me, I fired at him,—having no hesitancy in killing an evil marauder of this sort, whose whole life is one long murderous stalk. The heavy charge of buckshot hit him below the waterline, and he heaved his ponderous bulk a little upward and to one side. When he struck the water, the impact was terrific, and my canoe danced like a cork in a storm. Beneath the yellow tide he sank, leaving a black trail of blood.

For many years it had been necessary for me to hunt alligators regularly, as they are relentless brigands, preying mercilessly upon stock and game. I had killed hundreds; but it seemed that I had never seen a larger one than this, and I was anxious to recover his body.

Two days later I found it drifted up on a sandbar about a mile down the river from where he had made his last leap from the bank. His length was sixteen feet, nine inches; and his weight must have been more than a quarter of a ton. I have always thought that the affair might have taken on a more dramatic aspect if I had startled him just a moment later, when my canoe would have been directly under his ponderous fall. Indeed, if I had not shot him, I believe that part of him would have struck the boat with suffi-

cient force to have smashed it or submerged it. The teeth of this great reptile I have preserved; one of them measures five inches in length.

Standing on the back-porch of my plantation house, I can often see alligators swimming in the river two hundred yards away; but most of them are of ordinary size. To kill a monster, one has to go where monsters dwell; and I know of no better place than in the river where it borders the great swamp.

As to the danger from a creature of this kind, I consider it grave; at least I would put the bull alligator with the shark as a menace to human life. I know that some men make sport of the danger from sharks; but I have seen the bodies of five people who have been killed by sharks, and what I saw has more power to convince me than many armchair arguments. The alligator is not essentially a man-eater; but he is a voracious and rather promiscuous feeder; and it would appear to me always unsafe to trespass into the waters that he haunts. In the realm of nature it is wise not to take liberties with any creature that has the power to hurt you, whether you think he is inclined to do so or not. The behavior of a wild animal or a reptile can usually, but not always, be forecast. I do not think it is, let us say, discreet to swim in waters where sharks or alligators are found. Strangely, they are sometimes found in the same water; for while the shark will not enter fresh water, the alligator is at home in salt water; and often they pass from tidal rivers to salt creeks, bays, and even to the ocean itself. I shall never forget with what amazement I once watched an old bull alligator riding the breakers, and apparently enjoying himself in a dogged and sullen way. Occasionally this great reptile makes long overland journeys. I have found one in the woods two miles from water.

On land the alligator is pretty helpless; for his short weak legs will sustain his great weight for only a moment. When we are helpless, we usually resort to bluffing, which, being self-defense, is by no means always reprehensible. The beleaguered alligator will rise on his stubby legs, distend his body, open wide his cavernous jaws, suspire what is supposed to be a dreadful hiss, but which sounds more like a tired sigh, and then ferociously clash his jaws together. What he cannot do, he will threaten to do. I always have a fellow feeling when a beast begins to bluff. I know just how he feels. We are brothers; we are bluffers all.

II

I have described going to the swamp by way of the river, from whose mournful shores it retires into the dim inaccessible. Many false notions exist about a realm of this sort: one is that it is always under water. Most swamps have hardwood ridges; some have sunny high plateaus. If you know your way about, it is far less arduous to travel a swamp than a wild mountain. Another misconception is that a swamp teems with wild life of all sorts. I have not found it so. I have often seen more birds and animals nearer civilization. Moreover, wild life is not so easy to observe in a great swamp as might be supposed. This is not because of the innate dread that wild creatures have of man; for many of those I have watched there had never, I think, seen a man before. It is rather because of the excellence of the cover, and a certain eerie furtiveness that wild things possess, a wariness that is habitual, and is not determined by the intruding presence of man.

It is said that in the Ituru Forest of Africa, the Pygmies carry suspended from their necks a series of little flutes, whose faint treble pipings, comparable

to bird-notes, serve as a method of communicating with their fellows without disturbing the game. In some such way the birds and animals of the swamp have a delicate radio, a subdued telegraphing system, subtle, fascinating, effective. One may walk through the grossest part of the swamp for an hour without seeing or hearing a living thing; but let him sit down quietly anywhere for twenty minutes, and life will awaken all about him.

It was in September, after a summer of long drought, that I went into the swamp to estimate some cypress timber. It was a favorable time; for low water everywhere made walking even over morasses comparatively easy. Leaving my canoe at the head of a natural estuary, I entered the shadowy hush of this antique domain. A mile from the river I came upon the cypresses for which I was searching: patriarchs all, venerable not only in size but with a sense of their having been for ages undisturbed. The swamp was still. There was no wind. A few cicadas shrilled; but of wild life there was no sight. Of signs, indeed, there was everywhere evidence: here a black bear had traveled in his morose shy way; here two bucks, their horns just rubbed clean, I knew, had been sparing; over a clean stretch of white sand I saw a wide trough, as straight as an arrow. It was the track of a diamond-back rattlesnake. On the edge of a black-watered lagoon I saw where wild boars had been rooting. But the stillness was strange, almost oppressive. I knew myself to be an intruder, and I likewise knew that, unseen by me, wary eyes were watching my advance.

Partly because I knew that such a reptile moved with regal deliberateness, I followed the track of the rattlesnake. Over a sandy rise it went, and then turned northward toward the heart of the swamp. Hardly two hundred yards from where I had first come

upon it, I came within sight of this chimera of the wilderness, that the Seminoles justly called the Great King. While he was still twenty yards away, I saw him, lying in the black-and-gold beauty of a newly shed skin. He at the same time detected my approach; and instead of whipping himself into a coil, he kept on moving slowly away, his great sheaf of rattles elevated, and singing their arid song of death. No sensible human being can look upon a creature of this kind without being aware that he is in the presence of sudden death. Yet I knew I was in no danger. This regal serpent never maliciously attacks; and his lethal stroke is delivered only when he is killing food, and only when he is cornered, when he naturally resorts to self-defense. Nearer I approached him, he all the while withdrawing with a certain disdainful slow majesty, continuously giving me due warning. On a patch of white and yellow sand, beside the mighty bole of a swamp-tupelo, he came to a halt. By this time I was within ten feet of him. As long as I stood still, he lay at full length, his tawny colors almost brilliant against the light background of the sand. I had full and quiet opportunity to study closely this terror of the wilderness. Yet, despite the just dread in which he is held by man and by many creatures of the wild, the rattlesnake is a good deal of a patrician. He is distinctly aristocratic in his appearance, his bearing, and his behavior.

This great serpent that now lay before me was between eight and nine feet in length; in girth, larger than the forearm of a prizefighter; in weight, probably twenty pounds; likely he was twelve or fifteen years old. Like most reptiles, this one lives to a great age. I have a record of one that was at least thirty-five years. All black and gold he gleamed, almost ornate in his richness of color. But it was the expres-

sion with which he regarded me that chiefly held my interest. There was the broad and massive head; the grim jaws, articulated with the strength of steel; the chill pallor of the thin contemptuous lips; the basilisk gleams from glassy eyes of bloodshot topaz. As I came a step nearer, he slowly turned the forepart of his ponderous body, lifting it a foot from the ground. The look he gave me had nothing inviting in it. His long forked black tongue played continually out of his mouth, feeling the air for the nature of the danger that menaced him. In another moment he was in his ponderous coil, his spade-shaped head, three inches broad, drawn back, his great bulk bulging with angry menace, his lambent eyes with their vertical black pupils glinting with insolent and savage disdain, cold yet fiery. Here were we: a man and a deadly serpent, either one capable of inflicting death upon the other. He was giving me fair warning. And even the most intrepid heart would be inspired by a certain awe in the presence of this kind of danger, living and intelligent; and attentive with the swift sagacity that is a heritage of wild things.

Near me I saw an old cypress limb that had fallen. The soft yellow bark still clung to it. With this I touched the Great King. When he struck it, I could not see the movement of his head; but from the bark dripped amber-colored venom. Such a serpent is capable of delivering a tablespoonful of venom on his first stroke; enough to kill a man in a few minutes if the venom reaches a main artery or vein.

Most sons of Eve, on seeing any snake, kill it; but even this deadly reptile I did not kill. Here he was in the heart of a wilderness. Possibly I was the first man he had ever seen. Nor was he very likely to see another. Always, it seems to me, the taking of life has some kind of guilt attached to it.

William Blake went to the heart of the question when he asked,

What immortal hand or eye
Could shape thy fearful symmetry?

We are given life and the power to create life; but to take it away is not our right. God, we are reminded, is greatly concerned over the fall of a sparrow. He must love whatever He has created, like the rest of us. Oh, I have killed hundreds of venomous snakes, when I have found them on my plantation, where they are a menace to man and beast. But in the heart of the swamp the case is different. I walked away, leaving this great diamondback in complete possession of the field. Yet so great was the dread fascination of this lordly reptile that, thirty feet away from him, I turned back for a last look at his sinister majesty. Even at that distance all his occult splendor could be both seen and felt,—the ancient prestige of this master serpent, whose eyes are sorcery and whose stroke is eternal slumber. My withdrawal was somewhat in the nature of an abashed retreat, as if I had invaded the private abode of a being truly superior. From his high throne the proud swamp-king disdainfully watched me disappear.

I have said that many tracks of black bears, whitetail deer, and wild boars are to be seen in the swamp. From it they never willingly stray. But occasionally a mighty flood will inundate the whole country, and will sweep with irresistible might down toward the ocean. At such times I have these great swamp-dwellers brought practically to my backyard as refugees from the drowned country above me. It is no unusual thing for me to go out in my home fields and woods, especially those that border the river, and discover there, in time of flood, strange and sometimes formidable visitors from the deep swamps above me.

These newcomers never seem to be in full possession of all their faculties; perhaps it is only because they are in an alien land.

One Christmas week we had a mighty freshet in the Santee, a twenty-foot flood, which was backed up and made higher by tidewater. The frail natural barges of old heaps of trash, logs, sedge-floes, and the like, that came drifting down the river, were loaded with refugees: snakes, king-rails, rabbits, and a host of minor creatures. Wild turkeys and deer appeared where none had been seen before. Finally some of the negroes reported that they had seen a great wild boar crossing a cotton-field, and that it had entered the fastness of the ancient negro graveyard—a wildwood some acres in extent, kept inviolate since long before the Revolution. As they dreaded the creature, but more especially because they were short of Christmas bacon, the negroes urged me to organize a hunt for the boar. I agreed; and before the plantation house the mighty hunt assembled, in somewhat fearful yet in festive mood.

There were about twenty negro men and boys; and everyone brought at least one dog. They were called dogs; but it required some stretch of the imagination to relate some of them to the canine race; and when I considered their formidable quarry, it required transcendent faith to believe that they could handle him. The dogs were of every color, size, and description; my only hope was that their very number might bewilder the boar, so that he would come to bay. Yet at the very outset the thing savored of assassination.

Repairing to the cotton-field, we set the yelping menagerie on the track of the wild boar; and when I call him that, I do not mean merely a wild hog, but a huge creature, utterly wild, savage, and insolently implacable. With

a crescendo of comical disharmony the pack streamed across an old rice-field, and entered joyously the darkness of the primeval thickets of the graveyard. We followed as fast as we could; and by the time we had gained the wood, the dogs had bayed their prey. Within a few minutes we came on a very singular and dramatic scene. For the arena in which the boar had decided to make his stand he had chosen an open space under the great moss-hung live-oaks, where the graves of the humble lie thickly clustered. When we came up, a battle royal was in progress.

Two dogs were already dead; at least five others were so badly cut and mauled that they were sitting down as mere spectators, ruefully licking their wounds. The other curs had formed a ring, none too steadfast or valiant; but they were making up in sound what they lacked in fury. In the center stood the boar, a monstrous old rogue of the river-swamps. Long before I had seen him, his presence was announced to me by his dreadful odor. Seeing him, it seemed to me that his whole mien radiated eager and foul brutality.

Peculiarly built, he looked like a giant hyena; for his foreshoulders were very high; the line of his back descended sharply. All his strength appeared to be foreshortened into his head, neck, and chest. He was bristled from stem to stern. Continually he champed his jaws, from which oozed foam tinged red. His gleaming scimitars of tusks were stained with blood. I do not know that I ever saw another wild creature with aspect more terrible. With such an animal it is impossible to conciliate. Nor was he the least dismayed when my men deployed in a circle outside that of the dogs. This circle of human beings was, I saw, more full of imminent flight than of determined onset. Nor can anyone be blamed for, let us say, hesitancy in

crowding a ruthless ruffian such as this. Not wishing to prolong the shambles, I got my rifle into action, and put an end to the career of the great swamp's public enemy number one. As soon as he was down, both dogs and negroes stormed in; and soon, on a pole between four bearers, this old minotaur was borne in triumph to the negro settlement, where the rejoicing was jubilant. It lasted late into the night; and over the holidays was a constant theme of jest and congratulation. I refused the offer of a huge ham, on the ground that I had plenty of venison; but the true reason was the wild and fetid stench.

One day in the swamp I was crossing a quaking morass; for a league there was nothing but vivid green moss and oozy black water. I paused for a moment on what appeared to be a tussock, when suddenly the mossy hillock gave a sluggish heave. Stepping off gingerly, I looked back on the place where I had been standing. The surface of the morass for six feet in circumference *was* moving. Then out of the emerald of the moss came subtly and slowly an evil head, much like that of a sea-turtle, with glinting eyes and gleaming beak. Higher rose the head. At a slight movement on my part, it vanished. Of course, it was a huge snapping-turtle, or alligator cooter, one of the strangest of all the dwellers in that wilderness. Imagine a reptile a century old, perfectly camouflaged by aquatic growth on its great shell, lying green in the green morass; a true survivor of the Age of Monsters; silent as the swamp itself; an integral part of it, and at home nowhere else. After some strenuous prying with a pole, I heaved this sullen reptile out of the morass, and at length dragged him to high ground—a ponderous beast, weighing about sixty pounds. I marveled at the thickness of his shell, the

completeness with which he hid his head and tail behind the front and rear flaps, and the utter irresponsiveness he displayed. A turtle sulks his way through life; and when annoyed, simply ceases to show life. In this respect he is different from all other reptiles, whose anger continues to rise as man's attentions increase. But a turtle maintains a stolid and utter aloofness, which, if it seem ungracious, is his method of self-defense.

Most picturesque and beautiful of all the dwellers in the swamp are the wild deer; and here in this savage environment they grow to a size and attain a ruggedness that their cousins of the pinelands never attain. Sometimes a giant will appear; for the human species is by no means the only one to produce occasionally a specimen of heroic size.

One day a woodsman friend of mine brought me a set of antlers out of the Santee Swamp. Huge, massive, I could hardly believe that they had come from a native deer. "I have killed hundreds," he told me; "but when I saw this one coming, I thought I had better lay down my gun and climb a tree." The antlers spread twenty-five inches and carried twenty-six points, whereas the normal mature buck will have horns spreading about fifteen inches and carrying ten tines. "And he had a body to match the size of his horns," my friend informed me. "He was as big as a good-sized mule."

Now and then one comes on old solitary monsters that make one aware that there are certain places on the earth where man is not yet in the ascendancy; and that even in civilized America wild creatures still exist whose presence has the power of inspiring the beholder with awe. Even a knowledge of the existence of such creatures invests the wilderness with a degree of its ancient and primal majesty.



FELLOW-ALUMNI OF MAMMOTH!

PORTRAIT OF AN ALUMNI SECRETARY

BY JOHN R. TUNIS

EVERY year about this time, 28,956 graduates of Mammoth University receive the following letter, the date and place only being different for each locality.

Dear Brother of Mammoth:

I am writing you a personal letter regarding the annual meeting of the Mammoth Club of Chicago, because it is my belief that your name may not be on the mailing list, and that you may not, therefore, have received any notice of the dinner which will be held on December 8 at the Stevens.

Professor Robert H. Moody spoke to me recently about you and your activities since you left the College of Liberal Arts in 1920. I hope very much that you will be present to renew old contacts and hear the speakers: President E. Medingwell Jackson, Head Coach William J. (Doc) Maguire, and George E. Murphy, '14, vice-president of General Electric. With every good wish,

In the service of the University,
Charles E. Walker, '22,
Alumni Secretary.

The majority of recipients of this letter throw it into the wastebasket along with the department-store advertisements and the market letters from stock dopesters. Enough of them respond, however, to make Chuck Walker's job a paying proposition.

In describing Chuck and his activities, do not make the mistake of assuming him to be typical of the genus *alumni secretary*. No one ever saw a typical alumni secretary. They are all

different. There is Ned Baker of East Dakota, put in by the power trust which controls the university, to sell East Dakota to the taxpayers. A magnificent job he does too. Ned is the prize go-getter of alumni secretaries, he has the rest of them up there swinging and missing, because he has money to spend (at least so I hear), knows how to spend it, and puts his stuff across with the old Los Angeles whoopla. Then there is the dean of alumni secretaries, George (Deacon) Smith of Michigan; and the high and mighty type like Brownell of Yale and Hutchinson of Harvard, who conceals his money-grabbing activities under such a cloud of lofty disinterestedness that he fools everyone but himself. No, Chuck is not typical. By no means, and please don't write in anger to the editor to point out that he isn't like Smith of Ohio State or Johnson of De Pauw, because I am as well aware of this fact as you are. However, there is a good deal of Chuck Walker in every alumni secretary, and a little of them all in Chuck.

Back in 1925, Chuck—who at graduation had been voted most popular man in his class, man most likely to succeed, and man who had done most for Mammoth—was an extremely successful insurance salesman, for he knew more graduates of the old coll by sight than anyone, not excluding Dean Jones himself. Why he ever came back to

Mammoth is one of those mysteries. It is no secret to anyone (including himself) that he could make ten times his salary in business. Yet he turned down an offer of a big executive job from Townsend '98 of General Motors, and more recently one from Rogers '09 of Midland Steel, something even he hardly understands. Undoubtedly Chuck is touched with a fanatical zeal for Mammoth, a feeling which seldom inspires Head Coach William J. (Doc) Maguire, the football coach, or Eddie (Good Clean Sport) Morgan, the athletic director. There is more in it than this too, because they both have large salaries *and* perquisites, whereas Chuck's salary is only \$6,000, and his perquisites are non-existent. The fact is that he believes in the divine right of Mammoth. Is there a duty greater than that of a graduate to his alma mater? Is there any loyalty finer than a degree holder's to the University? When Chuck hears the name Mammoth he thinks of Senior Sing-Songs on a warm evening in June, of the famous football victory over Minnesota back in 1924, of the crew racing ahead to victory at Poughkeepsie, of the long line of distinguished men who have brought fame to the old school. Doc and Ed do not share this religious fervor.

Chuck is a curious mixture of enthusiasms and common sense; at one and the same time he is a high-powered Rotarian and a hard-headed business man; he combines sentiment with a knowledge of the fact that two and two add up to four. To those who imagine that he has a softish job with all kinds of furious motion and nothing much to do, it may be well to point out that he is a terrific worker, that he knows not the meaning of the word discouragement, and that the demands upon him have no relation to the eight-hour day. He is a Chesterfield, a party whip, a ward heeler, and a big

business executive as occasion and the company demand.

Chuck's qualifications for his job are many. He has a sense of humor as prominent as his red hair, which after ten years' service as alumni secretary is now slightly sandy and speckled with gray. He is Disraeli, Jim Farley, Stalin, and Gladstone rolled into one; he has immense vision, no little courage, and enormous enthusiasm, and he eats self-sacrifice three times a day with his meals. Years of disappointment have given him a hide like an elephant even though they have not squelched his spontaneity. He still loves a good fight, is able to down an opponent in public battle, and can cheat fairly and squarely when the moment and his adversary demand such tactics. Of course Chuck is a good mixer, never forgets a name or a face, has a vast and amazing knowledge of human nature (which never surprises him), and is all things to all men from that prince of prigs, President Jackson, down to poor old Tompkins, '13, who has just been released from the State prison for a slight mix-up in the books of his company, and who—naturally—turns to Chuck when he must find something to eat.

II

Part of Chuck's job, and by no means the least part, is to obtain publicity for the University. Favorable publicity if possible, but publicity in any event. He strives to keep Mammoth continually in the public eye, and is fairly successful. Thanks to Head Coach William J. (Doc) Maguire and his winning Conference eleven, little effort is needed on Chuck's part from August until December; but unfortunately the football season lasts only three months of the year and during the other nine his ingenuity is thoroughly tested. Once he instituted a beauty contest that has since become

an annual event, in which Mammoth's most lovely co-ed is chosen by a committee of leading artists including John La Gatta, Russell Patterson, and Howard Chandler Christy. The lady's photograph, with a release for the press headed "Mammoth's Most Beautiful," goes to all newspapers on Chuck's list. When the seniors have their annual questionnaire each spring, he has the results on the desk of every city editor within a few hours. As the seniors invariably choose the *New York Times* as their favorite newspaper, Kipling's "If" as their favorite poem, Joan Crawford as their favorite actress, and Harvard as their favorite woman's college, this particular release is usually written and ready weeks before the actual poll.

His relations with the daily press are especially harmonious, and many an harassed city editor calls on Chuck for help and assistance in time of trouble. Does a trustee of the University die suddenly? Chuck is ready with the man's obit and his latest picture. At graduation he sends out to a hundred different newspapers the names of the graduates from their city with a word or two about the activities of each man. If the graduate has not been prominent in the athletic, social, or intellectual life of the University, he is always "one of the most popular men in the senior class." Tacked on as a rider is a short account of the Commencement activities at Mammoth, which not infrequently is also printed. Naturally, publicity is harder to obtain between times, but Chuck is always in there pitching. Once John D. Rockefeller, Jr., visited the graduate school of Business Administration. Chuck managed to get him interviewed in the *Mammoth*, the student daily, and so adroit was his handling of the story that every newspaper in the country the next day carried a front-page yarn headed "John D's Son Says Frats Waste

Time." Chuck denied any part in this, but these on the inside know better.

One bleak winter afternoon Chuck, wandering across the campus, met Professor Schmaltz, a Leipzig chemistry savant ejected from Germany for the crime of doing his own thinking, who ended up at Mammoth in much the same bewilderment in which an English novelist ends up at Hollywood. "Hullo, Professor, what's new?" asked Chuck cheerily. The professor, not certain whether Chuck was subservient to the President or the other way round, explained haltingly that he was doing research on a synthetic substance resembling porcelain which could not be broken. Two days later every daily in the country carried this information under a heading such as: "Housewives, Attention! Prof At Mammoth Discovers Unbreakable China."

This, however, is not to say that all Chuck's publicity work is done through the press. It was his idea, diligently prosecuted and carried out with the aid of several Mammoth graduates in the State Legislature, to make automobile license plates in red and green, the University colors. It was also his idea to have Commencement a week earlier as a convenience for farmer graduates. "Opportunities for soul friction" is the phrase which Chuck uses in his advance publicity to lure the graduates back to the University at Commencement time. And he it was who induced President Jackson to send out Christmas cards to all alumni, with a picture of Mammoth Hall snowbound.

"Costs a lot of money, Chuck," said the President, scrutinizing the budget of his alumni secretary one morning.

"Yessir, and worth a lot too. D'je ever realize this the only time of the year the alumni hear from us that we aren't asking for cash?"

The President realized this, and those Christmas cards you now receive bearing Mammoth's best wishes are the result. Alumni activities pay big dividends and, as the President immediately appreciated, there is no limit to what an earnest alumni secretary can do in building up good will for the University. And that little ten-page booklet you Mammoth men get every year explaining how wisely the University funds are invested and administered, and how easy it is to make a Bequest to Mammoth by tearing out the blank form on the last page which is a testamentary devise with everything filled in except the sum—well, that was Chuck's idea also. A great money-getter too. (In case this isn't clear, President Jackson or Raymond G. MacCracken, Treasurer, will be glad to write you about general or specific needs of the University in which you may be specially interested.)

III

Occasionally Chuck's zeal for Mammoth gets him into trouble, but rarely into such trouble that he cannot find the way out. Obviously Chuck never overlooks a bet, and whenever he discovers that a good prospect had any connection with the University, the man is slapped on to the mailing list with no questions asked. In 1929, when Rollin Thorndyke—who rose from an office boy's job to be president of the firm of Mason, Matthews and Thorndyke—was putting out his investment trust, Bank Stock Investors, Inc., Chuck discovered that Rollin had once taken a six weeks' course in business bookkeeping at Mammoth. Didn't that make him a loyal Mammoth man? And Chuck instantly wrote him a letter (form 6b, Miss Botsford) congratulating him on his success and ending with cordial good wishes.

Have you forgotten Rollin's disaster? He tried to control that pool in International Copper—remember—with disastrous results? In 1932 he was broke, in 1933 he was bankrupt, and a year later was on his way to prison charged with—horrid word—embezzlement. Luckily Chuck by then had discovered that Rollin was not really a Mammoth man at all, but had simply attended one session of the Summer School. To his best friends in editorial chairs Chuck sent a personal letter explaining that Thorndyke, the defaulting banker, was not a graduate of the University, "in fact had never been actually enrolled in any undergraduate department."

As previously hinted, Chuck is a kind of intellectual Jim Farley. He is the whooper-up for the whole University. Nor does he stay in Mammoth the year round; wherever the alumni are, there are his constituents. You may be interested to see how he keeps in touch with them, and also to take a look behind the scenes in Alumni House, which is a first-class laboratory of applied alumnistics. Chuck's offices are on the first floor, for he believes that nothing stops traffic like a flight of stairs, and he sees to it that his own room, the headquarters of the organization—which might be described as a mail-order house selling Mammoth—is extremely accessible.

Over the four doors leading out from the main central hall are huge placards. Above Chuck's door the placard reads: "HAVE YOU GIVEN TO THE ALUMNI FUND? THE UNIVERSITY NEEDS THE SUPPORT OF ITS FRIENDS, FACULTY, AND GRADUATES. MAKE YOUR SUBSCRIPTIONS IN ROOM 406." Let's go in. Excuse me, could we see Mr. Walker a moment, please? Who? Just a couple of friends of Mammoth. Thank you. No formalities, notice this; right away his secretary is ushering us into the great man's presence, and we are re-

ceiving his hearty handshake and hearing his cheery voice.

Chuck's job is to sell Mammoth. He does not hesitate. "We figure it this way," he explains, leaning intently over his desk at the two heathen before him. "Now that tuition you paid, \$360—no, you boys were class of '14, I mean '24, yes, 'course, I remember you both very well,—now that tuition was \$250 then, wasn't it; well, now, \$250 was only 42 per cent of what it cost the University to educate you. Think of that! Therefore Mammoth gave you a scholarship of 58 per cent of your tuition for four years, didn't she?" He pauses and looks at us triumphantly. We look at each other. We guess maybe she did. Never thought of it in that light before.

"Now we don't ask you to make this up. Oh, no. We don't expect it. We only want a gesture, something to show you appreciate what the old school did for you. Say just a mere ten dollars a year, nothing more." Ten dollars! This makes us feel like a couple of pikers. Only ten dollars when we owe the old coll all that money? The fact is, though Chuck doesn't tell us, he would be glad if we'd only pay a dollar, but he knows that just as many will pay ten as one if good salesmanship is used. And, as he explains to the President, it's better to get everyone in at ten dollars than to have to chisel \$50,000 out of a few rich graduates who gripe at the idea even when it saves them money on their income taxes.

Chuck can make you feel an awful tightwad, but maybe that's because no one ever takes the trouble to analyze his arguments, which are plausible, even sound enough if you consider the salaries the University had to pay to steal Professor Romaine away from Johns Hopkins and Professor Johnston from Yale, and if you add in the cost of building the new two-million-dollar

Sociological Laboratory. The trouble is that most of us never saw these illustrious savants or the inside of the Sociological Laboratory. We had what passed for an education from a lot of half-baked instructors little older or wiser than we were. To us, the heads of departments were vague figures who waved pointers from a platform once a week during our senior year. If we counted only the cost of the men who actually taught us and the equipment we used, Mammoth ought to be paying us a generous sum yearly for the money we wasted.

Naturally few graduates trouble to think things through, and if they did they wouldn't be allowed much time by Chuck, who hustles us from room to room in order that we may get an idea of the workings of the organization of which, not unjustly, he is proud. The office is certainly busy. Three secretaries are taking down letters from dictaphones—an indication of the way Chuck works. On the walls of the office are pictures of famous athletes, track stars, crews, and football All Americans. Here and there you see faded glimpses of Mammoth back in 1890, and gorgeous views of the luxurious, up-to-date Mammoth of 1935, showing what we have done in the way of progress in the past fifty years. Bookcases are piled high with photographs and documents from other colleges. If Northwestern comes out with a handsome book on "Educational Giving," Chuck has it on his desk in twenty-four hours. That bulletin board marked "Other Universities"—what does that mean? Just one of Chuck's ideas. On it are pinned the various folders, booklets, letters, tricks, gadgets, and devices sent out by his rivals. Any dodge that looks good—which is, in other words, a money-getter—is sure to be used immediately by Chuck, who knows a good thing when he sees it.

Now he whisks us into the next room. Over the door the sign reads: "HAVE YOU JOINED THE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION? ENROLL IN ALUMNI OFFICE, ROOM 203." This is the Stencil Room. If you graduated from Mammoth your name is on the stencil, or to put things bluntly, the college sucker list. Try to get off!

IV

The first thing here which catches your eye is a vast map covering one side of the entire wall, showing the United States dotted with pins and flags. Flags represent alumni clubs, pins show cities where there are more than twenty Mammoth grads, as yet unorganized. Below are two huge steel safes, six feet high, with small drawers. The drawers are full of cards, each card bearing the name of some alumnus, often with a dozen addresses written on it, for no address is ever discarded. Another steel and fireproof safe lists them geographically. Thus if Chuck wishes to start a Mammoth Club in Scranton, Pa., he simply looks over the files and selects the most prominent graduate in town. This room is the Holy of Holies of the office, those files are Chuck's most valuable possession; without them he would be worthless and he knows it.

Along the other side of the room is a series of wooden files. These contain folders of every graduate: his picture for the papers, and any information about him that might in future be useful, such as newspaper cuttings or letters.

"ARE YOU READING THE ALUMNI WEEKLY?"

So asks the placard over the door to the next room, where sits the editor of the *Weekly* hard at work.

When Chuck came to Mammoth, one of his first jobs—he has long since turned it over to an assistant—was reorganizing the Alumni magazine. He

found the *Weekly* a sorry affair, costing the office considerable money and more worry annually, with a subscription list of only a few thousand men, most of whom did not pay for it. As a rule its pages were filled with wheezy articles and dismal illustrations of "Ebenezer Whitcomb, 1848-83, a fourth cousin of the founder of Our Beloved Alma Mater," or "Ezra McPuddle, Class of '63, in the uniform of a Major in the Confederate Army." Chuck rightly surmised that the brisk young graduates working in brokers' offices wanted something more up to date, and he proceeded to give it to them.

His cuts became modern—photographs of the new buildings of the University, of its championship eleven, of a record-breaking high jumper. Chuck to-day is not entirely convinced that the alumni as a body can read; he therefore makes the magazine as snappy and pictorial as the *National Geographic*. The result has been a steady increase in circulation figures until at present he has one of the best, most popular, and most profitable alumni weeklies in the country, a sheet in which he can write about anything except defeat in athletics or the need of Mammoth for cash, two subjects never mentioned.

The *Weekly* is Mammoth's house organ. The leading article is generally on sport, profusely pictured. During the football season almost the entire number is devoted to the big Conference game of the week. The largest amount of space is devoted to athletics, the next largest to personals. Chuck tries to mention every subscriber at least once a year. "Asa F. McOstrich, '08, formerly president of the Apex Post Hole Co., is now vice-president of the Goshen National Bank of Goshen, Texas." Every Mammoth Club except the one in Sing Sing has its activities faithfully and fully reported. Moreover Chuck

tries to have one good scrap going on all the time, and during the dull season he often starts the ball rolling himself by denouncing the R.O.T.C., Head Coach Maguire, or some worthwhile institution of the University, signing himself, "Class of 1924."

V

Climbing the stairs (we are still in Alumni House, if you don't mind), we are greeted by a minor league boiler factory in action. Bang, bang, clash, slam, bang—up here we are in the realm of action. Four addressograph machines in this room are tossing out a barrage of printed matter as they bombard the Men of Mammoth for money, more money, and more money still. Chuck doesn't care what you are: right wing or left wing, Communist or Ogden Mills Republican, Nazi or Seventh Day Adventist, so long as you are a Mammoth man and can sign a check. In the next room a battery of electric typewriters run by one girl is typing out personal letters to prominent graduates. To these personal letters only the name and address need to be added. With his mailing list of 28,956, Chuck sends out 250,000 pieces of mail annually. When you realize that these go all over the world to Mammoth men situated in Chattanooga and China, you can imagine what his postage bill must be. All these letters are of course devoted to one subject, the precarious financial condition of the University.

The next room is the headquarters of the Alumni Fund. Do you happen to enjoy statistics? Well, Chuck has them ready to hurl at you on a moment's notice. For instance, were you aware that Princeton has the best record for money-grabbing (Chuck calls it by the grandiloquent term of "alumni generosity"), having raised \$9,390,412.02 at a cost of one-half of

one per cent, while it cost Yale four and a half per cent to get her \$44,558,683.08? Whereas Mammoth—here there is a long pause while Chuck lets the shameful fact sink in upon us—was *seventh* in the list, getting \$26,735,854.66 from her alumni at the dreadful cost of eight and three-quarters per cent? This plainly enough puts it up to us as loyal Mammoth men to come across and help make things right.

The three Alumni Funds which produce the most revenue, says Chuck, are those of Dartmouth, Cornell, and Yale. He hands us their material. Please observe that it is largely pictorial, emotional, and not informative. No question of cash here; that will come later under separate cover. But before we have had a chance to look over Chuck's own masterpiece, with its cuts of the ivy-grown towers of Old Mammoth, the championship Conference eleven of '04 in their queer old costumes alongside the 1934 team, Mike the popular janitor of the Physics Lab, and Tom the Campus cop, Chuck has called our attention to five girls sitting at a long table who are busy slitting envelopes. They are extracting the booty. All money received must be counted, receipted for, and acknowledged within twenty-four hours, because if you ask for cash you ought to run the show on a businesslike basis.

Well, here we are downstairs again in Chuck's own sanctum. He left it only fifteen minutes ago, but in that short time his secretaries have piled his desk high with matters demanding immediate attention. He picks up one item just to show us how the system works. This is a cutting from a small daily in Wisconsin stating that Elmer J. Hoskins has been made president of the Outagamie County Bank and Trust Co. In red ink on the margin is the figure 22. This means that Mr. Hoskins is a Mammoth graduate, class of 1922. Chuck presses a

button and before you can say "I hereby give and devise in fee simple to Mammoth University," the Hoskins folder is on his desk. Fingering the material therein, Chuck turns to a dictaphone and dictates a release for the *Alumni Weekly* about Mr. Hoskins, ending up with the statement that he is a "graduate of Mammoth, class of '22, and one of her most loyal alumni." He does not explain that big cross in blue pencil he makes on the cutting. This indicates that it is to be sent along to President Jackson, who next week will write a personal letter of congratulation (form 8d, Miss Monroe) to the lucky Mr. Hoskins.

Dictaphones and addressograph machines, secretaries and offices: all this costs money. Where does it come from? Partly from the funds of the University, which is why neither Chuck nor any other alumni office is ever independent of university control. Partly also from the money of the graduates. Naturally the recent alumni are easy meat. "Nab 'em when they're young" is Chuck's motto, and during Commencement Week each June he personally interviews every senior with the assistance of the class officers, presenting the claims of the Alumni Association and securing the signatures of ninety-five per cent of those unfortunate and unworldly rascallions to notes for one hundred dollars, payable in ten installments to the maintenance fund of the University.

In Chuck's eyes the undergraduate is an unfledged alumnus who must be trained and directed to take his part as a dependable member of the great alumni body. This is not difficult. His chief worry comes from the older men. To win and keep their support needs clever handling. They have often been away from the campus for twenty years; since their time the whole aspect of the University has changed, new faces have come, many

of the old ones have vanished; they no longer recognize their Mammoth. They cannot understand the educational changes in the University they knew; they are inclined to consider that the old place has gone to the dogs generally. Chuck's job is to explain what has been happening, to pacify them, to make them realize that things really have changed for the better. He does this partly by mail, partly by semi-annual visits to the various alumni clubs throughout the country, and by an innovation of which he is proud, Midwinter Day.

Midwinter Day is one of his best promotional stunts. He asks all graduates back for twenty-four hours in the middle of the winter term when the University is functioning normally. They attend classes, are introduced to the faculty, given lunch and dinner, taken to a big Conference basketball game, and sent home the next day rejoicing. Chuck realizes that this not only keeps the graduates in touch with the University, but that many a man who must be blackjacked into returning for Commencement or Midwinter Day experiences an awakening of interest in the college and becomes a valuable (financially speaking) alumnus.

VI

If part of Chuck's job is keeping in touch with alumni, not the least important part these days when every educational institution in the country—either secretly or openly—goes out for new blood, is the search for students. On his semi-annual cross-country trip, Chuck drops into, say, San Francisco. There is no Mammoth Club in San Francisco, but there are a few scattered graduates: several Ph.D.'s of education, a couple of men who spent a few years in the Engineering School, and one or two plain A.B.'s. Chuck has invited them to lunch at the St. Francis;

they respond. After the meal he rises, greets them officially, and turns on a spigot of slushy reminiscences calculated to make the hearts of old Mammothians exceeding happy. He explains the changes, physical and educational, about the campus, mentions vaguely the intangible obligation of the older graduates to Mammoth and their responsibility to the coming generation, and then turns out the lights and shows them his new three-reel film, "Modern Mammoth, The College That Educated you."

Naturally a new Mammoth Club is organized, with officers, a Board of Governors, and a regular monthly meeting scheduled. To the first president, in that gentleman's office the next morning, Chuck explains the functions of the club, and intimates that Mammoth wishes to be cosmopolitan, not parochial. He suggests that any likely young men should be induced to compete for the Mammoth Club of San Francisco Scholarship. "Yes, but where's the money coming from for this-here scholarship?" asks the president anxiously. "Don't worry, the Dean will take care of that." So the next fall Mammoth has two husky Californian halfbacks on the freshman football team. Within five years, as a result of their exploits at Mammoth and the publicity attached thereto, a regular stream of stalwart Californians will be going eastward to Mammoth for what they call an education.

Chuck has the whole thing systematized; he can turn a tap at any moment and get a flood of students from any part of the country. He knows the best towns in the United States for establishing Mammoth Clubs; he knows that Topeka, Kansas, is the most fertile city in America for this purpose, and that no one can move Charleston, South Carolina, on any pretext. He also appreciates that these activities work both ways. By making the

alumni act as scouts for students, he forces them to ask questions and become acquainted with the University as it exists to-day. Thus they become interested in its problems and keep abreast of changes in plant and curriculum, and Mammoth gets the boys while Chuck gets the money.

It is hardly necessary to point out that he never leaves a Mammoth Club luncheon or dinner without a few strong hints about the University's need for funds. "It is generally recognized," he will say at the end of his speech, with a smile, "that the stimulation of—shall we call them alumni benefactions—is a legitimate function of my office." The smile fades away, he looks sternly about the assembled lunchers as though daring them to prove otherwise. No one attempts to do so. *Stimulate: to prick, to incite, to goad on*, says the dictionary. This is precisely what Chuck does; he pricks, he incites, he goads on the alumni with speeches, letters, folders, booklets, appeals, and telephone calls, until in despair they pull out their check books and write in the name of Mammoth University.

What's it all about, this whole business? Has Chuck ever paused in his frantic dashes from town to town, from one office job to another, to ask himself just why the graduates of Mammoth *should* give money? Has he ever questioned whether all the money on earth can give the institution a more devoted attention to the needs and aims of the scholar? Probably not. For Chuck, in common with the majority of Mammoth men, is totally lacking in standards of value, unable in his dizzy rush through life to realize the importance of the subjective. With most of his colleagues he can see the importance of a new dormitory or a bigger Administration Building, but patient and unselfish devotion to learning by a few members of the faculty,

literary achievement or intellectual honesty, these he considers unimportant, if he ever thinks about them at all. They cannot be measured in pounds, feet, or kilometers.

"As I pointed out in my last letter," says the President in a form letter to every one of the four hundred Mammoth Alumni Fund representatives throughout the country, "if every holder of a degree or diploma would make a relatively small contribution annually, the relief of the Trustees would be enormous. Surely the spirit of Mammoth will manifest itself for Progress in these difficult times."

Quite so. But what is Progress? In his Annual Report that old fox President Jackson failed to mention the fact that a course in Chaucer—just an ancient scribbler buried a few centuries ago—and several in Greek—a completely dead language, Greek, who ever uses it now?—have been dropped for lack of funds; while at the same time a dormitory, a new Field House, and the new two-million-dollar plant of the modern Institute of Human Relations have been added. This sort of Progress which Chuck's valiant efforts have helped to finance is the only sort the Mammoth graduate can

understand, the sort that can be seen, felt, touched, that makes Mammoth visibly better and bigger.

It's easy to blame the President, but after all he has the Board of Trustees on his neck to whom he must show Progress in tangible terms. Yes, and it's easy to blame Chuck, but after all he has never once stopped to think just what the real purpose of a university should be. He has no time, he takes for granted Mammoth's advances, never asking himself whether the University is really advancing or not.

"During this year"—it is Chuck addressing the graduates in his letter at the end of the college year—"we have made great Progress. A new 300 room Dormitory called Jeremiah H. MacFadden Hall after Jeremiah H. MacFadden '98, the donor, has been erected, the student body has grown by 645. . . ."

Progress, as you may have observed, is a favorite word at Mammoth. Would this sort of thing be called progress by Chuck's counterpart at Cambridge or the Sorbonne? Come to think of it, there is no such thing as an Alumni Secretary abroad. European universities are unprogressive. They only deal in education.



SNEAK MUSIC

BY OTIS SKINNER

IN "Music and the Movies," which appeared in the July issue of this magazine, Douglas Moore describes the alliance between music and dramatic action that is common to-day in the films. Discussing the conventions of the legitimate theater, he tells us, "Stage people have never received much assistance from music and consequently do not expect it or think it important. Otis Skinner says that actors of his generation thought highly of incidental music and often used it; but if memory serves me correctly, incidental music in the halcyon days of the small theater orchestra, which played genteel excerpts between acts, was of a rather obnoxious type."

As far as theater orchestras in the provincial towns are concerned Professor Moore's memory serves him with great accuracy: some of them were execrable indeed, and few could, like Hamlet's recorder, "discourse most eloquent music." Even in the larger cities they were rarely listened to during the entr'actes. They did, however, bridge that gap from curtain to curtain when an audience comes out of the spell of the acted play, blinks its eyes, and settles into ten minutes of ennui. Now they kill the deadly interval by a cigarette in the lobby.

Before the moving picture was ever thought of, incidental music, played by the theater orchestra, was used as an emotional spur to the reactions of spectators at the acted play, and it is presumable that music and acting have

always been loosely associated ever since drama found its origin in Dionysiac musical and dance festivals.

What to-day we mistakenly classify as melodrama, plays built on situation, sensation, and violent physical action, are a corruption of an old dramatic formula—plays with music, as the term suggests, something akin to operetta. At just what period incidental music was regularly introduced as a running stimulus to the acted scene I have been unable to ascertain.

My earliest theatrical recollections as a child in Boston are of emotional scenes drenched with soulful strains, *con sordini*, from the violins, increasing as climaxes approached to forte measures by the woods, brass, and tympani. The leading lady was driven into the unpitied storm with sobbing wails from the strings; her lover returned from victory borne in by a triumphal march; vivacious numbers brought on the comic characters and the happy villagers; apparitions appeared and robberies were committed to the accompaniment of violins *pizzicato* and muted clarinets—"sneak music" in theatrical argot.

I still feel the chills that crept down my infant spine when I recall "The Vampire," a play peopled by ghouls and warlocks reeking like a Walpurgis Night with diabolic orchestral discords; and a grisly Elizabethan thing in blank verse by Webster, "The Duchess of Malfi," wherein the orchestra and supernumeraries collaborated

beneath the stage and became "Groans of the Dying."

There is an ancient saga of the tragedian who, finding no orchestra in a one-night-stand theater, on being slain, fell partly into the wings and, reaching over his head, played his own death music on the fiddle.

Startling entrances and climactic lines were emphasized with a sharp, loud chord. For example, take a standby of the flowery days, "The Ticket-of-Leave Man."

As I recollect the ending of an act the hero, Bob Brierly, caught in a horrible trap, despairs of sending a letter summoning relief:

BRIERLY

Here is the letter, but who will take it?

STRANGER

(Rising from table) I will!

BRIERLY

Who are you?

STRANGER

(Tearing off a disguise) Hawkshaw, the detective!

(Crashing chord from the orchestra pit, and curtain!)

Heroines in the palmy days sang laments in the midst of their woes. Heroes poured out their ardor in serenades. There was rarely a domestic drama without a song for the soubrette—erstwhile "chambermaid." Chambermaids must possess the *vis comica*, without it they could not be chambermaids. Moreover, by all the laws of the Medes and Persians, they must be in love with either the butler, the valet, or the stableman, and he too must be born to the comic state. These children of Momus were bred like Sealyham terriers, and came into the world grinning.

For many a year in private life I have, alas!, been in the toils of the serving class. I have always found them tyrants or irritating provokers of

nerves and not a bit funny. But in old comedies they were balm to tortured souls, ready at all times with a quip, a song, or a comic blunder. In old play bills, one may find in the cast something like:

"Polly Primrose—(with song)—Miss Snevellici."

One of the stories of the road relates to a traveling company that had difficulty during a performance in shifting its scene setting. The stage manager seized the soubrette.

"You'll have to go on this front scene for a song."

"All right! Whistle down to the orchestra to play 'My Arab Steed.' I'll give them the cue." Realizing the need to keep the action going, she made her entrance peering right and left, then advancing to the footlights she said:

"I have been upstairs and downstairs and in my lady's chamber, but nowhere can I find (giving a wink and a nod to the leader) my Arab Steed!"

Certain romantic thrillers like "Rob Roy," "Mazeppa," and "The French Spy" were enlivened by broadsword combats whose strokes were gauged to music, now slow-paced and emphatic, then *accelerando*, tar-rum!—tar-rum!—tarum—te—tum—te—tum—tum! head blows—shoulder blows, and what were known as "round blows" and "primes."

A few seasons ago some thousand novelty seekers journeyed across the Hudson to Hoboken to regale themselves with the naïve delights of Christopher Morley's "After Dark." Not its least charm was the incidental orchestra numbers carrying pathos, perils, heroism, and villainy to rapturous heights.

I went over from New York one matinee day and found myself seated next a stout German woman who was being swept along the tide of stirring events enacted before her. The play

was quite real to her simple soul. The derisive laughter of the audience puzzled and annoyed her. Finally she excitedly demanded of me: "Vot are dey laughing for?"

But it was not only in romantic and melodramatic plays that music was used. During my early training in Philadelphia at the Walnut Street Theatre its stock company was sent on tour into the coal mining towns playing "Henry VIII," the various scenes of which it had been customary to underscore by orchestral aid. The local leaders were, for the most part, to be relied on to furnish appropriate numbers from their respective repertoires, but at Pottsville the situation proved to be somewhat perplexing. The orchestra was a clamorous brass band, and what our stage manager wanted was some subdued, plaintive strains for Queen Katharine's death scene.

"Don't you worry none, I got vot you want," said the German maestro.

And that night the Queen's soul left its tortured encasement to the brazen agony of "In the Sweet By and By."

There was a broad field for orchestra leaders to draw from: "Faust," "Mariana," "Fra Diavolo," "The Barber of Seville," and the operas of Verdi, Von Flotow, and Offenbach. The popular songs of the day were in constant requisition. Had a copyright law protected "Swanee River" and "My Old Kentucky Home" in the 70's and 80's Stephen Foster would not have died, as he did, in poverty.

There were special music shops where you could buy all sorts of incidental numbers, completely orchestrated and applicable to every conceivable stage situation, glees, dirges, marches, "hurries" for approaching assaults and dangers, combat music for duels, mystery numbers for spooky episodes, soldiers' choruses, gay measures for farces, and lullabies for domestic scenes.

Uncle Tom, Little Eva, Poor Joe, and Little Nell were wafted to Heaven on the wings of melody, and at Frou-Frou's death the *tap! tap!* of the leader's bow on his music rack opened the sluice gates to a lachrymal deluge.

I never saw Bulwer Lytton's "Lady of Lyons" played without a complementary symphony by the orchestra when Claude Melnotte described to his Pauline his supposed palace on the Lake of Como:

"If thou wouldst have me paint the home to which,
Could love fulfill its prayers, this hand
would lead thee
Listen."

His speech was timed to the measures as though he were singing an operatic aria.

Naïveté was the keynote to the American theater. It founded its romances on Ouida and The Duchess, its morals on Queen Victoria and its fashions on *Godey's Lady's Book*. The most degraded levels to which polite drama could allowably descend were "East Lynne" and "Camille."

Shakespearean text was bowdlerized; the word *God* must be approached with caution, the Deity generally being respectfully addressed as *Heaven*. *Whore* became cleansed and changed to *wanton* or, if we were especially daring, to *bawd*, although that was considered rather bad taste.

Then the theater grew up and, arriving at age, it became aware of itself and life about it. It discovered a humorous quality in its old labored sentimentalism. Music was no longer dug from Tin Pan Alley. The running accompaniment to dramatic action was composed by worthwhile musicians or taken from standard scores, Mozart, Brahms, Rimsky-Korsakoff.

It continued to maintain a firm hold on the drama. Its importance was only secondary to stage lighting and scene décor.

Augustin Daly, who for several decades ruled the fashionable New York stage, seasoned his comedies with lively strains from beginning to end. His production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" had an almost complete Mendelssohn background, while his revivals of old English comedy were graced with Eighteenth Century airs. When I was a member of this organization Daly made several trips to Europe, playing in Great Britain, Germany, and France. At Paris we encountered a little difficulty. Except in light opera and vaudeville, music had never been used in dramatic performances. It was purely an Anglo-Saxon tradition and unknown to the continental theater. There was not even an orchestra pit at the Théâtre Vaudeville where we were appearing. Daly engaged an orchestra, placed it behind the sets back stage, and with the aid of an interpreter and our prompter to give him the cues, the customary numbers wafted into the auditorium to the amazement of the Parisians. As each member of the cast made his entrance on the scene to the accompaniment of a spirited tune the audience thought we were going to come down to the footlights *and sing!*

In my production of "Lazarre," a play built about the legend of the Lost Dauphin with an American Indian setting, and an echo of the French Revolution, I found appropriate themes in "La Marseillaise" and MacDowell's "Heard in an Indian Lodge."

About sixty years ago "Jessie Brown," or "The Relief of Lucknow," a play based on the native uprising in India and containing several stirring situations, had a great vogue in our own country and abroad. Its emotional appeal was irresistible. The besieged military garrison at Lucknow, completely cut off from all communication with the headquarters of the British Command, have been hoping

against hope, starving and waiting for two hideous months sustained by high resolve alone. Ammunition has become exhausted, food supplies are at an end, the water mains have been cut by the enemy. The sole chance for the lives of the women and children lies in capitulation.

The heroic band is about to yield to the inevitable when the far-off strains of a military march are heard. For a full minute the group stands, scarce breathing. The march comes nearer—nearer—still nearer—then the shrill skirling of bagpipes. Colin Campbell and his Highlanders! Jessie Brown, who all along has held her firm faith in a rescue, shouts, "Will ye no believe it the noo? The Campbells are comin'!" Her words are lifted into ecstasy by the thrill of that march. The audience nearly leaped from their seats. David Belasco once purloined this situation and device for "The Girl I Left Behind Me."

Sir Henry Irving in his fine productions: "Charles II," "The Bells," "The Corsican Brothers," "The Lyons Mail," "Faust," and his Shakespearean plays: "Macbeth," "The Merchant of Venice," "Much Ado About Nothing," etc., brought incidental orchestration to a high plane of art. Dr. Reinhardt's presentations were notable for a lavish use of correlated music and action. Edwin Booth interlarded his Shakespearean and classic plays with music, the Locke compositions for "Macbeth," "Rigoletto" for "The Fool's Revenge" and Louis XIII's "Amaryllis" in "Richelieu."

With the increasing demands of the Musicians' Union for higher pay came a gradual elimination of incidental themes for plays. Managers could not afford to pay orchestras.

To-day the sudden shock of the leader's signal and the musicians in the pit raising their instruments for the recurring numbers would be somewhat

disturbing to audiences absorbed in the illusion of acted scenes, although the convention is accepted in opera where realism is not so great an essential.

I had an illuminating experience in reviving my erstwhile success, "The Honor of the Family," after shelving the play for six or seven years. Bringing me on to a first entrance was a gay little lilt, "Quand j'étais Mousquetaire." It always gave a tremendous fillip to the scene, played *pianissimo* during dialogue and increasing to *fortissimo* as Colonel Bridau smashes through the door. I tried it for one performance only; it proved completely false and artificial. In the interim incidental numbers had gone quite out of business and the old kick had been swept into limbo.

II

I am rather sorry to see it go, although I realize that its departure was inevitable. I miss an old friend. Not only did it pique the audience's interest, but the effect was equally potent on the players themselves. It was a wonderful stimulus to the actor when, in the progress of a long speech, the strings started a tender melody, especially if the speech were of a sentimental or lyric character. The leader sat at attention, his eye on the cue number in the score before him and his ear ready for the speech when it was spoken on the stage. Then the quiet beginning of the harmony, the audience bends a little more forward, and the players quicken their tempo. If it is a first night the whole orchestra is alert. It may be that they have not had so many numbers to play and they are watching the performance. If they are held by it or if they laugh at the comedy lines we tell ourselves that we have a hit, so we are somewhat anxious about them; and should they

show a continued interest on the second night we *know* we have. But generally if there are long waits between cues they make a dive to the music room and play pinochle.

During a Chicago engagement a lone bass violinist sat out all my performances. I was immensely complimented until I was told that his rheumatism would not allow him to leave his chair.

As to the old climactic chord, the "sneak music," and the "hurry," we may well bequeath them to the movies.

It may be that we are right in divorcing the drama of the hour from opera. They are two distinct forms and perhaps they are best served by keeping them so. In the French theater legitimate drama and music have always kept apart. The modern theater turns riotously to realism. We demand literal transcriptions of life, and transcriptions of life do not march to music. Imagine incidental music in "The Children's Hour"!

Now and then a nostalgic impulse prompts a producer to inject a musical strain into a poetic play's performance from back stage, using a string quartette or a phonograph record. The text of the play is sometimes altered to allow its admission or a situation is devised by which the characters speak the lines while one of them plays the piano. The difficulty in this arrangement is that every actor is not necessarily a good pianist. In that case the actor must go through the mechanical motion of playing while the real performer is concealed behind the set.

I once had to play the violin while carrying on an intermittent conversation during the act. The actual violinist was hidden from sight by a curtain, and as I had, with agonizing pains, managed to do the bowing on my instrument with a fair semblance of professional handling the effect was

rather good. In fact it was too good—I received an encore! Stiff with embarrassment, I was unable to respond.

To-day the two old associates—music and drama—are brought together again and are happy over their reunion in a purely mechanized art—the art of the cinema. The figures on the silver screen come and go, and the audience is never disillusioned by seeing the leader pick up his baton at the music cues. Moreover, the talking picture, as Professor Moore points out, has a distinct advantage over the stage in that it may employ full operatic orchestras for musical pieces like “One Night of Love” and Victor Herbert’s “Naughty Marietta.”

In the incubating time of the silent movies directors used music to give life to the photo-play. Many early screen players were unskilled in acting. Music proved a great help in stirring their emotions when it was necessary to jar them from their inertia and lash them into action.

Some directors did a bit of synthetic acting, imploring high Heaven to grant them patience, and hurling themselves into pretended fits of rage to dissolve the inhibitions of the bewildered actors. When this proved ineffective they turned for aid to the studio orchestra. These units rarely consisted of more than three pieces, but what they lacked in numbers they atoned for in soulful earnestness. Under their tuneful ministrations mirth and misery were unconfined; the leading man grew perceptibly taller, the adventuress became more serpentine, and the lissome star more piteous and beautiful. As you entered one of the large studio buildings a cacophony of sound from the different sets assailed your ears. It was the various organs, mandolins, cellos, and accordions calling to the deep.

In the days before the screen became

vocal I was summoned to Hollywood for the filming of a play I had presented for three seasons in the theater, “Kismet.” We had an orchestra but it was a one-man affair. From set to set it followed us, on “location” or under the studio Klieg lights, a gigantic accordion, and on its silver keys its master, MacNiell, played an astounding repertory.

One morning our little ingénue was evidently not in the vein. She was pretty and charming in her oriental robes, a sweet study for the camera, but her emotional mood was frozen hard. The director sat, megaphone in hand, patiently waiting, his assistant was saying all sorts of sympathetic things, telling her that the world was filled with black despair, her friends had deserted her, her father had cursed her, she would never see her lover again, and MacNiell had pretty well exhausted his sob tunes; the camera men had their hands on the cranks of their machines ready to catch the glistening tear, dear to the hearts of movie directors, but the little lady remained cold, her face in her hands. Suddenly she looked up at MacNiell and said, “Play ‘Kiss Me Again,’” and once more covered her eyes. The accordionist obeyed. In a moment she was weeping copiously and the camera men ground with zest.

These things are tales of long ago. The din of conversation and the wail of accordions in the studios have given place to the holy hush of sound recording. The little studio orchestra is a memory. Hollywood stars must manufacture their own inspiration now. In the audible photo-play incidental music reincarnates the custom of its grandsires, and directors treat it with respect and discretion. I think it will never desert its old comrade, the living drama. The pendulum is beginning to swing back.



THIS TERRIFYING FREEDOM

BY GERALD W. JOHNSON

THE flight from liberty is assuredly not originally, nor primarily, an American movement. Bolshevism, Fascism, Nazism were all invented abroad, and the number of Americans who have embraced them is statistically negligible. Excited left-wing publicists are continually writing editorials, essays, pamphlets, and books to expose our steady drift into Fascism; Republican campaign speakers almost every day are proving to their own satisfaction that this is practically a Soviet republic now. The great majority of Americans, however, are not greatly impressed by these alarmists of the right or of the left. Most of us are still persuaded that this is "a nation conceived in liberty" and, without thinking much about it, we assume that it will remain so.

Nevertheless, while those who would convict us either of Fascism or of Communism ought not to be taken too seriously, it is certainly not wise to assume that the United States, alone among the great nations, has been unaffected by the world's frenzied rush away from the perils of freedom. It is, in fact, more than unwise—it is virtually impossible. The Red-hunts of the past twenty years have made such a terrific noise that it is hard to believe an anchorite in the midst of Death Valley could have failed to hear some rumors of them; and while a great many were instigated and conducted by publicity seekers, usually journalistic or political, not infrequently they have been

joined by grave citizens of weight in the community. Indeed, during the summer the Senate of the United States passed, without a record vote and almost without discussion, a bill that made a frontal assault on the first article of the Bill of Rights, the guarantee of freedom of speech and of the press. And this bill was introduced—by request of the War and Navy Departments, it is true, but introduced—by one of the most conspicuous Democratic defenders of the Constitution, Senator Millard E. Tydings, of Maryland, by its own citizens yclept "the Free State."

The McCormack-Tydings bill was ostensibly aimed at disaffection in the armed forces. It made punishable by a fine of one thousand dollars or imprisonment for two years, or both, the act of putting into the hands of a soldier or sailor any printed or written document that might incite him to disobey the laws and regulations governing the army and navy. But it did more. It made illegal the possession of such literature and empowered the police to search for and seize it whenever and wherever it might be found. Apparently the police, under this bill as it was originally drafted, might have raided the Harvard University Library to seize any book there which a general or an admiral might regard as tending to incite disaffection. Without doubt a newspaper containing an article denouncing military law might have been

seized in the press-room before ever a soldier or sailor had set eyes on it.

The constitutionality of this measure was promptly attacked in the House, and it died with the expiring Congress, but for the moment let that pass and consider the significance of its course through the Senate. There the constitutional question was not even raised, which certainly indicates no avidity for defense of freedom of speech in the Senate. Indeed, the sponsor of the bill was a Senator who has broken with his own party again and again within the last two years and voted against Administration measures strictly on constitutional grounds. Tydings is one of that little group of Democrats, including Glass, Bailey, Dill, and one or two more who have become known as anti-New Deal because they think the New Deal attacks the Constitution. If such a man can introduce such a bill, and if the Senate can pass it merely as a matter of routine, the attack on the First Amendment is not to be dismissed with a shrug. Exactly what is this guarantee? How strong is it? How well is it able to weather continued assaults? Finally, is there any reason why the public should hold it in slight esteem?

For my own part, I had assumed until recently that the guarantee of free speech was among the strongest in the Constitution. "Congress shall make no law . . . abridging freedom of speech or of the press." That seems flat enough. Here is a liberty that Congress is specifically and unequivocally forbidden to reduce. There is no doubt about that, no room for argument.

The catch in it is that this freedom is not defined, and ever since 1787 courts, legislators, and commentators have been struggling to frame a definition that shall be inclusive, exclusive, and conclusive. That it is not absolute everyone agrees. No rational man has

ever contended that the First Amendment guarantees the press the right to publish with impunity libel, obscenity, or information dangerous to the state, such as vital military information in time of war; nor have the courts ever admitted that this guarantee has any bearing on their power to punish a contempt. Cooley, in his *Constitutional Limitations*, utters the cautious dictum that

Commentators seem agreed in the opinion that the term itself means only that liberty of publication without the previous permission of the government, which was obtained by the abolition of the censorship.

This is certainly no radical opinion. It is merely a guarantee that if you wish to print a newspaper story asserting that your neighbor is a horse-thief, no policeman has authority to stop you; but it doesn't mean that he lacks authority to put you in jail after you have published it. In other words, the original meaning of freedom of the press was that the editor was guaranteed full freedom to get himself locked up.

The definition usually applied by the courts, however, is somewhat more liberal. It was framed by Chancellor Kent in *People vs. Croswell*, and reads,

The liberty of the press consists in the right to publish with impunity truth with good motives and for justifiable ends, whether it respects the government, magistracies, or individuals.

That is to say, if your neighbor actually is a horse-thief, as you can prove, you may publish the fact and still escape the dungeon, even though he be a Justice of the Peace also. All you have to do is convince the court that you exposed him more in sorrow than in anger and that your purpose was to replace, in the next election, a Democratic official with a Republican, or *vice versa*, according to which the court will consider the justifiable end.

This is the rule to-day. This is the freedom that Congress may not abridge.

Obviously, it is much narrower than many people, including a great many newspaper men, have assumed. It is much narrower, indeed, than current practice would indicate; for when the truth of allegations is proved the courts rarely evince an inclination to inquire very closely into the nature of motives and ends. Nevertheless, the rule still stands and it may be invoked at any time. It is a gun behind the door.

If Kent's definition were applied rigorously it would, of course, end freedom of the press as we now understand it, because it makes no reference whatever to opinion. When Theodore Roosevelt declared recently that Franklin D. Roosevelt regards him (Theodore) as Public Enemy Number One, he assumed a right of free speech which Chancellor Kent certainly did not grant; for that, obviously, is a matter, not of fact, but of opinion, the truth or falsity of which would be equally difficult to prove under the rules of evidence. It occurred to no one, however, to doubt that the Colonel has a right to express his free and frank opinion of his cousin so long as he restricts his language to the ordinary decencies of conversation. For in this matter public opinion has run far ahead of the law. In his famous dissent in *Abrams vs. United States* the late Mr. Justice Holmes expressed a widely prevalent belief when he declared that the Constitution

is an experiment, as all life is an experiment. Every year, if not every day, we have to wager our salvation upon some prophecy based upon imperfect knowledge. While that experiment is a part of our system, I think that we should be eternally vigilant against attempts to check the expression of opinions that we loathe and believe fraught with death, unless they so imminently threaten immediate interfer-

ence with the lawful and pressing purposes of the law that an immediate check is required to save the country. . . . Only the emergency that makes it immediately dangerous to leave the correction of evil counsel to time warrants making any exception to the sweeping command, "Congress shall make no law abridging the freedom of speech."

But this, although it was the opinion of a very distinguished American, remains merely an opinion, expressed in a dissent. Not a court in the land is bound by it, except in so far as judges may feel a moral obligation to take into consideration the prevailing opinion among intelligent and upright men. In other words, while Kent's definition may serve to protect the publication of facts—always with the limitation as to the motives and object of the publication—the right to publish one's opinions is protected by public sentiment, rather than by the Constitution of the United States.

The States, in some cases, have been more specific, but probably a typical guarantee of that sort is Article 40, of the Constitution of Maryland:

Every citizen of the State ought to be allowed to speak, write and publish his sentiments on all subjects, *being responsible for the abuse of that privilege.*

The value of that guarantee depends absolutely on the definition of the word "abuse" and, since judges and juries do not work in a vacuum, the definition will depend largely on public sentiment.

The point of interest here is that freedom of the press as it is understood in modern America really rests on a fairly widespread public belief that Holmes was right, even though he was overruled in the particular case that brought forth his opinion. If that belief is ever abandoned by a majority of Americans, then any semi-competent lawyer will be able to drive a horse and wagon right through the Constitutional guarantee. The press will re-

main free as long as the public wishes it to remain free, and it will not remain free any longer, Constitution or no Constitution.

II

Nor is the possibility that eventually its freedom will be lost merely speculative. The success of the McCormack-Tydings bill in the Senate is enough to prove that; but long before the bill was introduced there was plenty of evidence that Holmes's opinion is far from being shared universally. It was all very well for Thomas Jefferson to declare, "Were it left to me to decide whether we should have a government without newspapers or newspapers without governments, I should not hesitate a moment to prefer the latter." Jefferson was no mystic and such a concept as the Totalitarian State would have been completely incomprehensible to him. A monarch he could understand, and a God as Monarch of monarchs he could understand; but a metaphysical entity which is neither a king nor a deity, yet claiming the allegiance yielded to both, would probably have puzzled him as profoundly as it puzzles his followers to-day.

None the less the idea is accepted by hundreds of millions of Europeans in Germany, Italy, and Russia and has to some extent infected American thinking. "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion," but without the assistance of Congress we are developing more and more of the outward forms, and apparently adopting more and more of the inner spirit, of a religion in which the state is the object of worship. Witness the solemnity with which millions of school children every morning are required to celebrate a rite called a salute to the flag, but which tends more and more to become, not a salute, but a sacrament. Witness the increasing

demand for the repetition of liturgies which we do not hesitate to call creeds, but which express faith, not in any recognized deity, but in the state. Witness the increasing vindictiveness with which non-participants are pursued, and mark its increasing resemblance to the fury of heresy-hunters. These things leave little doubt that a considerable section of the American population is imitating the Italians, Russians, and Germans in erecting chauvinism into a form of theology.

If this thing becomes predominant in the country there must be, of course, an end to freedom of speech and of the press; for, as Holmes remarked in that same opinion,

Persecution for the expression of opinions seems to me perfectly logical. If you have no doubt of your premises or your power and want a certain result with all your heart you naturally express your wishes in law and sweep away all opposition.

There was a time when Uncle Sam was regarded merely as an elderly gentleman, humorous, kindly, and lovable, but quite capable of error and occasionally a little ridiculous. He was a stout upholder of liberty, largely because he had to have liberty in order to retrieve his own mistakes. But when he is erected into a god, all this must disappear. The chauvinism that now masquerades as patriotism throughout this country is the bitter foe of every item in the Bill of Rights; and as chauvinism goes up, old-fashioned Americanism must inevitably go down.

However, the religion of the state has made relatively slow progress on this continent because it has not behind it the driving power that has propelled it triumphantly through a large part of Europe, the irresistible power of fear. No thoroughly frightened country can be free, because fear and liberty are incompatible. No terrified

man is a freeman. Oliver Wendell Holmes could live and die a freeman, because he was master of his fears; but men of that stripe are rare. Old Ben Franklin's contemptuous remark applies to the millions:

They that can give up essential liberty to obtain a little temporary safety, deserve neither liberty nor safety—

nor, as developments in Europe show, are they likely to get either. If Hitler's destruction of liberty has increased the safety of Germany, or Mussolini's that of Italy, then Kelly is a Chinaman.

Americans in the mass are not yet frightened enough to think seriously of surrendering freedom of speech, but countless efforts are being made to terrorize them. Some are directed by astute gentry who know exactly what they want, but the vast majority of them arise from that great American heresy, the theory that whenever and wherever anything unpleasant exists something can be done about it. The first class can be dismissed briefly, not because they are unimportant, but because they are easy to understand. Any individual whose enterprises are of a character that will not bear public inspection naturally is an opponent of free speech. They are to be found in every walk of life, not among politicians only; there are business men, doctors, lawyers, and even clergymen who, at certain periods in their lives, are filled with a great and well-justified yearning for the shades of obscurity, and who, therefore, find free speech and a free press noxious in a high degree. However, once their true motive has been discovered, their influence is small.

It is not so with the honest, but stupid. They have discovered or, to put it more exactly, they have rediscovered, a danger that is not chimerical. Say what you will, freedom of speech and of the press is perilous.

The stupidity is not in observing the danger, but in assuming that something should be done about it.

The theory that America is a land of boundless opportunity is a pretty good theory as long as it is kept within the bounds of reason; as regards material advantage it is still true. As regards certain educational and cultural advantages it is still relatively true. But America does not and never did offer an opportunity to reverse the basic conditions of human existence, one of which is the acceptance of tremendous risks. The dullest among us grasp this in part. The most rabid hundred percenter has never claimed that Americans are excepted from the rule that "to every man upon this earth death cometh, soon or late." But the idea that intellectual and spiritual adventure entails risk just as does an active and adventurous physical life is one that is exceedingly hard for us to grasp.

In the quotation cited above Mr. Justice Holmes referred specifically to opinions that he considers "fraught with death." Now when the average American encounters anything that he considers fraught with death, the hardest of all possible courses for him to pursue is to do nothing. Inactivity is contrary to our traditions of thinking and living. The prime condition of our national existence, the subduing of a savage continent, required activity, the putting forth of effort. In the beginning, the very ideal of freedom of speech involved the ideal of activity. Evils were to be denounced, a new system of government was to be built up, a new society was to be created, energy was to be released. Most Americans had, or felt that they had, a larger stake in change than in stability.

The conditions are now reversed. This freedom that was essential in 1787 is now perceived to be dangerous. It was just as dangerous, of course, in 1787, but the counter-balancing dan-

gers of suppression were at that time much more plainly in view. The revolutionary spirit burns low, because most of us have nothing much to revolt against. Hence it is apparent that to guard the freedom of speech of those who are endeavoring to fan the flames of revolt is to incur a risk to all that we have built up since Yorktown.

This is undeniably true. Where we are stupid is in not perceiving that it is also an unalterable condition of liberty, just as the risk of death is an unalterable condition of life. It takes courage to be free—not merely passive courage against theoretical dangers, but active boldness in the presence of definite threats. Danger is always unpleasant. The thrill that an alpinist, for example, gets out of a perilous climb comes from his spiritual exaltation in ignoring the danger and triumphing over it; the risk itself is unpleasant even to the man who seeks it out. Yet there seems to be a growing tendency among Americans to assume that because the risk involved in freedom of speech is unpleasant, therefore it should be removed.

III

The stupidity of this lies in the failure to understand that this risk can be removed in one way only, which involves the acceptance of vastly greater risks. Oliver Wendell Holmes, demanding freedom of expression for opinions that he loathed and believed fraught with death, was inviting danger, and he knew it; but does any rational man believe that Holmes was inviting a tithe of the danger that hangs over Adolf Hitler's head every day? Consider the nations that have eliminated the dangers of free speech and a free press—how safe are they? Russia, with the mightiest standing army ever supported by a nation in time of peace, is dismally certain that

eventually, probably soon, she is going to be assailed on every side. Italy, pouring hundreds of thousands of her young men into Africa, has achieved little safety by making it impossible for the Italian press to oppose Mussolini's imperialistic adventures. Germany—phew!

France, on the other hand, although a horribly frightened nation, has clung desperately to some measure of freedom of speech and the press; and it is precisely in France to-day that a man who proposes to attend strictly to his own business and leave other people to theirs has the best chance to live in peace and die in his bed.

On an occasion that has become famous Upton Sinclair was arrested for attempting to read the Constitution of the United States in public in the city of Los Angeles. That was a proceeding so idiotic that the whole country has laughed at its stupidity for years. Yet, there is no manner of doubt that when the Los Angeles police seized Sinclair they were eliminating a risk. The crowd that gathered around him might have blocked traffic. There was real, definite danger of that; and in order to eliminate it, the police made their city the target for scorn throughout the civilized world, created thousands of friends for Sinclair, and persuaded thousands of Californians that there was something rotten in their system of government. Thus to eliminate a trifling risk they created others a thousand times as bad.

The same thing is true of other activities that are not so plainly absurd. If soldiers and sailors are permitted to hear the arguments of Communists, some of them may turn Bolshevik. That is as definite a risk as was Sinclair's possible obstruction of traffic; but to eliminate it by throttling free speech is to roast the pig by burning the house. It is possible that some school children, if they are let alone,

may develop indifference to the flag and to the country it represents; but to eliminate that by teaching them that the country is too sacred for criticism, a sort of god, and the flag something like its altar, would be to raise up a generation incapable of the sharp criticism and ready, vigorous protest that alone can keep a government of politicians relatively decent. These things, in short, are undermining America. They are subversive activi-

ties in the worst sense, because they are infinitely more effective than Communist propaganda. Chauvinism, not Communism, does the boring from within that really may scuttle the Ship of State.

"They that can give up essential liberty for a little temporary safety"—how remarkably right old Ben is, even after a century and a half—"deserve neither liberty nor safety." And assuredly, they shall have neither.

GIRLS IN SUNLIGHT

BY MILDRED BOIE

WHAT these hard browning bodies stretched in sun
Have felt or wanted, kept from doing or done,
No one can tell however many he sees
Hunching their hips to tan their under sides,
Stretching their legs in great immobile strides
To catch the stain even behind the knees.

And for what end they court with insolence
Of nudity the sun fire's welting, tense
Embrace on breast and buttock, face and thigh
They will not say—whether to store his heat
For men, or therapeutically complete
The circuits of their volatile supply.

What mysteries remain to tantalize
Even the ordered minds that science tries
To scour of guesses: how the simple fact
Of mammals basking in the sun defies
The curiosity of hands and eyes,
And leaves the mainsprings secret and intact.

The Lion's Mouth



SPOILED BY PROSPERITY

BY S. MILES BOUTON

MOTORING from Saalfeld, in Thuringia, two or three years ago, I overtook a half dozen women with as many children, drawing three large handcarts. Returning in the late afternoon, I overtook them again. Their carts were piled high with fir twigs, branches, and cones, which they were drawing back to the city. They had drawn their carts seven and one-half miles to a state-owned forest, and would have covered fifteen miles on their return home. The forests round my present home are full of fallen trees and branches, and the owners would be glad to have these cut and removed on shares, but the unemployed stay at home and let the government give them fuel. Several friends to whom I have related the Saalfeld story have asked me:

"Would you like to see our women doing the same thing?"

When I answered that I would rather see them doing that than living at the expense of the taxpayers, they regarded me with indignation mixed with pity for my old-fashioned views.

I returned to America some months ago after living twenty-three years in Europe, where I worked as journalist in fifteen countries. Since my return I have lectured in half the States of the

Union, discussed the situation with hundreds of persons in all walks of life, and studied its manifestations.

It seems to me that we Americans have become a soft, lazy people, spoiled by too much prosperity and unable to stand the gaff. Despite the depression, the great bulk of the people do not know what poverty is. Americans on relief, except in corruptly or inefficiently administered sections, live quite as well as the average regularly employed European workman. Yet they, and even millions with regular employment, succumb to ignoramuses and demagogues who advance wild old-age pension or share-the-wealth schemes and, without a trace of their forefathers' sturdy and self-reliant independence, look to the government not only to support them, but to support them in the style to which they have been accustomed, and even to regulate their lives as well.

The automobile, convenient though it is, is not a necessary of life. But it is regarded as a necessary, and any butcher, baker, or candlestick-maker can tell of people who stand him off but pay cash for gasoline and oil. My friend John Olson, now dead, was a Swedish immigrant who, by thrift and hard work, became the owner of several houses. Visiting me two years ago in Berlin; he told me, with much indignation, how one of his tenants had telephoned him just before he sailed:

"John, you'll have to reduce our rent because we have just bought an auto."

John, native of a country where rugged individualism has not yet become a subject for jests, could not understand it, but there are undoubtedly

millions of such tenants in to-day's America which thinks it is having such a hard time. I know one city which has an automobile to each three inhabitants, but the town is suffering from a poverty complex. A friend of mine recently filed a petition in bankruptcy but he drives to his office daily, less than a mile away, in an expensive car.

All classes of people have become too lazy to walk. In Chicago I asked a bellboy in my hotel the way to a certain building. He assured me that it was "too far to walk." I walked it, including all stops for traffic lights, in eleven and a half minutes. In Boston I asked the way to a railroad station, and was told there also that it was "too far to walk." It took me thirteen minutes to cover the distance. A man in my part of the country protested recently that his children must walk almost half a mile to take the school bus. My brother and I, when less than ten years old, walked two miles to school in the morning and home again in the evening, in winter often in deep snow. Looking out of my bedroom window one morning this summer, I saw two youths, perhaps sixteen or seventeen years old, lying in the shade of an apple tree on my lawn. An hour and a half later they were still there, and I went out to see what they had in mind. They told me they were working at Stow and were waiting to get a ride. Stow is three miles from my home, or less than an hour's easy walking. The youths could not understand me when I told them that no one who waited an hour and a half in order to ride three miles could work for me, and that I was sorry for their employer.

A woman whose husband had failed to meet her walked home with my wife and me. She had quailed at the exertion, and when she reached her destination—a walk of less than ten minutes

—she said she was astonished: she had not walked so far for years. I am even told—almost incredibly—that recipients of relief have protested against being compelled to surrender their driving licenses. They saw no reason why the government should not pay for gasoline and oil for them.

A youth of eighteen in a Midwestern town is convicted of some offense, and the judge sentences him to walk twenty miles every other day and carry twenty pounds on his back. Scores of protests against the "barbarity" of such a sentence pour in from flabby-muscled and flabby-minded people. My wife and I have for years spent my vacation on walking tours. She carries some twenty pounds in her rucksack, I carry more, and we average for weeks twenty to twenty-five miles daily—not every other day—mainly in the mountains. We are both past fifty.

Some months ago the press carried a story of a farm boy who appealed to the army to give his father a team of horses so that he could till his land properly. The request was granted, two artillery horses being sent. It was a touching tale, but William A. Julian, Treasurer of the United States, was not impressed. An Associated Press dispatch reported him as saying to his assistant:

"I'll bet you one hundred dollars to five dollars that the family has an auto."

Investigation proved him right. The Macon *Telegraph* wrote recently (not referring to this case):

"An old-timer is a chap who can remember away back when a farmer would have reached for half a brick if Uncle Sam, or anybody else, had offered to support him."

Youths at a CCC camp go on strike because they are required to be in bed by 11 P.M. This, they declare, makes it impossible for them to have any "dates." I am no friend of militarism,

but what these youths need is not dates, but a few weeks—a few would be enough—under some grizzled English sergeant-major. The cost per man for these youths, by the way, is extravagantly and unjustifiably high. Relief ought to demand some degree of Spartan life from its recipients. It does demand—and enforce—it in all other countries, including even those ruled by Socialists.

Abandoned farms dot my section of the country. Their owners would gladly let the unemployed use them for raising potatoes and other vegetables. But spading, sowing, weeding, and gleaning are hard work; it might be necessary to walk three or four miles to the garden, and even, horrible prospect, to carry the vegetables home on one's back or draw them in a cart, as the women of Saalfeld drew their wood. A soft, spoiled people cannot even contemplate such a state of affairs, and hence the farms lie fallow and the government furnishes vegetables and delivers them to the tired ones' homes. Vacant lots become gardens for the poor in Europe. In America they become dumping grounds for refuse and junk and for automobiles discarded to keep up with the Joneses, who have a new car.

When I moved to the country last spring a newly married young couple lived in a small house near my place. I have an acre of land, in addition to my large garden, which I cannot use; for farming does not pay in my section if one must hire all the work done. The young man and his wife have nothing, and I told them they could have the use of the acre free, although customarily the owner receives half of the produce in such cases. The man plowed and harrowed the land and planted potatoes, a row of corn, and some peas. Then the couple moved to a village a mile and a quarter away. He has work only one or two days a

week, but they never came near the land after it was planted. It is now a forest of ragweed, but last week the wife sent me a bill for ten dollars for plowing and harrowing. I told her to try to convince a justice of the peace that I owed her anything. They could have harvested from that land potatoes enough for their own use and a few bushels for sale. Now there will be no crop, except a fine crop of ragweed again next year. The relief authorities will furnish potatoes and the taxpayers will foot the bill.

A woman laughed at me when I asked why she did not raise her own fruit and vegetables in her large garden and can them for winter.

"One sees that your long stay in Europe has put you far behind the times," she said. "Nobody puts up anything in America now. It's much cheaper to buy things already canned."

The first assertion is only partly true. There are still millions of housewives who put up vegetables and fruit, but there are millions more whose mothers did so but who themselves do not. The second assertion is demonstrably untrue. Any family which possesses a garden can preserve its products much more cheaply than it can buy them. Our immigrant citizens know this, but the spoiled descendants of the old stock do not. It is an immigrant boy, by the way, who walks some ten miles each Sunday to bring us rural people the Sunday papers.

Women who complain of hard times spend large sums having their hair "done." Not long ago I read an advertisement which declared calmly that "it is impossible to live without a permanent wave." This, to be sure, was only trade propaganda, but it would be ridiculed in any country which knows what hard times are and in which a sound instinct for thrift had not been destroyed by too much prosperity—and by the example set by the government.

Any relief worker can tell of recipients of relief funds who use part of them for a "permanent." A Baltimore woman recently demanded a separation on the ground that her husband refused to buy her an electric refrigerator, which she declared to be "a necessity [sic] of life." She did not get her decree, but if the present tendency persists she will get it eventually.

A weekly newspaper publishes an indignant article about the inadequacy of relief payments. Some districts, it reports, have been found where the cash allowance for food amounts to only twenty-four cents a day. A housewife who cannot feed her family on such an allowance is not up to her job. I am only an amateur cook, but I can do it for that figure, and I can even shade it a bit if I have ten or a dozen persons to cook for. The fare will include no porterhouse steak, caviare, or fruit out of season, but it will be adequate. The coffee will be roasted rye or barley; but that is all the masses of the people in Europe have regularly; it is all I had in the first two years of the War, and I am still carrying on with health and digestion unimpaired.

Twenty-eight students at Vassar take part in the "experiment" of spending no more than forty-three cents a day on food, while adhering to a properly balanced ration. The *Baltimore Sun* is one of the most intelligently edited and best newspapers in America, but it editorializes sadly on this experiment.

"How pleasant is such a diet?" it asks. "There cannot be much variety about it or, so far as mere taste is concerned, a very great deal of pleasure in it."



This is nonsense—and I write as long-time foreign correspondent of the *Sun* and with the highest regard for it. Not only can forty-three cents a day

intelligently handled provide a balanced diet, but it can provide a varied and tasty diet in which one can find "a very great deal of pleasure." It is somewhat astonishing that Maryland's cooks, famed throughout the United States, have not protested against this slur on their ability.

When I was a boy—indeed, while I was still a young man—the men in my community used to boast about how much work they could do. I never really believed that Uncle Arby cradled seven acres of oats in one day and that Uncle Anson took the last clip off the fingers of the cradle with his rake at night. I viewed with suspicion the claim that Billy Raynor and his brother felled, sawed, slabbed, and piled six cords of wood in one day. But men boasted of such exploits in that faroff day, and they do not boast now. Uncle Arby's descendants, on the contrary, are demanding a six-hour day and a five-day week. If that sturdy old pioneer knew this he would turn in his grave.

Millions of unfortunates in America are in want—a shameful fact in a country with America's vast resources—and that want must be relieved. But millions of others, like the couple that infested my land with ragweed, are being too tenderly dealt with. In ruder times a man who would not work was placed in a pit with a pump, water was let in, and he had to pump or drown. A generation which jests about rugged individualism probably would not consent to such a remedy, but the principle is correct.

If Communism or Fascism comes in America it will be because of this growing dependence on the government to do everything. When it comes there will be no occasion to jest about individualism, rugged or non-rugged. It will be dead, as it is dead in to-day's Germany, Russia, and Italy.



The Easy Chair

SOLIDARITY AT ALEXANDRIA

BY BERNARD DeVOTO

THE battle of Alexandria, New Hampshire, like many other significant engagements, was begun on rumor and fought with blank cartridges. Neither its importance nor its decisiveness is diminished by that circumstance. Simple enough on the surface, it grows more complex as one digs into it, till a good many of the fundamental issues of these days are seen to be involved. Three things may be said about it: both sides were right, the contention between them probably cannot be resolved, and the struggle itself strikingly exhibits the bonds and constraints that develop when social movements grow out of the theoretical stage into action.

The township lies off the main highways in a region which various State agencies have studied and adjudged to be in great part submarginal, fit only for reforestation and recreational development. In any accepted meaning of "submarginal" the official judgment is incontrovertible. Of 400 typical farms in the region, 171 averaged an annual farm-produce sale of \$8.55 and a total average income of \$358.86 (of which seventy-five per cent represented labor on the roads, some of it in remission of taxes). The same 171 farms averaged fourteen and a half acres in cultivation, ten hens, and one-half of a horse.

In October, 1934, the citizens of

Alexandria were alarmed by rumors that something more than half of the township was to be bought by the Federal government and added to the White Mountain National Forest. With the distrust which Demosthenes held to be the safeguard of democracies, they promptly forced into the open an unfinished plan which represented a co-operation among various State and Federal commissions for the rehabilitation of impoverished areas. This premature publicity found the planners with no jurisdiction, no authority to acquire the land, and no responsible proposal to make to the farmers whom they intended to rehabilitate. The result was much random debate, a good deal of noise, and some wild threats and promises on both sides. A representative of the A.A.A. defined the objectives of the plan as "the effecting of economies in public expenditures [and] the saving of human lives from waste, futility, and deprivation," and later as giving the farmers a chance to reestablish "themselves with federal aid where they can make decent livings and rear their families with reasonable opportunities." The planners were not yet in a position to make a concrete offer but they suggested that the farms were to be bought at submarginal valuations, the families were to be moved nearer the center of the township or to better

lands elsewhere, and credit was to be extended to them for a start toward the more abundant life. Someone said, or was believed to have said, that, if the town refused, various State or Federal aids would be withdrawn, notably the road-building funds.

But the Alexandria farmers weren't having any. It was news to them that their lives were condemned to waste, futility, and deprivation; and they had a pointed suspicion of the more abundant life. Their lands might be submarginal but they weren't in arrears with the taxes, they weren't on relief, and they were keeping out of debt. With no automobiles and only half a horse per capita, they had to farm with hoe and scythe; but they regarded themselves as clearly more fortunate than people on relief, and no matter how tight they had to pull in their belts, they didn't want credit for anything more. They saw the scheme in a good many highly colored lights but especially as a plan to "throw us on relief so we can buy radios," and they didn't propose to let it get started. They didn't regard themselves as incompetents, they wouldn't have either charity or debt forced on them, and they didn't want the government coming into town. And, whatever the quality of their lands, they liked them. They believed that if they wanted to live there the responsibility was theirs, not the State's, and they weren't going to be dispossessed.

So they weren't. No fiery cross was carried through the back hills, but the rising of the farmers was just as determined as if one had been. Most of the explosion that followed was rhetorical, but the fire was no less hot and the resolution no less fixed for that. The farmers found leaders among themselves. A campaign of protest, ridicule, and agitation was begun in the rural press. Mass meetings and town meetings organized the

aroused emotions and demonstrated a united front. When the planners introduced a bill into the legislature which would have legalized their activities and provided a machinery for them, the leaders moved on Concord, the State capital. They got the help of the New Hampshire Grange and set up a lobby. When the committee of the legislature held hearings on the bill, they went in and drew its teeth. As written, the bill had provided that a town was to be represented in the sale of its lands only by one selectman, who could have been outvoted by the commission thus constituted. As rewritten and passed, it requires the consent of a town meeting. And, in Alexandria, no town meeting is going to consent. Asked if the project had been stopped, one of the town spokesmen said, "Well, anyway, halted"; but the State Land Use Board describes it curtly as "dead," and it is dead. Other towns may try this road to salvation, but the Alexandrians are going to stick it out on their submarginal lands, asking and accepting nothing, and be damned to you.

Such an episode rewards the inquiring mind with both what it reveals and what it suggests. Probably the most enlightened view to take is that the uprising was counter-revolutionary and should have been treated accordingly. Unquestionably the farms are submarginal. The most expert analysis that can be made describes them as unfit for human habitation at even the minimum level of decency and comfort. Intelligent government then would put them to a socially profitable use growing State timber, and would clear off the inhabitants regardless. Plenty of precedent exists for such action. It has been done, for instance, by Japan; it is implicit in the current Italian escapade; and in the Russian experiment the more abundant life has been forced on farmers in batches of

so many thousand at a time that a mere four hundred New Hampshire peasants seem an inconsiderable, even microscopic item. But there need be no dependence on the dubious practice of foreigners. The Americans have a long history of forced rehabilitation. We have saved from waste, futility, and deprivation such sizable populations as the Cherokee and the Nez Percé.

The Cherokee and Nez Percé didn't like it any too well, however, and the more abundant life was conferred on them only at the price of permanent dependence on the rest of us and a slow but inevitable extinction. One of the Alexandrians suggested that if she and her townspeople were really interfering with national progress, the shortest way with dissenters would be to chloroform them. It probably comes down to that or to something like it. Chloroform, shrapnel, or credit for radios—there is no other really effective way. That, in effect, is what happened to the Cherokee, what the Alexandrians foresaw for themselves, and what realism indicates as the only dependable procedure with our submarginal areas. Get the government into town, get credit extended to those you want to dispossess, and pretty soon you can do what you want with them. You can reclaim the submarginal regions for intelligent, long-range use, but you must, on the way, extinguish a population. For the sentiments that bind people to their chosen homes are in circuit with the fundamental energies of the individual and of the groups he forms. Break the circuit and you stop the motor for good.

We may of course decide to do just that, especially in the West and the South. In seventy years the Congress has never once guessed right about the Western lands that are now regarded as submarginal; it may be that Mr. Tugwell and other rehabilitators are guessing right when they decide to

vacate them altogether. It may be that the socially desirable thing to do is to force the more abundant life on their inhabitants. But the more abundant life, when forced on people who prefer submarginal existence on lands of their choice with its accompaniment of self-dependence, means extinction. If it comes to that, if we have to wipe out a recalcitrant population for the general good, all right. But let's know what we're doing and let's not boggle the issue. Let's realize that the barrier to progress which we have to destroy consists of people with their minds made up who have to be dealt with precisely as we dealt with the buffalo—and not a set of theorems in ethics or economics which can be rubbed out with an eraser.

Meanwhile another discouraging observation for alarmists is the vigor of the existing institutions. The Alexandrians wanted the project killed and, using the means at hand, they got it killed. They utilized the kept press, the crackerbox humor of rural America, and such obsolete implements as town meeting, the professional politicians, and the Grange—all of them institutions either outworn or corrupt. The lobby and the Grange are particularly suggestive, being far outside the revolutionary program. The Grange as a tool for social action dates back to the horse-and-buggy Seventies and was clearly antiquated by 1900, yet here it is working efficiently to-day. America has a good many similar institutions whose possibly decisive control of social change is seldom taken into account by either reformers or revolutionists. The best advice to both is to take them into account. It may be that our Communists cannot put through their program if the Epworth League doesn't like the prospectus. It may be that no organization of colored shirts is going to coerce us if the Woodmen of the World say no.

Again there is considerable shock in encountering a victorious sectional energy in the middle of a federalist stronghold. Yet the sections have conditioned every social energy of our past, canalizing it within banks which nothing has ever succeeded in breaking down. Federal matters make headway only along such paths as the sectional necessities permit, nor has any way of educating, buying, or neutralizing them so far been found. Probably no way of weakening them in the national interest will ever be invented: they are the final determinants. If collapse or radical or reactionary revolution should develop next week, it must necessarily follow the cleavages and resultant boundaries of sectional pressures. Recovery, progress, the restoration of social stability in America must likewise travel courses determined by the same pressures.

Finally, for one investigator, the most heartening moral of the Alexandrian campaign concerns the vitality of the American myths. The mere rumor of a threat to an autochthonous way of life sufficed to put in effective motion energies by which the nation has flourished and which theorists of violently differing points of view believe to have deteriorated. They don't seem to have diminished in readiness or in intensity. The Alexandrians had to fire only blank cartridges, but they were enough to show that the powder is dry and ready for use. One derives a fundamental reassurance from hearing, in a bare kitchen at the end of an atrocious road, miles beyond Hellandgone, a farmwife say quite casually, "As one of those old fellers said, eternal vigilance is the price of liberty." Such myths as that and as

the same farmwife's "all these fields need is more manure and a little loving," are the power of the State. In her kitchen she was cooking something which smelled like apple pie but proved to be just stewed apples. Pie required white flour, she said, and they ground their own wheat there on the farm in a hand mill. She explained that, having neither tractor nor horse, they farmed the place by hand, with a cash outlay of about ten dollars for spring plowing. There was no radio in the house, but there was no charity either.

The motives on both sides of the struggle, she said, had been confused but comprehensible. Both armies had contained altruists and self-seekers, people who wanted jobs, people who wanted something for nothing, people who wanted to help others, people who saw a chance to make a profit. It was all pretty bewildering; she had had to depend on a few things she knew for certain: it was good to respect yourself, to keep out of debt, to stay off relief, to expect that anything you got would have to be paid for, to hold on to what you were sure of, and not to mistake either a vision or a promise for a fact. Her farm might be submarginal, but she thought she saw what the promised alternative meant, and she believed that she had a right to choose the value she believed in. She had made her choice, in full knowledge of its implications. She expected to abide by it no matter what.

These are the very beliefs, the very sentiments that, we hear in the most contradictory places, have died. Well, they haven't died, and any system based on an assumption of their decease is in for trouble.



